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CONTENTS.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT? BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.—

| | |
|--|-----|
| PART THE LAST, | 1 |
| BURMAH AND THE BURMESE, | 31 |
| A CRUISE IN JAPANESE WATERS.—PART II, | 49 |
| HOW TO BOIL PEAS, | 70 |
| AN ANGLING SAUNTER IN SUTHERLAND, | 81 |
| THE FIELD OF TOWTON MOOR, | 94 |
| POPULAR LITERATURE—THE PERIODICAL PRESS, | 96 |
| THE ROYAL PROCLAMATION TO INDIA, | 113 |

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INDEX

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JANUARY 1859.

VOL. LXXXV.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?—PART THE LAST.

BY FIMISTRATUS CANTON.

[The Author reserves the Right of Translation.]

CHAPTER IV.

"Immunis aram et tetigit manus,
Non sumptuosa blandior hostis,
Mollivit æveras Penates,
Farre pao et saliente mica."—HORACE.

It is the grey of the evening. Fairthorn is sauntering somewhat sullenly along the banks of the lake. He has missed, the last three days, his walk with Sophy—missed the pleasing excitement of talking *of* her, and *of* the family in whose obsolete glories he considers her very interest an obtrusive impertinence. He has missed, too, his more habitual and less irritating conversation with Darrell. In short, altogether he is put out, and he vents his spleen on the swans, who follow him along the wave as he walks along the margin, intimating either their affection for himself, or their anticipation of the bread crumbs associated with his image—by the amiable note, half snort and half grunt, to which change of time or climate has reduced the vocal accomplishments of those classical birds, so pathetically melodious in the age of Moschus and on the banks of Cayster.

VOL. LXXXV.—NO. DXIX.

"Not a crumb, you unprincipled beggars," growled the musician. "You imagine that mankind are to have no other thought but that of supplying you with luxuries! And if you were asked, in a competitive examination, to define *me*, your benefactor, you would say—'a thing very low in the scale of creation, without wings or even feathers, but which Providence endowed with a peculiar instinct for affording nutritious and palatable additions to the ordinary aliment of Swans!' Ay, you may grunt; I wish I had you—in a pie!"

Slowly, out through the gap between yon grey crag and the thorn-tree, paces the doe, halting to drink just where the faint star of eve shoots its gleam along the wave. The musician forgets the swans and quickens his pace, expecting to meet the doe's wonted companion. He is not disappointed. He comes on Guy Darrell where the twilight shadow falls dark-

A

cut between the grey crag and the thorn-tree.

"*Dear Yellow Hermit*," said Darrell, almost gaily, yet with more than usual affection in his greeting and voice, "you find me just when I want you. I am as one whose eyes have been strained by a violent conflict of colours, and your quiet presence is like the relief of a return to green. I have news for you, Fairthorn. You, who know more of my secrets than any other man, shall be the first to learn a decision that must bind you and me more together—but not in these scenes, Dick."

'Ihmus—!hmus!
Supremum
Carpere iter, comites, parati!'

"What do you mean, sir?" asked Fairthorn. "My mind always mis-gives me when I hear you quoting Horace. Some reflection about the certainty of death, or other disagreeable subjects, is sure to follow!"

"Death! No, Dick—not now. Marriage-bells and joy, Dick! We shall have a wedding!"

"What! You will marry at last! And it must be that beautiful Caroline Lyndsay! It must—it must! You can never love another! You know it, my dear, dear master! I shall see you, then, happy before I die."

"Tut, foolish old friend!" said Darrell, leaning his arm tenderly on Fairthorn's shoulder, and walking on slowly towards the house. "How often must I tell you that no marriage-bells can ring for me!"

"But you have told me, too, that you went to Twickenham to steal a sight of *Aer* again; and that it was the sight of her that made you resolve to wed no one else. And when I have railed against her for fickleness, have not you nearly frightened me out of my wits, as if no one might rail against her but yourself? And now she is free—and did you not grant that she would not refuse your hand, and would be true and faithful henceforth! And yet you insist on being—granite!"

"No, Dick, not granite; I wish I were!"

"Granite and pride," persisted Dick, courageously. "If one chips

a bit off the granite, one only breaks one's spade against the pride."

"Pride!—you too!" muttered Darrell, mournfully; then aloud, "No, it is not pride now, whatever it might have been even yesterday. But I would rather be racked by all the tortures that pious inquisitors ever invented out of compassion for obstinate heretics, than condemn the woman I have so fatally loved to a penance the misery of which she cannot foresee. She would accept me,—certainly! Why? Because she thinks she owes me reparation—because she pities me. And my heart tells me that I might become cruel, and mean, and vindictive, if I were to live day by day with one who created in me, while my life was at noon, a love never known in its morn, and to feel that that love's sole return was the pity vouchsafed to the nightfall of my age. No; if she pitied, but did not love me, when, eighteen years ago, we parted under yonder beech tree, I should be a dotard to dream that woman's pity mellowed into love as our locks become grey, and Youth turns our vows into ridicule. It is not pride that speaks here; it is rather humility, Dick. But we must not now talk of old age and by-gones. Youth and marriage-bells, Dick! Know that I have been for hours pondering how to reconcile with my old-fashioned notions dear Lionel's happiness. We must think of the living as well as the dead, Dick. I have solved the problem. I am happy, and so shall the young folks be."

"You don't mean to say that you will consent to—"

"Yes, to Lionel's marriage with that beautiful girl, whose parentage we never will ask. Great men are their own ancestors; why not sometimes fair women! Enough—I consent! I shall of course secure to my kinsman and his bride an ample fortune. Lionel will have time for his honeymoon before he departs for the wars. He will fight with good heart now, Dick. Young folks of the present day cannot bear up against sorrow, as they were trained to do in mine. And that amiable lady who has so much pity for me, has, of course, still more pity for a charming

young couple for whose marriage she schemed, in order to give me a home, Dick. And rather than she should pine and fall ill, and—no matter; all shall be settled as it should be for the happiness of the living. But something else must be settled; we must think of the dead as well as the living; and this name of Darrell shall be buried with me in the grave beside my father's. Lionel Haughton will keep to his own name. Live the Haughtons! Perish, but with no blot on their shield—perish the Darrells! Why, what is that? Tears, Dick! Pooh!—be a man! And I want all your strength; for you, too, must have a share in the sacrifice. What follows is not the dictate of pride, if I can read myself aright. No; it is the final completion and surrender of the object on which so much of my life has been wasted—but a surrender that satisfies my crotchets of honour. At all events, if it be pride in disguise, it will demand no victim in others; you and I may have a sharp pang—we must bear it, Dick."

"What on earth is coming now?" said Dick, dolefully.

"The due to the dead, Richard Fairthorn. This nook of fair England, in which I learned from the dead to love honour—this poor domain of Fawley—shall go in bequest to the College at which I was reared."

"Sir!"

"It will serve for a fellowship or two to honest, brave-hearted young scholars. It will be thus, while English institutions may last, devoted to Learning and Honour. It may sustain for mankind some ambition more generous than mine, it appears, ever was—settled thus, not in mine, but my dear father's name, like the Darrell Museum. These are my dues

to the dead, Dick! And the old house thus becomes useless.³ The new house was ever a folly. "They must go down both, as soon as the young folks are married;—not a stone stand on stone! The ploughshare shall pass over their sites! And this task I order you to see done. I have not strength. You will then hasten to join me at Sorrento, that corner of earth on which Horace wished to breathe his last sigh.

*'Ille te mecum locus et beatæ
Postulant arces—ibi—tu—'*"

"Don't, sir, don't. Horace again! It is too much." Fairthorn was choking; but as if the idea presented to him was really too monstrous for belief, he clutched at Darrell with so uncertain and vehement a hand that he almost caught him by the throat, and sobbed out, "You must be joking."

"Seriously and solemnly, Richard Fairthorn," said Darrell, gently disentangling the fingers that threatened him with strangulation. "Seriously and solemnly I have uttered to you my deliberate purpose. I implore you, in the name of our lifelong friendship, to face this pain as I do—resolutely, cheerfully. I implore you to execute to the letter the instructions I shall leave with you on quitting England, which I shall do the day Lionel is married; and then, dear old friend, calm days, clear consciences:—In climes where whole races have passed away—proud cities themselves sunk in graves—where our petty grief for a squirearch's lost house we shall both grow ashamed to indulge—there we will moralise, rail against vain dreams and idle pride, cultivate vines and orange-trees, with Horace—nay, nay, Dick—with the FLUTZ!"

CHAPTER V.

More bounteous run rivers when the ice that locked their flow melts into their waters.
And when fine natures relent, their kindness is swelled by the thaw.

Darrell escaped into the house; Fairthorn sank upon the ground, and resigned himself for some minutes to unmanly lamentations. Suddenly he

started up; a thought came into his brain—a hope into his breast. He made a gasp—launched himself into a precipitate zigzag—gained the hall—

door—plunged into his own mysterious hiding-place—and in less than an hour re-emerged, a letter in his hand, with which he had just time to catch the postman, as that functionary was striding off from the back yard with the official bag.

This exploit performed, Fairthorn shambled into his chair at the dinner table, as George Morley concluded the grace which preceded the meal that in Fairthorn's estimation usually made the grand event of the passing day. But the poor man's appetite was gone. As Sophy dined with Waife, the Morleys alone shared with host and secretary, the melancholy entertainment. George was no less silent than Fairthorn, Darrell's manner perplexed him. Mrs Morley, not admitted into her husband's confidence in secrets that concerned others, though in all his own he was to her conjugal sight *pellucidior vitro*, was the chief talker, and, being the best woman in the world, ever wishing to say something pleasant, she fell to praising the dear old family pictures that scowled at her from the wall, and informed Fairthorn that she had made great progress with her sketch of the old house as seen from the lake, and was in doubt whether she should introduce in the foreground some figures of the olden time, as in Nash's Views of Baronial Mansions. But not a word could she coax out of Fairthorn, and when she turned to appeal to Darrell the host suddenly addressed to George a question as to the texts and authorities by which the Papal Church defends its doctrine of Purgatory. That entailed a long, and no doubt erudite reply which lasted not only through the rest of the dinner, but till Mrs Morley, edified by the discourse, and delighted to notice the undeviating attention which Darrell paid to her distinguished spouse, took advantage of the first full stop, and retired. Fairthorn finished his bottle of port, and, far from convinced that there was no Purgatory, but inclined to advance the novel heresy that Purgatory sometimes commenced on this side the grave—slunk away, and was seen no more that night, neither was his flute heard.

Then Darrell rose, and said, "I

shall go up-stairs to our sick friend for a few minutes, may I find you here when I come back? Your wish to him can follow mine."

On entering Waife's room, Darrell went straight forward towards Sophy, and cut off her retreat.

"Fair guest," said he, with a grace and tenderness of manner which, when he pleased it, could be ineffably bewitching—"teach me some art by which in future rather to detain than to scare away the presence in which a duller age than mine could still recognise the charms that subdue the young." He led her back gently to the seat she had deserted—placed himself next to her—addressed a few cordial queries to Waife about his health and comforts—and then said, "You must not leave me for some days yet. I have written by this post to my kinsman, Laonel Haughton. I have refused to be his ambassador at a court in which, by all the laws of nations, he is bound to submit himself to his conqueror. I can not even hope that he may escape with his freedom. No! chains for life! Thrice happy, indeed, if that be the merciful sentence you inflict."

He raised Sophy's hand to his lips as he ended, and before she could even quite comprehend the meaning of his words—so was she startled, confused, incredulous of such sudden change in fate—the door had closed on Darrell, and Waife had clasped her to his breast, murmuring, "Is not Providence kind?"

Darrell rejoined the scholar "George," said he, "be kind enough to tell Alban that you showed me his letter. Be kind enough also to write to Lady Montfort, and say that I gratefully acknowledge her wish to repair to me those losses which have left me to face age and the grave alone. Tell her that her old friend (you remember, George, I knew her as a child) sees in that wish the same sweet goodness of heart which soothed him when his son died and his daughter fled. Add that her wish is gratified. To that marriage in which she compassionately foresaw the best solace left to my bereaved and baffled existence—to that marriage I give my consent."

"You do! Oh, Mr Darrell, how I honour you!"

"Nay, I no more deserve honour for consenting than I should have deserved contempt if I had continued to refuse. To do what I deemed right is not more my wish now than it was twelve hours ago. To what so sudden a change of resolve in one who changes resolves very rarely, may be due, whether to Lady Montfort, to Alban, or to that metaphysical skill with which you wound into my reason, and compelled me to review all its judgments, I do not

attempt to determine; yet I thought I had no option but the course I had taken. No; it is fair to yourself to give you the chief credit; you made me desire, you made me resolve, to find an option—I have found one. And now pay your visit where mine has been just paid. It will be three days, I suppose, before Lionel, having joined his new regiment at * * can be here. And then it will be weeks yet, I believe, before his regiment sails;—and I'm all for short courtships."

CHAPTER VI.

Fairthorn frightens Sophy. Sir Isaac is invited by Darrell, and forms one of A Family Circle.

Such a sweet voice in singing breaks out from yon leafless beeches! Waife hears it at noon from his window. Hark! Sophy has found song once more.

She is seated on a garden bench, looking across the lake towards the gloomy old manor-house and the tall spectre palace beside it. Mrs Morley is also on the bench, hard at work on her sketch; Fairthorn prowls through the thickets behind, wandering restless and wretched, and wrathful beyond all words to describe. He hears that voice singing; he stops short, perfectly rabid with indignation. "Singing," he muttered,— "singing in triumph, and glowering at the very house she dooms to destruction. Worse than Nero striking his lyre amidst the conflagration of Rome!"

By-and-by Sophy, who somehow or other cannot sit long in any place, and tires that day of any companion, wanders away from the lake, and comes right upon Fairthorn. Hailing, in her unutterable secret bliss, the musician who had so often joined her rambles in the days of unuttered secret sadness, she sprang towards him, with welcome and mirth in a face that would have lured Diogenes out of his tub. Fairthorn recoiled sidelong, growling forth, "Don't—you had better not!"—grinned the most savage grin, showing all his

teeth like a wolf; and as she stood, mute with wonder, perhaps with fright, he slunk edgeways off, as if aware of his own murderous inclinations, turning his head more than once, and shaking it at her; then, with the wonted mystery which enveloped his exits, he was gone!—vanished behind a crag, or amidst a bush, or into a hole—Heaven knows; but, like the lady in the Siege of Corinth, who warned the renegade Alp of his approaching end, he was "gone."

Twice again that day Sophy encountered the enraged musician; each time the same menacing aspect and weird disappearance.

"Is Mr Fairthorn ever a little—odd?" asked Sophy timidly of George Morley.

"Always," answered George dryly. Sophy felt relieved at that reply. Whatever is habitual in a man's manner, however unpleasant, is seldom formidable. Still Sophy could not help saying,—

"I wish poor Sir Isaac were here!"

"Do you?" said a soft voice behind her; "and, pray, who is Sir Isaac?"

The speaker was Darrell, who had come forth with the resolute intent to see more of Sophy, and make himself as amiably social as he could. Guy Darrell could never be kind by halves.

"Sir Isaac is the wonderful dog you have heard me describe," replied George.

"Would he hurt my doe, if he came here?" asked Darrell.

"Oh, no," cried Sophy, "he never hurts anything. He once found a wounded hare, and he brought it in his mouth to us so tenderly, and seemed so anxious that we should cure it, which grandfather did, and the hare would sometimes hurt him, but he never hurt the hare."

Said George sonorously,—

"Ingenuas di homine fideliter arces
Enoluit moros, nec sciat esse furor."

Darrell drew Sophy's arm into his own. "Will you walk back to the lake with me," said he, "and help me to feed the swans? George, send your servant express for Sir Isaac. I am impatient to make his acquaintance."

Sophy's hand involuntarily pressed Darrell's arm. She looked up into his face with innocent, joyous gratitude, feeling at once, and as by magic, that her awe of him was gone.

Darrell and Sophy rambled thus together for more than an hour. He sought to draw out her mind, was aware to herself, he succeeded. He was struck with a certain simple poetry of thought which pervaded her ideas—not artificial sentimentality, but a natural tendency to detect in all life a something of delicate or beautiful which lies hid from the ordinary sense. He found, thanks to Lady Montfort, that, though far from learned, she was more acquainted with literature than he had supposed. And sometimes he changed colour or breathed his short quick sigh when he recognised her familiarity with passages in his favourite authors which he himself had commended, or read aloud, to the Caroline of old.

The next day, Waife, who seemed now recovered as by enchantment, walked forth with George, Darrell again with Sophy. Sir Isaac arrived—immense joy, the doe butts Sir Isaac, who, reclining, stands on his hind-legs, and having possessed himself of Waife's crutch, presents fire, the doe in her turn retreats,—half

an hour afterwards doe and dog are friends.

Waife is induced, without much persuasion, to join the rest of the party at dinner. In the evening, all (Fairthorn excepted) draw round the fire. Waife is entreated by George to read a scene or two out of Shakespeare. He selects the latter portion of "King Lear." Darrell, who never was a playgoer, and who, to his shame be it said, had looked very little into Shakespeare since he left college, was wonder-struck. He himself read beautifully—all great orators, I suppose, do, but his talent was not mimetic—not imitative, he could never have been an actor—never thrown himself into existences wholly alien or repugnant to his own. Grave or gay, stern or kind, Guy Darrell, though often varying, was always Guy Darrell.

But when Waife was once in that magical world of art, Waife was gone—nothing left of him,—the part lived as if there were no actor to it,—it was the Fool—it was Lear.

For the first time Darrell felt what a grand creature a grand actor really is—what a luminous, unconscious critic, bringing out beauties of which no commentator ever dreamed! When the reading was over, talk still flowed, the gloomy old hearth knew the charm of a home circle. All started incredulous when the clock struck one. Just as Sophy was passing to the door, out from behind the window curtain glared a vindictive, spiteful eye. Fairthorn made a mow at her, which 'tis a pity Waife did not see—it would have been a study for Caliban. She uttered a little scream.

"What's the matter?" cried the host.

"Nothing," said she quickly—far too generous to betray the hostile oddities of the musician. "Sir Isaac was in my way—that was all."

"Another evening we must have Fairthorn's flute," said Darrell. "What a pity he was not here to night!—he would have enjoyed such reading—no one more."

Said Mrs Morley—"He was here once or twice during the evening, but he vanished!"

"Vanishing seems his forte," said George.

Darrell looked annoyed. It was his peculiarity to resent any jest, however slight, against an absent friend, and at that moment his heart was perhaps more warmed towards Dick Fairthorn than to any man living. If he had not determined to be as amiable and mild towards his guests as his nature would permit, probably George might have had the flip of a sarcasm which would have tingled for a month. But as it was, Darrell contented himself with saying gravely—

"No, George, Fairthorn's foible is vanishing, his forte is fidelity. If my fortune were to vanish, Fairthorn would never disappear, and that's more than I would say if I were a King, and Fairthorn—a Bishop!"

After that extraordinary figure of speech, "Good nights" were somewhat hastily exchanged, and Fairthorn was left behind the curtain with feelings towards all his master's guests as little, it is to be hoped, like those of a Christian Bishop towards his fellow-creatures, as they possibly could be.

CHAPTER VII

"*Domus et placens Uxor*"

Fairthorn finds nothing *placens* in the *Uxor*, to whom *Domus* is indebted for its destruction.

Another day! Lionel is expected to arrive an hour or two after noon. Darrell is in his room—his will once more before him. He has drawn up a rough copy of the codicil by which Fawley is to pass away, and the name of Darrell be consigned to the care of grateful Learning, linked with prizes and fellowships,—a public property—lost for ever to private representatives of its sepulchred bearers. Preparations for departure from the doomed dwelling house have begun. There are large boxes on the floor, and favourite volumes—chiefly in science or classics—he piled beside them for selection.

What is really at the bottom of Guy Darrell's heart? Does he feel reconciled to his decision? Is the virtue of his new self-sacrifice in itself a consoling reward? Is that cordial urbanity, that cheerful kindness, by which he has been yet more endearing himself to his guests, sincere or assumed? As he throws aside his pen, and leans his cheek on his hand, the expression of his countenance may perhaps best answer those questions. It has more unmingled melancholy than was habitual to it before, even when in his gloomiest moods, but it is a melancholy much more soft and subdued, it is the melancholy of resignation—that of a man who has ceased a long struggle

—paid his offering to the appeased Nemesis, in casting into the sea the thing that had been to him the dearest.

But in resignation, when complete, there is always a strange relief. Despite that melancholy, Darrell is less unhappy than he has been for years. He feels as if a suspense had passed—a load been lifted from his breast. After all, he has secured, to the best of his judgment, the happiness of the living, and, in relinquishing the object to which his own life has been vainly devoted, and immolating the pride attached to it, he has yet, to use his own words, paid his 'dues to the dead. No descendant from a Jasper Losely and a Gabrielle Desmarests will sit as mistress of the house in which Loyalty and Honour had garnered, with the wrecks of fortune, the memories of knightly fame—nor perpetuate the name of Darrell through children whose blood has a source in the sink of infamy and fraud. Nor was this consolation that of a culpable pride, it was bought by the abdication of a pride that had opposed its prejudices to living worth—to living happiness. Sophy would not be punished for sins not her own—Lionel not barred from a prize that earth never might replace. What mattered to them a mouldering, old, deso-

late manor-house—a few hundreds of pitiful acres! Their children would not be less blooming if their holiday summer noons were not shaded by those darksome trees—not less lively of wit, if their school themes were signed in the name, not of Darrell, but Houghton.

A slight nervous knock at the door. Darrell has summoned Fairthorn; Fairthorn enters. Darrell takes up a paper; it contains minute instructions as to the demolition of the two buildings. The materials of the new pile may be disposed of, sold, carted away—anyhow, anywhere. Those of the old house are sacred—not a brick to be carried from the precincts around it. No; from foundation to roof, all to be piously removed—to receive formal interment deep in the still bosom of the little lake, and the lake to be filled up and turfed over. The pictures and antiquities selected for the Darrell Museum are, of course, to be carefully transported to London—warehoused safely till the gift from owner to nation be legally ratified. The pictures and articles of less value will be sent to an auction. * But when it came to the old family portraits in the manor-house, the old homely furniture, familiarised to sight and use and love from infancy, Darrell was at a loss; his invention failed. That question was reserved for further consideration.

"And why," says Fairthorn, bluntly and coarsely, urging at least reprieve; "why, if it must be, not wait till you are no more! Why must the old house be buried before you are?"

"Because," answered Darrell, "such an order, left by will, would seem a reproach to my heirs; it would wound Lionel to the quick. Done in my lifetime, and just after I have given my blessing on his marriage, I

can suggest a thousand reasons for an old man's whim; and my manner alone will dispel all idea of a covert affront to his charming innocent bride."

"I wish she were hanged, with all my heart," muttered Fairthorn, "coming here to do such astonishing mischief! But, sir, I can't obey you; 'tis no use talking. You must get some one else. Parson Morley will do it—with pleasure, too, no doubt; or that hobbling old man, whom I suspect to be a conjuror. Who knows but what he may get knocked on the head as he is looking on with his wicked one eye! and then there will be an end of him, too, which would be a great satisfaction!"

"Pshaw, my dear Dick; there is no one else I can ask but you. The Parson would argue; I've had enough of his arguings; and the old man is the last whom my own arguings could deceive. *Fiat justitia.*"

"Don't sir, don't; you are breaking my heart!—'tis a shame, sir," sobbed the poor faithful rebel.

"Well, Dick, then I must see it done myself; and you shall go on first to Sorrento, and hire some villa to suit us. I don't see why Lionel should not be married next week; then the house will be clear. And—yes—it was cowardly in me to shrink. Mine be the task. Shame on me to yield it to another. Go back to thy flute, Dick.

* *Neque tibi*

Euterpe colubet, nec Polyhymnia

Lesboum refugit tendere barbiton! "

At that last remorseless shaft from the Horatian quiver, "*Venenatis grvida sagittis,*" Fairthorn could stand ground no longer; there was a shamble—a plunge—and once more the man was vanished.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Flute player shows how little Munc hath power to soothe the savage breast—of a Muncian.

Fairthorn found himself on the very spot in which, more than five years ago, Lionel, stung by Fairthorn's own incontinent prickles,

had been discovered by Darrell. There he threw himself on the ground, as the boy had done; there, like the boy, he brooded moodily, bitterly—

sore with the world and himself. To that letter, written on the day that Darrell had so shocked him, and on which letter he had counted as a last forlorn-hope, no answer had been given. In an hour or so, Lionel would arrive; those hateful nuptials, dooming Fawley as the nuptials of Paris and Helen had doomed Troy, would be finally arranged. In another week the work of demolition would commence. He never meant to leave Darrell to superintend that work. No; grumble and refuse as he might till the last moment, he knew well enough that, when it came to the point, he, Richard Fairthorn, must endure any torture that could save Guy Darrell from a pang. A voice comes singing low through the grove—the patter of feet on the crisp leaves. He looks up; Sir Isaac is scrutinising him gravely—behind Sir Isaac, Darrell's own doe, led patiently by Sophy,—yes, lending its faithless neck to that female criminal's destroying hand. He could not bear that sight, which added insult to injury. He scrambled up—darted a kick at Sir Isaac—snatched the doe from the girl's hand, and looked her in the face (*her*—not Sophy, but the doe) with a reproach that, if the brute had not been lost to all sense of shame, would have cut her to the heart; then, turning to Sophy, he said, "No, Miss! I reared this creature—fed it with my own hands, Miss. I gave it up to Guy Darrell, Miss; and you shan't steal this from him, whatever else you may do, Miss."

SOPHY.—"Indeed, Mr Fairthorn, it was for Mr Darrell's sake that I wished to make friends with the doe—as you would with poor Sir Isaac, if you would but try and like me—a little, only a very little, Mr Fairthorn."

FAIRTHORN.—"Don't!"

SOPHY.—"Don't what? I am so sorry to see I have annoyed you somehow. You have not been the same person to me the last two or three days. Tell me what I have done wrong; scold me, but make it up."

FAIRTHORN.—"Don't hold out your hand to me! Don't be smiling in my face! I don't choose it! Get out

of my sight! You are standing between me and the old house—robbing me even of my last look at the house which you—"

SOPHY.—"Which I—what?"

FAIRTHORN.—"Don't, I say, don't—don't tempt me. You had better not ask questions—that's all. I shall tell you the truth; I know I shall; my tongue is itching to tell it. Please to walk on."

Despite the grotesque manner and astounding rudeness of the flute-player, his distress of mind was so evident—there was something so genuine and earnest at the bottom of his ludicrous anger—that Sophy began to feel a vague presentiment of evil. That she was the mysterious cause of some great suffering to this strange enemy, whom she had unconsciously provoked, was clear; and she said, therefore, with more gravity than she had before evinced—

"Mr Fairthorn, tell me how I have incurred your displeasure. I entreat you to do so; no matter how painful the truth may be, it is due to us both not to conceal it."

A ray of hope darted through Fairthorn's enraged and bewildered mind. He looked to the right—he looked to the left; no one near. Releasing his hold on the doe, he made a sidelong dart towards Sophy, and said, "Hush; do you really care what becomes of Mr Darrell?"

"To be sure I do."

"You would not wish him to die broken-hearted in a foreign land—that old house levelled to the ground, and buried in the lake? Eh, Miss—eh?"

"How can you ask me such questions!" said Sophy, faintly. "Do speak plainly, and at once."

"Well, I will, Miss. I believe you are a good young lady, after all—and don't wish really to bring disgrace upon all who want to keep you in the dark, and—"

"Disgrace!" interrupted Sophy; and her pure spirit rose, and the soft blue eye flashed a ray like a shooting-star.

"No, I am sure you would not like it; and some time or other you could not help knowing, and you would be very sorry for it. And that boy Lionel, who was as proud

as Guy Darrell himself when I saw him last (prouder, indeed)—that *he* should be so ungrateful to his benefactor! And, indeed, the day may come when he may turn round on you, or on the lame old gentleman, and say, he has been disgraced. Should not wonder at all! Young folks, when they are sweethearting, only talk about roses and angels, and such-like, but when husbands and wives fall out, as they always do sooner or later, they don't mince their words then, and they just take the sharpest thing that they can find at their tongue's end. So you may depend on it, my dear Miss, that some day or other that young Haughton will say, 'that you lost him the old manor house and the old Darrell name,' and have been his disgrace, that's the very word, Miss, I've heard husbands and wives say it to each other over and over again!

SOPHY — 'Oh, Mr Fairthorn, Mr Fairthorn! these horrid words can not be meant for me. I will go to Mr Darrell—I will ask him how I can be a dis—' Her lips could not force out the word.

FAIRTHORN — 'Ay, go to Mr Darrell, if you please. He will deny it all, he will never speak to me again. I don't care—I am reckless. But it is not the less true that you make him an exile because you may make me a beggar.'

SOPHY (wringing her hands) — 'Have you no mercy, Mr Fairthorn? Will you not explain?'

FAIRTHORN — 'Yes, if you will promise to keep it secret at least for the next six months—anything for breathing-time.'

'SOPHY (impatiently) — 'I promise, I promise, speak, speak.'

And then Fairthorn did speak! He did speak of Jasper Lomely—his character—his debasement—even of his midnight visit to her host's chamber. He did speak of the child fraudulently sought to be thrust on Darrell—of Darrell's just indignation and loathing. The man was merciless, though he had not an idea of the anguish he was inflicting, he was venting his own anguish. All the mystery of her past life became clear at once to the unhappy girl—

all that had been kept from her by protecting love. All her vague conjectures now became a dreadful certainty,—explained now why Lionel had fled her—why he had written that letter, over the contents of which she had pondered, with her finger on her lip, as if to hush her own sighs—all, all! She marry Lionel now! impossible! She bring disgrace upon him, in return for such generous, magnanimous affection! She drive his benefactor, her grandaure's vindicator, from his own hearth! She—she—that Sophy who, as a mere infant, had recoiled from the thought of playful subterfuge and tamperings with plain honest truth! She rose before Fairthorn had done, indeed, the tormentor, left to himself, would not have ceased till nightfall.

'Fear not, Mr Fairthorn,' she said resolutely, 'Mr Darrell will be no exile, ~~his~~ house will not be destroyed. Lionel Haughton shall not wed the child of disgrace! Fear not, sir, all is safe!'

She shed not a tear, nor was there writ on her countenance that CHANGE, speaking of blighted hope, which had passed over it at her young lover's melancholy farewell. No, now she was supported—now there was a virtue by the side of a sorrow—now love was to shelter and save the beloved from disgrace—from disgrace! At that thought, disgrace fell harmless from herself, as the rain from the plumes of a bird. She passed on, her cheek glowing, her form erect.

By the porch door she met Waife and the Morleys. With a kind of wild impetuosity she seized the old man's arm, and drew it fondly, clingly within her own. Henceforth they, two, were to be, as in years gone by, all in all to each other. George Morley eyed her countenance in thoughtful surprise. Mrs Morley, bent as usual on saying something seasonably kind, burst into an eulogium on her brilliant colour. So they passed on towards the garden side of the house. Wheels—the tramp of hoofs, full gallop, and George Morley, looking up, exclaimed, 'Ha! here comes Lionel—and see, Darrell is hastening out to welcome him!'

CHAPTER IX.

The Letter on which Richard Fairthorn relied for the defeat of the conspiracy against Fawley Manor-house. Bad aspects for Houses. The House of Vipont is threatened. A Physician attempts to medicine to a mind diseased. A strange communication, which hurries the reader on to the next chapter.

It has been said that Fairthorn had committed to a certain letter his last desperate hope that something might yet save Fawley from demolition, and himself and his master from an exile's home in that smiling nook of earth to which Horace invited Septimius, as uniting the advantages of a mild climate, excellent mutton, capital wine; and affording to Septimius the prospective privilege of sprinkling a tear over the cinder of his poetical friend while the cinder was yet warm; inducements which had no charm at all to Fairthorn, who was quite satisfied with the Fawley Southdowns—held in just horror all wisby-washy light wines—and had no desire to see Darrell reduced to a cinder for the pleasure of sprinkling that cinder with a tear.

The letter in question was addressed to Lady Montfort. Unscrupulously violating the sacred confidence of his master, the treacherous wretch, after accusing her, in language little more consistent with the respect due to the fair sex than that which he had addressed to Sophy, of all the desecration that the perfidious nuptials of Caroline Lyndsay had brought upon Guy Darrell, declared that the least Lady Montfort could do to repair the wrongs inflicted by Caroline Lyndsay, was—not to pity his master—that her pity was killing him. He repeated, with some grotesque comments of his own, but on the whole not inaccurately, what Darrell had said to him on the subject of her pity. He then informed her of Darrell's consent to Lionel's marriage with Sophy; in which criminal espousals it was clear, from Darrell's words, that Lady Montfort had had some nefarious share. In the most lugubrious colours he brought before her the consequences of that marriage—the extinguished name, the demolished dwell-

ing-place, the renunciation of native soil itself. He called upon her, by all that was sacred, to contrive some means to undo the terrible mischief she had originally occasioned, and had recently helped to complete. His epistle ended by an attempt to conciliate and coax. He revived the image of that wild Caroline Lyndsay to whom he had never refused a favour; whose earliest sums he had assisted to cast up—to whose young ideas he had communicated the elementary principles of the musical gamut—to whom he had played on his flute, winter eve and summer noon, by the hour together; that Caroline Lyndsay who, when a mere child, had led Guy Darrell where she willed, as by a thread of silk. Ah, how Fairthorn had leapt for joy when, eighteen years ago, he had thought that Carolinne Lyndsay was to be the sunshine and delight of the house to which she had lived to bring the cloud and the grief! And by all these memories, Fairthorn conjured her either to break off the marriage she had evidently helped to bring about, or failing that, to convince Guy Darrell that he was not the object of her remorseful and affectionate compassion!

Caroline was almost beside herself at the receipt of this letter. The picture of Guy Darrell effacing his very life from his native land, and destroying the last memorials of his birthright and his home—the conviction of the influence she still retained over his bleak and solitary existence—the experience she had already acquired that the influence failed where she had so fondly hoped it might begin to repair and to bless, all overpowered her with emotions of yearning tenderness and unmitigated despair. What could she do? She could not offer herself, again to be rejected. She could not write again, to force her penitence upon

the man who, while acknowledging his love to be unconquered, had so resolutely refused to see, in the woman who had once deceived his trust—the Caroline of old! Alas, if he were but under the delusion that her pity was the substitute, and not the companion of love, how could she deceive him? How say—how write—"Accept me, for I love you!" Caroline Montfort had no pride of rank, but she had pride of sex; that pride had been called forth, encouraged, strengthened, throughout all the years of her wedded life. For Guy Darrell's sake, and to him alone, that pride she had cast away—trampled upon; such humility was due to him. But when the humility had been once in vain, could it be repeated—would it not be debasement? In the first experiment she had but to bow to his reproach—in a second experiment she might have but to endure his contempt. Yet how, with her sweet, earnest, affectionate nature—how she longed for one more interview—one more explanation! If chance could but bring it about; if she had but a pretext—a fair reason apart from any interest of her own, to be in his presence once more! But in a few days he would have left England for ever—his heart yet more hardened in its resolves by the last sacrifice to what it had so sternly recognised to be a due to others. Never to see him more—never! to know how much in that sacrifice he was suffering now—would perhaps suffer more hereafter, in the reaction that follows all strain upon purpose—and yet not a word of comfort from her—her who felt born to be his comforter!

But this marriage, that cost him so much, must that be! Could she dare, even for his sake, to stand between two such fair young lives as those of Lionel and Sophy—confide to them what Fairthorn had declared—appeal to their generosity? She shrank from inflicting such intolerable sorrow. Could it be her duty? In her inability to solve this last problem, she bethought herself of Alban Morley; here, at least, he might give advice—offer suggestion. She sent to his house, entreating him to call. Her messenger was

some hours before he found the Colonel, and then brought back but a few hasty lines—"Impossible to call that day. The CRISIS had come at last! The Country, the House of Vipont, the British Empire, were trembling in the balance. The Colonel was engaged every moment for the next twelve hours. He had the Earl of Montfort, who was intractable and stupid beyond conception, to see and talk over; Carr Vipont was hard at work on the materials for the new Cabinet—Alban was helping Carr Vipont. If the House of Vipont failed England at this moment, it would not be a CRISIS, but a CRASH! The Colonel hoped to arrange an interview with Lady Montfort for a minute or two the next day. But perhaps she would excuse him from a journey to Twickenham, and drive into town to see him; if not at home, he would leave word where he was to be found."

By the beard of Jupiter Capitolinus, there are often revolutions in the heart of a woman, during which she is callous to a CRISIS, and has not even a fear for a CRASH!

The next day came George's letter to Caroline, with the gentle message from Darrell; and when Dr F—, whose apprehensions for the state of her health Colonel Morley had by no means exaggerated, called in the afternoon to see the effect of his last prescription, he found her in such utter prostration of nerves and spirits, that he resolved to hazard a dose not much known to great ladies, viz., three grains of plain-speaking, with a minim of frightening.

"My dear lady," said he, "yours is a case in which physicians can be of very little use. There is something on the mind which my prescriptions fail to reach; worry of some sort—decidedly worry. And unless you yourself can either cure that, or will make head against it, worry, my dear Lady Montfort, will end, not in consumption—you are too finely formed to let worry eat holes in the lungs—no; but in a confirmed aneurism of the heart, and the first sudden shock might then be immediately fatal. The heart is a noble organ—bears a great deal—but still its endurance has limits.

Heart complaints are more common than they were—over-education, and over-civilisation, I suspect. Very young people are not so subject to them; they have flurry, not worry—a very different thing. A good chronic silent grief of some years' standing, that gets worried into acute inflammation at the age when feeling is no longer fancy, throws out a heart-disease which sometimes kills without warning, or sometimes, if the grief be removed, will rather prolong than shorten life, by inducing a prudent avoidance of worry in future. There is that worthy old gentleman who was taken so ill at Fawley, and about whom you were so anxious; in his case there had certainly been chronic grief; then came acute worry, and the heart could not get through its duties. Fifty years ago doctors would have cried, 'apoplexy!'—nowadays we know that the heart saves the head. Well, he was more easy in his mind the last time I saw him, and, thanks to his temperance, and his constitutional dislike to self-indulgence in worry, he may jog on to eighty, in spite of the stethoscope! Excess in the moral emotions gives heart-disease; abuse of the physical powers, paralysis;—both more common than they were—the first for your gentle sex, the second for our rough one. Both, too, lie in wait for their victims at the entrance into middle life. I have a very fine case of paralysis now; a man built up by nature to live to a hundred—never saw such a splendid formation—such bone and such muscle. I would have given Van Amburgh the two best of his lions, and my man would have done for all three in five minutes. All the worse for him, my dear lady—all the worse for him. His strength leads him on to abuse the main fountains of life, and out jumps avenging Paralysis and fells him to earth with a blow. 'Tis your Hercules that Paralysis loves; she despises the weak invalid, who prudently shuns all excess. And so, my dear lady, that assassin called Aneurism lies in wait for the hearts that abuse their own force of emotion; sparing hearts that, less vital, are thrifty in waste and

supply. But you are not listening to me! And yet my patient may not be quite unknown to your ladyship; for in happening to mention, the other day, to the lady who attends to and nurses him, that I could not call this morning, as I had a visit to pay to Lady Montfort at Twickenham, she became very anxious about you, and wrote this note, which she begged me to give you. She seems very much attached to my patient—not his wife nor his sister. She interests me;—capital nurse—cleverish woman too. Oh! here is the note."

Caroline, who had given but little heed to this recital, listlessly received the note—scarcely looked at the address—and was about to put it aside, when the good doctor, who was intent upon ransacking her by any means, said, "No, my dear lady, I promised that I would see you read the note; besides, I am the most curious of men, and dying to know a little more who and what is the writer."

Caroline broke the seal and read as follows:—

"If Lady Montfort remembers Arabella Fossett, and will call at Clare Cottage, Vale of Health, Hampstead, at her ladyship's earliest leisure, and ask for Mrs Crane, some information, not perhaps important to Lady Montfort, but very important to Mr Darrell, will be given."

Lady Montfort startled the doctor by the alertness with which she sprang to her feet and rang the bell.

"What is it?" asked he.

"The carriage immediately," cried Lady Montfort as the servant entered.

"Ah! you are going to see the poor lady, Mrs Crane, eh? Well, it is a charming drive, and just what I should have recommended. Any exertion will do you good. Allow me;—why, your pulse is already fifty per cent better. Pray, what relation is Mrs Crane to my patient?"

"I really don't know; pray excuse me, my dear Dr F—"

"Certainly; go while the day is fine. Wrap up;—a close carriage, mind;—and I will look in to-morrow."

CHAPTER I.

Wherein is insinuated the highest compliment to Woman ever paid to her sex by the Author of this work.

Lady Montfort has arrived at Clare Cottage. She is shown by Bridgett Gregg into a small room upon the first floor; folding-doors to some other room, closely shut—evidences of sickness in the house;—phials on the chimney-piece—a tray with a broth basin on the table—a sauce-pan on the hob—the sofa one of those that serve as a bed, which Sleep little visits, for one who may watch through the night over some helpless sufferer—a woman's shawl thrown carelessly over its hard narrow bolster;—all, in short, betraying that pathetic untidiness and discomfort which says that a despot is in the house to whose will order and form are subordinate;—the imperious Tyranny of Disease establishing itself in a life that, within those four walls, has a value not to be measured by its worth to the world beyond. The more feeble and helpless the sufferer, the more sovereign the despotism—the more submissive the servitude.

In a minute or two one of the folding-doors silently opened, and as silently closed, admitting into Lady Montfort's presence a grim woman in iron-grey.

Caroline could not, at the first glance, recognise that Arabella Fosssett, of whose handsome, if somewhat too strongly defined and sombre countenance, she had retained a faithful reminiscence. But Arabella had still the same imposing manner which had often repressed the gay spirits of her young pupil; and as she now motioned the great lady to a seat, and placed herself beside, an awed recollection of the schoolroom bowed Caroline's lovely head in mute respect.

Mrs CRANE.—“You too are changed since I saw you last,—that was more than five years ago, but you are not less beautiful. You can still be loved;—you would not scare away the man whom you might desire to save. Sorrow has its partialities. Do you know that I have

a cause to be grateful to you, without any merit of your own? In a very dark moment of my life—only vindictive and evil passions crowding on me—your face came across my sight. Goodness seemed there so beautiful—and, in this face, Evil looked so haggard! Do not interrupt me. I have but few minutes to spare you. Yes; at the sight of that face, gentle recollections rose up. You had ever been kind to me; and truthful, Caroline Lyndsay—truthful. Other thoughts came at the beam of that face, as other thoughts come when a strain of unexpected music reminds us of former days. I cannot tell how, but from that moment a something more like womanhood than I had known for years, entered into my heart. Within that same hour I was sorely tried—galled to the quick of my soul. Had I not seen you before, I might have dreamed of nothing but a stern and dire revenge. And a purpose of revenge I did form. But it was not to destroy—it was to save! I resolved that the man who laughed to scorn the idea of vows due to me—vows to bind life to life—should yet sooner or later be as firmly mine as if he had kept his troth; that my troth at least should be kept to him, as if it had been uttered at the altar. Hush, did you hear a moan?—No! He lies yonder, Caroline Lyndsay—mine, indeed, till the grave us do part. These hands have closed over him, and he rests in their clasp, helpless as an infant.” Involuntarily Caroline recoiled. But looking into that careworn face, there was in it so wild a mixture of melancholy tenderness, with a resolved and fierce expression of triumph, that, more impressed by the tenderness than by the triumph, the woman sympathised with the woman; and Caroline again drew near, nearer than before, and in her deep soft eyes pity alone was seen. Into those eyes Arabella looked as if spellbound, and the darker and

sterner expression in her own face gradually relaxed and fled, and only the melancholy tenderness was left behind. She resumed :

"I said to Guy Darrell that I would learn, if possible, whether the poor child whom I ill-used in my most wicked days, and whom you, it seems, have so benignly sheltered, was the daughter of Matilda—or, as he believed, of a yet more hateful mother. Long ago I had conceived a suspicion that there was some ground to doubt poor Jasper's assertion, for I had chanced to see two letters, addressed to him—one from that Gabrielle Desmarets, whose influence over his life had been so baleful—in which she spoke of some guilty plunder with which she was coming to London, and invited him again to join his fortunes with her own. Oh, but the cold, bloodless villany of the tone!—the ease with which crimes for a gibbet were treated as topics for wit!" Arabella stopped—the same shudder came over her as when she had concluded the epistles abstracted from the dainty pocket-book. "But in the letter were also allusions to Sophy, to another attempt on Darrell to be made by Gabrielle herself. Nothing very clear; but a doubt did suggest itself—'Is she writing to him about his own child?' The other letter was from the French nurse with whom Sophy had been placed as an infant. It related to inquiries in person, and a visit to her own house, which Mr Darrell had recently made; that letter also seemed to imply some deception, though but by a few dubious words. At that time, the chief effect of the suspicion these letters caused was but to make me more bent on repairing to Sophy my cruelties to her childhood. What if I had been cruel to an infant who, after all, was not the daughter of that false, false Matilda Darrell! I kept in my memory the French nurse's address. I thought that when in France I might seek and question her. But I lived only for one absorbing end. Sophy was not then in danger; and even my suspicions as to her birth died away. Pass on:—Guy Darrell! Ah, Lady Montfort! his life has been embittered like mine; but he was man, and could

bear it better. He has known, himself, the misery of broken faith, of betrayed affection, which he could pity so little when its blight fell on me; but you have excuse for desertion—you yourself were deceived; and I pardon him, for he pardoned Jasper, and we are fellow-sufferers. You weep! Pardon my rudeness. I did not mean to pain you. Try and listen calmly—I must hurry on. On leaving Mr Darrell I crossed to France. I saw the nurse; I have ascertained the truth; here are the proofs in this packet. I came back—I saw Jasper loosely. He was on the eve of seeking you, whom he had already so wronged—of claiming the child, or rather of extorting money for the renunciation of a claim to one whom you had adopted. I told him how vainly he had hitherto sought to fly from me. One by one I recited the guilty schemes in which I had baffled his purpose—all the dangers from which I had rescued his life. I commanded him to forbear the project he had then commenced. I told him I would frustrate that project as I had frustrated others. Alas, alas! why is this tongue so harsh!—why does this face so belie the idea of human kindness! I did but enrage and madden him; he felt but the reckless impulse to destroy the life that then stood between himself and the objects to which he had pledged his own self-destruction. I thought I should die by his hand. I did not quail. Ah! the ghastly change that came over his face—the one glance of amaze and superstitious horror; his arm obeyed him not; his strength, his limbs forsook him; he fell at my feet—one side of him stricken dead! Hiss! that is his voice—pardon me;" and Arabella flitted from the room, leaving the door ajar.

A feeble Voice, like the treble of an infirm old man, came painfully to Caroline's ear.

"I want to turn; help me. Why am I left alone? It is cruel to leave me so—cruel!"

In the softest tones to which that harsh voice could be tuned, the grim woman apologized and soothed.

"You gave me leave, Jasper dear. You said it would be a relief to you to have her pardon as well as theirs."

"Whose pardon?" asked the Voice eagerly.

"Caroline Lyndsay's—Lady Montfort's."

"Nonsense! What did I ever do against her? Oh—ah! I remember now. Don't let me have it over again. Yes—she pardons me, I suppose! Get me my broth, and don't be long!"

Arabella came back, closing the door; and while she busied herself with that precious saucepan on the hob—to which the Marchioness of Montfort had become a very secondary object—she said, looking towards Caroline from under her iron-grey ringlets—

"You heard—*he misses me!* He can't bear me out of his sight now—me, me! You heard!"

Meekly Lady Montfort advanced, bringing in her hand the tray with the broth basin.

"Yes, I heard! I must not keep you; but let me help while I stay."

So the broth was poured forth and prepared, and with it Arabella disappeared. She returned in a few minutes, beckoned to Caroline, and said in a low voice—

"Come in—say you forgive him! Oh, you need not fear him; a babe could not fear him now!"

Caroline followed Arabella into the sick-room. No untidiness there; all so carefully, thoughtfully arranged. A pleasant room, too—with windows looking full on the sunniest side of the Vale of Health; the hearth so cheerily clear, swept so clean—the very ashes out of sight; flowers—costly exotics—on the table, on the mantelpiece; the couch drawn towards the window; and on that couch, in the gay rich dressing-gown of former days, warm coverlets heaped on the feet, snow-white pillows propping the head, lay what at first seemed a vague, undistinguishable mass—lay, what, as the step advanced, and the eye became more accurately searching, grew into Jasper Losely.

Yes! there, too weak indeed for a babe to fear, lay all that was left of the Strong Man! No enemy but himself had brought him thus low—spendthrift, and swindler, and robber of his own priceless treasures—Health

and Strength—those grand reat-rolls of joy which nature had made his inheritance. As a tree that is crumbling to dust under the gnarls of its bark, seems, the moment ere it falls, proof against time and the tempest;—so, within all decayed, stood that image of strength—so, air scarcely stirring, it fell. "And the pitcher was broken at the fountain; and the wheel was broken at the cistern; vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher."

Jasper turned his dull eye towards Caroline, as she came softly to his side, and looked at her with a piteous gaze. The stroke that had shattered the form had spared the face; and illness and compulsory abstinence from habitual stimulants had taken from the aspect much of the coarseness—whether of shape or colour—that of late years had disfigured its outline—and supplied the delicacy that ends with youth by the delicacy that comes with the approach of death. So that, in no small degree, the beauty which had been to him so fatal a gift, was once more visible—the features growing again distinct, as wanness succeeded to the hues of intemperance, and emaciation to the bloated cheeks, and swollen muscle. The goddess whose boons adorn the outward shell of the human spirit, came back to her favourite's death-couch as she had come to the cradle—not now as the Venus Erycina, goddess of Smile and Jest, but as the warning Venus Libitina, the goddess of Doom and the Funeral.

"I'm a very poor creature," said Jasper, after a pause. "I can't rise—I can't move without help. Very strange!—supernatural! She always said that if I raised my hand against her, it would fall palsied!" He turned his eye towards Arabella with a glare of angry terror. "She is a witch!" he said, and buried his face in the pillow. Tears rolled down the grim woman's cheek.

LADY MONTFORT.—"She is rather your good ministering spirit. Do not be unkind to her. Over her you have more power now than you had when you were well and strong. She lives but to serve you; command her gently."

Jasper was not proof against that sweet voice. With difficulty he

wrenched himself round, and again looked long at Caroline Montfort, as if the sight did him good, then he made a sign to Arabella, who flew to his side and raised him.

"I have been a sad dog," he said, with a mournful attempt at the old rollicking tone—"a very sad dog—in short, a villain!" But all ladies are indulgent to villains—in fact, prefer them. Never knew a lady who could endure 'a good young man'—never! So I am sure you will forgive me, miss—ma'am. Who is this lady? when it comes to forgiveness, there are so many of them! Oh, I remember now—your ladyship will forgive me—'tis all down in black and white what I've done—Bella has it. You see *this* hand—I can write with this hand—this is not paralysed. This is not the hand I tried to raise against her. But, *basta, basta*, where was I? My poor head!—I know what it is to have a head now!—ache, ache!—loom boom—weight, weight—heavy as a church bell—hollow as a church bell—noisy as a church bell! Brandy give me brandy, you witch!—I mean Bella, good Bella, give me brandy!"

"Not yet, Jasper dear. You are to have it every third hour, it is not time yet, dearest, you must attend to the doctor, and try to get well and recover your strength. You remember I told you how kind Lady Montfort had been to your father, and you wished to see and thank her."

"My father—my poor, poor father! You've been kind to him. Bless you, bless you. And you will see him? I want his pardon before I die. Don't forget, and—and—"

"Poor Sophy," said Mrs Crane.

"Ah yes! But she's well off now, you tell me. I can't think I have injured her. And really girls and women are intended to be a little useful to one. *Basta, basta!*"

"Mr Darrell—"

"Yes, yes, yes! I forgive him, or he forgives me, settle it as you like. But my father's pardon, Lady Montfort, you will get me *that!*"

"I will, I will."

He looked at her again, and smiled. Arabella gently let his head fall back upon the pillow.

"Throw a handkerchief over my face," he said feebly, "and leave me,

but be in call, I feel sleepy." His eyes closed, he seemed asleep even before they stole from the room. *

"You will bring his father to him!" said Arabella, when she and Lady Montfort were again alone. "In this packet is Jasper's confession of the robbery for which that poor old man suffered. I never knew of that before. But you see how mild he is now!—how his heart is changed, it is indeed changed more than he shows, only you have seen him at the worst—his mind wanders a little to-day, it does sometimes. I have a favour to ask of you. I once heard a preacher, not many months ago, he affected me as no preacher ever did before. I was told that he was Colonel Morley's nephew. Will you ask Colonel Morley to persuade him to come to Jasper?"

"My cousin, George Morley! He shall come, I promise you, so shall your poor patient's forgiving father. Is there more I can do?"

"No. Explain to Mr Darrell the reason why I have so long delayed sending to him the communication which he will find in the packet I have given to you, and which you will first open, reading the contents yourself—a part of them, at least, in Jasper's attestation of his stratagem to break off your marriage with Mr Darrell, may yet be of some value to you—you had better also show the papers to Colonel Morley—he may complete the task I had meant, on returning to England, or before seeing Mr Darrell, to make the inquiries which you will see are still necessary. But then came this terrible affliction! I have been able to think of nothing else but Jasper,—terrible to quit the house which contains him for an hour,—only, when Dr F—— told me that he was attending you, that you were ill, and suffering, I resolved to add to this packet Jasper's own confession. Ah, and he gave it so readily, and went yesterday through the fatigue of writing with such good heart. I tell you that there is a change within him, there is—there is. Well, well—I resolved to give you the packet to transmit to Mr Darrell for somehow or other I connected your illness with your visit to him at Fawley!"

"My visit to Mr Darrell!"

"Jasper saw you as your carriage drove from the park gate, not very many days since. Ah, you change colour! You have wronged that man, repair the wrong, you have the power."

"Alas! no," murmured Caroline, "I have not the power."

"Pooh—he loves you still. You are not one of those whom men forget."

Caroline was silent, but involuntarily she lowered her veil. In an instant the acute sense of the grim woman detected the truth.

"Ah! Pride—pride in both," she said. "I understand—I dare not blame him here. But you—you were the injurer, you have no right to pride, you will see him again."

"No—never—never!" faltered

Caroline, with accents scarcely audible under her veil.

Arabella was silent for a moment, and Lady Montfort rose hastily to depart.

"You will see him again, I tell you," and Arabella then, following her to the door—

"Stay, do you think he will die?"

"Good heavens! Mr Darrell?"

"No, no—Jasper Losely!"

"I hope not. What does Dr F—— say?"

"He will not tell me. But it is not the paralysis alone, he might recover from that—so young still. There are other symptoms, that dreadful habit of stimulants. He sinks if he has them not—they hasten death if he has. But—but—but—HE IS MINE, AND MINE ONLY, TO THE GRAVE NOW."

CHAPTER XI

THE CRISIS—Public and Private

Lady Montfort's carriage stopped at Colonel Morley's door just as Carr Vipont was coming out. Carr, catching sight of her, bustled up to the carriage window.

"My dear Lady Montfort, not seen you for an age! What times we live in! How suddenly THE CRISIS has come upon us! Sad loss in poor dear Montfort, no wonder you mourn for him! Had his feelings, true—who is not mortal?—but always voted right—always to be relied on in times of Crisis. But this crotchety fellow, who has so unluckily, for all but himself, walked into that property, is the loosest fish. And what is a house divided against itself? Never was the Constitution in such peril!—I say it deliberately—and here is the Head of the Viponts humming and hawing, and asking whether Guy Darrell will join the Cabinet. And if Guy Darrell will not, we have no more chance of the Montfort interest than if we were Peep o' Day Boys. But excuse me—I must be off, every moment is precious in times of Crisis. Think, if we can't form a Cabinet by to-morrow night—only think what may happen,

the other fellows will come in, and then THE DELUGE."

Carr is gone to find mops and Dame Partingtons to stave off the Deluge. Colonel Morley has obeyed Lady Montfort's summons, and has entered the carriage. Before she can speak, however, he has rushed into the subject of which he himself is full. "Only think, I knew it would be so when the moment came, all depends upon Guy Darrell! Montfort, who seems always in a fright lest a newspaper should fall on his head and crush him, says that if Darrell, whom he chooses to favour, just because the newspapers do, declines to join, the newspapers will say the Crisis is a job. Fancy—a job! the Crisis! Lord Melbourne de la Arco and Sir Josiah Snodge, who are both necessary to a united government, but who unluckily detect each other, refuse to sit in the same Cabinet, unless Darrell sit between—to save them, I suppose, from the fate of the cats of Kilkenny. Sir John Clautley, our crack county member, declares that if Darrell does not come in, it is because the Crisis is going too far. Harry Bold, our most popular speaker,

says, if Darrell stay out, 'tis a sign that the Crisis is a retrograde movement! In short, without Darrell the Crisis will be a failure, and the House of Vipont smashed—Lady Montfort—smashed! I sent a telegram (oh that I should live to see such a word introduced into the English language—but, as Carr says, what times these are!) to Fawley this morning, entreating Guy to come up to town at once. He answers by a line from Horace, which means, 'that he will see me shot first.' I must go down to him, only waiting to know the result of certain negotiations as to measures. I have but one hope. There is a measure which Darrell always privately advocated—which he thoroughly understands—which, placed in his hands, would be triumphantly carried: one of those measures, Lady Montfort, which, if defective, shipwreck a government; if framed, as Guy Darrell could frame it, immortalise the minister who conceives and carries them. This is all that Darrell needs to complete his fame and career. This is at length an occasion to secure a durable name in the history of his country: let him reject it, and I shall tell him frankly that his life has been but a brilliant failure. Since he has not a seat in Parliament and usage requires the actual possession of that qualification for a seat in the Cabinet we must use his voice in the Commons. But we can arrange that: for if Darrell will but join the government and go to the Lords, Sir Josiah Snodgrass, who has a great deal of voice and a great deal of jealousy, will join too—head the Vipont interests in the Commons—and speak to the country—speak every night—and all night too if required. Yes, Darrell must take the peerage—devote himself for a year or two to this great measure to the consolidation of his fame—to the redemption of the House of Vipont—and to the Salvation of the Empire, and then, if he please, *velve senocentem*—that is he may retire from harness, and blow upon laurels for the rest of his days."

Colonel Morley delivered himself of this long address without interruption from a listener interested in every word that related to Guy Dar-

rell, and in every hope that could reunite him to the healthful activities of life.

It was now Lady Montfort's turn to speak, though, after subjects so momentous as the Crisis and its speculative consequences, private affairs, relating to a poor little girl like Sophy—nay, the mere private affairs of Darrell himself, seemed a pitiful bathos. Lady Montfort, however, after a few words of womanly comment upon the only part of the Colonel's discourse which touched her heart, hastened on to describe her interview with Arabella, and the melancholy condition of Darrell's once formidable son-in-law. For that last, the Colonel evinced no more compassionate feeling than any true Englishman, at the time I am writing, would demonstrate for a murderous Sapoyn tied to the mouth of a cannon.

A very good addressee said the Colonel, dryly. 'Great relief to Darrell and to every one else whom that monster tormented and preyed on, and with his life will vanish the only remaining obstacle in righting poor Willy's good name. I hope to live to collect, from all parts of the country, Willy's old friends and give them a supper, at which I suppose I must not get drunk though I should rather like it, than not.' But I interrupt you—go on.

Lady Montfort proceeded to state the substance of the papers she had perused in reference to the mystery which had been the cause of so much disquietude and bitterness.

The Colonel stretched out his hand eagerly for the documents thus quoted. He hurried his eye rapidly over the contents of the first paper he hit on, and then said, pulling out his watch, "Well, I have half an hour yet to spare in discussing these matters with you—may I order your coachman to drive round the Regents Park?—better than keeping it thus at my door,—with four old invalids for opposite neighbours. The order was given, and the Colonel again returned to the papers. Suddenly he looked up—looked full into Lady Montfort's face, with a thoughtful, searching gaze, which made her drop her own eyes—and she saw

that he had been reading Jasper's confession, relating to his device for breaking off her engagement to Darrell, which in her hurry and excitement she had neglected to abstract from the other documents "Oh, not that paper—you are not to read that," she cried, quickly covering the writing with her hand.

"Too late, my dear cousin. I have read it. All is now clear. Laonel was right, and I was right, too, in my convictions, though Darrell put so coolly aside my questions when I was last at Fawley. I am justified now in all the pains I took to secure Laonel's marriage—in the cunning cruelty of my letter to George! Know, Lady Montfort, that if Laonel had sacrificed his happiness to respect for Guy's ancestor worship, Guy Darrell would have held himself bound in honour never to marry again. He told me so—told me he should be a cheat if he took any step to rob one from whom he had exacted such an offering—of the name, and the heritage for which the offering had been made. And I then resolved that Courty Guy should not thus irrevocably shut the door on his own happiness! Lady Montfort, you know that this man loves you—as, verily I believe, never other man in our cold century loved woman, through desertion—through change—amidst grief—amidst resentment—despite pride—dead to all other love—shrinking from all other ties—on, constant on—arising in the depth of his soul to the verge of age, secret and locked up the hopeless passion of his manhood. Do you not see that it is through you and you alone, that Guy Darrell has for seventeen years been lost to the country he was intended to serve and to adorn? Do you not feel that if he now reject this last opportunity to redeem years so wasted, and achieve a fame that may indeed link his Ancestral Name to the honours of Posterity, you and you alone, are the cause?"

"Alas—alas—but what can I do?"

"Do!—ay, true. The poor fellow is old now, you cannot care for him!—you still young, and so unluckily beautiful!—you, for whom young princes might vie. True, you can

have no feeling for Guy Darrell, except pity!"

"Pity! I hate the word!" cried Lady Montfort, with as much petulance as if she had still been the wayward lively Caroline of old.

Again the Man of the World directed towards her face his shrewd eyes, and dropped out, "See him!"

"But I have seen him. You remember I went to plead for Laonel and Sophy—in vain!"

"Not in vain. George writes me word that he has informed you of Darrell's consent to their marriage. And I am much mistaken if his greatest consolation in the pang that consent must have cost him, be not the thought that it relieves you from the sorrow and remorse his refusal had occasioned to you. Ah, there is but one person who can restore Darrell to the world—and that is yourself."

Lady Montfort shook her head drearily.

"If I had but an excuse—with dignity—with self respect—to—to—"

"An excuse. You have an absolute necessity to communicate with Darrell. You have to give to him these documents—to explain how you came by them. Sophy is with him, you are bound to see her on a subject of such vital importance to herself. Scruples of prudery! You, Caroline Lyndsay, the friend of his daughter—you whose childhood was reared in his very house—you whose mother owed to him such obligations—you to scruple in being the first to acquaint him with information affecting him so nearly. And why forsooth? Because, ages ago your hand was, it seems, engaged to him and you were deceived by false appearances, like a silly young girl as you were."

Again Lady Montfort shook her head drearily—drearily.

"Well, said the Colonel, changing his tone, 'I will grant that those former ties can't be renewed now. The man now is as old as the hills, and you had no right to expect that he would have suffered so much at being very naturally jilted for a hand some young Marquess!'"

"Cease, sir, cease," cried Caroline, angrily. The Colonel coolly persisted.

"I see now that such nuptials are

out of the question. But has the world come to such a pass that one can never at any age have a friend in a lady unless she marry him? Scruple to accompany me—me your cousin—me your nearest surviving relation—in order to take back the young lady you have virtually adopted—scruple to trust yourself for half an hour to that tumbledown old Fawley! Are you afraid that the gossip will say you, the Marchioness of Montfort, are running after a gloomy old widower, and scheming to be mistress of a mansion more like a ghost-trap than a residence for civilised beings? Or are you afraid that Guy Darrell will be fool and fop enough to think you are come to force on him your hand? Pooh, pooh! Such scruples would be in place if you were a portionless forward girl, or if he were a conceited young puppy, or even a suspicious old *one*. But Guy Darrell a man of his station, his character, his years. And you, cousin Caroline, what are you? Surely, lifted above all such pitiful crotchets by a rank amongst the loftiest gentlewomen of England, —ample fortune, a beauty that in itself is rank and wealth, and, above all, a character that has passed with such venerated purity through an ordeal in which every eye seeks a spot, every ear invites a scandal. But as you will. All I say is, that Darrell's future may be in your hands, that, after to-morrow, the occasion to give at least noble occupation and lasting renown to a mind that is devouring itself and stifling its genius, may be irrevocably lost, and that I do believe, if you said to-morrow to Guy Darrell, 'You refused to

hear me when I pleaded for what you thought a disgrace to your name, and yet even *that* you at last conceded to the voice of affection as if of duty—now hear me when I plead by the side of your oldest friend on behalf of your honour, and in the name of your forefathers,'—if you say *THAT*, he is won to his country. You will have repaired a wrong, and, pray, will you have compromised your dignity?

Caroline had recoiled into the corner of the carriage, her mantle close drawn round her breast, her veil lowered, but no sheltering garb or veil could conceal her agitation.

The Colonel pulled the check string. "Nothing so natural, you are the widow of the Head of the House of Vipont. You are, or ought to be, deeply interested in its fate. An awful CRISIS, long expected, has occurred. The House trembles. A connection of that House can render it an invaluable service that connection is the man at whose hearth your childhood was reared, and you go with me—me, who am known to be moving heaven and earth for every vote that the House can secure, to canvas this wavering connection for his support and assistance. Nothing, I say, so natural, and yet you scruple to serve the House of Vipont—to save your country! You may well be agitated. I leave you to your own reflections. My time runs short, I will get out here. Trust me with these documents. I will see to the rest of this long painful subject. I will send a special report to you this evening, and you will reply by a single line to the prayer I have ventured to address to you."

CHAPTER XII AND LAST

In which the Author endeavours, to the best of his ability, to give a final reply to the question—*What will he do with it?*

SCENE.—The banks of the lake at Fawley. George is lending his arm to Waife, Mrs Morley, seated on her camp-stool, at the opposite side of the water, is putting the last touch to her sketch of the manor house, Sir Isaac, reclined, is gravely contemplating the swans, the dog, bending over him,

occasionally nibbles his ear. Fairthorn has uncomfortably edged himself into an angle of the building between two buttresses, and is watching, with malignant eye, two young forms, at a distance, as they move slowly yonder, side by side, yet apart, now lost, now emerging, through the

gaps between melancholy leafless trees. Darrell, having just quitted Waife and George, to whose slow pace he can ill time his impatient steps, wonders why Lionel, whom, on arriving, he had, with brief cordial words, referred to Sophy for his fate, has taken more than an hour to ask a simple question, to which the reply may be pretty well known before hand. He advances towards those melancholy trees. Suddenly one young form leaves the other—comes with rapid stride through the withered fern. Pale as death Lionel seizes Guy Darrell's hand with convulsive grasp, and says, "I must leave you, sir. God bless you. All is over. I was the blindest fool—she refuses me."

"Refuses you?—impossible. For what reason?"

"She cannot love me well enough to marry," answered Lionel, with a quivering lip, and an attempt at that irony in which all extreme anguish at least in our haughty sex, delights to seek refuge or disguise. "Likes me as a friend a brother and so forth, but nothing more. All a mistake, sir— all except your marvellous kindness to me—to her for which Heaven ever bless you."

"Yes, all a mistake of your own, foolish boy," said Darrell tenderly and turning sharp he saw Sophy hastening by quickly and firmly with her eyes looking straightward—on into space. He threw himself in her path.

"Tell this dull kinsman of mine, that 'faunt heart never won fair lady.' You do not mean seriously deliberately, to reject a heart that will never be faint with a meaner fear than that of losing you?"

Poor Sophy. She kept her blue eyes still on the cold grey spire and answered by some scarce audible words—words which in every age girls intending to say No seem to learn as birds learn their songs, no one knows who taught them, but they are ever to the same tune. "Sensible of the honour—" "Grateful—" "Some one more worthy, &c. &c."

Darrell checked this embarrassed jargon. "My question, young lady is solemn, it involves the destiny of

two lives. Do you mean to say that you do not love Lionel Haughton well enough to give him your hand, and return the true faith which is pledged with his own?"

"Yes," said Lionel, who had gained the side of his kinsman, "yes, that is it. Oh Sophy—Ay or No?"

"No!" fell from her pale, firm lips—and in a moment more she was at Waife's side, and had drawn him away from George. "Grandfather, grandfather!—home, home, let us go home at once, or I shall die."

Darrell has kept his keen sight up on her movements—upon her countenance. He sees her gesture—her look—as she now clings to her grandfather. The blue eyes are not now coldly fixed on level air, but raised upward as for strength from above. The young face is sublime with its woe and with its resolve.

"Noble child," muttered Darrell. "I think I see into her heart. If so, poor Lionel indeed! My pride has yielded hers never will!"

Lionel, meanwhile kept beating his foot on the ground and checking indignantly the tears that sought to gather to his eyes. Darrell threw his arm round the young man's shoulder, and led him gently, slowly away by the barbed thorn tree—on by the moss-grown crags.

Waife, meanwhile is bending his ear to Sophy's lip. The detestable Fair thorn emerges from between the buttresses, and shumbles up to George thirsting to hear his hopes confirmed, and turning his face back to smile congratulation on the gloomy old house that he thinks he has saved from the lake.

Sophy has at last convinced Waife that his senses do not deceive him nor hers wander. She has said, "O grandfather, let us ever henceforth be all in all to each other. You are not ashamed of me—I am so proud of you. But there are others akin to me, grandfather, whom we will not mention, and you would be ashamed of me if I brought disgrace on one who would confide to me his name, his honour, and should I be as proud of you, if you asked me to do it?"

At these words Waife understands all, and he has not an argument in reply, and he suffers Sophy to lead

him towards the house. Yes, they will go hence—yes, there shall be no schemes of marriage! They had nearly reached the door, when the door itself opened violently, and a man rushing forth caught Sophy in his arms, and kissed her forehead her cheek, with a heartiness that it is well Lionel did not witness! Speechless and breathless with resentment, Sophy struggled, and in vain, when Waife, seizing the man by the collar, swung him away with a "How dare you, sir," that was echoed back from the bullocks—summoned Sir Isaac at full gallop from the lake—scared Fairthorn back to his buttresses—roused Mrs Morley from her sketch—and, smiting the ears of Lionel and Darrell, hurried them, mechanically, as it were, to the spot from which that thunder roll had pealed.

"How dare I?" said the man, resetting the flow of his disordered coat—"How dare I kiss my own niece?—my own sister's orphan child? Venerable Bandit, I have a much better right than you have. Oh my dear injured Sophy, to think that I was ashamed of your poor cotton print—to think that to your pretty face I have been owing fame and fortune—and you, you wandering over the world—child of the sister of whose beauty I was so proud—of her for whom, alas in vain! I painted Watteau and Grouzes upon screens and fans! Again he clasped her to his breast, and Waife this time stood mute, and Sophy passive—for the man's tears were raining upon her face, and washed away every blush of shame as to the kiss they hallowed.

"But where is my old friend William Losely?—where is Willy?" said another voice, as a tall thin personage stepped out from the hall, and looked poor Waife unconsciously in the face.

"Alban Morley!" faltered Waife "you are but little changed!"

The Colonel looked again, and in the elderly, lame, one-eyed, sober looking man, recognised the wild, jovial Willy, who had tamed the most unruly filices, taken the most frantic leaps, carolled forth the blithest song—made up, good-fellow, frolicsome, childlike darling of gay and grave, young and old!

"Eheu, fugaces, Postume Postume, Labantur anni,"

said the Colonel, insensibly imbibing one of those Horatian particles that were ever floating in that classic atmosphere—to Darrell medicinal, to Fairthorn morbid. "Years slide away, Willy, mutely as birds skim through air, but when friend meets with friend after absence, each sees the print of their crow's feet on the face of the other. But we are not too old yet, Willy, for many a meet—at the fireside! Nothing else in our studs, we can still mount our hobbies, and thorough bred hobbies contrive to be in at the death. But you are waiting to learn by what title and name this stranger lays claim to so peerless a niece. Know then—Ah, here comes Darrell. Guy Darrell, in this young lady you will welcome the grandchild of Sidney Branthwaite, our old Eton school friend, a gentleman of as good blood as any in the land!"

"None better," cried Fairthorn who has sidled himself into the group, "there's a note on the Branthwaite genealogy, sir, in your father's great work upon 'Monumental Brasses'."

"Permit me to conclude, Mr Fairthorn," resumed the Colonel, "Monumental Brasses are painful subjects. Yes, Darrell, yes, Lionel, this fair creature, whom Lady Montfort might well desire to adopt, is the daughter of Arthur Branthwaite, by marriage with the sister of Frank Vance, whose name I shrewdly suspect nations will prize, and whose works princes will hoard, when many a long genealogy, all blazoned in azure and or, will have left not a scrap for the moths."

"Ah!" murmured Lionel, "was it not I, Sophy, who taught you to love your father's genius? Do you not remember how, as we bent over his volume, it seemed to translate to us our own feelings?—to draw us nearer together? He was speaking to us from his grave."

Sophy made no answer, her face was hidden on the breast of the old man, to whom she still clung closer and closer.

"Is it so? Is it certain? Is there no doubt that she is the child of these honoured parents?" asked Waife tremulously.

"None," answered Alban, "we bring with us proofs that will clear up all my story."

The old man bowed his head over Sophy's fair looks for a moment, then raised it, serene and dignified. "You are mine for a moment yet, Sophy," said he.

"Yours as ever—more fondly, gratefully than ever," cried Sophy.

"There is but one man to whom I can willingly yield you. Son of Charles Haughton, take my treasure."

"I consent to that," cried Vance, "though I am put aside like a Remorseless Baron. And, Lionello mio, if Frank Vance is a miser, so much the better for his niece."

"But," faltered Lionel.

Oh, falter not. Look into those eyes, read that blush now! She looks coy, not reluctant. She bends before him—adorned as for love, by all her native graces. Air seems brightened by her bloom. No more the Outlaw Child of Ignominy and Fraud, but the Starry Daughter of POETRY AND ART! Lo, where they glide away under the leafless, melancholy trees. Leafless and 'melancholy! No! Verdure and blossom and the smile of spring are upon every bough!

"I suppose," said Alban, "it will not now break Lionel's heart to learn that, not an hour before I left London, I heard from a friend at the Horse Guards that it has been resolved to substitute the——regiment for Lionel's, and it will be for some time yet, I suspect, that he must submit to be ingloriously happy. Come this way, George, a word in your ear." And Alban, drawing his nephew aside, told him of Jasper's state, and of Arabella's request. "Not a word to-day on these mournful topics to poor Willy. To-day let nothing add to his pain to have lost a grandchild, or dim his consolation in the happiness and security his Sophy gains in that loss. But to-morrow you will go and see this stricken-down sinner, and prepare the father for the worst. I made a point of seeing Dr F—— last night. He gives Jasper but a few weeks. He compares him to a mountain, not merely shattered by an earth quake, but burned out by its own inward fires."

"A few weeks only," sighed George.

"Well, Time, that seems everything to man, has not even an existence in the sight of God. To that old man I owe the power of speech to argue, to exhort, and to comfort,—he was training me to kneel by the deathbed of his son!"

"You believe," asked the Man of the World, "in the efficacy of a deathbed repentance, when a sinner has sinned till the power of sinning be gone?"

"I believe," replied the Preacher, "that in health there is nothing so unsafe as trust in a deathbed repentance, I believe that on the deathbed it cannot be unsafe to repent!"

Alban looked thoughtful, and George turned to rejoin Waife, to whom Vance was narrating the discovery of Sophy's parentage, while Fairthorn as he listened, drew his flute from his pocket, and began screwing it, impatient to vent in delicate music what he never could have set into words for his blundering untunable tongue. The Colonel joins Darrell, and hastens to unfold more fully the story which Vance is reciting to Waife.

Brief as it can, be the explanation due to the reader.

Vance's sister had died in child birth. The poor young poet, unfitted to cope with penury, his sensitive nature combined with a frame that could feebly resist the strain of exhausting emotions, disappointed in fame, despairing of fortune dependent for bread on his wife's boyish brother, and harassed by petty debts in a foreign land, had been fast pining away, even before an affliction to which all the rest seemed as nought. With that affliction he broke down at once, and died a few days after his wife, leaving an infant not a week old. A French female singer, of some repute in the theatres, and making a provincial tour, was lodging in the same house as the young couple. She had that compassionate heart which is more common than prudence or very strict principle with the tribes who desert the prosaic true world for the light sparkling false one. She had assuaged the young couple, in their later days, with purse and kind

offices, had been present at the birth of the infant—the death of the mother, and had promised Arthur Branthwaite that she would take care of his child, until she could safely convey it to his wife's relations, while he wept to own that they, poor as himself, must regard such a charge as a burthen.

The singer wrote to apprise Mrs Vance of the death of her daughter and son in law, and the birth of the infant whom she undertook shortly to send to England. But the babe, whom meanwhile she took to herself, got hold of her affections, with that yearning for children which makes so remarkable and almost uniform a characteristic of French women (if themselves childless) in the wandering Bohemian class that separates them from the ordinary household affections never dead in the heart of woman till womanhood itself be dead, the singer clung to the orphan little one to whom she was for the moment rendering the cares of a mother. She could not bear to part with it: she resolved to adopt it as her own. The knowledge of Mrs Vance's circumstances—the idea that the orphan, to herself a blessing, would be an unwelcome encumbrance to its own relations—removed every scruple from a mind unaccustomed to suffer reflection to stand in the way of an impulse. She wrote word to Mrs Vance that the child was dead. She trusted that her letter would suffice, without other evidence, to relations so poor, and who could have no suspicion of any interest to deceive them. Her trust was well founded. Mrs Vance and the boy Frank, whose full confidence and gratitude had been already secured to their correspondent for her kind offices to the young parents, accepted, without a demur or a question, the news that the infant was no more. The singer moved on to the next town at which she was professionally engaged. The infant, hitherto brought up by hand, became ailing. The medical adviser called in recommended the natural food, and found, in a village close by, the nurse to whom a little time before Jasper Lowely had consigned his own daughter. The latter died, the

nurse then removed to Paris, to reside with the singer, who had obtained a lucrative appointment at one of the metropolitan theatres. In less than two years the singer herself fell a victim to a prevailing epidemic. She had lived without thought of the morrow, her debts exceeded her means, her effects were sold. The nurse, who had meanwhile become a widow, came for advice and refuge to her sister, who was in the service of Gabrielle Desmarets. Gabrielle being naturally appealed to, saw the infant, heard the story, looked into the statement which, by way of confession, the singer had drawn up, and signed, in a notary's presence, before she died, looked into the letters from Mrs Vance, and the school-boy scrawls from Frank, both to the singer and to the child's parents, which the actress had carefully preserved, convinced herself of the poverty and obscurity of the infant's natural guardians and next of kin, and said to Jasper, who was just dissipating the fortune handed over to him as survivor of his wife and child, "There is a flat, if well managed, may retain your hold on a rich father-in-law, when all else has failed. You have but to say that this infant is his grandchild, the nurse we can easily bribe, or persuade to confirm the tale. I, whom he already knows as that respectable baroness, your Matilda's friend, can give to the story some probable touches. The lone childless man must rejoice to think that a tie is left to him. The infant is exquisitely pretty: her face will plead for her. His heart will favour the idea too much to make him very rigorous in his investigations. Take the infant. Doubtless in your own country you can find some one to rear it at little or no expense, until the time come for appeal to your father-in-law, when no other claim on his purse remains."

Jasper assented with the *craven* docility by which he always acknowledged Gabrielle's astuter intellect. He saw the nurse, it was clear that she had nothing to gain by taking the child to English relations so poor. They might refuse to believe her, and certainly could not reward. To rid herself of the infant, and ob-

tain the means to return to her native village with a few hundred francs in her purse, there was no promise she was not willing to make, no story she was too honest to tell, no paper she was too timid to sign. Jasper was going to London on some adventure of his own. He took the infant—chanced on Arabella,—the reader knows the rest. The indifference ever manifested by Jasper to a child not his own—the hardness with which he had contemplated and planned his father's separation from one whom he had imposed by false pretences on the old man's love, and whom he only regarded as an alien encumbrance upon the scanty means of her deluded protector—the fitful and desultory mode in which, when (contrary to the reasonings which Gabrielle had based upon a very large experience of the credulities of human nature in general, but in utter ignorance of the nature peculiar to Darrell) his first attempt at imposition had been so scornfully resisted by his indignant father-in-law, he had played fast and loose with a means of extortion which, though loath to abandon, he knew would not bear any strict investigation,—all this is now clear to the reader. And the reader will also comprehend why, partly from fear that his father might betray him, partly from a compassionate unwillingness to deprive the old man of a belief in which William Loosely said he had found such solace. Jasper, in his last interview with his father, shrank from saying, 'but she is not your grandchild.' The idea of recurring to the true relations of the child naturally never entered into Jasper's brain. He considered them to be as poor as himself. *They* buy from him the child of parents, whom they had evidently, by their letters, taxed themselves to the utmost, and in vain, to save from absolute want! So wild seemed the notion, that he had long since forgotten that relations so useless existed. Fortunately the Nurse had preserved the written statement of the sinner—the letters by Mrs Vance and Frank—the certificate of the infant's birth and baptism—some poor relics of Sophy's ill-fated parents—manuscripts of Arthur's poems—baby caps

with initials and armorial crests, wrought, before her confinement, by the young wife—all of which he had been consigned by the sinner to the nurse, and which the nurse willingly disposed of to Mrs Crane, with her own formal deposition of the facts, confirmed by her sister, Gabrielle's old confidential attendant, and who, more favoured than her mistress, was living peaceably in the rural scenes of her earlier innocence, upon the interest of the gains she had saved in no innocent service—confirmed yet more by references to many whose testimonies could trace, step by step, the child's record from its birth to its transfer to Jasper, and by the brief but distinct avowal, in tremulous lines, writ by Jasper himself. As a skein crossed and tangled, when the last knot is loosened slips and denly free, so this long bewildering mystery now became clear as a commonplace. What years of suffering Darrell might have been saved had he himself seen and examined the nurse—had his inquiry been less bounded by the fears of his pride—had the great lawyer not had himself for a client.

Darrell silently returned to Alban Morley the papers over which he had cast his eye as they walked slowly to and fro the sloping banks of the lake.

"It is well," said he, glancing fondly, as Fairthorn had glanced before him, towards the old House, now freed from doom, and permitted to last its time. "It is well," he repeated, looking away towards that part of the landscape where he could just catch a glimpse of Sophy's light form beyond the barbed thorn tree. "It is well," he repeated thrice with a sigh. "Poor human nature! Alham, can you conceive it, I, who once so dreaded that that poor child should prove to be of my blood, now, in knowing that she is not, feel a void a loss!" To Lionel I am so distant a kinsman—to his wife, to his children, what can I be? A rich old man, the sooner he is in his grave the better. A few tears, and then the will! But, as your nephew says, 'This life is but a school,' the new comer in the last form thinks the head boy just leaving so old! And

to us, looking back, it seems but the same yesterday whether we were the last comer or the head boy."

"I thought," said Alban plaintively, "that, for a short time at least, I had done with 'painful subjects.' You revel in them! County Guy, you have not left school yet, leave it with credit, win the best prize." And Alban plunged at once into THE CRISIS. He grew eloquent, the Party, the Country, the Great Measure to be entrusted to Darrell, if he would but undertake it as a member of the Cabinet, the Peerage, the House of Vipont, and immortal glory!—eloquent as Ulysses haranguing the son of Peleus in *Troilus and Cressida*.

Darrell listened coldly only while Alban dwelt on "the Measure," to which, when it was yet too unripe for practical statesmen, he had attached his faith as a thinker, the orator's eye flashed with young fire. A great truth is eternally clear to a great heart that has once nourished its germ and foreseen its fruits. But when Alban quitted that part of his theme, all the rest seemed wearisome to his listener. They had now wound their walk to the opposite side of the lake, and paused near the thick beech trees hallowed and saddened by such secret associations to the mournful owner.

"No, my dear Alban," said Darrell, "I cannot summon up sufficient youth and freshness of spirit to re-enter the turbulent arena I have left. Ah! look yonder where Lionel and Sophy move! Give me, I do not say Lionel's years, but Lionel's wealth of hope and I might still have a wish for fame and a voice for England—but it is a subtle truth, that where a man misses a home, a link between his country and himself is gone. Vulgar ambition may exist—the selfish desire of power, they were never very strong, in me, and now less strong than the desire of rest—but that beautiful, genial, glorious union of all the affections of social citizen, which beams at the hearth and widens round the land, is not for the hermit's cell."

Alban was about to give up the argument in irritable despair, when, happening to turn his eye towards the farther depth of the beech grove, he caught a glimpse—no matter what

of, but, quickening his step in the direction to which his glance had wandered, he seated himself on the gnarled roots of a tree that seemed the monarch of the wood, widespread as that under which Tityrus reclined of old, and there, out of sight of the groups on the opposite banks of the lake—there, as if he had sought the gloomiest and most secret spot for what he had yet to say, he let fall, in the most distinct yet languid tones of his thorough bred, cultured enunciation, "I have a message to you from Lady Montfort. Restless man, do come nearer, and stand still! I am tired to death." Darrell approached, and, leaning against the trunk of the giant tree, said, with folded arms and compressed lips—

"A message from Lady Montfort!"

"Yes—I should have told you, by the by, that it was she who, being a woman, of course succeeded where I, being a man, despite incredible pains and trouble, signally failed, discovered Arabella Fossett, *alias* Crane, and obtained from her the documents which free your life for ever from a haunting and torturing fear. I urged her to accompany me hither, and place the documents herself in your hand. She refused you were not worth so much trouble, my dear Guy. I requested her at least to suffer me to show to you a paper containing Jasper Lowely's confession of a conspiracy to poison her mind against you some years ago—a conspiracy so villainously ingenious, that it would have completely exonerated any delicate and proud young girl from the charge of fickleness in yielding to an impulse of pique and despair. But Lady Montfort did not wish to be exonerated, your good opinion has ceased to be of the slightest value to her. But to come to the point. She bade me tell you that, if you persist in sheltering yourself in a hermit's cell from the fear of meeting her—if she be so dangerous to your peace—you may dismiss such absurd apprehension. She is going abroad, and, between you and me, my dear fellow, I have not a doubt that she will marry again before six months are out. I spoke of your sufferings; she told me she had not the smallest compassion for them."

"Alban Morley, you presumed to talk thus of me!" cried Darrell, livid with rage.

"Strike, but hear me. It is true you would not own, when I was last at Fawley, that she was the cause of your secluded life, of your blighted career, but I knew better. However, let me go on before you strangle me. Lady Montfort's former feelings of friendship for you are evidently quite changed, and she charged me to add, that she really hoped that you would exert your good sense and pride (of which Heaven knows you have plenty) to eradicate an absurd and romantic sentiment, so displeasing to her, and so—"

"It is false! it is false. What have I done to you, Colonel Morley, that you should slander me thus? I send you messages of taunt and insult, Mr Darrell! I—I—you can not believe it—you cannot."

Caroline Montfort stood between the two, as if she had dropped from heaven.

A smile, half in triumph, half in irony, curved the lip of the fine gentleman. It faded instantly as his eye turned from the face of the earnest woman to that of the earnest man. Alban Morley involuntarily bowed his head, murmured some words, unheard, and passed from the place, unheeded.

Not by concert nor premeditation was Caroline Montfort on that spot: she had consented to accompany her cousin to Fawley, but before reaching the park gates her courage failed her: she would remain within the carriage. The Colonel, wanted in London as soon as possible, whatever the result of his political mission to Darrell, could not stay long at Fawley, she would return with him. Vance's presence and impatient desire to embrace his niece did not allow the Colonel an occasion for argument and parley. Chafed at this fresh experience of the capricious uncertainty of woman, he had walked on with Vance to the minor house. Left alone, Caroline could not endure the stillness and inaction which increased the tumult of her thoughts, she would at least have one more look—it might be the last—at the scenes in which her childhood had sported

—her youth known its first happy dreams. But a few yards across those circumscribed demeanes, in through those shadowy serrated groves, and she should steal unperceived in view of the house, the beloved lake, perhaps even once more catch a passing glimpse of the owner. She resolved, she glided on, she gained the beech grove, when, by the abrupt wind of the banks, Darrell and Alban came suddenly on the very spot. The flutter of her robe, as she turned to retreat, caught Alban's eye, the reader comprehends with what wily intent, conceived on the moment, that unscrupulous schemer shaped the words which chained her footstep, and then stung her on to self disclosure. Trembling and blushing, she now stood before the startled man—He, startled out of every other sentiment and feeling than that of ineffable, exquisite delight to be once more in her presence, she, after her first passionate outburst, hastening on, in confused broken words, to explain that she was there but by accident—by chance, confusion growing deeper and deeper—how explain the motive that had charmed her steps to the spot?

Suddenly from the opposite bank came the music of the magic flute, and her voice as suddenly stopped and failed her.

"Again—again," said Darrell dieufully. "The same music the same air! and thus the same place on which we two stood together when I first dared to say, 'I love!' Look, we are under the very tree! Look, there is the date I carved on the bark when you were gone, but had left Hope behind. Ah, Caroline, why can I not now resign myself to age? Why is youth, while I speak, rushing back into my heart, into my soul? Why cannot I say, 'Gratefully I accept your tender friendship, let the past be forgotten, through what rests to me of the future while on earth, be to me as a child.' I cannot—I cannot! Go!"

She drew nearer to him, gently, timidly. "Even that, Darrell—even that, something in your life—let me be something still!"

"Ay," he said with melancholy bitterness, "you deceive me no longer

now! You own that, when here we stood last, and exchanged our troth, you in the blossom, and I in the prime, of life—you own that it was no woman's love, deaf to all calumny, proof to all craft that could wrong the absent, no woman's love, warm as the heart, undying as the soul, that you pledged me then!"

"Darrell, it was not—though then I thought it was."

"Ay, ay," he continued with a smile, as if of triumph in his own pang, "so that truth is confessed at last! And when, once more free, you wrote to me the letter I returned, rent in fragments, to your hand—or when, forgiving my rude outrage and fierce reproach, you spoke to me so gently yonder a few weeks since, in these lonely shades, then what were your sentiments, your motives? Were they not those of a long suppressed and kind remorse!—of a charity akin to that which binds rich to poor, bows happiness to suffering!—some memories of gratitude—nay, perhaps of childlike affection!—all amiable all generous, all steeped in that sweetness of nature to which I unconsciously rendered justice in the anguish I endured in losing you, but do not tell me that even *then* you were under the influence of woman's love."

"Darrell I was not."

"You own it and you suffer me to see you again. Trifler and cruel one is it but to enjoy the sense of your undiminished, unaltered power?"

"Alas Darrell alas! why am I here? why so yearning, yet so afraid to come? Why did my heart fail when these trees rose in sight against the sky?—why, why—why was it drawn hither by the spell I could not resist? Alas, Darrell, alas! I am a woman now—and—in this is—"

She lowered her veil, and turned away her lips could not utter the word, because the word was not pity, not remorse, not remembrance, not even affection, and the woman loved now too well to subject to the hazard of rejection—Love!

"Stay, oh stay!" cried Darrell "Oh that I could dare to ask you to complete the sentence! I know—I

know by the mysterious sympathy of my own soul, that you could never deceive me more! Is it—is it—"

His lips falter too, but her hand is clasped in his, her head is reclined upon his breast, the veil is with drawn from the sweet downcast face, and softly on her ear steal the murmured words "Again and now, till the grave—Oh, by this hallowing kiss, again—the Caroline of old!"

Fuller and fuller, spreading, wave after wave, throughout the air, till it seem interfused and commingled with the breath which the listeners breathe, the flute's mellow gush streams along. The sun slopes in peace towards the west, not a cloud in those skies, clearer seen through yon boughs stripped of leaves, and rendering more vivid the evergreen of the arbut and laurel.

Lionel and Sophy are now seated on yon moss grown trunk, on either side the old grey haired man, as if agreeing for a while even to forget each other, that they may make him feel how fondly he is remembered. Sophy is resting both her hands on the old man's shoulder, looking into his face, and murmuring in his ear with voice like the coo of a happy dove. Ah! fear not, Sophy, he is happy too—he who never thinks of himself. Look—the playful smile round his arch lips, look—now he is showing off Sir Isaac to Vance with austere solemnity the dog goes through his tricks, and Vance, with hand stroking his chin, is moralising on all that might have befallen had he grudged his three pounds to that famous investment.

Behind that group, shadowed by the Thorn tree, stands the PREACHER, thoughtful and grave, foreseeing the grief that must come to the old man with the morrow, when he will learn that a guilty son nears his end, and will hasten to comfort Jasper's last days with pardon. But the Preacher looks not down to the death couch alone on and high over death looks the Preacher! By what words Heavenly Mercy may lend to his lips shall he steal away, yet in time, to the soul of the dying, and justify murmurs of hope to the close of a life so dark with the shades of its past? And to him, to the Preacher,

they who survive—the two mourners — will come in their freshness of sorrow! He, the old man? Nay, to him there will be comfort. His spirit Heaven's kindness had tempered to trials, and, alas! for *that* son, what could father hope more than a death free from shame, and a chance yet vouchsafed for repentance? But she, the grim, iron grey woman? The Preacher's interest, I know, will soon centre on her — And balm may yet drop on thy wounds, thou poor, grim, iron grey, loving woman!

Lo! that traitor, the Flute player, over whom falls the deep grateful shade from the eaves of the roof-tree reprieved, though unconscious as yet of that happy change in the lot of the master, which, ere long, may complete (and haply for sons sprung in truth from the blood of the Darrell) yon skeleton pile and consummate, for ends nobler far, the plan of a grand life imperfect, — though as yet the musician nor knows nor conjectures the joy that his infamous treason to Sophy so little deserves yet, as if by those finer perceptions of sense, impressed, ere they happen by changes of pleasure and of pain which Art so mysteriously gives to the minds from which music is born his airs, of themselves float in joy

Like a bard at the coming of spring, it is gladness that makes him melodious.

And Alban Morley, seemingly intent upon the sketch which his amiable niece in law submits to his critical taste ere she ventures to show it to Vance, is looking from under his brows towards the grove, out from which, towering over all its dark brethren, soars the old trusting beech tree, and to himself he is saying, "Ten to one that the old House of Vipont now weather the Crisis, and a thousand to one that I find at last my arm chair at the hearth of my school friend, Guy Darrell!"

And the lake is as smooth as glass, and the swans, hearkening the music, rest still, with white breasts against the grass of the margin, and the doe, where she stands, her fore feet in the water, lifts her head wistfully, with nostrils distended, and wondering soft eyes that are missing the muster. Now full on the beech grove shines the western sun out from the gloomy beech grove into the golden sunlight — they come they come — Man and the Helpmate two lives retrothral two souls reunited. Be it evermore Amen

BURMAH AND THE BURMESE.

Go forth and multiply, was a command which man's nature caught it and obeyed instinctively, Go forth and explore, is a destiny which he has adopted for himself.

With the men of all times—with the men of all races, it has been accepted and acted upon. The impulse which directs men towards the unknown, urges them onwards to the discovery of unexplored regions and strange peoples. A *terra incognita*, an untrodden waste, an untracked sea, an unknown or distant nation a marvellous city, has ever been temptation enough to rouse explorers and adventurers, who have been ready to go forth during every danger facing every difficulty perilous in expending their lives in the great mission of discovery.

Diverse have been the motives which have sent men forth. Some have gone as preachers and evangelists to propagate and spread truth some to extend commerce, some to establish political relations some to pursue science some in the mere spirit of adventure every man every class every age every race has had its different mission yet whatever the mission whatever the motive these men have been the pioneers of progression and of communion between people and people. From the savage who shot forth his canoe from island to island, to Columbus in his curaval, and Parry and McClure in their warships from pilgrims and merchants the Ptolemies and Marco Polo, to the trained bands who explore and investigate with all the appliances of art and science from the Burmese and Flots down to the Moffits and Livingstones, the work has been carried on advancing and progressing, and will still advance and progress until the world has been mapped out and measured, seas and rivers tracked, strata traced tribes and nations classified—until

the earth, his dwelling place, and his brethren of every colour and family, become open books to the mind and heart of civilised man.

The destiny has developed now, beyond the mere effort of enterprise and adventure, to a science and a duty and in the tracks of the old pioneers, march trained bodies of professors, philosophers, artists, geologists, ready and eager to investigate, analyse, delineate, and theorise everything which may aid our speculations and increase our knowledge in nature and humankind. There are odds and ends of the earth, sandy tracts, forests, wildernesses, savage races, still existing, which, however, afford a field and a mission to the old pioneer explorers, and there are still loiterers and saunterers, free and easy cosmopolites, who wander up and down the earth without any particular purpose or mission, noting, the curious, the humorous, the picturesque, and the beautiful in the highways and byways and the narratives which these send forth, rich in adventure and incident graphic with strange scenes and descriptions they with anecdote must ever be the popular type of travel. It is to them we turn for excitement, novelty, liveliness, and interest but it is to their painstaking brethren the men of investigation and minute inquiry the men of research and detail that we refer when any question arises as to the topography, the resources, the capabilities, the political or geographical importance—the communications the warlike character or commercial advantages, of a country or its people. *Eothen* claimed its thousands of readers. Ida Pfeiffer holds gentle sway in drawing rooms and boudoirs. Livingstone issues in countless copies but when the statesman would solve some political difficulty, or prepare some political scheme or treaty—the merchant enter on some new field of com-

merce—the philosopher seek some facts and knowledge on which to establish his theories—it is a Burnes, a Humboldt, a Wilson or a Raffles, a Wilkinson or a Leyard, whom he takes into consultation in the closet or bureau.

All honour to the explorers of all classes. Their names will stand for ever as landmarks, as finger posts, at the great stages of advance—as starting points for the missionaries of progress, civilisation, and truth, their memories will live associated with the great work of uniting men in the fellowship and commune, broken and interrupted by the original dispersion, and of linking them in the bondhoo of mutual knowledge and mutual interest.

Honour to all and honour they have, and will have, as long as the spirit of inquiry and enterprise moves the elements of man's nature. But it sometimes happens that he who labours most gets least honour, that he who scatters flowers and wreathes garlands is more thought of, more known, than he who comes bearing the ore for which he has dug and delved, that the thought, born of pleasure and poesy and beauty, will strike and dazzle more than that which has been wrought by toil of brain and the sweat of the brow, and it is therefore fair and just ever to aid in equalising the distribution, by bringing forward the claims of the hard workers and the delvers for their due meed of honour.

The work before us, *A Mission to the Court of Ava* is perhaps one which may not have for general readers a great attraction, and from its size and costliness of preparation can never be much known to the run and read public, but it possesses, notwithstanding, a sterling merit, and exhibits a labour of research and fulness of information which entitle it to a very high appreciation. Written and compiled by one member of the mission, though comprehending the observations and researches of all—elaborate in detail, minute in scientific inquiry, splendid in illustration, it presents a complete picture of a country, with its scenic effects, costumes, ceremonies, and architectural remains, and a descrip-

tion almost encyclopædic of its features, its characteristics, and capabilities. It might be wished, perhaps, that there had been attached to the mission some cosmopolite philosopher, who was neither a "stone-breaker," nor a photographer, nor a surveyor, but who had been used to study man in his daily life, and who would have had leisure and inclination to have gathered and sketched in their homes and their haunts those little traits which sometimes give us more knowledge of the present, more insight into the future of a people, than whole chapters of ethnography and of speculations, derived from languages, religion and art, on the origin and classification of races. However, there was not time for all things, and the main object of the mission was doubtless to amass information which might be practically useful to the government of India in all its future dealings and negotiations with the kingdom of Burmah, leaving it to passing travellers to fill in the broad outlines of facts and statistics with the lights and shades of national life. There are times and occasions when such books are priceless, when, taken into counsel, they might avert a political disaster or prevent a military blunder. Such a book might have warded off the catastrophe of Cabul, had there been rulers who would have heeded warning, or learned from the experiences of those who knew the land and its inhabitants. This book may thus be turned to good account, enlarging and correcting, as it does, our knowledge of a people with whom we have trafficked, fought, and treated in turns, for two centuries or more, who border on our frontiers, and a part of whose native territory we have annexed and rule over. This proximity, this connection, involves, and will further involve, a responsibility which binds us to study, seriously and deeply, all circumstances which may affect or direct our intercourse and relations with a kingdom partly surrounded by our power, and placed in a position of half dependence upon us, a responsibility which late events invest with a deep and solemn sacredness. An empire which has passed

through such a dread ordeal as ours has lately done, will ponder long and well ere it charge itself directly or indirectly with the destinies of a nation.

In these days of general information and diffusion of knowledge, it may seem presumptuous to describe Burmah as a locality, or to preface our review of the *Mission* by a sketch of its geographical and political position; but the knowledge is frequently so general that it does not condescend to local details, unless directed to them by some striking occurrence, as was evident from the confusion of places, races, and districts which existed in the public mind at the breaking out of the Indian mutiny; and, besides, it is always well—well for writer and reader—to have the scene of action or narrative placed and laid ere the actors be introduced upon it.

Nature ever declines in finials. After exhausting itself in some vast effort of continent, plains, and mountains, it descends into points, gradually fining off in size and feature. Thus, from the creation of the great northern steppes and mountain ranges, from the gigantic formations of Hindostan and China, it runs down into a large peninsula, terminating in three capes or ends. Bounded by the seas, by Bengal and China, and by the great northern barrier of mountains in Thibet and Yunnan, this peninsula forms a territory compact and distinct in its geographical limits, and still more marked as being the abiding-place of the division of mankind designated as the Indo-Chinese race. Though descending in grandeur and vastness of features from its great neighbours, it still exhibits the strength and lavishness of nature's hand in lofty ridges, rolling rivers, and large alluvial plains. Divided into the various districts and kingdoms of Cochin China, Siam, Burmah, with all the states dependent on or connected with it, and Malacca, it is peopled (with the exception of the Malays) "by nations which, though separable into groups, distinguished as well by their physical characters as by the affiliation of languages, and manifesting in both these respects much that is common, and at the same time much

that is peculiar to each tribe," are, according to all evidence, to be referred to the same type and stock. The great characteristics all denote the same origin, and the differences are such as may be attributed to the influences of climate, position, and association. They are classed as Indo-Chinese, according to Pritchard, "from the fact that they partake of the ethnographical characters of the two nations between whom they dwell. Their physical characters and monosyllabic languages associate them with the Chinese; but their religion, their earliest mental culture, their literature, are entirely of Indian origin, though modified by the domination of the Chinese in later ages." "The physiological character of a people lasts longer than its language," and is ever the surest test of affinity betwixt races. Both in structure of language and physical organisation they resemble the Chinese, and in the latter respect certainly belong to the Mongolian branch. The broad flat face, the large prominent cheek-bones, the furms "robust and well-proportioned, but destitute of grace and flexibility," the muscular textures lax and flabby, all indicate the relationship. Their moral qualities, however, their institutions, and religion, all indicate the infusion of foreign elements; and yet all the various tribes agree sufficiently in these respects to confirm and justify the theory of a distinct and common origin.

Their religion is Buddhism in its simplest form, though amid some of the wild tribes it is mixed up with heathen rites and superstitions; and others deny all worship and religious belief, declaring "that they know little on the subject; that God once wrote His commands upon a buffalo's hide, and called all nations together to take an abstract of it, but that they had no time for the work, being occupied with tilling their land."

This great peninsula, diverging in its three sections and terminating in its three headlands, is also intersected by "longitudinal and nearly parallel chains of mountains, which run, occasionally diverging, from north to south, and contain between them wide valleys, and rivers equally long,

and flowing in nearly straight courses *aid in the same direction*. These chains separate the entire territory of the peninsula into parallel bands of low and habitable country." Each of these marks the barrier line of the various nations and tribes which compose the Indo Chinese race. It is of one of these we have to treat.

Betwixt two of the great chains which strike southwards from that "amphitheatre of snowy peaks," that great transverse mountainous barrier which crosses the back of the whole peninsula—"the one stretching, with a variety of breaks and ramifications, between the valley of the Salween and that of the Irawadi," till one of its great spurs almost reaches the sea at Martaban—the other starting still farther westward from a "multiple mass of mountains," and spreading over Tipura, the coast of Chittagong and northern Arracan, a broad succession of unexplored and forest-covered spurs, and passing in a defined range still southward till it sinks into the sea, hard by Negrais, its last bluff crowned by the golden pagoda of Modain gleaming far to seaward—a Burmese Sunium—lie the divisions of the Burman Empire." "This tract is not to be conceived of as a plain like the vast levels that stretch from the base of the Himalayas. It is rather a varied surface of rolling upland, in terpersed with alluvial basins and sudden ridges of hill.

Through the midst of this country runs the majestic stream of the Irawadi, now squeezing through rocky defiles, now expanding into sandy shoals and encircling peopled islands, now deflecting with a grand sweep under the walls of the capital, now flowing by the ruined cities of ancient dynasties, now swelled by tributaries and sweeping on through wooded and cultivated plains, until it divides into many branches in the delta of Pegu, and there enters the sea. Here lived for centuries, little known and little heeded and playing no conspicuous part in the great changes and revolutions of the world, many millions of men, broken up into nations and states, sometimes owning the supremacy of one, sometimes independent, scarcely shifting from their abiding

place, subject to few vicissitudes, except the conflict of power and the changes of dynasties among them selves, attaining at times a high degree of prosperity, and leaving behind them traces of a very advanced state of civilization. One great invasion from China had convulsed them, but they soon fell back into the old systems under the old dynasties, undisturbed from without, and unnoted by the great representatives of civilization, save from the accounts which chance travellers brought of the wealth and state of their kings. The two principal kingdoms were the empire of Ava, possessed by the Marma or Burmah branch of the stock, and occupying the centre of the great tract along either side of the Irawadi and Pegu, which comprehended the lower extremity of the western promontory of the peninsula the Doab, and all the mouths of the Irawadi, and was held by the Mons or Taleins as the dominant race, intermixed, however, with the Karens, a people of simple and rustic habits, living in small villages, and following agricultural pursuits. Betwixt these two states the supreme power was changed and battled about, sometimes one obtaining the dominion sometimes the other, according to the rise or fall of the different dynasties, sometimes the balance of independence being equally poised. Along the western side of the second promontory separated by a mountain spur from Siam, was the Tenasserim district, and beyond the outermost longitudinal chain betwixt Burmah and the sea, a long strip of land ran along the shore. This was the state of Arracan, inhabited by the Rukhings, a people of pure and ancient race, claiming to be the stock from which the Burmese sprang, and to have done for them what we have for the Americans—given them a lineage, traditions, a language, and civilisation. Amid the mountainous tracts to the westward and north east of the Irawadi, were scattered wild and independent tribes, Shans and Kyens, the latter half savages in their lives and superstitious, tattooing their faces and living in miserable dwellings, outlaws and borderers on the great civilized nations beyond.

In the work before us is a curious and interesting series of small maps, representing the historical geography of the Burmese countries at several epochs. Epoch the first, A.D. 1500, shows a nest of small provinces, distinct and separate, none apparently superior enough in size or position to overshadow the rest, each marking probably the settlement of a tribe. Turning across, we find this primitive arrangement very much disturbed in epoch second, 1580. The small blue patch which distinguished the kingdom of Pegu has here overspread all the space between the ranges, absorbing even a part of Siam, and leaving only Arracan, Assam, and the wild tribes' districts, as independent colours. This was the time of the conquests of the great Toungoo dynasty, and represents, perhaps, the most flourishing and advanced stage of the country. In the next compartment we have passed on to 1822, and all is changed again. A revolution had taken place, an usurper had given to Burmah the strength and energy of a new regime, and extended its dominion over all the territory lying between China, Siam, and the Anglo-Indian Empire, now looming ominously on the frontier.

"With such a frontier—with neighbours who only wished to be let alone—with such a trunk line from end to end of his dominions as the Irawadi—with his teak forests and his mineral riches, and his fisheries, his wheat, cotton, and rice lands, a world of eager traders to the eastward, and the sea open in front the King of Ava's dominion was a choice one, had not incurable folly and arrogance deprived him of his best advantages, cast down the barriers of his kingdom, and brought British cantonments and customhouses within his borders." Truly the last division of the history shows a reverse of the picture. Folly and arrogance had provoked attack, aggression, annexation, and Ava lies shorn of its proportions, hemmed in on all sides, cut off from its harbours, and shut out from the shore by the mysterious power which had taken root like the Peepul tree, and spread itself along its borders, and into the very heart of its strength. There had long been

quarrels with traders—attempts at treaties of commerce. Establishments had been formed at Negrais and Bassein—had existed with varying success, though tolerated only on sufferance by the monarchs of Ava. At last, in the days of the great contest betwixt the powers of Pegu and Ava for mastery, the Europeans, having taken, or being supposed to have taken, part with his enemies, were barbarously massacred by Alompra the usurper. Henceforth a series of provocations and aggressions, outrages on our flag and our honour, invasions of our territory, extortionate exactions on trade, insolent answers to our complaints, kept the Anglo-Indian Empire in an unceasing state of remonstrance and angry relations with the Burmese. Mission followed mission, some were treated with indifference or neglect, some with direct insult, none had any effect. All these wrongs were met by us with long suffering and forbearance, according to our account, and in this instance it was so. There is aggression enough on the national conscience, whether incited by temptation or necessity, but towards Burmah we doubtless forbore long and patiently, either from an overestimate of its strength, or from an honest wish to obtain redress, and establish fair and amicable relations rather by negotiation than force. However, "complicated and repeated encroachments, and an apprehension for the safety of our frontier, drove us from our peaceful intentions, and in 1824 war was declared. It ended in a peace disastrous to the Burmese, and led to the treaty of Yandabo, an event and name ever since hateful to them. The Peepul tree had begun to stretch its roots, Arracan and Tenasserim had passed to the stranger, they were no longer jewels in the crown of Ava. The two nations, also, had arrived at a more correct appreciation of their mutual strength. Thus again there was an interval of partial confidence and partial intercourse, but the madness and insolence of two successive tyrants, Tharawadi and the "Pagun men," raised the old grievances—led to the old collisions. Again there was war, and in 1852 Pegu was annexed. The Peepul tree was taking

its course, and Burmah was left of the province which gave it command of the sea.

Our author thus sums up the consequences and results of the contact with the great Anglo-Indian power —

"As with the Nepanlese and some other Indian powers the empire of the Burmese princes had just expanded to the widest limits known in their history when it came into contact with British bayonets, and rapid collapse ensued. Thirty years have sufficed to strip them of dominions which had been the gradual acquisition of more than two centuries. Eighteen hundred and twenty four saw the weak grandson of old Menlaragyi ruling over a territory that extended over Gowhati and the frontiers of the old British district of Rungpoor to the great river of Cambodia eastward and to the island of Junk Cylon southward, embracing altogether an extreme width of 800 miles, an extreme length of 1200 miles and a seaboard of equal extent. Eighteen hundred and fifty four saw the Burmese confines reduced nearly as low as they had been in the centuries of decay that succeeded the fall of the Pagan dynasties and without access to the sea except through many leagues of British territory.

It was the old story of the earthen and the braven vase, so often illustrated in the world's history.

Thus stood matters when the mission in 1854 was undertaken. A king of milder character and of more liberal intelligence was on the throne, the officials around him had gained stern experience of British might, a mission of compliment had been sent to the Governor General and the time seemed fitting and good for confirming the intercourse and relations by a treaty. Thus was the ostensible purpose of the embassy, but the real object was evidently exploration and inquiry—a desire to become more accurately acquainted with a country and a people so intimately connected with our government and our territory. Consequently the mission was composed of men capable of observation and research in all departments. There was our author, the secretary—the *homme de plume*, there was the geologist—the stone-breaker—an accomplished photographer, and an artist, the envoy himself being one who had studied diligently, and was

well learned in the problems presented by the Eastern nations.

From such a combination it was to be expected that hereafter Burmah and its people would be better known and better understood.

The start is made from the frontier, and the mission is fairly launched on the Irawadi. To us there is nothing so beautiful and so interesting, even in description as the panoramic effects of a voyage on a river—the changes are not too rapid to mar the completeness of each picture, and the succession of scenic elements falls harmoniously and softly on eye and mind, allowing them quietly to imbibe the beauty, the poetry, the blending of lights and shades, the mingling of man and his homes with Nature and her scenes. And then the gentle motion, the rippling of the waters, the gliding of the landscape—so tranquilizing and so picturesque all these we seem to feel as we follow in the track of the voyagers.

On and on sped the mission up and along the banks of the Irawadi—now passing by a country low and undulating, now again a narrow champagne tract intervening between the river and the high land having all that richness of aspect which an intermixture of palms with the larger forest trees bestows and now villages pleasant and cheerful places, generally with one or two dark monasteries raising their triple roofs above the mingled huts and foliage and with dry looking turfy hills behind, crowned with pagodas, and ascended by winding paths. The party was soon increased by a detachment of officials from the court, most grave and reverend seigniors, and the procession, too, was swelled by an escort of war boats, "immense canoes, with long sharp bows and high curving sterns, double banked, with twenty to thirty rowers on a side, the whole exterior of the hull and the oars being gilt, festoons of muslin and tinselled net hung from the high sterns, and a great white banner, bordered with silver, and blazoned rudely in the centre with the royal peacock, drooped gracefully over the curving bamboo ensign staff, the point of which was generally decorated with a globe of col-

cured glass or an inverted English decanter." These were outdone in picturesque by the native vessels, the craft of the Irrawadi. Picturesque they look in illustration, and doubly so they must have been as they sailed onwards "before the wind, with their vast spreading wings and all most invisible hulls, and with the sunlight falling on their belling sails, like a flight of colossal butterflies skimming the water." The construction of this craft was most peculiar. "The keel piece, a single tree hollowed out," the bow low, with beautiful hollow lines, "the stern rising high above the water, a paddle shipped for a rudder, a mast of two spars, bolted and lashed so that it could be let down or unshipped together, with ratlines running from one to the other and forming a ladder." The rig was stranger still. "The yard is a bamboo, or a line of spliced bamboos, of enormous length, and being perfectly flexible, is suspended from the mast-head by numerous guys or hal-yards, so as to curve upwards in an inverted bow. A rope runs along this, from which the huge mainsail is suspended, running on rings like a curtain outwards both ways from the mast. We have seen the boats of the Tagus, and wondered but this must have been a greater marvel. On went the mission by day, staying by night at some town or village, where they were invariably regaled by a puppet show and a regular dramatic performance, aided over by a full Burmese orchestra. Without these no entertainment would be complete. They are the popular amusements of the people—the national ideas of recreation and representation. Dull and monotonous enough they appear to have been, but who shall say what is dull, what gay, what brilliant, what tasteful, what enjoyable, to other eyes? The mind, the age, the people, has each its own gauge of enjoyment, who shall dictate or prescribe for it? What has been received and recognised as the amusement of a nation must claim respect—must have in it inherent points of attraction, though we perceive them not. We should vote the operas and cotillions and the witticisms of our forbears rather slow, and yet

how they revelled in them, and considered themselves rather fast fellows. So their "pues" were to the Burmans the very essence and spirit of fun and interest, however monotonous they might seem to strangers. "What fools those English are," said the Sultan Mahmoud when witnessing a ball at the Embassy, "to be twisting and turning about and perishing in that manner. If we wish to enjoy dancing, we make our slaves do it"—and look on. So much for the national estimate of pleasure. A "pues" might to a Burman be a richer treat than an opera which concentrated all the power of the Maros, and the Grims, and the Picooluminis, and all the genius of the great Maestri, and to us, as the recreation of a people, it is an illustration of the feelings and phases of human nature, which we cannot but regard with interest, which we could not overlook in our estimate of the character of a race. The thing which stirs his heart to pleasure or enjoyment is ever a key to the solution of the great problem, man. Arts and sciences, institutions and governments, give him his rank in the classes of civilisation, but in the sources and objects of his joy and recreation we shall perhaps find a truer index to his inner nature.

Thus our author describes the popular entertainment, which during their journey was repeated night after night for the amusement of the members of the mission—

The stage of the Burmese theatre is the ground and generally spread with mats. On one, two or three sides are raised bamboo platforms for the more distinguished spectators: the poble crowd in and squat upon the ground in all vacant places. In the middle of the stage arena stuck in the ground, or lashed to one of the poles supporting the roof, is always a small tree, or rather a large branch of a tree which, like the altar on a Greek stage, forms a sort of centre to the action. I never could learn the real meaning of this tree. The answer usually was that it was there in case a scene in a garden or forest should occur. But there is no other attempt at the representation of scenic locality and I have a very strong impression that this tree has had some other meaning and origin, now probably forgotten. The foot-lights

generally consisted of several earthen pots full of petroleum, or of cotton seeds soaked in petroleum, which stood on the ground, blazing and flaring round the symbolic tree, and were occasionally replenished with a ladle full of oil by one of the performers. On one side or both was the orchestra, and near it generally stood a sort of bamboo horse or stand on which were suspended a variety of grotesque masks. The property chest of the company occupied another side of the stage, and constantly did duty as a throne for the royal personages who figure so abundantly in their plays.

"Indeed, kings, princes, princesses, and their ministers and courtiers are the usual dramatic characters. As to the plot, we usually found it very difficult to obtain the slightest idea of it. A young prince was almost always there as hero, and he as constantly had a clownish servant, a sort of Shakespearian Lancelot, half fool, half wit, who did the comic business with immense success among the native audience, as their rattling and unanimous peals of laughter proved. It was in this character only that anything to be called acting was to be seen, and that was often highly humorous and appreciable even without understanding the dialogue. Then there was always a princess whom the prince was in love with. The interminable prolixity of dialogue was beyond all conception and endurance. What came of it all we could not tell. I doubt if any one could, for with the usual rate at which the action advances it must have taken several weeks to arrive at a denouement.

"Much of the dialogue was always in singing, and in those parts the attitudes, actions, and sustained wailings, had a savour of the Italian opera which was intensely comical at first. Dancing by both male and female characters was often interspersed or combined with the action. The female characters in the towns more remote from the capital were often persecuted by boys, but so naturally that we were indisposed at first to credit it.

"The puppet-play seemed to be even more popular among the Burmese than the live drama. For these little performers an elevated stage of bamboos and mats is provided, generally some thirty feet long. This affords room for a transfer of the scene of action, and very commonly one end of the stage is furnished with a throne to represent the court, whilst the other had two or three little branches to represent the forest. The style of the play acted by these

marionettes seemed to us very similar to that of the large actors, and was equally prolix in its dialogue and operatic episodes. But I fancied that more often in the former there was a tendency to the supernatural, to the introduction of enchanted princesses, dragons, bats, and flying chariots, probably from the greater facility of producing the necessary effects on a small scale. Some of the puppet-plays, too, were 'mysteries' founded on the history of Guatama, which possibly it would not have been admissible for living actors to perform.

"The puppets were from ten to fifteen inches high, and were rather skillfully manipulated. Not seldom, however, they got entangled and then a large brown arm of the *Deus ex machina* was seen descending from the dramatic welkin to dissolve the nodus, or a pair of huge legs, striding across the stage with a view to the adjustment of the foot lights, perfectly realised Gulliver and Lilliput.

Each performance was attended by a full Burmese orchestra. The principal instruments were peculiar. One, called the *pattahang*, consisted of a circular tub like frame, formed of separate wooden staves, fitting by tenons into a hoop, and having some eighteen or twenty drums or tom-toms suspended vertically round the interior. The performer sits squatted in the middle, and plays with the natural plectra of his fingers and palms. This is aided by various other instruments—clarionets with broad brass mouths, cymbals, clappers of split bamboo, and sometimes a large tom-tom. There were also concert instruments, stringed harps and harmonicons, curious and strange enough in shape, though not very original in design, and all displaying a very fair skill and advance in the knowledge of instrumental harmony.

The drama here could not be accepted as a representation or reflex of the social life of the people, and as all the action and the characters were sought in higher or imaginary spheres, it seems evident that their own lives and histories did not furnish incidents or tableaux sufficiently striking or interesting. This, however, indicates a very advanced stage, when men and women will sit to listen, to see, to weep, or to laugh, over the events of common life. It shows that a people

have attained a life of their own, and one which has more vivid action and interest for them than the fictions of state or fancy—one which they can accept as a drama furnishing scenes and incidents which they can delight to see exhibited in pathos or caricature. The Burman, rising from his reed hut and monotonous existence, sought his excitement, his romance, in the stories of kings and princes, and in the ideal world of gods and Nāts. In thus placing his scenes in unknown spheres, and in selecting his heroes from a class of beings supernatural or socially above or beyond him, he is not dissimilar to nations more elevated in the scale of civilisation. Neither is the prolixity of dialogue, which our author complains so much of, peculiar to him. What audience nowadays would not yawn over the recitation of a Greek chorus, or sleep or groan over the classic speeches in *Cato*? The national drama is ever held especially to be an index to the moral status of a people. One authority pronounces the Burmese to be full of abominable conceptions, and again another, and a very high one too, Major Phayre, the envoy, strongly protests against such a view, and declares that he never, in the Burmese plays, saw anything approaching to indecency, except when there was a sprinkling of Europeans, and believes that the indecent actions were then introduced in supposed conformity to the tastes of their visitors. What a rebuke to civilisation! Does not this national recreation, however—this picture of crowds sitting hour after hour, day after day, to listen to prolix dialogue, and wait for feeble denouements, prepare us to hear afterwards of a people inert and apathetic, indifferent to the present, hopeless of the future, careless and despairing of their own lot, and delighting rather in the pleasures of the imagination and the sense, than in the actual and active enjoyments of life? When the recreations of a race lack the robustness and vigour of personal action, we can scarcely ever hope to find in their history or their career the energy, the independence, or the character which leads to the development of a great or national destiny.

On speeds the mission along the river, stopping at the different towns and villages to see plays, receive deputations, and make excursions to oil wells, until it reaches a chief and interesting point in the journey, the ancient city of Pagan, whose ruins are the vestiges of the past of Burmah. The past of a people who bear no promise of a future is a sacred record, and they who preserve or publish it, do a faithful and honest part toward the elucidation of the great problem, the history of man. This the mission did for us. The past of Burmah, as it exists, and is written in the works and remains of art, has been vividly presented and illustrated, so that, though temple and pagoda may crumble and decay, the lessons they convey, the state of civilisation they represent, and the knowledge which can be culled from the impress man leaves on his works, will be ever open to the inquiry of philosophy or the comparisons of art.

Here, at Pagan, twenty one kings reigned in succession, here Buddhism was established as the religion of the country, and here was enacted the greatest and most prosperous period of Burmese history. Magnificent ruins, extending over a space of eight miles, exhibiting all kinds and forms of temple architecture, and enclosed by a ditch and mound, and large masses of ruined brickwork—all attest a high stage of civilisation, art, wealth, and grandeur, though they have no record, no tradition of the glory or the greatness of the kings who reigned here for so many centuries. They are records of man rather than of dynasties. It was a vast quarry of architectural research and analogy, it was a chapter in the history of man, and such chapters, however short or obscure, are ever important pages in the great book.

Here were found all the varied expressions of the religion of Buddhism, embodied in the beautiful and elaborate forms of Eastern art. "The bell shaped pyramid of dead brick work, in all its varieties, the same raised over a square or octagonal cell, containing an image of the Buddha, the bluff knob-like dome of the Ceylon Dagobas, the fantastic Bo-phyas, or pumpkin pagoda, which seemed

rather like a fragment of what we might conceive the architecture of the moon than anything terrestrial."

"But the predominant and characteristic form is that of the cruciform vaulted temple." This is the substantial type of the temples at Pagan

"The body of the buildings was cubical in form, enclosing a Gothic vaulted chamber. The entrance was by a projecting porch to the east, and this porch had also a subsidiary door on its north and south sides. There were also slightly projecting door pieces on the three other sides of the main building, sometimes blank, and sometimes real entrances. The plan of the building, it will be seen, was cruciform. Several terraces rose successively above the body of the temple, and from the highest terrace rose a spire, bearing a strong general resemblance to that of the common temples of Eastern India, being, like the latter, a tall pyramid, with bulging sides. The angles of this spire were marked as quoins, with deep joints, and a little apex at the projecting angle of each, which gave a peculiar serrated appearance to the outline when seen against the sky. The buildings were entirely of brick, the ornamental mouldings still partially remained in plaster. The interior of each temple contained an image of Guatama, or its remains. The walls and vaults were plastered and had been highly decorated with minute fresco paintings."

The finest and most perfect of the type is the Ananda, and which is still the most frequented as a place of worship. It illustrates an architecture so beautiful and so singular, "so sublime even in its effects," that we cannot forbear transferring the author's description of it, though full justice could not be done to it without the exquisite drawing and plans, which place it before the eye in all its completeness and all its details.

"This temple is said to have been built in the reign of Kyan-yet-tha, about the time of the Norman conquest of England. Tradition has it that five Rahandas, or saints of the order second only to a Buddha, arrived at Pagan from the Hema woods, or Himalayan region. They stated that they lived in caves on the Nanda-moola hill, and the king requested them to give him a model of their abode, from which he might construct a temple. The Rahandas did

as they were requested. The temple, being built, was called Nanda-tee-goon, or caves of Nanda.

"The Ananda is in plan a square of nearly 300 feet to the side, and broken on each side by the projection of large gabled vestibules, which convert the plan into a perfect Greek cross. These vestibules are somewhat lower than the square mass of the building, which elevates itself to a height of thirty five feet in two tiers of windows. Above this rise six successively diminishing terraces, connected by curved converging roofs, the last terrace just affording breadth for the spire, which crowns and completes the edifice. The lower half of this spire is the bulging, mitre-like pyramid adapted from the temples of India, the upper half is the same moulded taper pinnacle that terminates the common bell-shaped pagoda of Pegu. The gilded *Atce* caps the whole, at a height of 168 feet above the ground. The building, internally, consists of two concentric and lofty corridors, communicating by passages for light opposite the windows, and by larger openings to the four porches. Opposite each of these latter, and receding from the inner corridor towards the centre of the building, is a cell or chamber for an idol. In each this idol is a colossal standing figure, upwards of thirty feet in height. They vary slightly in pose and gesture, but all are in attitudes of prayer, preaching, or benediction. Each stands facing the porch and entrance, on a great curved lotus pedestal, within rails, like the chancel rails of an English church. There are gates to each of these chambers—noble frames of timber—rising to a height of four-and-twenty feet. The frame bars are nearly a foot in thickness, and richly carved on the surface in undercut foliage; the panels are of lattice work, each intersection of the lattice marked with a gilt rosette.

"The lighting of these image-chambers is, perhaps, the most singular feature of the whole. The lofty vault, nearly fifty feet high, in which stands the idol, canopied by a balance of gilt metal curiously wrought, reaches up into the second terrace of the upper structure, and a window pierced in this sends a light from far above the spectator's head, and from an unseen source, upon the head and shoulders of the great gilded image. This unexpected and partial illumination in the dim recesses of these vaulted corridors, produces a very powerful and strange effect, especially on the north side, where the front light through the great doorway is entirely

subdued by the roofs of the covered approach from the monastic establishments. The four great statues represent the Buddhas who have appeared in the present world-period."

Another great feature in the art and religion also of Burmah, is the number of monasteries or *kyoungs* which are seen everywhere in connection with the temples. These exhibit even a greater richness of ornamentation and detail, and the most perfect of them, afterwards seen at Amarapura, seemed actually to overwhelm and dazzle the sight with the multiplicity and elaboration of the ornaments. One is spoken of as "carved like an ivory toy, and being a blaze of gold and other ornament."

"In the precincts of the Ananda was a large group of these *kyoungs* or monastic buildings forming a street of some length. These in beauty of detail and combination were admirable: the wood carving was rich and effective beyond description. A great fancy was displayed in the fantastic figures of warriors, dancers, *nats*, and *bilus* (*ogres*) in high relief, that filled the angles and niches of the sculptured surfaces. The fretted pinnacles of the ridge ornaments were topped with birds cut in profile in every attitude of sleeping, picking, stalking, or taking wing."

The Burmese architecture is itself a study: the material is the "*kucha pukka*" work, "that is, brick cemented with mud only," and the style is one peculiar and striking, combining as it does solidity of structure with the beauty and grotesqueness of detail, and being without religious and solemn, as well as gorgeous. The principle of the construction is "a representation of the cave, a favourite style of building among the Burmese for depositing images, and not a wonderful one among votaries of a religion which regards an ascetic life in the wilderness as the highest state for mortals in this world." But this is so covered with the forms and ornaments belonging to other religions or other styles, that the original idea, if not lost, is at any rate confused by the beauty and brilliancy of the exterior, and the variety of designs superadded on the gloom and coldness of the cave idea. It would seem at first to have most affinity with the Indian,

but that, on a careful comparison, applies only to the details, and not the construction, "for the arches and vaults which are such marked features in the Pagan temples, are quite unknown to ancient Hindoo architecture." In the religious expression, too, they differ. "The Burman, rejecting indeed, in the pride of his philosophy, the idea of an Eternal Divinity, but recognising the eternal sanctities of nature and conscience, has reared nobler fancies, and far more worthy to become the temples of the true God, than the Hindoo, with those his deities so numerous and impure." And then again "The arches and semi-arches resting on regular pilasters, with base, capital, and cornice, the singular resemblance of which, both in general character and in many of the details of mouldings, to the pilasters of Roman architecture, is startling, perplexing, and unaccountable,"—induced with some the theory that these temples must have owed their origin to the skill of a Western Christian or missionary, who may have adopted largely the ornamentation of the Burmese, and engrafted much of their detail and arrangement on his own ideas of a temple, and that the cross-like plan was thus symbolical. Our author, too, again and again remarks how singularly these buildings, especially "the Ananda, suggest strange memories of the temples of southern Catholic Europe." Assuredly in the descriptions we recognise touches of the Gothic character, and ever and anon, as we looked on the pictures, so gorgeous in ornamentation, and so quaint in many of the details, there would float across our vision shadows and recollections of those strange and long hidden temples in Central America.

It is, however, unjust, and apparently irrational, to be always at tempting to reduce the art or style of a people to some known and recognised standard, most of the symbols and designs which are adopted by man in the expression of his worship, are such as are generally recognisable in some shape amid the generality of tribes and nations, and their presence would argue nothing more than the common heart and

feelings which are in man. It would seem hard to rob the Burman of the glory which the conception of these structures must attach to his age of civilization, by regarding them as the copies and imitations of other types and other ideas than his own. There would seem no doubt that he borrowed much of his detail from the Hindoo, to whom he was doubtless indebted for much also of his culture, but the great principle of the construction, especially as it harmonises well with the phase of Buddhism which he had accepted as his religion, was doubtless his own, modified probably by contact, and by the traditions of the two races from whom he sprang.

It is much easier to believe that "the Burmans of those days were very different from the Burmans of the present," and that the magnificence and taste of the age in which these edifices were created have died away, than that their designs were due to the skill of Christian missionaries or foreign art. No one dreams, because the Greek of to-day is not the Greek of the past, that the Parthenon was therefore an importation, or the production of a stranger race.

The men, however, who could attain such 'an actual sublimity of architectural effect, which excites wonder, almost awe, and could leave behind them such an evidence of combined power and exertion, must have achieved a civilisation which made them of some importance in the world's history and have left a past rich in records of grandeur and achievement. Some such records may yet be explored, and if none other should exist than these temples, they alone would present a store of knowledge and research to those who delight to trace in man's works the analogies of races and the progress of nations and peoples.

From the city of the past we pass on to the city of the present, the seat of the Burmese monarchy, Amara-pooa. This capital is associated with the destiny of the reigning dynasty. It was founded by a descendant of Alaompra, and has since been, with a short interruption, the residence of the race. The royalty of Burmah had moved gradually era-

after era, up the Irawadi, from Promae to Pagan, from Pagan to Panya, from Panya to Ava, from Ava to Amara-pooa—ever retreating from the sea, ever holding by the river. "This city stands on slightly elevated ground, which in the flood season forms a long peninsula, communicating with the mainland naturally only at the northern end. Walled embankments and wooden bridges, some of them of extraordinary length, connect the peninsula with the country to the eastward, southward, and south-westward. On the north-west side runs a wide creek from the Irawadi. The city, however, except in the high floods is accessible from the present main stream of the river only near the extremity of the western suburb." The city proper of Amara-pooa is laid out four square at the widest part of the peninsula, and is bounded by a deft masonry wall of brick, about twelve or thirteen feet high, with a battlemented parapet. The four sides are each a little short of a mile in length, and are exactly alike, excepting that at the north-west, where the river channel comes close under the walls, the angle of the square has been cut off obliquely. Each side has three gates and from eleven to thirteen bastions, including those through which the gates are cut. The palace occupies the centre, its walls being laid symmetrically with those of the city, and has three successive enclosures, with a high palisade of teak posts outside. "The four square city, with the palace in the centre is the characteristic form of the old Burman cities, and has perhaps a mythic origin. Within the defences the streets are laid out parallel to the four walls, running from gate to gate, and cutting up the city into rectangular blocks. The houses of the princes, the ministers of state, and other dignitaries, generally occupy the areas within the blocks into which the rectangular streets divide the town. The city of the people differed from the city of the state.

"There were no brick buildings within the walls except the temples, and the few in the palace. The streets are very wide, and in dry weather are tolerably clean. They are always free from the

closemess and offensive smells of most Indian towns. There are, however, no public arrangements or regulations for street-cleaning and the dogs are the only scavengers. There is no attempt at drainage, and consequently in wet weather the streets are deep in mire, and some of the lower parts of the city are absolutely swamped. Large unoccupied spaces still exist within the walls, and the population is nowhere dense. The great majority of the houses are mere bamboo cottages, slightly raised from the ground on posts along all the chief streets. At the distance of a few feet from the house front, on each side, runs a line of posts and neat lattice hurdles or palings, which are left white washed. The posts are crowned with plants in flower-pots and between the houses and the palings there are often a few flowering-shrubs. This arrangement is called *Yaga mia*, or king's fence, and is supposed to be put up whenever the king is likely to pass, in order to prevent the crowd from encroaching on him disrespectfully. Indeed, they are expected not to stare on him for in Burmah the right of a rat to look on a king is not well established. This lattice fence gives a tidy appearance to the streets but concealing the shops and their contents (always the most interesting subjects of curiosity in a foreign city), it destroys all picturesque variety and gives the town an aspect of monotony and depopulation. The passages of the most frequented gates are favourite stations for the stalls of the staple articles, with the addition of all sorts of small wares such as *pán* boxes, copper spoons, scissors, little pictures, ear tubes of coloured glass and metal, steatite pencils strike lights &c. *Bertha* for similar goods are ranged against the corners of the palace palisade and at the very gate of the palace is the principal mart for the stationers who deal in the *para beits* (or black books) and steatite pencils, which form the only ordinary writing of the Burmese in their common transactions."

A larger and denser population occupies the western suburb, and here are the foreigners, the Mussulmans of India, the Chinese, stray Europeans, and Armenians, who come for trade and traffic, and in this foreign quarter brick houses are more common, especially among the Chinese, with whom it is a particular vanity. Amarapura represents the present, as the ruins of Pagan may record the past of Burmah. The pic-

ture is not inviting—the contrast betwixt the state quarters and the residences of the people, betwixt the richly decorated monasteries and the bamboo huts, the absence of intermediate dwellings, the fencing-out of the commonalty, the want of bustle and picturesqueness in the marts, all mark a stagnation of life, a deficiency of the elements of progress and the movement of society which would promise a fair and hopeful future for the kingdom and the people. The State absorbs the whole of note or mark, and the commonalty sinks into the shade.

As we have said before, we cannot but regret that there was not attached to the mission some street philosopher,—one who had an eye for man, who had nought to do with the science or the etiquette of the mission, and who was free to move up and down in the towns and cities, gathering traits of life and character. From such an one we might have had other and perhaps brighter views of the qualities and capabilities of the Burmese as a people.

The natural picture would be very incomplete without the introduction of the royalty and the court, such very chief elements in the world of Burmah. They are very fully and elaborately portrayed by our author.

The main and ostensible object of the mission was an audience with the sovereign, for the purpose of obtaining a treaty guaranteeing certain privileges.

After many days of tiresome discussion, vexatious delays, and wranglings, as to the etiquette to be observed on the occasion—whether the Governor's letter was to be carried under a canopy, or not—whether the members of the mission were to take off their shoes at this place or that—trifles to us, but matters of moment in Eastern intercourse—the day for the important ceremonial was fixed. The abode of the Embassy was separated from the city by a lake.

"The passage of this was rather a brilliant scene. The jolly-boats of the steamers led the way, with the men of the 84th, the Governor General's letter followed in the Zambian's gig, with the Company's jack flying at the bow, the officers of the mission in other gigs and

outers; and a gilt war-boat carrying the envoy and the women, with Burman earthen rowing to a wild chant. The background of the picture was formed by the white spire and pinnacles of a temple, with a surrounding grove of noble cotton-trees and tall palmyras, the Burmese soldiers of the guard and crowds of villagers lining the banks of the lake, whilst behind all rose the manifold ranges of the Shan Mountains. The route lay to the western central gate of the city. For the whole distance the way was lined with troops. All sorts of persons had been pressed into the service, peasants, old men, and boys, but the essential point was the exhibition of a store of muskets. At each cross-street stood elephants carrying officers (as they seemed to be)—men in gilt mambino hats and mountebank costumes exactly like the histrionic princes in the theatres at Magwe and elsewhere, decked out with triple bukrum caps, and shoulder-lappets and paltry embroidery. Many of the soldiers carried green leaves or flowers in the muzzles of their pieces. Crowds of spectators, among whom more than half were women peeped through the white lattices that line the principal streets and thronged in denser masses at the cross-streets, all silent or nearly so. Among the spectators were some comely women and many tastefully dressed, and with pleasant sensible expression, though generally disfigured by a careworn aspect or by a prominently bad mouth.

On the procession was paraded half round the city and then through streets deluged with water and lined with soldiers, providentially furnished with little stools or platforms of bamboo, to keep them out of the mud (a precaution of discipline worthy of a soldier of Mahon), on through the "royal gate of the chosen;" and after another debate as to skikhoeing, and shoes or no shoes, to the hall of audience, and there, seated upon the carpet, with their legs doubled up behind them, the mission awaited to present themselves "at the golden feet."

"The long wings of this hall formed as it were, the transepts of a cathedral. In front of us ran back a central wall like the choir, and in the position of the altar stood the throne under a detached roof, which, in fact, formed the many-storied spire conspicuous from all sides of the city. The central space was bounded by tall columns, louvered and picked out in red towards their bases.

Other rows of columns ran along the transepts. The whole, except the red bases of the columns, was a blaze of gilding. One high step, and four of less size, ascended to the dais on which stood the throne. This was in character exactly like the more adorned seats of Guatemala in the temples, and like that from which the High Poongy preaches. Its form is peculiar, contracting, by a gradation of steps from the base upwards to mid height, and again expanding to the top. The top of the throne was mattressed with crimson velvet, and at one side was an elbow chair for the king. A carved doorway, closed by gilded lattice doors, led from behind to the top level of the throne. The material of the throne was a sort of mosaic of gold, silver and mirror work. A few small figures occupied niches in the central band. These were said to represent the progenitors of the human race. In front of it on the edge of the steps, stood five fine gilded shafts with small gilded labels or scrolls attached to them. These are also royal emblems. On each side of the dais were raised recesses like pews and along the walls which run right and left in rear of the throne, were rows of expanded white umbrellas, fringed with main valances. The centre aisle in front was occupied by a double row of young princes in surcoats of silver and gold brocade with gay silk putoon. Farther forward, near the steps of the dais and between two pillars on our right the Fin-she men or heir was seated in a sort of couch or carved litter, scarcely raised above the ground."

There and thus sat the mission, with the Governor General's letter on a gilt stool before them, partaking, in uneasy and uncomfortable attitudes, of refreshments from "little gilt stands containing trays of tobacco, pawn and *klafet*, or pickled tea, and other curious confections, neatly set out in golden cups or saucers, and accompanied by water goblets and gold drinking cups," which were liberally handed around.

"At last the king's approach was announced by music, sounding as it appeared, from some inner court of the palace. A body of musketeers entered from the verandas in rear of the throne, and, passing forward, took their places between the pillars on each side of the centre aisle kneeling down with their muskets between their knees, and their hands clasped before them in attitude of prayer. As the last man entered, the golden-lattice doors behind the throne

rolled back into the wall, and the king was seen mounting a stair leading from a chamber behind to the summit of the throne. He ascended slowly, and as if oppressed by weights, using his golden-sheathed sword as a staff to assist his steps. This is doubtless in some degree royal etiquette, but at the same time it was known that the jewelled coat worn by his majesty actually weighed nearly one hundred pounds! The queen followed close on her husband, and after assisting to hand in the golden spittoon, and other appendages of a Burmese dignity, and fanning herself and her husband for a few minutes, whilst one of the girls from behind brought a lighted cheroot, which was immediately placed between the royal lips, finally took her seat. From the distance at

which the king was viewed, he seemed a portly man, having features of a much more refined character than are common among his subjects—exhibiting, indeed, the national physiognomy, but much subdued. His expression was good and intelligent, his hands delicately and finely formed. His dress was a sort of long tunic or surcoat, of a light-coloured silk apparently, but so thickly set with jewels that the fundamental material was scarcely discernible. His crown or cap was a round tiara of similar material, like an Indian morion, rising to a peak crowned with a spire-like ornament several inches high, and having flaps or wings rising over each ear. Over the forehead was a gold plate or frontlet; this crown is called *Thara-poo*. The queen was not seen to such advantage; this was partly owing to the character of her head-dress, which would have been a very trying one to any lady."

It would scarcely be justice to our fair readers to withhold the description of this dress also. Here it is:—

"It was a perfectly close cap, covering ears and hair entirely, and rising above into a conical crest, strangely resembling in form a rhinoceros horn, with the point curved forward into a volute; close lappets fell along the cheeks. The rest of her majesty's dress had rather an Elizabethan character. The sleeves and skirt appeared to be formed in successive overlapping scolloped lappets, and the throat was surrounded by a high collar, also scolloped or vandyked, and descending to the waist. At the waist she wore a stomacher or breast-plate of large gems. Both cap and robe were covered and stiffened with large diamonds, or what appeared to be such."

"When the king had fairly entered, all took off their hats, and the whole native assembly bowed their faces to the ground, and clasped their hands in front of them. The two rows of little princesses, who lay in file before us, doubled over one another like fallen books on a shelf; and the two *stuen-woos* who sat near us grovelled forward in their frog-like attitude to a point half-way to the throne, as if to establish a 'repeating station' betwixt the king and us. Some eight or ten Brahmins, in white stoles, and white mitres encircled with gold leaves, then entered the screened recesses or pews near the throne, and commenced a choral chant in the Sanscrit language."

Then, after more chanting and other preliminary ceremonials, the Governor-General's letter was read aloud by the "Receiver of the Royal Voice," and the presents were delivered—looked at, wondered at, especially a railway model; and then, after some regular official questions, the royal departure took place, the mission was relieved from sitting on its heels, and the reception was over. This was dull work enough—but it was the state visit, and etiquette prescribed its routine and formalities. There were other interviews of a less formal character, when royalty appeared in *dishabille*, divested of the overweights of state ceremonial; and then the conversation was more animated, and his majesty displayed ever therein an intelligence and knowledge, after his own kind, and a degree of speculation and research, which would not have shamed many of his European contemporaries. Religion, science, government, all were in turn subjects of discussion; to this followed interviews with the *Ein-she-men* and the great officials, all shadows of the royal one. In the official ones there seemed some jollity, and an oppressive series of eating, drinking, and consumption of pickled tea. We could sympathise with their labours in undergoing the multiplicity of breakfasts and desserts, for we once ourselves remember pressing our hospitable intents on a party of foreigners, and being suddenly pulled back by an old sea-captain, who himed with stage whisper in our ears, "For God's sake don't stuff these fellows

any more, this is the fourth time they have lunched, they have three more to get through, and then they dine at half past six." We saw them sup, and only hope that our Embassy addressed themselves to their task as kindly, and with such good appetite, followed apparently by good digestion.

One official deserves particular note—the Lord White Elephant, a great minister of state. A wag of our acquaintance when asked what he would most like to be, answered—"A board—for then there is always good picking, good pay, and no responsibility." According to this rule, the Lord White Elephant would be an enviable personage—great state, nothing to do, and a territory to eat. How would *Punch's* fat boy who rather envied the destiny of the fat pig, have longed for a transmigration into the White Elephant existence! This functionary has a palace or state apartment, with an humbler everyday residence, and 'sheds for the vulgar herd of the same species, and brick godowns in which the state carriages and golden litters are stowed away.' "The present White Elephant has occupied his post for at least fifty years." "He is a very large one, close upon ten feet high, with as noble a head and pair of tusks as I have ever seen, but he is long bodied and lanky, and not otherwise well made. He is a regular "estate of the realm," having a woon or minister of his own, four gold umbrellas—the white umbrellas which are peculiar to royalty—with a suite of attendants said to be thirty in number." Like many other sine curists and "estates of the realm" he does not seem to flourish much under his dignities, but would doubtless be a happier elephant if he could exchange his palace and his umbrellas for coverts, forests and overhanging trees. The possession of a white elephant is a sort of ensign of universal sovereignty, and the discovery of one is hailed as a good and happy omen for a reign. The slightest blemish, however—a few black hairs in the tail, or some such matter—at once mars its claims to sanctity. The well that all the other great officers of state are not chosen with the same

fastidiousness. Fancy a white-stick or a gold-stick being rejected for red hair or crooked legs!

The palace and the bamboo hut, what a contrast do they present! and there is little save woons and white elephants betwixt them. It is the old story of the one absorbing the wealth, the splendour, the resources of a country, and leaving around a waste of dreary poverty, squalidness, and apathy. The corn in one heap, the husks scattered all around—such as Burmah is, spite of all that is said, such it must ever have been, in a degree, in this respect. Amarapoora may not vie with the riches of Pagan, but when we read of its palaces, its monasteries—richer in art even than those of ancient times—and reflect that it is the capital of a new dynasty, a new city, raised and created amid the difficulties and trials of intestine struggles and foreign wars, we cannot believe that there has been any great falling off in the royal finances or in native art, and there is nothing in the records or traditions of the race to lead us to the belief that the relations of people and sovereign the difference betwixt state and commonalty bamboo hut and palace, were ever other than they are now. The extent of the sovereignty was wider the splendour of courts and cities perhaps greater and more gorgeous, but we doubt, from what is seen of the present, and what known of the past, whether the men of the land, the real strength of a nation, were ever more than dwellers in bamboo huts, and spectators of puer. The strength of a nation, diffused through classes, would have shown itself in greater national efforts, in more vigorous stands for independence. Kings and kings coiffers may create national works, but it is only a people naturalised and bound to the State who can raise a national destiny.

The mission failed in its purpose of a treaty. That seems to us but little matter. The great object was evidently the gathering and collecting information and details of the country and its people. This was done as thoroughly as the time and opportunities permitted. We have

quoted purposely from the parts which throw out the salient points of the national characteristics and conditions,—the amusements of the people—the monuments of the past—the present as it appears in the modern city—the state and forms of royalty, and the architecture as it reflects the genius of the people. Many lighter and more amusing scenes might have been selected, but these would not have shown the character and principle of the book, which were eminently useful and informing. The concluding chapters contain a summary of the geography, religion, statistics, and government of the country, and are, perhaps, the most valuable part of the work.

The government would appear to be a pure despotism, aided and carried out by a high court or council composed of the Woongyis, or principal ministers of state.

"Four appears to be the normal number of woongyis and they do not appear to have any distribution of departments of business among them, but deliberate together at the Hlwot-dan, on whatever is brought before the body. Their decisions when confirmed by the king become the laws of the land. The atwon woons or household ministers also four in number are intrusted with the internal affairs of the palace and the realm, and the business of the royal monopolies. The woongyis are generally designated by the title of office, or by a sort of peerage title derived from the townships or district which they eat."

These and their confederates, the atwon woons, administer the law and the State, and apparently constitute the aristocracy of the country. As far as we can gather, there is no hereditary rank, no middle class, no power, no estate standing between the crown and its functionaries and the people. The military state of Burmah is very low—contemptible indeed. The King of Ava has no magazines or munitions of war, so called, and though the life of every subject is at the disposal of the king, and every male is liable to serve as a soldier whenever he is called upon, the strength of a Burmese force must depend not on the amount of the population, but on the number the

king can feed in a collected state, and on the number of muskets.

The army is supplied by contingents provided by provinces and districts, and has besides a more permanent force on duty at the capital, and believed to amount to about ten thousand men. This force, however, as has been amply proved, is deficient in military character, organisation, and resources.

"It appears to be allowed that Buddhist worship and the monastic discipline are preserved in Burmah with greater purity than in any other country, the former less mixed with the service of intruding divinities, and the latter less stained with the habitual breach of obligations either of poverty or continence. The ethics of their Buddhism, with many peculiarities, free as they are from the warp of caste, appear to be much purer than those of Brahminism, and here and there among them maxims are seen of a startling thoroughness that remind one of the penetrating precepts of Holy Writ." The monastic state is carried here to a greater extent than in any Asiatic country perhaps, and is considered indispensable to the attainment of perfection and bliss. "The reputation of the monks in Burmah, too, maintains, I believe, a respectable level. Yet the moral system has had little effect on the character of the people. No point, at least, is more prominent in that system than tenderness of life. Yet in no country probably (unless in semi-Buddhist China) has human life been more recklessly and cruelly sacrificed, whether in punishment of crime, or in judicial and private murder." The geographical description has already been given, its commercial capabilities would not appear to be many or considerable, but yet such as have hitherto been very incompletely developed. The resources of the country, varying, as it does, in its climate and population, are doubtless vast, and such as, under other ways and other circumstances, might be made more advantageous to human life and national prosperity. A sparse population of two millions spread over such an extent

of territory, would in itself indicate all the wants of government and defects of civilization. All the deductions—all the conclusions, though not expressed—lead to the conviction that the country and people, as they exist now, do not possess the elements of progress within themselves—that they require for their advancement and development a stronger impulse and more energetic governing force. All point to the further progress of the Peepul tree. Yet shall we ever again devote national rights and independence to theories of government and civilization? or shall we not rather pause until the will of a people, rather than the necessities of polity invite our dominion? Burmah would from its condition and position, say, Come, take us, govern and civilise us. India, with its experiences, says, "Stay thine hand until events are ripe—until empire be no injury, no polity, but a benevolence and a blessing."

Thus must we quit the book and its subject, deeply impressed with the value of its information, and the thoroughness with which its object has been carried out, even to the sacrifice of lightness and attraction. There has been one aim systematically adopted and adhered to—that of collecting and publishing a knowledge of Burmah and its inhabitants, and this has been done by plans, maps, illustrations, and a carefully compiled letterpress, which establish the topography, illustrate the architectural remains, and delineate the features of the country, with a correctness, vividness, and particularity of detail, which will make this, hereafter, a text-book for politicians, archaeologists, philosophers, and explorers. The man who makes one blade of wheat grow where one never grew before, contends, it is said, a benefit on

the world, and surely he who sets before us in light and knowledge one particular nation, however unimportant it may be in the economies of peoples, has done something for mankind—something which shall aid us in knowing and communing with one another. Thus our author has done. He cannot or may not expect that his costly volume will lie on the lap of railway travellers, or that his leaves will be turned over by the fair fingers of sea-side visitants, but when the governors of his nation seek for knowledge on the subject of the country he describes, or when savants and philosophers seek for facts on the characteristics and analogies of the race of whose past and present he treats, they will recur to him as their authority and councillor. This appreciation may not be so sweet or so ready as popularity, but it is more solid, more enduring, and he who has been capable of so much labour and research will also be capable of waiting for his reward.

Whilst however, giving all due honour to those who thus creditably fulfilled the mission intrusted to them, it were unjust not to pay a passing tribute to the energy and wisdom of the mind which planned and sent it forth. It would be well for us and our policy were all rulers to follow the system then adopted by Lord Dalhousie, and to make the missions of diplomacy and etiquette instrumental to the acquisition of the knowledge of a people, and the advancement of science. Such a system must be ever of incalculable gain to a governing power, and to the general interests of mankind, and it is to be hoped that all future missions may be conducted on a principle so worthy of a civilised nation.

A CRUISE IN JAPANESE WATERS.—PART II

CHAPTER III

PASSING showers of rain, which set in towards evening, did not deter the officers and many of the Earl of Elgin's staff from visiting Decima and Nangasaki.* They returned in a perfect state of delight with the cleanliness and order of the towns, the civility of the people, and better still, the absence of all those unmentionable smells which haunt the visit or on the shores of the neighbouring continent of China. About sundown the boom of three heavy guns twice repeated rolled from seaward over the hills around our anchorage—presently the same sounds came apparently from some nearer point—the battery above the town next took up the tune and then the reports were heard again and again until lost in the distance. When we inquired what all this noise was about a Japanese interpreter informed us that two European sail had appeared in sight of the look-outs, and that these guns were signalling the fact throughout the interior up to Miaco, where the spiritual Emperor resides. Their method in the absence of electricity is a rapid mode of signalling but the expense must be enormous and can only be supported by a naturally thrifty government through excessive jealousy and anxiety to know of the movements of Europeans. Next day the arrival of the naval command in the *Chief* Sir Michael Seymour in the *Calcutta*, towed by the *Inflexible*. Captain Brooker proved that the Japanese look-out men's eyes were as correct as they were keen.

It was early morning when we landed at Decima, and in justice to the Dutch residents whose post prandial somnolence we have already mentioned, it must be owned, that they had risen with the lark, as men should who dine when the sun is in the zenith. Decima, the foreign quarter of Nangasaki, is an island,

and dear old Kämpfer, the most charming of old Dutch writers upon Japan, compares it in form to an outspread fan without a handle. Its length cannot be much more than five or six hundred yards, and the settlement consists of one street of that extent, intersected at its centre by a short one leading to the only bridge which spans the canal that separates the once hated Christians from the good folks of Nangasaki. Along this street are the houses of the Dutch residents, and their Japanese agents and retainers, besides a number of native stores filled with articles of Japanese manufacture, and called by the name of the Dutch Bazaar. Decima and the residents were all awake and stirring, a few porters were carrying bales of imported produce, a store here and there was open, and boxes or packages were being tumbled about as if some commercial movement was taking place, but Decima, wide awake and stirring, had none of the rush and throb of buyers and sellers, such as we had seen at the ports of China frequented by European merchants. How changed the scene will be (one involuntarily exclaimed) a few years hence, when Cockney, Scot, and New Yorker shall be competing who can make money fastest, or be the quickest to improve the Japanese off the face of the earth! Whatever the future, Decima may be Decima as we found it was a solemn looking, weird like place—it seemed as if it bore the impress of its past strange history, and as if haunted by the memory of the Portuguese and Dutchmen whose jail it had been. It quietly said to you, "Yes! here the condemned Pagan, as you, in your self conceit, oh Christian, are pleased to call him, crushed and exterminated the professors and believers in your faith, and tempted with gold these poor Dutchmen to commit

* We have preferred to spell Nangasaki thus, because the *g* in Japan is usually pronounced like *ng*.

apostasy, and for its sake they did it." Even the very stones bear witness to the depths of degradation nations will stoop to, to preserve some base commercial or political advantage, and without any wish to throw stones at our Protestant neighbours, it would be well if all the reclamations against the Dutch in Japan, by the Roman Catholic writers, could be gainsaid. Could one forget, standing on Decima, their torturing the Christians instead of merely expelling them from the country, one's sympathies would all be with the Japanese.

What could be more noble, more self-denying and energetic, than the course they pursued, when they found their independence as a free State was imperilled by the adoption of the Romish faith of those days? The Portuguese found the Japanese merchants trading to every part of the East Indies, and they had from the earliest times been in intimate commercial relation with China, sometimes dependent upon her, at other times fiercely assailing her. Their country could not produce many of the luxuries, hardly the necessities of life, and necessity as well as interest urged the Japanese merchant, in his frail bark, to very distant ports. Yet when it was deemed requisite by their Emperor, the sacrifice was made—all foreign trade ceased—Japan recoiled from connection with every nation and by dint of great exertions, not only vigorously carried out this system, but, judging by the present happy and contented condition of her people has had no reason to regret it. Not a Christian shall remain in Japan, said the edict, and it was a sort of compromise when the Emperor Yeye Mitsa, after driving the priests from his dominions, putting their converts to death and expelling the Spaniards, caused a heap of rubbish to be piled up in shoal water off the town of Nangasacki, and in 1635 ordered the Portuguese to confine themselves to that, the present Decima. Before this time those for eigners had been at liberty to wander about and establish themselves where they pleased on the shores of Kiu Siu On Decima the Portuguese remained a short time, subjected to every degradation, instigated, they declared,

in a great measure by the Dutch, who then were located at Firando. First their wives and children were banished to Macao, then they were compelled to abstain from the public services of their Church, and, lastly, they were ordered to tread upon the emblem of their faith. Instead of fleeing the country, they raised a rebellion, and under the bloody ruins of Sumbarra, a city a short distance to the southward, the Portuguese, their converts, and priests, found a common grave, the Dutch assisting in what the Church of Rome dignifies with the title of martyrdom, but which was nothing more than the bloody penalty of a religious insurrection. This happened in 1640. Two short years afterwards, the Dutch, at Firando (for we English had voluntarily withdrawn, in consequence of difficulties arising from the Great Rebellion, and other causes), were peremptorily ordered to quit their factory, to erase the date of its erection from the portals, and proceed to Decima. "You will cease to observe the Sabbath, said the mandate, "and on all other points be guided by the instructions you will receive from the Lords of Firando." The poor Dutchmen went tamely to their jail, and though the most enterprising seamen of that day—though their stout burghers had shaken off the strong grip of Spain—still Japanese gold kobangs, and Japanese copper bars reconciled them to the contumely they must endure, if they desired to share in those good things, and they bore it with all the phlegm and patience of their race for two centuries. And now, when Americans, Russians, and British, have come to awaken them and their jailers up to the necessities and obligations of 1858, they have roused up, looking rather cross, as if we had much better have let things be.

The sun, however, was rising too fast over the Peak of Hikosan (giving already an earnest of a considerably hot day), for us to stand longer ruminating on the past or present of Decima.

Wood enters largely into the construction of all Japanese dwellings, those in Decima are no exception to

the rule, but the European houses, though probably very comfortable, are, without exception, formed on the ugliest models Holland ever produced. I need not describe them. The cottages in a box of Nuremberg wooden toys represent them exactly, small black cubes of wood, four white windows in front, as many behind, and a red door. It is therefore, to the credit of the taste of the natives resident in Decima, that they appear in no way to have copied the Dutch mode of house building, but have adhered faithfully to their own ideas of the comfortable—which seemed to be comprised under the two sound conditions of good ventilation and plenty of light.

A Japanese house consists of a ground floor and top story. The front and back of the basement can be removed at pleasure, leaving it quite open through the premises for air and light except where the posts supporting the first floor intervene. Usually, the front panels only are removed during the daytime and the back panels formed of a light graceful wood framework, covered with translucent paper are left to screen the cooking departments and back premises. The floor of the basement is raised about three feet above the level of the ground, and is neatly boarded and then laid over with a series of stuffed grass mats, on which the inmates walk, sit, feed and sleep. If it is a shop, the arrangements are still the same except that the boxes or drawers containing the goods are arranged on shelves on either side, and the merchant and purchasers in their *sokis*—for all shoes and boots are carefully put off on these mats—sit on the floor to discuss prices and qualities. The story overhead serves as a place of abode for their wives and families, and those we visited are in height and ventilation, and cleanliness, vastly superior to the majority of up stairs rooms in the East.

There was hardly a house in Nagasaki that had not some sort of garden attached to it, and all were well and tastefully kept, but the most striking thing in this city (and it was generally observed by all of us in Japan) was that every man, woman, and child looked happy and contented.

There was an exception to the rule—a number of unfortunate solemnities who were in charge of the gateway leading from Decima to Nagasaki, and they were evidently bored to death. Poor scribes! they had to keep notes of everything, animate and inanimate, that went in or out of that solitary outlet to Japan! Every one else met us with a friendly smile, or a good natured look of amazement, at either our brilliant buttons, our shining boots, or some other phenomenon exhibited in the gorgeous attire of a British naval officer. The labouring portion of the male population decidedly took little anxious care for their raiment—a piece of cotton cloth, a yard long and six inches wide, constituting their general attire, and many of the children might have just escaped from Eden, so innocent were they of any clothing. Laughing and coaxing, they came unhesitatingly up to us, begging, in their naturally pretty way, for buttons, “*Casa* button!” “*Casa* button!” It was irresistible, and we gave all we could spare but what those little urchins are going to do with buttons, seeing they had neither rag nor ornament upon them is a puzzle to us. The grown up women were modestly attired in dark coloured garments, their beautiful hair neatly dressed and, but that their nails were dyed, there was a general appearance of beauty about them, combined with much grace in the figures of the younger ones. The Japanese officials and gentry were very well dressed, and in their attire displayed considerable dandyism, according to their own fashion. But in their dress as well as in their houses, in Japan, we noticed the prevalence of quiet, indeed sombre colours, and the absence of that vulgar colouring and tinsel work so common in China. Here the outdoor dress of the ladies, and that of the poor girls at the tea gardens, and the wives of the tradespeople, was quiet in colour, however fine the texture might be and amongst the official dresses of the officers, black, dark blue, and black and white patterns, were the most general. Their houses and temples are likewise painted less gaudily than elsewhere in the East,

and there was far less gilding about them. This peculiarity in Japanese taste was one of the first impressions received on our visiting Japan, and, like many first impressions, proved to be correct.

We found the Dutch bazaar at Decima filled with porcelain and lacker ware in a thousand tasteful forms, we had fancied ourselves perfectly *blasé* about all "curiosities," but such impenetrability gave way rapidly with the temptation before us. The first feeling was a desire to buy up everything, where all was so pretty. Tables, curiously inlaid with mother of pearl—representations of birds and animals, which our papier maché manufacturers, or those of France, would give anything to be able to imitate—cabinets, on which golden fish or tortoise stood out in most truthful relief—wonderful little gems in ivory, bone, or wood, fifty times more replete with originality, skill, and wit than anything China ever produced—porcelain so delicate, that you were almost afraid to touch it—in short, a child in a pastry cook's shop never ran from sweet to sweet more perplexed to know which to invest in, than we that morning in Decima bazaar.

We were fast approaching the bottom of a very modest purse, and, in exultation at our purchases, remarking to a Dutch understripper, who happened to be near, that the articles were most beautiful. 'Most beautiful,' he repeated, 'the Dutch bazaar has all the beautiful things—you will find nothing in the Roshian bazaar.' Here he smiled with superior contempt. Did this inhabitant of Decima, adding scornfully, "Roshian bazaar" there is nothing beautiful in that bazaar.

We instantly resolved to go there (so naturally perverse is man), but inquired of our friend whether the bazaar to which he alluded was for the sale of Russian produce or manufacture?

"Nay, nay," said my scornful Hollander, "they have nothing Roshian in it—only they frightened the Japanese, to make them open another place in which things might be bought, and had it called a Roshian bazaar."

"They have been much about Japan of late!" I remarked.

"Yah! very much, and more by and-by." Then he wagged his head and sighed, evidently seeing sad days in store for Japan and Dutch merchants at Decima.

Why is it, we thought, as we hurried off into Nangasaki, that Russia is always thus the *bête noir* of every man, except Monsieur le Comte de Morny?

Through a gateway we entered the Russian bazaar, it was situated close to the water side, and consisted of an enclosed quadrangle, about an acre in extent, having on three sides booths, in which a profusion of articles were exhibited for sale—much of the same sort we had seen in Decima, but perhaps not quite so good, though in greater variety. A rush of officers from the men of war in port now took place—each stall was speedily besieged with eager faces, and eager voices, in good round Saxon, were clamouring to know the price of everything and to be served immediately. The Japanese tradesmen showed wonderful self-possession and commercial acumen, under this sudden onslaught of purchasers. A Chinaman would have sat down sulkily, smoked his pipe, and given short answers to be rid of such a crowd of purchasers. The Japanese called for more aid, and then briskly rushed about the booth, giving information, praised his wares, picked up and despatched his goods expeditiously, and laughed and smiled all the while, as if the whole thing was an admirable joke. They were quite as ready to sell as we were to buy, and showed a degree of handiness, intelligence, and good arrangement, which augured well for their management of commercial transactions upon a more extensive scale.

By the old laws of the Japanese Empire, the exportation of their currency, whether gold, silver, or copper, is strictly prohibited, and to insure it, no European is allowed to possess native coin. The difficulty, therefore, of purchasing would be great upon that ground alone, but in addition to this rule, another exists, by which the natives are forbidden to receive our coins either. For a while, it seemed there must be a dead lock in

the market, but it was explained to us that a government bank existed in the bazaar, where we could obtain paper currency (available only in Nangasaki) in exchange for our dollars. From that bank we came out with bundles of very simple-looking strips of card board covered with cabalistic signs, indicative of their value, in lieu of the silver we had given—a favour for which the Government charged us six per cent! With these Japanese bank notes we paid the tradesmen, whom no amount of persuasion could induce to receive silver, and they again, poor fellows, had to present them at the bank, and receive the amount in the metallic currency of the country, paying of course a handsome tax for the honour of selling to the foreigners. Apart from this little restriction upon the exchange, there was however no difficulty in making purchases and it was very remarkable that in this country, which for two centuries had declared that it required no foreign commerce and was totally indifferent either to the products or money of other nations and proved how great was the natural commercial and money making genius of the people—that nearly every article exposed in this Russian bazaar was the manufacture of the dependants of the prince upon whose territory Nangasaki was situated. We were then assured and subsequent information confirmed the statement, that nearly all the independent princes imitated each other in manufacturing, or rather imitating every European article that could be copied, and then sent the surplus specimens to be sold throughout the empire.

For instance, at one stall we found microscopes, telescopes, sun dials, rules, scales, clocks, knives, spoons, glass, beads, trinkets, and mirrors—all of native make upon European models—and the prices were so ridiculously small, that even at the lowest estimate of the value of labour it was a puzzle how any profit could be realised upon the articles. The microscopes were very neat, and intended to be carried in the pocket; an imitation morocco case opened and contained within it a small and not very powerful lens, fixed in a

metal frame at a short distance from an upright pin, on which the object for examination was to be stuck, and the entire workmanship was highly creditable. The telescopes were framed in stiff paper cases, sufficiently thick and ingeniously lacerated to resemble leather over wood. The glasses, though small, were clear; the magnifying power was not great, but it was a marvel to see such an instrument sold for a shilling! We saw another superior description of Japanese telescope, six feet long when pulled out, it was quite as powerful and as genuine as these *real Dollands* which our naval outfitters are in the habit of procuring for credulous parents when equipping their sailor children at seaports. The price at Nangasaki is a dollar or five shillings, but at Portsmouth it is five pounds sterling. The Japanese clocks exhibited for sale were beautiful specimens of mechanism, and proved what we had heard that the people of this country are most cunning in the fashioning of metals. One we saw was like those neat table clocks at home under square glass covers all the works being open to scrutiny; it was six or eight inches high, and about as broad, and it would have been difficult to know it from one of Mr Dent's best of a like description. The Japanese day being divided into twelve hours of unequal duration—dependent, so far as we could understand, upon the amount of day light or darkness in each day—the dial of their clocks was therefore different from ours; in some it was changed every month, and in others the motion of the hands was regulated by an ingenious adaptation of weights and increased or decreased length of pendulum. A good deal of this description, which from its elegance, and the beautiful workmanship and chasing of the exterior would have been an ornament anywhere, was only priced at about £8.

When Japan was first visited by Europeans, silk in the raw state was largely imported from Tonquin and China, to us it appeared likely that, when Nangasaki was opened again to foreign commerce, silk, both raw and manufactured, would be exported to an equal extent. Manufactured

silks and crapes were both plentiful and cheap, and some of the heavier descriptions, such as are not made in China. The gentry and higher orders of tradespeople wore silk, and it appears more than possible that, during the period Japan has shut herself out from the world, she has succeeded in successfully naturalising the silk worm.

Every dollar spent, and nearly denuded of uniform buttons, which had been presented as *yags d amitie* to the delighted children in the streets, we strolled back to the landing place, and pulled to the ship, raced off for the greater part of the distance by a gigs crew of Japanese men of war's men—stout built, brawny chested fellows, with shaved polls and beardless faces. Of course it was highly unbecoming that such exalted foreigners as ourselves should race against a boat load of black fellows, and our men looked as if they thought their chief must have taken leave of his senses when they were ordered to 'give way' but it was something to find a boat full of dark skins, who from pure spirit of emulation, desired to match their bone and muscle against white men so we indulged them. Right well the Johnnies—her who is not a 'bono' or "no bono Johnny to our men?" put their wills to their oars and good naturedly they laughed as we shot by them and told them in words and by signs that they were stout good fellows. Then they tossed their oars, and sheered off to his Imperial Japanese Majesty's schooner, a craft which looked in very fair order, and on board of which the men exercised daily aloft in a highly creditable manner.

Our day's observations led us to a conclusion which every hour in Japan confirmed—that the people inhabiting it are a very remarkable race, and destined, by God's help to play an important rôle in the future history of this remote quarter of the globe. It was impossible not to recognise in their colour, features, dress, and customs, the Sinitic stock whence they must have sprung, but

they differed much, physically and mentally, from that cold blooded race. Full of fresh life and energy, anxious to share and compete with European civilisation, ready to acknowledge its superiority, and desirous of adapting it to their social and public wants, how charming a contrast to the stolid Chinaman, who smiles blandly at some marvel of western skill or science, and calmly assures you that their countrymen "hab got all the same that Pekin side!" The Dutch naval and general instructors bore the highest testimony to the intelligence and mental capacity of their pupils, that their aptitude for every branch of knowledge, and their avidity for acquiring information were equally remarkable. Mathematics, algebra, and geography, they acquired *con amore*, and the facility of computation by means of the European system of arithmetic, astonished and delighted them exceedingly. There was not a trade or manufacture, or invention common to Europe or the United States that they did not expect to have explained to them in order that they might immediately proceed to imitate it and inquiries upon these subjects would come from the Government, the nobles, and the people generally. Like very inquisitive children, they often nearly posed their instructors.

One day some great personage desired to have the construction of Colt's pistols and Sharp's rifles explained to him, in order that he might undertake their manufacture.* Another insisted upon making anoids at Yedo. Glass making in all its branches became a great rage, and some of the specimens of ornamental bottles were very original and tasteful in pattern. Iron and brass guns were cast of every calibre up to those of ten inches diameter. Shells, with the latest improvements in fuzes, one prince could produce, and another became so enraptured with steam machinery and I dare say so shocked at the enormous price the Dutch charged them for their steamers, that a factory for their con-

* We heard that the Prince of Saxuma had armed his retainers with both of the above weapons, made by native workmen after models obtained from Europeans.

struction was established, and one complete engine had already been turned out of hand, put up in a vessel built at Nangasaki, and actually worked about the harbour.

On all the thousand and one difficulties that occurred to the Japanese in carrying out their system of imitating in Japan all we could produce in Europe, the Dutch instructors were expected to throw a light, and perhaps they sometimes suffer in reputation as oracles. They put me much in mind of the unenviable position one of our sailors is often placed in when he deserts to some island in the South Seas. "Can you preach, mend a musket, and fight?" is the general question put by the assembled natives.

"Of course I can," is the reply of the poor fellow, who is installed immediately in the triple office of high priest, oracle, and monarch, and amidst the unceasing calls upon his theology, his oratory, his inventive powers, and his pugnacity, often wishes himself safely back in the fore-top of her Majesty's brig *Diver*.

These Dutch gentlemen were not, however, daunted by the difficulties they had to surmount, and strove hard to impart all the knowledge that was sought. As an instance of the abrupt and unexpected queries put to them, one of these persons told me that a Japanese came all the way from the capital, an overland journey of forty odd days' duration, to inquire about one particular subject. What was it?—"Explain the means by which the hourly variations of the barometer may be registered by means of a photographic apparatus!"

My informant was for a time fairly puzzled, but at last, in some recent work on photography, he found what had been done, and told the messenger how it was possible to do so. "But surely you want some other information?" he asked. "No, that was what he was sent to know, and he had no other business!" The latest improvement adopted was to teach the young men to ride in European fashion for military purposes, and whilst we were in Nangasaki, a Dutch non-commissioned officer was busy teaching a number of

Japanese gentlemen to ride in a riding-school constructed for the purpose. When they were perfect, they would be sent into different provinces to instruct their countrymen, for although there are abundance of horses in Japan, and rather good ones too, still, what with straw shoes for their hoofs, and stirrups weighing fifty pounds a piece, and lathered saddles, it must be acknowledged that their cavalry is as yet far from formidable. In infantry movements I was told that they had for some time received instruction, and that, as a militia, their force was very respectable; indeed, a Russian officer who was staying at Nangasaki, and who had seen much of Japan, spoke of the perfect military organisation of the empire in the warmest terms. From his description, the entire population formed one complete army, of which every town, village, and hamlet might be said to be companies or sections. The power, however, of directing this formidable array upon any point, either for offence or defence, is vastly curbed by the independent tenure of the three hundred and sixty princes. Each of these is the chief authority in his own state, and, like the barons of old, claims a power of life and death over his subjects, though at the same time acknowledging as their sovereign and chief the Tai koon, and the council resident in Yedo. Owing to the absence of the Dutch superintendent of trade, Donker Curtius upon the diplomatic service spoken of in the last chapter, there was a considerable amount of restraint in the bearing of the Dutch residents. They appeared in doubt what part it was prudent to play, and what amount of information to give in the present uncertain state of the foreign relations between Japan and Europe. Perhaps it was natural enough that they should not at once feel at ease, when the restrictions and contumely they have endured so long were suddenly removed. From what they said, it was utterly out of the question for the British ambassador to attempt to open negotiations with the imperial government through the very inferior officers known to Europeans as the governor and lieu-

tenant-governor of Nangasaki, indeed, had they even been men of rank, there were obvious reasons why they who had been the instruments of an insulting policy towards Europeans should, if possible, have nothing to do with the arrangements upon which our future intercourse was to be carried on. The presentation of the yacht sent by her most gracious Majesty to the Emperor of Japan would have been equally improper at this spot, and as, in the orders given to her commander, some one in England had by accident directed her to be pre-

sented at Yedo, Lord Elgin gladly availed himself of that excuse for proceeding thither immediately. This arrangement became all the more feasible, as the naval commander-in-chief, who had been the person instructed to deliver the yacht to the Japanese government, found himself unable to go as far as Yedo at this moment, and deputed the senior officer of our little squadron, Captain Charles Barker, to do so, in such a manner, time, or place, as the ambassador might desire, and to Yedo, or as near it as possible, we were now to proceed.

CHAPTER IV

The promised visit of the Lieutenant-governor of Nangasaki to his Excellency the British Ambassador took place in the afternoon. The Lieutenant-governor was most anxious not only to see the Ambassador, of whom they had heard much in Japan, and whose valour in a pacific character they little expected, but he wished to examine and report upon the yacht "Emperor." It was arranged that, after the visit to Lord Elgin, the Lieutenant-governor should proceed to inspect her, escorted by Lieutenant-commander Ward. On all previous occasions that British men of war had visited Japan, as that high officers of the two nations had exchanged civilities on the usual custom of saluting with guns in honour of their rank had been avoided, in obedience to Japanese port orders. Even on this occasion Lord Elgin had requested the senior officer, Captain Barker, not to pay him the usual token of respect, in deference, as we concluded, to the wishes of the Japanese authorities. Suspecting however, that the Japanese officials might after all be inclined to stretch the point when compliments to themselves were in question, it was arranged that the Lieutenant-governor should be asked if he would like a salute, and if so, it was immediately to be fired. He not only wished to be saluted, but knew the number of charges he was entitled to by our European code. I need not say that the "Retribution" was firing away

almost as soon as the wish was expressed, and for the future, at any rate, British ships need not hesitate to pay their own or foreign officers the proper marks of respect. We afterwards learnt that the American and Russian flag-officers had very recently, in the same port, been firing salutes in honour of the anniversary of American independence, and of each other.

It was suggested that it would give us great pleasure to salute the Japanese flag with twenty-one guns, as men of war usually do on visiting the port of a friendly power. Our visitors approved of the idea amazingly, but on making an inquiry as to whether the forts or ships would return the salute with an equal number of guns (*a sine qua non* in all international salutes) they replied—'Return salute—how?—why?' We explained that if England saluted Japan, Japan must return the compliment. 'Ah!' said the interpreter, 'Japan cannot do that. Japan can not salute the Government has given no authority to do so.' 'Then please to tell the Governor that England cannot salute until Japan does.'

The Lieutenant-governor then proceeded to lunch with his Lordship. After lunch, the yacht was visited, and the authorities expressed themselves highly delighted with the completeness and beauty of every part of the vessel, and promised to send up to Yedo most favourable

reports of the gift to his imperial majesty the Tai-koon of Japan.

Every one in the squadron asked at least once, Why, of all things to be found in Great Britain, the Government should have selected a yacht—about the only object that it was utterly impossible the Tai koon should ever use? Any one who had taken the trouble to read the briefest account of Japan could have told you that Yedo was said to be unapproachable for vessels, and even if the yacht, drawing twelve feet water, could touch the quay, the Tai koon at Yedo (like the spiritual Emperor at Misco) was forbidden to quit his palace, and so could never see her except with a spy glass from his terraces, two miles off! So far as an excuse for going to Yedo was concerned, any present, with instructions to deliver it at that place, would certainly have answered the purpose. When one saw how full of intelligence all the higher classes in Japan were—how capable of appreciating the skill and mechanism employed in any of the marvels of scientific labour Great Britain contains—it was a subject of regret that a screw schooner, with bird's eye maple panels and velvet cushions—very handsome, no doubt, but quite matched by most river boats in England or America—should have been the only specimen sent of our mechanical or manufacturing skill.

A lieutenant of the Russian navy who had been left behind in charge of a party of scorbutic sailors, landed from the frigate "Levold," visited, and had much to say of the untiring kindness of the authorities, and the Japanese in general. Lieutenant L— declared them to be the finest race on the earth and as he lived amongst them, and saw but little of the Dutch, he was in a very good position to form an opinion on the subject.

There is, I think, far more of the South Sea islander than of the Chinaman in these inhabitants of Southern Japan. Love, who never assuredly had so little nose as to enter China, has made Japan his abiding place, and lurks in the bright eyes of all her bronze cheeked

daughters—the "ower gude" may think too much so, but, poor souls! let us be charitable until we teach them better. These people are an active-minded, intelligent race, obedient to their own laws, and obedience to them is the only limit they know to their anxiety to serve or oblige the European. Two hundred years of peace have not made them scorn the sword as the best arbitrator of fraud or injustice, and military rank is still held in high honour among them.

Woman holds in Japan a high social position. She is not cooped up in pestiferous apartment to delight some fattened up Chinese mandarin, or greasy Brahmin, but contributes not a little to the charms of man's life, she has succeeded in asserting her right to be treated like a rational being, quite as well able to take care of herself as the sterner sex. Their freedom granted, it is true the fan damsels—nay, and the matrons—have in some respects "jumped over the traces." Then, with a highly commendable liking to scrupulous cleanliness, they somewhat depart from Western notions of propriety as to the time and place for their ablutions. Yet after all, that is a mere matter of taste. A tub of water in the open air, in a balmy climate, is, all will allow, very delicious, and the ladies of Nangasaki saw no good reason to forego their pleasurable bath because there happened to be in unsolicited influx of hairy faced strangers, at a season of the year when bathing was more than ever necessary. Their own countrymen did not stop and stare but went and did likewise. Let future European residents resist the temptation to adopt the *al fresco* habits of the people, meantime let us bear in mind our good old motto, '*Honi soit qui mal y pense*'.

We had been two days and one night in Nangasaki, the second evening was closing in, and though we could not already be tired of it, yet, oh! we longed so to be off to Yedo!—Yedo, the mysterious city of such enormous extent, famous for the beauty of its site, with a population next in numbers to London. Yedo was the great wonder it was just

possible (thought and said some sanguine individuals) that we might see. The idea was scoffed at by our Dutch friends—it was true that there was salt water, that the Gulf of Yedo washed the beach close up to the capital, but then there were banks and shallows and dangers which rendered it impossible for great ships to approach the sacred city. Yet the sea was there, and where there was salt water, there was hope for our handy ships.

To wish to be off again from so sweet a place as *Nangasaki*, seems unreasonable and restless. Looking as we did that last beautiful evening on all the loveliness around us, the rebuke at first seemed well merited. The bay by day is beautiful, but give me *Nangasaki* by moonlight, when the heat is passing away, and the cool breezes of night invigorate the frame and stipple the polished surface of the water which reflects the starry beauty of the blue vault overhead, except where the dark shadows of native and foreign craft are thrown athwart it. The delicate play of the moonlight upon town, village, and upland, the phosphorescent wake of the numerous boats passing and repassing, the twinkling lights and the drowsy hum of a large city during the early hours of night—all formed a picture which might tempt the mind to rest here content. And as we stood in that calm moonlight, we talked of wild scenes that had been enacted here. We hear of a goodly Spanish ship that sailed in long ago through that seaward portal, now shrouded by the dark gloom of the overhanging cliff. She is a tall ship of three decks, a yearly trader from the Philippines—a royal vessel combining the warship and merchantman. Her swelling canvas lurled she swings to her anchors, and flaunts from many a mast quaint colours and pennons. Culverins and brass pieces peer out of her ports, and the golden ensign, with its broad bloody stripes, waves proudly over her stern. On shore there is much excitement. Twelve months previously, the Japanese had

learnt that a vessel of their country had been basely set upon off the Philippines by Spaniards, and the vessel and crew sunk in the depths of the sea, and the imperial government had forbidden Spaniards under pain of death to visit Japan. This galleon had come in contempt of the mandate, and, though warned of the horrors that would ensue, the Spaniard would not or could not sail. The court issues a mandate, and the Spaniard must suffer at any cost the penalty of his insolence. We may fancy the muster of row boats,—the Prince of Arima arranging his devoted retainers, promising high reward to the valiant, short shrift to the craven. We can fancy the scornful feelings of the high-couraged Don in his lofty bark for the yelping wolves around him, naked half-armed infidels, who come against the steel-clad conquerors of half the world! Then the shout of defiance, and the wild music of the war shell, as each party rushed on. Wolves never went better at a sure quarry than the Japanese at the huge ship. In spite of resistance, they cling to her tall sides, scale them, reach the upper deck, and throw themselves, regardless of life, upon the astonished Spaniards. When too late, the Don sees he has underrated his foe. He determines to resort to a desperate expedient of those times.* The retreat sounds, all the Spaniards rush below to the lower deck, and the upper deck is blown up, and with a yell of victory on their lips the Japanese are hurled into the water scorched and burnt.

Alas for the Spaniard! the wind is right adverse to his escape, and every minute adds hundreds to the host pouring down to the attack. There is nothing for it but a death worthy of his race. Again the assault, again numbers carry the day, and the resolute Spaniards retire to the third deck, and again blow up the victors above them. Thrice, says the Japanese chronicler quoted by worthy Master Kaempfer, was this desperate mode of resistance resorted

* In older times, blowing up the deck with small quantities of powder was resorted to in cases of a desperate resistance to boarding parties.

to, until defenders, assailants, and galleon sunk in the bloody waters. Although the unfortunate infringers of the imperial edict had perished to a man, the native historian acknowledges that the triumph of Japanese justice had been won only by the sacrifice of three thousand of her sons! Such was one episode in the history of Nangasaki. Under the seductive appearances of this Japanese Capua are there still such fierce and bloody feelings, which a single spark may rouse into action?

In naval life, they who would be doing must necessarily be restless, and too true is it that

"To have done
Is to hang, like rusty armour, in monu-
mental mockery

No sooner does a sailor anchor in quiet haven than he would fain be pushing to sea, no sooner there, than, buffeted by wind and sea, he desires another port. Some call this restlessness discontent, and it has been declared to be

"A fever at the core
Fatal to him who bores to all that over-
bore

And while we do not agree with this, we say that if we sailors do not always know what is best for us, we do not differ in this respect from the rest of mankind—the tale of the three wishes and the famous black pudding having been invented long since for the reproof upon that point of landmen, no doubt. And as the night is fine, and we do not sail before noon to-morrow, let me tell you, as a *pendant* to that same story, the nautical legend on the subject of constantly wishing for what we have not got, and not knowing what we want. Down amongst those South Sea isles which fumes delight to visit, and sailors love to cruise in, H. M. frigate — had just sailed from some sweet spot where the songs were as sweet as those of Tobonai. There had been weeping Nahuas on the shore, and there was many a sad Torquil on board that day. No one, except the restless captain, rejoiced in the sparkling blue Pacific and rattling trade wind which filled the frigate's canvas, and sped her dancing over the sea.

Tom Hardy sat on the fore bitta,

and said, "There was no peace whatsoever aboard a ship, and it was precious hard, just as a poor fellow had got exactly what he wanted, that the adjective ship got under weigh, to pitch her adjective fore-castle into a chopping head sea." "Ah! you never know what you really want," said his sage shipmate, "and if so be you could get what you wants just for the asking, you would not know what to ask for." Tom used most emphatic language, and wished himself in very uncomfortable places if ever he should growl again, provided he could have three or four wishes fulfilled. Hardly had the words passed Tom's lips when a beautiful fairy stood before him.

"Speak up, Tom Hardy," said she, "say what you want to make you a contented captain of the fo' castle. I'll give you four wishes, provided they are for as many different things." You might think Tom would be for a moment startled, but a beautiful lady, with a profusion of hair and very little clothing, was not quite the thing to frighten him. "Thank ye, marm, said Tom, touching his cap, "I'm all ready, and much obliged to yer." "Then fire away!" said the fairy. "First and foremost," said Tom, "I wants plenty of grog." "That you shall have," replied the fairy, smiling, "real Jamaica pine apple flavour—as much as you can swim in." You see the fairy was accustomed to sailors. "Then, proceeded Tom, rubbing his hands, "let us have heaps of 'baccy—bird a-eye and cavendish mixed." All right, Tom! said the lady, "heaps of 'baccy, bird a-eye and cavendish mixed, you shall have." "By Jove, you are a brick!" says Tom, "you are about the best friend I ever had. Lookye here, my beauty!" says he, getting up as if he was going to shake hands with the fairy. "Hands off, Mr Tom!" exclaimed she, "go on wishing. You are only half way through your bargain." "Well," says Tom, "what I next wants—begging your parding, seeing you're a lady—is plenty of pretty girls when I goes ashore." "Very well!" replied the fairy, laughing like any thing, "you shall have them too,"

and I'll throw some fiddlers into the bargain" Tom was delighted "By the Lord Harry!" he said, "I'm happy now I say, chum! how about not knowing what was good for me? Here's grog galore, heaps of 'baccey, and lots of sweethearts I'm content" "But come, come, Tom," urged the fairy, "fulfil your part of the contract You must wish once more be quick!" "Oh, bother it!" growled out Tom Hardy, "must I really?" "Yes, come, be quick!" she replied "Well, then," said he, "give us more grog!" "Your chum was in the right," said the fairy, "you don't know what you want You ask for more grog, when I have already promised you enough to swim in, and you have forgotten to ask to be put ashore from the frigate You are a good for nothing old growl, and so you will remain to the end of your days" With that she disappeared, and it is true enough Tom Hardy is now as big an old growl as ever chewed quid on a fore-castle, though he firmly believes, if that fairy would only give him *another chance*, he would know what to ask for

The afternoon of August 5th, 1853, saw the good ship steaming past the different headlands, islands, and batteries as we quitted Nagasaki the sea was smooth, and played upon by just enough wind to give animation to great numbers of native craft Every creek, channel, and bay was studded with vessels of all sizes—from those of a hundred and fifty tons burthen to petty fishing boats—so that though the government has interdicted foreign commercial intercourse, there must be a vast coasting trade and a large seafaring population Brighter afternoon never shone, and the scene was one of unsurpassed beauty and interest as we bowled away southward to round the extreme point of the Japanese group, and so enter the sea which washes its eastern seaboard Between the deeply indented coasts of the Corea and its off lying islands and this portion of Japan, there is much resemblance, but on close approach Japan shows signs of a high order of civilization, energy, industry, and wealth, which modern Greece decidedly does not exhibit, whatever it did in olden days

Singular as is the construction of a Chinese junk, and original as are the various appliances to meet the requirements of her occupation as a traverser of stormy seas, the Japanese vessels of large size are still more curious We saw many fully one hundred and twenty tons burthen Their length was about a hundred feet the extreme beam fully a fourth of the length, and far aft as in the "America" yacht, the depth of the hold was not great, and the form of that portion of the vessel that was immersed was very fine, and calculated for great speed The bow was long, and the gunwale was not high, but it curved gently up into a lofty stem very like that of the Roman galley, and finished, like it, with an ornamental beak head, serving to secure the forestay of the solitary mast The mast was a ponderous mass of pieces of fir, glued, pegged, and hooped together in the same way as those for our large ships are built, the height from deck to truck was full fifty feet, and the head of the mast had a curve in it, to serve better as a derrick in supporting the heavy yard the binnacle going in one direction aft, and the stay in the other forward, seemed the principal supports of this ponderous spar, but there were backstays and shrouds in some cases The yard was a rough clumsy spar slung amidship, the sail an oblong mass of cotton cloth, which are not sewn, but *laced* vertically to each other in such a manner that daylight may be seen between the cloths of which the sail is composed and when it is desirable to reef, a cloth is unlaced, and the sail reduced in a vertical direction—not horizontally, as seamen of every other part of the world do, including even those of China This sail and mast are placed well abaft the centre of the vessel, and to tack or veer, the sheet and tack have merely to be reversed When on a wind, the vessel's long bow and nose serve like a head sail to keep her from coming up into the wind's eye, and it is truly strange to see a sail hanging in a perfect bag, and each cloth in it what seamen call *bellying*, like a yacht's balloon jib, yet that the vessel keeps a good wind, and makes great progress in smooth water In the arrangement

of the stern and rudder they differ little from the Chinese, but the tiller is marvellously long, doubtless to save labour by increased leverage. The shores of the Japanese group afford great facilities for a coasting trade, from the abundance of harbours, and the shelter for vessels of small size which can cling to the shore. This is one reason that every Japanese vessel is so profusely furnished with anchors and cables. The former are of iron, and of grapnel shape, right serviceable looking, and all the large vessels had from six to eight arranged on the fore end. This circumstance gave us the first hint that Japan was anything but a smooth water coast. These traders navigate the great inland sea known as the Suwōnada, between the three great islands of Nipon Sikok and Kiu siu, and they likewise run up and down the west coast of Kiu siu, and from Miaco to Yedo by way of the Strait of Kuro. We saw none of them on the stormy east coast of Kiu siu indeed, in the weather we experienced off it on two occasions, no native vessels could have lived.

Towards sunset we saw on our larboard beam the entrance to the great bay in Kiu siu on which the ill-fated city of Simbarra stands. The place still exists—at least it is marked in the latest chart—and history will preserve the name of a spot which was the last stronghold of native Christianity in Japan, and which saw, as Román Catholic writers assert, the destruction of thirty thousand converts to their faith. It was at Simbarra, too, over the common grave of its inhabitants, that the famous inscription was erected, warning the natives, that to prefer to their ancient faith that of the Christians, would be to draw down upon themselves the punishment due to traitors to their emperor and their country. One sentence ran thus: "So long as the sun shall warm the earth, let no Christian be so bold as to come to Japan, and let all know that the King of Spain himself, or the Chris-

tian's God (query, the Pope?), if he violate this command, shall pay for it with his head."

Before night closed in, the lofty inland heights in the centre of southern Kiu siu rose sharp and clear against the sky, and throughout the first watch we saw the loom of these mountains, known to ancient mariners under the not euphonious title of the highlands of Bungo! A freshening breeze sped us on, and islands and rocks were rapidly passed as we hurried to reach the channel (called after the navigator Vancouver), which separates Kiu siu from the long string of dependent isles known as the Linschoten and Loo choo groups. There was a threatening twinkle about the stars, which would have betokened a hard north-easter upon our own shores, and as, in spite of a difference of twenty degrees of latitude between England and Japan, there was reason to believe the climates were much alike, we made preparations to face the heavy gale and sea which would already be lashing the coast to the eastward of Cape Satomaki. The squadron had parted company, but we expected we should all meet again at the port of Simoda, our next rendezvous. Waiting for one another was not to be thought of when expedition was so necessary. Lord Elgin intended to finish off his work in Japan, and return to Shanghai in time to meet the Imperial Commissioners from Peking. As we are rounding the coast to enter the Straits of Vancouver—from right before the breeze to a taut bow-lue, then, furling sails, sending down top gallant yards and masts, and by the aid of steam power facing the gale—we may, the better to understand the country we are writing of, tell in a condensed form some of the most striking passages of the history of its intercourse with foreign nations. The basis of the narrative is taken from Purchas, Marco Polo, Kämpfer, Siebold, and portions of a Chinese work entitled *An Illustrated Notice of Countries beyond the Sea*,*

* This work was compiled by Commissioner Lan, of opium notoriety, during his disgrace in the last war with England. It first appeared in 1843, and has now gone through four editions, with considerable corrections. It is rather remarkable that the wealthy family of Commissioner Yeh contributed largely to the expenses of its publication.

translated by Thomas Wade, Esq., Chinese Secretary to the British Embassy, to whom I am indebted

not only for its perusal, but also for some most able papers published some years since

CHAPTER V

Japan, or, as the natives pronounce it, Ni-pon, consists of three large islands, Ni pon, Sikok, and Jesso, and a host of smaller ones, extending from latitude 29° north to latitude 45° north Ni pon, which gives its name to the empire, and is the abode of the court, was doubtless the centre from which its present civilisation emanated. It appears that the whole group was inhabited long prior to the commencement of its authentic records. Whether first colonised by refugees from the mainlands of China and the Corea, or by a people who came direct from Babel by a north about route, as old Kämpfer maintains, can be of little importance. Travellers, like ourselves, may rejoice that, if it was the confusion of tongues which led to the peopling of Japan, the wanderers thither carried with them a full, rich, and pleasant sounding language, far superior to the wretched discordance of their neighbours in China.

It will be going back far enough into the ancient history of Ni pon to say, that 650 years B.C., when Rome was still in its long clothes, a hero, known as the Divine Warrior, invaded and conquered it from the West. Sunmoo, for so he is named, firmly established a dynasty which has flourished to the present day, in a line of 120 successive male and female monarchs. Of their reigns, far better records exist than the oldest European empire can boast. The early monarchs combined in their person the double offices of high priest and generalissimo. Chinese historians, with their usual modesty, assert that Jih pun, as they call Japan, was voluntarily tributary to the Celestial emperor, but it is doubtful whether the imperial air of "subjugation perfected" ever sounded in the ears of Japanese tribute bearers, unless in the same surreptitious manner as it was once played over a British ambassador in more modern days.

Marco Polo was the first who brought Japan to European ken under the name of Zipangu, and he was at the Chinese capital in 1278, just after Kublai Khan with his Mongol hordes had overrun China. Envoys had been sent, we are told, to speak plainly to the Emperor of Japan. "Lest," says Kublai Khan, "that the true state of things be not as yet known and understood in your land, therefore I send to acquaint you with my views. Already philosophers desire to see all mankind one family. I am determined to carry out this principle, even though I should be obliged to do so by force of arms. It is now the business of the King of Ni pon to decide what course is most agreeable to him." The Mikado, or Ni pon king, did not enter at all into the philosophical views of his powerful neighbour, and behaved very unlike a tributary monarch. He was assisted in the management of secular affairs by a Zia goon, whose office had become hereditary, as a sort of assistant emperor. And while the Mikado zealously performed his part of praying for the success of his armies, the Zia goon set a valiant example to the people, who victoriously repelled Kublai Khan's invading forces. But henceforth the Zia goon retained the increased powers with which he had been intrusted, and the spiritual and temporal emperors became joint authorities. No sooner were the Chinese and Mongols driven off, than the Japanese retaliated by ranging in their barks as pirates or buccaners up the coast from Swatow to the Shan tung promontory. In 1350 we find Chinese records of extraordinary levies and defences to meet the marauders, and expel them from different points in their possession. A century later, the Chinese, with their usual patient endurance of misery, were still suffering from these freebooters. They are described by writers of 1459* as a fierce people, naturally

* See *Illustrated Notice of Countries beyond the Sea*, a Chinese work translated by T. F. WADE, Esq., Chinese Secretary

owning they would always put on board their ships some of the produce or merchandise of their own country, and also weapons of war, with these they would stand off and on, and so they could parade their goods, and call them "tribute to the crown," until a favourable opportunity offered, when they would take arms and make a wild inroad on the coast. In 1540, these Japanese pirates had become so formidable that the Chinese historian says their extermination was impossible.

The Portuguese adventurers had already arrived at Ning po, and, doubtless, met Japanese, and there could not have been much difficulty in the way of an enterprising individual like Fernando Mendez Pinto doing what he says he did, returning in one of their homeward bound junks, and reaching an island off the south extreme of Kiu siu, named Kanega Sima—and then carrying back to his countrymen the first news of the rediscovery of Marco Polo's Zipangu. It is strange that both their reports were hardly believed. Marco Polo has long since had justice done to him, but poor Pinto still labours under the charge of having told sad travellers tales. Writers generally assert that Japan was accidentally fallen upon by shipwrecked Portuguese, but we are inclined to think that the meeting of the two peoples upon the coasts of China would naturally lead the Portuguese to visit Japan. It is quite possible that, until formal permission to trade was obtained from the Mikado and the Zia goon, it was necessary to represent the visits as purely accidental.

It is very remarkable that, from 1542, when the Portuguese were first received in Japan and their friend ship, faith, and commerce warmly espoused, until a reaction took place, Japanese hostility to China became still more virulent. Whilst the sainted Xavier and his zealous successors were winning in Nipon more than a million souls to the fold of their heavenly Master, the race they found so tractable was carrying fire and sword into the opposite

provinces of China. It was only when the active persecution of the Christians and Portuguese commenced that China found peace.

The records of the courage and daring of these Japanese Vikings read like those of the Danish invaders of Britain. "In 1552, the Japanese vessels," says the *Chronicle*, "hundreds in number, covered the seas, and spread terror along the coasts of China for many thousands of li." * Shanghai, Keang yin, on the great river, and Shapoo, were sacked. In 1553 they pillaged Soo chow foo, Chinu keang foo, and the Island of Tsing ming in the entrance of the Yang tai. In 1554 they waxed still more bold, their vessels arrived in great numbers, and the leaders of each division (like Cortes in Mexico) fired their barks as they landed in a country they intended to conquer. Hang chow foo soon fell, and they appear to have sacked the entire country situated between the Yang tai and Ning po rivers, and as far back as Kang chow, Soo chow, and Nankin. At Nankin, being too far from their base, they were defeated, but it surprises us to learn from the accounts given of this affair, that these bodies of buccaneers seldom exceeded sixty or seventy in number. Yet these small bands often defeated forces ten times more numerous, and carried fortified or walled cities by stratagem or escalade. One body of 200 Japanese actually, during a period of fifty days, ravaged three prefectures, any of them as large as an English county, killing and capturing an incalculable multitude of people, says the *Chronicle*. These war parties were detachments from the main body of buccaneers, who, to the number of twenty thousand, occupied places of security from Woosung to Shapoo, and thence round by Ning po to Taki ki, places all easily recognised on a map by those who are cognisant of the British operations in China. As late as 1575, Ohusan was in the hands of the Japanese, in 1579 the Pescadores, in Formosa Channel, Tien pak, in Quang tung, and some places in Fuh ken fell to them,

* A li is about the third of a mile.

and great was the misery of the sea-board dwellers of the Flowery Land.

"It was the custom of the barbarians of Japan to divide their force into three divisions. The van, composed of their stoutest men, and their rear guard of the like, in the centre the brave and cowardly were ranged alternately. They rose at cock crow, and fed on the ground—this over, the chief, from a position above them, read the orders for the day, detailing their duties, telling off the different companies, and pointing out the place for their foray that day. The companies did not consist of more than thirty men each, and moved at a distance of two-thirds of a mile from each other. At a blast from a conch shell, the nearest company closed to give support to the one that had given the signal. Skirmishers in twos or threes moved about armed only with swords. Towards evening the force reassembled, and every one gave up his spoil, none daring to retain it. The chief then made a partition in just proportion to those that had contributed to the day's success. They were addicted to drunkenness and debauchery, and usually set fire to places they had sacked, and escaped in the alarm thereby awakened. Every precaution against treachery or surprise was closely observed. They marched in single file, some distance apart, but in slow pace, and in such good order that the imperial troops could seldom take them at a disadvantage. Their powers of endurance were very great, and they marched vast distances without apparent fatigue. In action against artillery or archers they received the first fire, and then rushed in to close quarters. They were adepts in all the stratagems of war, and though brave, used strange means to deceive the Chinese, and effect their end at as slight a loss to themselves as possible. Severe to prisoners made in battle, they were nevertheless so kind to the people in the vicinity of their resorts, that they were kept fully informed of all hostile movements against them. Fighting up on the water was not their forte," adds the Chinese annalist, and then naively says, "The bulwarks of their ships were all covered with cushions, which they damped to render them proof against fire. In some actions as soon as they came to close quarters they boarded

with rapidity; their onset was terrible as the thunder, and those on board were scattered like the wind."*

In spite, however, of the state of constant hostility between the two races, there was a nominal peace between the two governments directly the Ming dynasty was re-established, and a legalized commerce upon a stipulated scale was allowed. A work entitled *Records of Things seen and heard*, published in China, gives much accurate information about the habits and customs of the Japanese, besides some rather involved geographical information. We gather, however, what is tolerably correct, that a voyage of forty watches' duration (eighty hours) will carry a ship from the island of Pootoo in the Chusan group to the heights of Changki (Nagasaki) in Japan, provided she steer an east course, and the author adds, that where the winds and currents are so perverse, and there are so many dangers from storms and sea, it is very difficult to maintain one course, and that the voyage is altogether extremely hazardous. Whereupon he incontinently goes off into the poetic vein, and gives utterance to the following rhyme—

"Jeh pun hau ho
Wu tau uan kwó!"

which being interpreted by our friend Mr Wade, means,

"Goodly are the waters of Nippon
But the seas of Gotto are hard to pass!"†

It is possible some of our skippers, in dull-sailing merchant ships, may have reason to think so too, in the good time coming.

In the year 1579 terrible times dawned on Japan. The Portuguese had apparently worked marvels in Christianising the people. The great Xavier, having built fifty churches, and baptised as his own share thirty thousand natives, became so satisfied with the spiritual safety of his Japanese, that he had quitted the country, despairing of winning

* *Annals of the Art of War*—an historical work in 300 volumes, extracts of which have been translated by T. F. WADSWORTH, Esq.

† The Gotto Isles lie a short distance N.W. of Nagasaki; they would be a lee shore to a junk in the S.E. monsoon, if to leeward of her port.

there the crown of martyrdom, which he soon found upon the inhospitable coast of Southern China. About this time the Zia-noon, having quelled some intestine troubles, caused by various ambitious nobles, secured to himself greater power than he had hitherto enjoyed as the secular monarch. He adopted as his successor Taiko-sama, who, on the death of his benefactor, gave short shrift to all the disaffected princes and nobles in the land; and, aided by a powerful army, would have won a name as the conqueror of the Corea, had he not rendered himself still more remarkable by his edicts against Christianity. At first Taiko promised fair; but the Jesuits' refusal to baptise him because he would not give up his harem—the Portuguese captain's disregard of the order to take his ship to Taiko's residence for examination—the answer of the Spaniard, who, when asked by the Prince, "How is it that your king has managed to possess himself of half the world?" said, "He sends priests to win the people; his troops then are sent to join the native Christians, and the conquest is easy"—might naturally

excite alarm for his own authority and independence, and make him swear, as tradition has it, "that not a priest should be left alive in his dominions!" On 25th June 1587, the first edict for the banishment of the Catholic missionaries was issued. Taiko, by way, it is said, of getting rid of his disobedient subjects, sent large armies of Christians to the Corea, where they were victorious, though their losses were very great. In 1596 the edict was renewed against Christians; again all missionaries were ordered to quit the country. They disobeyed for the most part; and on 5th February 1597, twenty-three rebellious priests suffered death in Nangasaki, and were duly canonized by Pope Urban VIII. in 1627. Taiko-sama's warrant has been preserved, and says, "I have condemned these prisoners to death for having come from the Philippines to Japan under the pretended title of ambassadors, and for having persisted in my lands without my permission, and preached the Christian religion against my decree. I order and wish that they be crucified in my city of Nangasaki!"

CHAPTER VI.

In the following year, 1598, Taiko-sama died, and a usurper seized his throne. The Christians fancied all danger to be past, and the enormous profits of trade compensated for the loss of certain religious privileges. Kämpfer, who is a very sober-minded writer, assures us that the Portuguese exported from Japan three hundred tons of gold per annum for a considerable period; and that when, through the hostility of the Japanese, and the pertinacious competition of the Dutch, their prosperity was on the decline, their export of silver alone in the three last years amounted to the enormous sum of 5,637,000 taels, representing nearly two millions sterling in the present day, but twice as much at that time. The tolerant conduct at first of the successor of Taiko-sama might have been dictated by necessity or policy; but his suspicions of the Portuguese and Spanish missionaries were either

fomented or aroused into activity by support from the subjects of Protestant powers of Europe. Their arrival in Japan happened in so strange a manner, that the hand of Providence seems apparent in a course of events which prevented Roman Catholicism from taking firm root, where its influence might have entirely altered the present condition of Eastern Asia.

"In the year of our Lord God 1598," says the original account in dear delicious old Purchas, "Peter Vanderbaeg and Hans Vanderguck, chiefs of the Dutch Indian Company, made ready a fleet of five Hollanders to traffic unto the Indies. Tempted by the success of the Portuguese, the Dutch desired to enter upon the trade of those regions in spite of the hostility of the Dons, the bulls of the Pope, or the fires of the Inquisition. The admiral was stout Master Jacque Mahay, in the

good ship "Erasmus." From the pilot of this proud argosy, we have, in his letters to his wife, a faithful and touching record of the voyage, of which we will give a brief sketch.

William Adams was born "in Gillingham, two miles from Rochester and one mile from Chatham, where the queen's ships do lie, and he calls upon us to remember that he is thereby "a Kentish man." "I was," he says, "from the age of twelve brought up in Limehouse near London, being apprentice twelve years to one master Nicolas Diggina, and have served in the place of master and pilot in her majesty's ships, and about eleven or twelve years served the Worshipful Company of Barbary Merchants, until the Indian traffic from Holland began, in which Indian traffic I was desirous to make a little experience of the small knowledge which God hath given me."

The fleet in which Will Adams was embarked, sailed from the Texel on the 24th June 1598. Before they reached the equator sickness broke out, and they touched for refreshment on the coast of Guinea—a strong argument in favour of the late Premier's assertion as to the wonderful salubrity of that delightful naval station, and one which we freely place at his Lordship's disposal for the next annual motion of Mr Hutt, against the immolation of Christian officers and men to save about an equal number of negroes. However, in spite of the coast of Guinea, Admiral Jacque Mihay and many more died there before the fleet again sailed. In April 1599 they reached the Straits of Magellan, having decided that they should go to the Indies by way of the South Seas, to make, no doubt, those "experiences" for which bold Will Adams had such a craving. Cold, hunger, and sickness pressed heavily upon the poor Dutchmen, and when, by dint of perseverance and skill, the solitary ship "Erasmus" reached Moka on the coast of Chili, the Spaniards were ready to slay and entrap them on every opportunity. After waiting until November 1599 for her consort, only one vessel joined at the rendezvous, and she

was piloted by Will Adams's very good friend and countryman, "one Timothy Shotten, who had been with Master Thomas Cavendish in his voyage round the world." Two of the fleet, it was conjectured, had sunk at sea, and another was known to have fallen into the hands of the Spaniards. These same gentry suddenly one day set upon the captain of the "Erasmus," who was on shore purchasing supplies for his famishing crew, and besides slaying him and "my poor brother Thomas Adams," says Will in his letter, "they left scarce so many men whole as could weigh our anchor." The consort likewise lost her captain and twenty-seven men killed in another affair. Yet the resolute survivors, having appointed captains to their vessels, "held a council as to what they should do to make their voyage most profitable. At last it was resolved to go for Japan, for, by the report of Derrick Gerrtson, who had been there with the Portuguese woollen cloth was in great estimation in that island, and we gathered, by reason that the Malaccas and the most part of the East Indies were hot countries woollen cloths would not be much accepted. Therefore it was we all agreed to go to Japan."

Gallant fellows, decimated by disease and an active enemy, there is something very fine in their resolve to push across that great, and then but little-known sea—not in flight, not in abandonment of their enterprise, but to find a market for their woollens, which undoubtedly, as they appear to have somewhat tardily discovered, would have been a drug in the Indian market. On 29th November 1599, these two stout Hollanders, piloted by Will Adams and Timothy Shotten, bore up before the south-east trade wind on their long and lonely voyage. Nothing can give a clearer idea of their weary journey than the following entry in the narrative—"The wind continued good for divers months." They cross the equator, we follow them through island chains, where eight men are killed and eaten by the natives, we see them as at last they approach the western limit of the great South Sea. Storm and angry seas await

them as they come nigh Japan, and on the 24th February the "Erasmus" parts from her consort. Poor Timothy Shotten! he and his charge succumbed at last. Nevertheless the "Erasmus" still did her best—still directed her course for Japan. "The four and-twentieth day of March we saw an island called 'Una Colonna,' at which time many of our men were sick again, and divers dead. Great was the misery we were in, having no more than nine or ten men able to go or creep upon their knees, our captain and all the rest looking every hour to die. But on the 11th April 1600, we saw the high land of Japan near unto Bungo, at which time there were no more than five men of us able to go. The 12th April we came hard to Bungo, where many country barks came aboard us, the people whereof we willingly let come, having no force to resist them, and at this place we came to an anchor.

The Japanese Tai koon, or executive emperor, happened at the time to be at Oyaaka, the seaport of the spiritual capital, and when the circumstance of the arrival of other than a Portuguese or Spanish vessel was reported to him, he ordered the pilot, Master Adams, and one of the mariners, to be brought before him, the more so, doubtless, as the Portuguese represented the character of these new arrivals in anything but an amiable light, "for," says the Englishman's letter, "after we had been there (in Bungo) from five to six days, a Portugal Jesuit, with other Portugals, and some Japanese that were Christians, came from a place called Nangasaki, which was ill for us, the Portugals being our mortal enemies, who reported that we were pirates, and were not in the way of merchandising." As crucifixion was the penalty of this crime, and poor Adams and his companion were not aware that the other charge which was made against them, of being heretics, was rather a merit than otherwise with the rulers of Japan, it was natural that they took a tender leave of their sick captain and shipmates, and then adds the staunch old sailor "I commended myself into *His* hands that had pre-

served me from so many perils on the sea."

In the presence of the emperor he spoke up manfully "I shewed him," says Will Adams, "the name of our country, and that our land had long sought out the East Indies," and after explaining the purely mercantile purpose of their voyage, the king asked whether our country had wars? I answered him, "Yea, with the Spaniards and Portuguese, being at peace with all other nations." Well spoken, Will Adams! that was thy best and surest defence.

From what we have seen of Taikōsama's dealings with the Christians, we may conclude that, from a feeling of jealousy and dislike, his successor would see without regret the arrival of strangers of a different religion, who, though worn out with suffering, and with the prospect of immediate death before them, openly avowed their hostility to the subjects of those powerful monarchs of Spain and Portugal, of whose vast resources, wealth, and ambition he had heard so much. It was, however, some time before the resolute Englishman was relieved from suspense as to his own fate. Nine and thirty long days of anxiety were passed in prison, the emperor having in the mean time ordered the ship to be brought up to Oyaaka, and during all that time the Jesuits and Portugals used their utmost endeavours to have the crew of the poor "Erasmus" treated as thieves and robbers, and saying, "that if justice was executed upon us, it would terrify the rest of our nation from coming there any more, and," continues Adams, "to this intent they daily sued to his majesty to cut us off." But the pagan was more humane than the Christian, for, "praised be God for ever and ever!" ejaculated the saved sailor, "the emperor answered them, that because their two countries were at war was no reason why, to please Portugals, he should slay Dutch and Englishmen!" and forthwith Will Adams and his companion were liberated, and sent to their ship and shipmates. They saluted each other with much shedding of tears, for all on board had been informed that Adams and his

comrade had long since been executed. Bright days now smiled upon the soft-ried Dutchmen and their honest pilot; they were given everything they needed, treated most kindly, but they and their stout bark were never again to leave Japan. The "Erasmus" was ordered to the city of Yedo, then, as now, the capital of the Tai-koon, as Miaco was that of the Mikado. Will Adams's merits were so appreciated at court that he eventually obtained great influence. When, in 1600, the next Dutch ships arrived in Japan to act hostilely against the Portuguese, they found the Japanese government very well disposed towards them, and considerable privileges, as well as the port of Firando, were conceded to them, through the good offices of William Adams. Though he individually behaved with forbearance to the Portuguese, and, as he assures us, returned good for their evil, the Dutch had no such intention; and it is certain that, in introducing the Hollander to the commerce of Japan, our Englishman struck the deathblow to Portuguese interests there. By the Dutch ships Will Adams sent the interesting letters we have quoted, and at last, as he desired, stimulated his countrymen to enter upon the same remunerative trade. He had been thirteen years

in Japan, when at last he learnt that a ship bearing the red cross of England had reached Firando.

She was the "Clove" of London, belonging to the East India Company (then in its infancy), and commanded by Captain John Saris, furnished with a letter from King James I., and suitable presents to the emperor. The good ship "Clove" had pushed to sea from the Thames on April 18th, 1611, and reached Firando on the 11th of June 1613, two years having been profitably spent in trading on the way, as ships were wont to do in those days. Adams was then at Yedo, and was immediately sent for by the Prince of Firando, who, in the mean time, treated the newly-arrived Englishmen with marked attention. On the 29th July 1613, poor Will Adams arrived, and greeted his long expected countrymen; thirteen weary years he had looked forward hopefully, and at last the old man's prayer was granted. Early in August, Captain Saris, William Adams, and ten Englishmen, started for Yedo, bearing the royal letter and presents. The dignified bearing of Saris and the influence of Adams soon obtained from the emperor, or Tai-koon, a favourable treaty,* granting to England the most important privileges that had ever been conceded by Japan

* TREATY CONCLUDED BETWEEN THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN AND KING JAMES OF GREAT BRITAIN.—August 1613.

"ART. 1.—We give free license to the subjects of the King of Great Britain—viz. Sir Thomas Smith, Governor, and the Company of the East India merchants and adventurers—for ever safely to come into any of our ports of our empire of Japan, with their ships and merchandise, without any hindrance to them or their goods; and to abide, buy, sell, and barter, according to their own manner with all nations; to tarry here as long as they think good, and to depart at their pleasure.

"ART. 2.—We grant unto them freedom of custom for all such merchandises as either now they have brought, or hereafter shall bring into our kingdoms, or shall from hence transport to any foreign part; and do authorise those ships that hereafter shall arrive and come from England to proceed to present sale of their commodities, without further coming or sending up to our court.

"ART. 3.—If any of their ships shall happen to be in danger of shipwreck, we will our subjects not only assist them, but that such part of ship or goods as shall be saved be returned to their captain or cape merchant, or their assigns. And that they shall or may build one house or more for themselves in any part of our empire where they shall think fittest, and at their pleasure.

"ART. 4.—If any of the English merchants or others shall depart this life within our dominions, the goods of the deceased shall remain at the disposal of the cape merchant, and that all offences committed by them shall be punished by the said cape merchant according to his discretion; and our laws to take no hold of their persons or goods.

"ART. 5.—We will that ye our subjects trading with them for any of their com-

to a foreign power. Sams carried back a letter likewise from the Tai-koon Teyoan, in which he says he especially desires the friendship of James I., promises that his subjects shall be "heartily welcome," applauds much their worthiness and skill as navigators, and promises that in their "honourable enterprises of discoveries and merchandising, they shall find the said Tai-koon further them according to their desires."

The year 1613 saw the English factory established (as was the Dutch) at Firando. The English, from political reasons, very soon withdrew, and so avoided the troubles that overtook the other European residents in Japan. It is worthy of note that in the following year the persecution of the priests and their converts recommenced with renewed vigour, and ended, as I said before, in the expulsion of the Portuguese, and then the close imprisonment of the Dutch to the Island of Decima, where they have submitted to be considered anything but Christians.

In 1637 the great interdict was published, of which one paragraph runs thus—"No Japanese ship or boat whatever, nor any native of Japan, shall presume to go out of the country, and who acts contrary to this shall be put to death, and the ship and goods shall be forfeited, and all Japanese who return from abroad shall be put to death."

From that time their vessels have never voluntarily left the coasts of Japan, though many a shipload of poor wretches has drifted away in storms, and reached some foreign land. But when, as once or twice was done, Christian ships carried back these men to Japan, they have been sternly refused admittance. The American Government have,

however, of late years, wrought a change in the law on this point, and more than one Japanese seaman now, who has against his will been blown away to the Sandwich Islands or the American continent, has been restored to his country.

When, in 1673, the East India Company attempted to reoccupy their former factory, there was no Will Adams to be their advocate with the emperor. The selfish Dutchmen did not choose to remember that they owed their own introduction to Japan to the influence of the English sailor. Although the English were civilly treated, yet, at the instigation of the Dutch, our trade was refused, because our then reigning king (Charles II) was married to a daughter of the King of Portugal. The Dutch remained undisputed masters of the field until Sir Stamford Raffles made two attempts to break down their monopoly, but failed. After that no nation except Russia, whose ends are purely political, gave Japan further notice until 1831. In that year, American attention was directed to the islands, and it was thought that a good plea for introducing America to their notice in a kindly way might be found in sending back some shipwrecked Japanese sailors. They received a very uncivil welcome, and, repelled with violence, the ship "Morrison" deusted from her purpose. But not so the persevering nation that had sent her forth. If smaller ships did not succeed, bigger ships might, so the huge two-decker "Columbus," of 90 guns, and the corvette "Vincennes," were sent. This time, to speak the truth honestly, America wanted intercourse for commercial and political purposes with Japan. She then intended to be very shortly on the shores of the

modities, pay them for the same, according to agreement, without delay, or return their wares again unto them.

' Art 6—For such commodities as they have now brought or shall hereafter bring fitting for service and proper use, we will that no arrest be made thereof, but that the price be made with the cape merchant, according as they may sell to others and present payment upon the delivery of the goods.

" Art 7—If in discovery of other countries for trade, and return of their ships, they shall need men or victuals, we will that ye our subjects furnish them for their money as their need shall require.

" Art 8—And that without other passport, they shall and may set out upon the discovery of Jesso or any other part in or about our empire.

Pacific, and this great force ought to have shown the Japanese that Brother Jonathan was in earnest. But the Tai koon still held out. No trade except with Holland was still his motto, and America, being in no immediate hurry, was patient but watchful. In 1849 the Japanese were foolish enough to retain some American seamen shipwrecked upon the coast. The U S ship "Preble," Captain Glynn, forthwith dropped in and gave them such a shaking that they gladly liberated the citizens of the United States. Then a very efficient officer and admirable squadron were sent from America in 1853, to bring about by moral force some specific terms regulating the intercourse of the two countries. Commodore Perry, in his voluminous work, has so recently told us what

means he employed to this end, that we need say no more than that he fully succeeded. The treaty he obtained in itself is no great thing, but it was the small end of the wedge, and, after all, sailors cannot be expected to finess in diplomacy. Hardly was the ink dry with which this treaty was signed, when the lamentable war with Russia broke out, and the Japanese found their islands, creeks and inland seas used for a game of hide and seek played by the Russian and Allied squadrons. Then everybody wanted treaties with the Japanese, and in apparently a waggish humour, they gave a British admiral one in 1854, which must ever stand unique amongst such documents.

(To be continued)

HOW TO BOIL PEAS

So here we are safe at home once more from Lady Scrubbs, for which let us be thankful. Away with the vanities of patent leather, and let us find those easiest of slippers. And now, Mary, you be off to bed, there have been three terrible yawns already, I must sit up an hour and philosophise. "That means, smoke," you say. Well that's what a good deal of very reputable philosophy begins and ends in. "Let you stay?" By no manner of means, women don't understand philosophy, and don't require it—

'What moral is in being fat'

"You don't mind the cigar?" Of course not, no sensible woman does. But sitting up late, you know, is very bad for the complexion, and, besides, who can philosophise with a pretty face opposite him? Plato himself couldn't have done it, and I am not Plato, as you very well know.

Turk, sir, get up into that arm chair opposite, and let me stick this paper cheroot in your mouth, there, that looks companionable. Now look as wise as you can, and hold your tongue, it's what many other wise rational beings haven't the

sense to do. I shall address my remarks to you, and challenge contradiction. It is pleasant to have an imaginary opponent of this kind, one is always prepared for his arguments, and they are so much easier to answer. Whereas, your real live articulate-speaking human adversary, if he be worth anything, is never convinced. Mahomet was quite right in his system of persuasion: a man is seldom a hearty convert till he has been well thrashed.

Did you ever read "Peter Pindar"? Excuse me, my good friend, if, in these days of reading for the million, I very much doubt it. You have read the last shilling novel off the railway bookstall, no doubt, though there is such a strong resemblance between it and half-a-dozen of its predecessors that you have not the least idea at this moment what it was about, but as to your acquaintance with our really original English writers, I suspect the less closely we examine you the better. Well, you possibly know that Peter was Dr Wolcot, and that he amused himself and the public by libelling—with tolerable good humour, however, I should say—that best of men and

monarchs, or that pig headed Hanoverian farmer, (which was he?) George the Third. He was, in short, to that respected personage much what Punch may be supposed to be to Prince Albert, only his jokes were better, and the fact of their being rather broader was no discredit in his days.

But as he may not be a very familiar acquaintance to the men of this generation, let me tell you one of his stories, in which I assure you there is nothing whatever disrespectful either to the third George or to the present Prince Consort, or even any scandal against poor Queen Elizabeth, which has been of late revived. The original is in verse, and is called 'the Pilgrim and the Peas. Two unfortunate sinners, by way of penance, were bid to undertake a pilgrimage to Loretto the place to which (as all good Catholics, we will charitably trust, do not believe) a little red house belonging to the Virgin Mary walked of itself one fine morning. To Loretto, then, they were bound, and by way of making the travelling easy and pleasant, there being no excursion trains in those days, their father confessor had recommended them to put peas in their shoes. Any one who has walked a mile with an accidental grain or two of gravel under the heel of his stocking may form some idea of what it would be to do fifty (that was the distance) under their circumstances. One of them had scarcely got over half his journey in much bodily grief, and in a frame of mind scarce befitting a penitent—for, according to our friend Peter, he was doing anything but blessing 'the souls and bodies of the peas'—when he met his brother sinner returning, stepping out as briskly as if he were the daily post man and happy in the consciousness of having been thoroughly white washed, and free to begin a new score. He very naturally expressed his surprise and envy, in pretty strong language too, according to Dr Wolcot, whom therefore I decline to quote. As to his getting to Loretto, he said, it was quite out of the question, if his absolution depended upon that, there was an end of him, for the peas, at all events,

had done their duty, and he had not a toe left to stand upon. How had the other managed?—was it long practice, or a miracle? Neither one nor the other, the simplest thing in the world, as all great discoveries are,—“Why, to tell the truth,” said the successful traveller,—

‘Just before I ventured on my journey,
To walk a little more at ease,
I took the liberty to boil my peas

Now, in this story there lies an admirable moral, which may perhaps have been an unintentional prophecy on our friend Peter's part, for, indeed, morals do not seem to have been much in his line. But I trust you will not imagine for a moment that such a story would have been introduced by me here except with a very high moral and philosophical purpose. We have all of us heard this human life of ours very often described as a pilgrimage. Very often indeed, especially in some of those dull sermons about which we have all on a sudden become so critical. Rather a favourite theological fancy, in short, and, as such, common property, from Bishop Patrick and John Bunyan down to the present archbishops and Mr Spurgeon,—which is a long way down. Yet the word is by no means so very happy a selection after all. It will not do to say that we have scriptural authority for it in the English translation, no doubt, it stands visible enough, but there is nothing whatever in the word in the original which at all corresponds to our English notion of a pilgrim. We surely understand by the term, a person who undertakes a journey *purposely* long, or wearisome, or perilous, or it may be all these combined, either as an expiation of some crime, or with the view of thereby purchasing a certain quantum of sanctity. “A superstitious discipline” is what our modern theological dictionaries give us as the explanation of the word “pilgrimage.” And we picture to our selves at once, if we call up our notions of the pilgrim apart from the accident of theological association, a weary, way worn traveller, voluntarily expatriating himself for a while, from a high religious motive, making an asceticism more or less

strict a necessary part of his vow, and looking forward, as the termination of his wanderings, not to the city or the shrine towards which his vow leads him—and here lies the great failure in the analogy—but to the country from which he set out. Not merely to reach Jerusalem, or Rome, or Loretto, was the real pilgrim's object, but to return to his own home, and resume his place in society when his penance was completed, or his religious standing secured. It is plain that this is not the idea conveyed in any passage where the word occurs in the Bible, it could not be, for pilgrimage is of necessity a comparatively modern idea, and one rather wonders, when one comes to think about it, that the Puritan writers especially, excellent men, who hated palmer, and penance, and absolution, and religious vows, with an honest and hearty hatred, should have been so very fond of the word. Bunyan's pilgrim is, in fact, no pilgrim at all, the very last thing he would have wished to do would have been to return to the City of Destruction where he was born, he is a traveller, and a soldier, and these are the real similitudes which the sacred writers use. Man is a way farer, life is a journey, man is a soldier, life a campaign, but surely the soldier will hardly fight the better for looking upon his vocation as a hardship, or the traveller get through his journey more successfully for groaning at every step.

But I find myself basely taking advantage of the preacher's privilege of having no one to contradict me, to add another to the dull sermons inflicted on a helpless public,—and under such a shabby disguise too! My apology is, that I would not willingly be suspected, even over a cigar, of throwing the slightest ridicule, intentional or otherwise, upon any scriptural view of human life, but if it turns out to be only a theological view instead of a scriptural one, I have not the slightest additional respect for it on that ground. It must stand or fall by its own weight, and put up with a little rough handling like the rest of us, if it be not orthodox, but only *your* doxy, as Swift has it, then let it take its chance.

I argue, then, if you will have it still that life is a pilgrimage—(and really Bunyan and Bishop Patrick, to say nothing of the resuscitated Guillaume de Guilleville, have had possession of the field so long that it may seem ungrateful as well as hopeless to try to dispossess them)—at all events there can be no objection to boiling the peas. In fact, the great mistake we are all apt to make is the not doing so. Troubles we shall all have, plenty of them, Heaven help us! But it has been admirably said, that "the worst are those which never come" certainly they are those which we run to meet half-way, and look at through magnifying glasses when they do arrive. If life must be a pilgrimage, let us put a stout heart to it, and not make it a more painful one than it need be. Let us set the palmer's hat on jauntily, and take a little wine with us in that mediæval looking bottle. The peas must be in the shoes, that makes part of our sentence, little things in themselves, but with a wonderful capacity for making themselves unpleasant, but there can be no religious or moral obligation against boiling them, and the difference it makes is wonderful. This *secitio per esse felice* is not a difficult one, yet few things seem so little understood by the pilgrims of this highly civilized nineteenth century. Some men, instead of boiling their peas, seem to take a pride and pleasure in choosing for themselves the largest and the hardest—Brobdingnag marrowfat—and disposing them conscientiously under the tenderest places. It would be nothing to them to walk through life without a grievance. Grievances are part of their inherited privileges as Englishmen. They must have come in with Magna Charta and Habeas Corpus. We have been called "a nation of grumblers," and most of us probably take it as a compliment. There was once a difficulty amongst the schoolmen in finding out for the human species its proper logical *differentia* (meaning thereby, my unlogical friend, that which specially distinguishes men from other animals). Plato, as is well known, had marked him down as a "featherless biped," which was

irreverently illustrated by one of his scholars by plucking a cock (probably a cochin-china), and turning him out in the lecture-room as "Plato's man;" some one else suggested "laughing," but was met by the case of the hyena. "Rational" was a characteristic which would obviously occur to many; but such a shallow definition could not stand for a moment before any one who had seen the learned pig, and compared him with some of his human visitors. It must have been a Briton who at last hit upon the happy conceit of man's being a "discontented" animal; that this was what our modern teachers call his normal state, and that such a term could not be truly predicated of any other creature under the sun. They might be discontented, it is true, accidentally, as the logicians have it; the cochin-china, for instance, with nothing to cover his ridiculous legs, the pig in a gate, the hyena in the zoological gardens; but discontent, *par et simple*, was the high distinction of the nobler animal alone.

It seems a distinction never likely to be lost in our branch of the human family for want of due assertion. If, as palæontologists assure us, certain extinct species, alike in all their ordinary developments, are still distinguished from the existing type, and recognised at once and for ever as extinct species by some variety in the formation of the jaw, or distribution of the teeth, or equally minute but certain differences; and if time and climate seem to operate so wonderfully as to affect even the workings of nature, and induce her to modify the moulds of her original creation, so that the elephant of our days is not the elephant of the pliocene formation; and if ever the march of civilisation has a somewhat similar effect, and future generations can no longer show the bump of grumbling on their improved craniums; still, when the fossil Briton of the age of *Blackwood's Magazine* is dug up by that New Zealander (what a useful person he is!) he will assuredly carry some slight but distinctive mark in his conformation to vindicate his claim to a separate label in the museum as an undoubted "*homo primigenius malecontentus*."

"Why shan't I him?" says the free and independent Briton in the pit. "I've got a right to him; I've paid my money." This is the principle upon which a good many of us seem to go throughout life. "We are not here for amusement, or for pleasure; that's all very well; but we go for our rights: some people are weak enough to be gratified by the entertainment provided for us; they laugh and enjoy themselves, because they don't know better; but we see a good many hitches in the performance; it's not so good as we have seen—not so good as it ought to be: we flatter ourselves that we are rather good judges of this kind of thing; and the advantage of being a good judge, you see, is, that while you are delighted, we are disgusted. Let's hiss again—louder." There you have the free translation of a good deal of what passes for rather transcendental thinking. Take up any modern poet, and see whether he does not sing something after this tune. He is too wise for the world he lives in. He can see what you cannot—the snake in the grass, the poison in the flower. There was a time—before he was a poet—when his eyes, like yours, were blinded. He thought this world rather a pleasant place, in spite of many imperfections. But now—he pities you if you still think so—that's all. Enjoy your innocent delusion; be happy, be contented, if such is your base nature. He forgives you, but he rather despises you: he could tell you a great deal, but you are not worthy of it; so he puts it all into some very fine language for you, and then it remains like a sibyl's oracle—musical and mysterious. Men are fond of murdering Hamlet, both on the stage and off it; there are plenty of aspirants to the character, with whose dispositions "it goes so heavily, that this goodly frame the earth seems a sterile promontory—this brave o'er-hanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, no other thing than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours."

If ever, my excellent friend opposite—if ever this morbid gloom threatens to close in upon you, as perhaps it does upon us all sometimes,

let me beg you not to sit down and sentimentalise about it. If you have been indulging in too many of the good things of life, as is the case with a large class of discontented geniuses, take some blue pill. The world is not out of course—it's your liver, it's not philosophy—it's bile. Or rush vigorously up the highest hill you can find, mount Arthur Seat, or climb Snowdon, if within reach: if it be your misfortune to live in a flat country, get up a tree or a church tower. Get a higher view of life. Enlarge your mental horizon, and stretch your legs at the same time. Things will soon look very different. Or get on a good horse, if you are anything of a sportsman, and have a good burst after the hounds. Ride at everything—breaking your neck would not be of much consequence to yourself, in your present frame of mind, by your own admission, and probably of none at all to the public generally. You'll come home another man—if you don't come home on a hurdle. Or again, if you chance to have been living too low (a bad habit, unless it have the excuse of necessity) "*indulge genio*" take a few glasses of wine—champagne, if you can get it, even if not genuine Moët or Chloquet, it's not the juice of perdition (unless it be made of rhubarb), it has the merit, as we learn from good authority, of making glad the heart of man occasionally—try its effect on yours. I am supposing you, remember, not to be fretting yourself about pitiful trifles, but to be indulging in that nobler form of discontent which is the purgatory, we are told, of superior minds—that miserable undefined feeling of life's being a burden and a weariness, which may generally be traced to a torpid state of the bodily functions, such a strange and humiliating truth it is—which we really should thank you philosophers to explain to us—that the body thus tyrannises over the spirit. Come, let me help you to a moral and physical remedy combined. If you have not the nerve to hunt, and champagne has long lost its charm, let us take a walk. Step out briskly, and never mind the dirt. There sits Bill Green

breaking stones, he is paid by the yard, and will make about one-and-ninety pence if he works hard as long as the light holds. Go and talk to him a bit, he'll be pleased to be treated as a human being, though he loses perhaps a pennyworth of time by it, for he stops his hammer, out of courtesy, to answer you. "Cold work this stone breaking by the road side in November." Well, Bill admits it, it is cold, but "it's uncommon fine dry weather for the time of year." That's Bill's philosophy, that's how he boils his peas. There are sermons in stones, you see, even in our geological generation. Don't give Bill a tract in return, that excellent lady who has just passed by before us, in a carriage and pair, with crimson liveries and a very large coat-of-arms, has already given him one more than he can read. There it is, in Bill's hat, entitled *The Stone Breaker*, if you want to know—a very appropriate and taking allegory, Bill's heart being therein set forth in a figure as the stone, only harder—much harder. How came the lady to know? Suppose Bill now were to have an allegorical fit upon him, and take upon himself to spiritualise that charitable and fashionable party, with the bright liveries and fat horses, into some comparison with a certain other lady we have read of—in scarlet, and riding upon a beast—how would she like it? Bill has his regular parson already, and a long-winded Independent preacher at the meeting house besides, why is he to be made a mark for amateur apostles to practise at? No—give him six pence instead, fourpence halfpenny will maintain him in the weed which his soul loveth for a week, and he can buy two tracts of his own selection, and somewhat less personal, if he prefers it, with the odd three halfpence.

There's little Joe Twist going back to his work, he has to get up at five these cold dark mornings, and tramp two miles in the fog to Squashton Farm, but he has had his dinner now, and is as happy as a king. Listen—he is whistling "*Cheer boys, cheer*"—admirably. He is but twelve years old, and he can drive a cart—

ay, and plough "a bit," and you couldn't whistle half as well, and don't know the tune to begin with. And as to ploughing, Joe would give twopence, poor as he is, to see you at it, and Joe carried his little brother (he is two years younger, and keeps the pigs) the first mile on his back this morning, because he cried so with his chilblains (did you ever try to put on stiff half dried boots, on a winter morning, with your feet all red blisters!—that's worse than peas in your shoes, I can tell you). Do you suppose Joe makes himself miserable about life, or his little brother either? Not a bit of it. If you could only hear them as they come home along the road together at night, you would be surprised at the fun they have in them. They have got that receipt for boiling peas, too, from some merciful teaching which beats even the modern national school master and he has a first-class certificate, and knows very nearly as much as he thinks he does, which is saying a great deal.

Do you feel at all better? Your eyes look brighter already. Come, step out. I'm not going to let you off a yard under ten miles. Stay—look over that gate. There are three

hearty young fellows playing skittles for beer, I have more than a suspicion—and I am afraid they ought to be at work. For that matter, so perhaps ought you and I. We have both played at skittles too, or some thing worse, in our time, when we might have been doing better. Look how they enjoy it! Should you mind having a game yourself now, supposing the world and his wife were gone from home you know? I shouldn't but I had rather not drink the beer. It will never do for us two to sit in the seats of Minos and Rhadamanthus in judgment even over these poor scapegraces. They had far better be playing at skittles, and even drinking that vile publican's compound, than be sitting down grumbling over the evils of the state of life to which it has pleased Providence to call them. Suppose they do lose half a day's work, let us only trust Farmer Jobson, remembering his own delinquencies, will not turn them off for it. "It's a poor heart that never re-

joices." That's their motto—and it contains as much wisdom, of a homely pattern, as many of the wise men's maxims.

So turn we homewards, for these days soon close in. There stands Mrs Green, at her cottage door, waiting for her Bill to come home from work. "Wretched, slatternly woman!" Now, why call her names? She is not your wife, remember. She is not that perfect model of elegance and propriety in personal or household arrangements which you have had the good fortune to secure. If she were, you don't suppose she would have married Bill Green, or have added very materially to his comfort if she had so far condescended. She would very soon have put poor Bill's pipe out, you may be sure. In his eyes, possibly, she is all that is deplorable as she is. He prefers her in a *negligée*, or, shall we say, doesn't care much about it, provided the bacon and greens be hot. Coarse, but comfortable. She swore at Bill this morning, it is true, just before he went to work—a proceeding by no means to be defended but remember, Mrs Rhadamanthus—oh no, never swears certainly not probably doesn't know how—but conveyed to you this same morning in the most perfectly polite and ladylike language, her distinct impression that you were a brute, and will probably, as you know, preserve in consequence a dignified and injured demeanour all day whereas Bill and his wife will both, by this time, have quite forgotten their little difference in the busy toil of their humble existence. Well, slatternly I think you called her, but the time which the charming mistress of your establishment spends in adorning her stately person, poor Molly has employed in 'tying up for a sick neighbour, and sat up with her half the night besides. It is difficult certainly, with our modern notions, to recognise any sacredness in dirt, but I confess, under the circumstances, I regard Mrs Green's *disabille* with much greater reverence than I could ever have bestowed upon that under garment of pious memory which St Somebody (I forget her name, and in any case should suppress it from motives of delicacy),

after wearing it unchanged for some fifteen years, bequeathed to the kisses of the faithful.

Don't mistake me, my excellent and fastidious friend: it is not that I undervalue the delicacies and refinements of life, I would not have Mrs Green for my wife for any earthly consideration whatever, but I hold this understratum of society to be a very necessary part of our social building. We must neither wish nor expect to find the high finish and the polish which we put very properly upon the upper works, and we ought to be very thankful to find it so sound and strong at bottom. If life be really a sore pilgrimage to any, it must surely be to these, and see how easily and cheerfully they take it. We are very busy some of us just at present, in St Paul's and elsewhere, with special missions and special services for the working classes, very excellent things if judiciously managed: we can teach them many things, no doubt, and it is well that we should, but there are a good many lessons on the other hand, and these not the least important, which we may well learn from them.

We may take it as a pretty certain symptom that we have not much to complain of in earnest, that we are all apt to fuss ourselves so much about trifles. The groans of the Britons are the highest possible tribute to the working of our national institutions. When you see the columns of the *Times* occupied with the letters of Paterfamilias about his coals—about his beer—about the ten minutes he was detained so unwarrantably at Crewe Junction—about the extra shillings which his hear apparent has to pay for knocking in late at Cambridge, and the half-crown he was charged at Diddlum's hotel for that last beef steak—you may be pretty sure that, if you turn to the "trade report" of the same date, you will find that things look lively at Birmingham—that the market is "quite cheerful" at Leeds—that there are no bread riots at Manchester—and that, with wheat down to thirty-five shillings a quarter, farmers are the only grumblers. The broadsheets from Printing house

Square had no room for hotel-bills and railway grievances on the 10th of April 1848. At that date Paterfamilias was probably wielding a special constable's staff instead of a goose-quill, and the "thirsty soul" barricading himself in his cellar. We never heard much about these sufferers while we had the Russian war on our hands, when there is real distress in the household, the most querulous children learn to hold their tongues.

Look at some of the popular grievances of late years which these irritable old gentlemen, not content with exasperating themselves, have insisted on plaguing the public with. Take the crusade against street music. It disturbs them, forsooth! Disturbs who, or what? Some conceited prig of an author hammering his brains over a production which, for his credit and his pocket's sake, he had better burn, some mathematician intent upon squaring the circle, or some nervous patient who dislikes a noise. Grant all the facts, that they are so disturbed, they are very small units in the city population, and we have no more right whatever, for their mere comfort and convenience, to stop the street band than we have to stop the street omnibus or Pickford's waggons. How are the little London boys to learn the airs out of the new operas if you stop the barrel organs? They are much more popular, and every whit as useful, as two-thirds of the books we print, and the discoveries we announce so grandly. If ever any attempt is made to put those unfair and selfish restrictions upon one of the few innocent enjoyments (few enough they are) open to the children of the streets, let us hope that our friends at St Paul's will not think it beneath their dignity to devote a little "special service" to this point also. Let us have the street-preacher by all means, but save us also the street-musician, even if one per annum of our city geniuses goes mad under the infliction. There was a war of much the same kind waged a year or two ago, against hoops on the pavement, they were found to be in the way of respectable elderly ladies, and the hoops, I am afraid,

have been banished in consequence, though, if the truth were known, it would be found also that elderly ladies, what with themselves, their poodles in a string, and occasionally their Bath-chairs, were much more in the way of the little boys, but then they, poor fellows, could not write to the *Times* on their side of the question.

What an exaggerated amount of indignation we have lately been pestered with, levelled against the French passport system!—more mischievous than ordinary grumblings in this that there was an attempt evidently made to get up a national ill feeling on the subject, which has happily been an utter failure. There never was, as a matter of fact any difficulty on the subject, except to a select few, either determinedly obstinate or hopelessly stupid. And even if there had been, what right have we to complain of another nation's requirements as to its visitors? May not our police regulations appear to some foreigners equally vexatious unnecessary and ridiculous? What does our honest German friend say of us in his heart, when first he spells out that barbarous notice at London Bridge railway station—"Smoking strictly prohibited" and when, after sitting in dudgeon for the first twenty miles of his journey, he discovers, by a director getting in with a cigar in his mouth what this strict prohibition amounts to? The Japanese ladies we are told by 'our special correspondent, do their tubbing publicly at their street doors, and enjoy at the same time the mornings' gossip with their friends as they pass. Now imagine one of those pretty innocents taking lodgings in Regent Street in the city of the western barbarians, and proceeding, without the slightest intention of giving offence, to do after the custom of her country. She would have policemen B 1 to 99 down upon her in no time, and if fortunate enough to escape being carried off straightway on a stretcher (covered with the sergeant's great-coat) to the nearest lock up, would at all events have it pretty severely impressed upon her that, in this land of boasted liberty, we are weak enough

to insist, upon all such occasions, on the most stringent precautionary measures in the way of blinds and curtains. Suppose, further, that this unprotected female, thus inhospitably treated, writes a statement of her grievance to the *Times* (who, of course, keep a Japanese scholar on the strength of their establishment), inveighing loudly against the dreadful state of morality in this country, where even common cleanliness is prohibited on the score of propriety? I really don't see in what the cases differ. The Fiji chief, if he will walk along the Strand, must wear a shirt, it's a fancy of ours—a weakness perhaps but we insist upon it, if he objects to comply with our police regulations, he can stay at home. He may eat his wife there, if he is very fond of her, he mustn't here on any account. These are the little drawbacks to a residence in London. So the French Emperor too has his little prejudices. A bit of paper with Lord Malmesbury's seal and autograph must be about your person, if you wish to enjoy the baths at Dieppe, or sun yourself on the Boulevard des Italiens. It's of no use that's very true a mere piece of botheration (so is a shirt to a man who is not used to it), but the customs of the country require it. There is no more to be said, if you wrote for a week on the subject. We don't think the French Empire much the safer for passports, perhaps neither the Japanese nor the Fijian may think the morality of London much the better for its drapery.

But the fact is, that to some people, everything they don't happen to like is at once voted 'an intolerable nuisance. Not having their share of the real hardships of this world, they compensate themselves by making the most of minor ones. To the Sybarite the crumpled rose-leaf might have been a real torment. Some people, having nothing better to annoy them, spend half their lives in scolding their servants, and all to no purpose, as they innocently assure you. "It's no use speaking of course it isn't, if it is only to say the same thing over and over again. Why waste breath and temper? If you have been unlucky enough to get

a bad servant, either get rid of him or her at once—or, if that be inconvenient, make the best of the bad bargain as long as it lasts. All the alchemy of scolding in the world will never transmute a ten pound button into a fifty guinea butler, or teach the plain cook to toss up an omelet like Soyer. Girls will have followers, glass will break, and china chip, as long as the nature of all such frail vessels remains unchanged. If such trifles are too much for your temper, there is no remedy but to keep an establishment of one-eyed Gorgons, and drink out of wooden bowls. Servants are "the greatest plague in life," we have heard pretty often, some day, if the march of education goes on and we all take to writing our autobiographies, we may hope to have the servants' opinion of the masters and mistresses. Then, again, how miserable some people make themselves and their children, by a perpetual worry about trifles. They adopt an insane view of the merits of order and regularity, and sacrifice their own and every one else's comfort to an attempt to regulate the versatile human instincts like a piece of clockwork. I once spent a week in one of these well ordered families: it was a great punishment to me, I hope also in some degree to my entertainers. The iron rule of that house was "a place for everything and everything in its place." I wasn't. The disgrace my somewhat vagrant habits led me into there was dreadful. The very first morning I opened *Paterfamilias's* newspaper, which was always laid in one particular spot upon the breakfast table, never to be violated by any hand but his. There I stood, with my back to the fire, conning the outspread sheets, and nodding a cheerful good morning to my host when he entered. I had the hardihood even to read to him (out of his own paper!) the last Indian despatch—very politely, as I thought—and to request his assistance to decipher the possible place intended by a dozen letters which the telegraph clerk appeared to have selected at random. To do him justice, he bore this inroad on his rights with tolerable outward composure, but I was formally

made aware, on the first opportunity, by Mrs P, of the outrage I had committed, and made to feel as uncomfortable as I deserved. Then I left my handkerchief on the drawing room floor, one glove on the library table, another in the governess's parasol (which certainly was not the place for it, and how it got there I have no conception), and was formally presented with each article separately, and an account of its discovery, in the presence of the whole family assembled for dinner. One day the whole household was under strict cross-examination as to who had come into the drawing room with dirty shoes. I was the culprit, of course, but I was too great a coward to confess. Besides, the lady knew perfectly well who it was, but was polite enough to entertain the fiction that such conduct was impossible in any well bred person. It must have been one of the children or the housemaids, of course, and the whole investigation was intended for my solemn warning and improvement. Just as they used to whip a little boy vicariously to strike terror into misbehaving little princes. Then the terrible punctuality which made slaves of all of us, and kept me always looking at my watch, and always afraid of being late for some thing, as indeed I was once for dinner in spite of all precautions—four minutes and a half exactly. Shall I ever forget it? If they only had had the charity to sit down quietly with out me—if they had put me off with no soup, cold fish, and the last ragged cut of the mutton—if they had sent me to bed without any dinner at all, as once happened to me when I was a little boy—or inflicted upon me any other reasonable and humane form of punishment but no there they were all waiting for me in the drawing room, all standing up, the door set wide open, and the head of the family opening fire upon me at once, before I was well inside it, with, "Now, Mr —, will you take in Mrs P?" Of course, I hammered and stammered over an apology—"quite unintentional," and so forth. "Oh, of course they knew it must be quite unintentional, only"—in a semi-whisper—"Mr P did not like wait-

ing for his dinner." There was an abominable child, too, in that family, the very incarnation of premature method and order. All the other children had redeeming points of carelessness and destructiveness about them, and we soon established a sort of freemasonry among ourselves as fellow culprits, trying to keep each other out of scrapes as much as possible, they conveying to me private warnings as to how soon the prayer bell would ring in the morning, and in how many minutes the carriage would be at the door, and furnishing me with much valuable secret intelligence as to the enemy's weak points, and the interpretation of the laws of the Medes and Persians, to whom I was in captivity, and I finding substitutes for unpounded pencils, mending a broken Cupid who carried the wax matches in his quiver, brushing the boys' clothes after birds' nesting, "before Mamma saw them," and actually cutting up the ribbon of my eye glass into shoe ties for one young lady who was generally in trouble upon that score. But as to the imp I speak of, he was irreproachable. If I left the door open, he got up and shut it, not quietly, you understand, but offensively and reproachfully. If I took down a volume from its shelf, and it left my hand for one moment, if he could get at it, it was up in its place again before I knew what had become of it. I took courage one cold morning there being no one but he and I in the room, to stir the fire, and put the poker, when I had done with it, under the grate (which I take to be the natural place for a poker), when up jumps this well behaved little monster, and arranges it by rule and measure where he has been told it ought to be. I take credit to myself for very great forbearance—he and I being alone—that I checked an inclination to punch his head with it. Is it excusable in any rational beings to put themselves under such a life-long penance as this, and to bring up their children, and force the unhappy stranger whom they get with in their gates, to do likewise?

As to the thousand petty vexations which we invent for ourselves in an over-civilised state of society, they

have been the stock subject of satire ever since satire existed: they have been preached at till we are tired of the text, and laughed at (in other people) till we can laugh no longer. Still, to this moment, in our own rank of society, they make the daily bitterness of life. We torment ourselves because Mr. A cut us in the street, because the B's did not ask us to dinner, because we were asked to meet the C's, and not the D's, or because the E's saw us getting out of a second class railway carriage. Not one of these things makes the slightest real difference to our comfort or happiness, and in nine out of ten of such cases, no one is conscious of any neglect or annoyance but ourselves. Our imagination supplies the peas, in this case, and our vanity will not suffer us to try the boiling plan.

Look at the British pilgrim again on his foreign travels. He halts considerably over the passport difficulty, we have observed, at starting. But boil his peas, indeed!—not he, not if he knows it. He lumps along upon little worries of his own creation, proud of them as if they were the ancestral gout that proves his pedigree, and comes home with sore toes in consequence. He calls for his bottled stout in the most impossible places, and grumbles if he is charged in proportion to the distance from Messrs. Guinness and Co. The scene in *Tancred*, where his English body servants think it rather hard not to have lump sugar with their coffee in the Arab sheikh's tent in the desert, and lament over "the family prayers and the home brewed," is no exaggeration whatever, if it never literally occurred, we may, any of us, see the ditto of it enacted over and over again.

Turk, sir, you're asleep. And my cigar is out. The remark, sir, which I was about to address in conclusion to you or to any other traveller on the road of life is—take things easy. If I may be allowed to quote an ancient vernacular poet—

"A light heart and a thin pair of breeches
Will go through the world, brave boys."

To which may be added, by way of corollary, that a grumbling, discontented spirit will fret through the

stoutest corduroys in comparatively no time. There will be trials duly appointed for you, penances which you must perform whether or no; but even these will hardly be lightened by making a long face. And there will be still more of which the making and the mending will lie entirely in your own hands. If you choose to speculate in annoyances, there lies a large field open to you, between your own weaknesses and your neighbour's. But let me advise you not to take more shares than you can help. Have as high an opinion of yourself and your deserts as you please, but don't expect to cut all the world out after your own pattern. Keep a good digestion, if possible, and a cheerful temper; it's easy enough to laugh when you win; but, you may depend upon it, it will prove a great advantage to your play in the end, to be able to laugh when you lose. If you go by rail, don't worry yourself about the train being ten minutes behind time; it's your very idle men, be it remarked, whose minutes are always so immensely valuable. You will be quite in time for all you have to do if you don't start for another half-hour; and may count yourself luckier than many of your neighbours if you don't arrive sometimes before you are wanted. Don't fret about being expected at home; you'll find your chaste "*Lucrece combing the fleece*" (i. e. doing her crochet) under the midnight moderator with the utmost patience, even if you are a few minutes after your time. Don't stamp about the platform; don't threaten the company with an

action; don't write to the *Times*; buy a copy instead, and amuse yourself with *Paterfamilias* and his troubles in print. And when the train comes up at last and you take your seat, don't tell us how very superior the French and Austrian carriages are, with their plate glass and morocco leather; go and live in France or Austria if you prefer it, and see how much better off you find yourself there. You will be apt to find in those strongly-governed countries an extra pea or two in your shoes that will pinch you pretty considerably before you have been naturalised there long.

There was a solemn dictum of Pythagoras which much puzzled his scholars, and has been a perplexity to the learned ever since—"Abstain from beans." Some think it contained a deep political allusion—beans being the substitute for voting-papers at Athens—and that extending, as he no doubt meant it to do, to future ages, it conveys to us a warning against having anything to do with Mr Bright and the ballot. Others suppose that it referred to his doctrine of the transmigration of souls, and that he feared he might some day be guilty of eating his grandmother in the bodily shape of a haricot. Possibly, like some other wise men, he did not quite understand himself; possibly it was only intended as a burlesque upon all sententious philosophy. Let me offer, as an appropriate pendant to that great man's saying, this which, not being a great man, I have felt bound to explain—"Boil your peas."

AN ANGLING SAUNTER IN SUTHERLAND

DURING summer, one of the Quarterly Reviews—it is neither necessary nor convenient to remember which of that now numerous family—indulged itself incidentally in some remarks to the effect that it is very presumptuous in people to write (in Magazines, we presume) about such matters as angling, because anglers form a very small community, and the subject cannot have either interest or amusement for anybody else. With deference, this doctrine—though delivered with all that solemnity and air of old experience which, somehow or another, periodicals published no oftener than once in three months think it necessary to assume as soon as they are born—is really what the polite call nonsense, and the more in did trash. In the first and least place, anglers are not so small a community as the reviewer solemnly assumes, but a very large one, with many and various claims to have their wants supplied and their words listened to, and secondly and conclusively, it is a fallacy of great size and entire hollowiness to say that people take no interest in anything they have not seen or cannot do. As well almost say that people will not read about countries they have not visited or do not trade with, or that people cannot be expected to look at pictures they could not paint, as maintain, like this excessively grave, and, we suspect, reverend seignior, that it is impertinence or boredom to write about a sport which all have not the opportunity or the inclination to practise. "With these views" (as people say in giving a toast or proposing a resolution, after they have signally failed to give you a view of anything), and having also in view two excellent little books* which last summer brought forth, we venture to think that a short and rude account of some experiences acquired in a saunter round the remote and rough, but (in an angling point of view) paradisiacal county of Sutherland,

may be of use to some of those who may choose to read it, and do no great harm even to those who may prefer to read something wiser and better.

The best though not nearest way to Sutherlandshire and our subject, is by steamer through the Hebrides. There are two routes, or two ways of "doing" the route, Glasgow or Greenock being in both cases the starting point—by the Kyles of Bute and the Crinan Canal to Oban, sleeping at that town of hotels a night, and catching the Skye steamer at a reasonable hour in the morning, or taking the Skye steamer when it leaves the Clyde in the evening, and spending the night (in a comfortable berth), rounding that inscrutable impediment to navigation, called Can'tyre, which is so wonderfully and in conveniently made, that, after steaming swiftly all night, you find yourself at waking within three or four miles of where you were at bedding. Take it either way (of course, the route is the same from Oban northwards), you have what many, and we among them, regard as the finest scenery in the three kingdoms, viewed in comfort and luxury from vessels rushing smoothly along at from ten to eighteen miles an hour (eighteen mile is nothing to the "Iona," one of the noble steamers of the fleet of Messrs Hutcheson & Co., the firm which, barring an occasional rebellion by the west wind rules the Hebridean waves). Nowhere can you make so sudden and deep a plunge from multitude to solitude, from city to desert. This hour you are leaving the crammed and roaring streets of the second city of the United Kingdom, as you pass on, your ears are deafened, yet your heart cheered, by the din of thousands of hammers "closing rivets up" in those stately ocean giants which in a few months more will be dotting Mexican and Australian seas, and the next hour you are sweeping along

* *Salmon Cuts and Stray Shots*, by JOHN COLQUHOUN Esq., and *The Tourist's and Angler's Guide to the North of Scotland*, by ANDREW YOUNG, Inverness VOL. LXXXV.—NO. DXX.

past deserts thinly peopled by men of another race and language, within hearing of the bleat of the sheep upon the turf kept fresh by the ocean spray, and in the very shadow of the towering and jagged cliffs which sentinel the region round and defy the Atlantic's might. Onward between a sea-indented mainland, and a chain of islands as large as counties—through labyrinths of islets, past territories and towers of poetic or historic fame—

"Ulva dark and Colonsay,
And all the groups of islets gay
That guard famed Staffa round,"

—Isle, Jura, Scarba, Mull, Corryvreckan, Duntrune, Dunolly, Dunstaffnage, Duart—till, shooting out into open ocean from, "dark Mull, thy mighty Sound," you see, far beyond the mountains of Morven, out against the northern horizon, the wonderful peaks of the Cuchullins of Skye, appearing less like mountains than the most gorgeous and fantastic gift that the Atlantic ever sent to cloud land. Then the ocean battered Ardnamurchan—almost alone, of all that coast, without an island break water, the stony wilderness of Anisug, green yet drear Glenelg, "high Kin tail," with its shores smiling to the sea, and its needle pointed mountains assailing the sky—and you are at the southern end of the almost unvisited mountains of Western Ross, which, with various degrees of grandeur, but in unbroken series, wall the Atlantic for seventy miles northwards. The probability is that the steamer diverges up some of those sea lochs which, running far into the country, form its chief sources of communication with the world. This is, indeed, the most roadless district in the three kingdoms. It was a worthy clergyman, in one of its least desolate portions, who, urging a late aged and illustriously obese Scotch judge to pay him a visit, gave him the enticing assurance that there was a good bridle road to within twenty miles of the place! It is generally the case that the voyager for Sutherland has also an opportunity for two or three hours' inspection of that people, strangely habited in more than one sense, and those bogs so flat and bleak and

wet, both of which Sir James Matheson of the Lewes, with princely magnificence of heart and purse, is seeking to reclaim. And then straight across the Minsh, past the Shiant Isles, which Dr M'Culloch speaks of as rivals to Staffa, but which almost nobody goes or can get to see, having all the grandest mountain districts of Scotland, from Cape Wrath to the Point of Ardnamurchan, spread out before you, like a mighty sea in wild commotion. As our destination is Sutherland, and as we are neither able nor disposed to do all the mountains by the way, we have perhaps been loitering, or even twaddling, but where the route is, for two days and nights through a succession of the grandest scenery in the British Islands, it is impossible and undesirable to get along as quickly and silently as if you were on the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway.

The first view of Sutherland, approached from the Atlantic, gives a pretty correct idea of the characteristics of its scenery. The most conspicuous object is a gigantic conical mountain, close on the sea, standing apart from all rivals though ringed round by some satellites and far inland you see a repetition of the same effect in greater degree—a few peaks standing in apparent isolation, haughty and neighbourless, with no children round their knees. There are here, strictly speaking, no great mountain ranges, but rather a mob of hills, destitute of arrangement—with one here, and another there, and a third yonder, raising their heads calmly and loftily out of the tumult—"serene, like heaven, above the clouds." None of them attain to a very great altitude, or rather none of them, in mere height, rival Ben Macdhui or Ben Nevis—the former of which, in the recent competition for greatest height among the mountains, conducted under the patronage of the Board of Ordnance, came in winner over the latter by only fourteen feet, but their shapes and postures are for the most part magnificent, and broadly varied—Comag, rising sharp from Loch Assynt and the sea, with walls of precipices and gloomy figures, Ben Hope, smooth and handsome, lifting himself from a smiling

vale, Ben Loyal, heaved up an enormous "hulking" mass from a wilderness of darksome bogs and inky lochs. It is not height merely that makes magnificence in mountains, but shape, clothing, and accessories. The grandest and most impressive mountain scenery in Great Britain is not that of Ben Nevis or Ben Macduh, but that of the Cuchullins in Skye, the highest of them being only about 2600 feet in altitude, but rising stern and sharp from the sea to the seldom absent clouds—shaped on the extreme alpine model, but with wild and wondrous variety—scowling, dark, and naked, from base to peak, and afflicting the beholder with a feeling of what is meant by the blackness of desolation.

The aggregated soul
Death, with his mace, terrific, cold and dry
As with a trident smote

Though in Sutherland scenery you have no far stretching mountain ranges, and few long withdrawing glens, you have things as fine and more rare. There are one two, or perhaps three routes penetrating through the country by which, following chains of lakes, you have long vistas and easy sinuosities between walls of mountains, but by the roads round the coast, which are the most attractive, especially for the angler, you proceed over a series of violent and comparatively short undulations, which in most countries would be regarded as a succession not of mere heights and hollows, but of peaks and pits. Taken in this way, which is the way in which you see most of what is peculiar or characteristic of Sutherland, you find the country a series of cups or basins, of which you are alternately topping over the rim, or sweltering at the bottom. As you journey, you have on one hand, or rather on all sides but one, the great mountain peaks of the country, seen every few minutes at a different angle, and changing endlessly in shape and aspect, on the other hand, ever and again the Northern Ocean, blue and curling, bursts upon you with cool freshness on its wings, and in every hollow you find yourself on the margin of what, till you see the water lilies or

the sea tangle, you cannot tell to be or brith or lake.

But wherein consists, and in what way is produced, the attractions of Sutherlandshire to the angler? By a union of the two great powers which lord it over those regions, with a sway of course unequally divided—Nature and the Duke. The one provides the feast, and the other says Come. That physical conformation of which we have just spoken produces aquatically a state of things most favourable to the seeker after fish. All those cups or basins are more or less full of water, and in almost every case the water is thickly and often variously populated. The number of lakes in Sutherland amazes the traveller, and not only delights but bewilders the angler. They count not by units, but by hundreds and as to their names, the Southron may at once call them Legion in slump and have done with them because their pronunciation is even a greater tax on the labial, or rather guttural, than their recollection would be on the mnemonic powers. Mr Andrew Young speaks of two hundred in one parish, and more than a thousand in the county, and our experience leads us to suspect this to be an under estimate. All these are not equally excellent, but many of them are excellent, most of them may be pronounced very good, few of them bad, and only a very few barren. The differences, however, are immense, with no visible or conceivable cause therefor, and their qualities are very imperfectly known even to those living nearest them, who, truth to tell, are neither many nor nigh at hand. The majority of the lochs of Sutherland are, in an angling point of view, unexplored, and we should think that Sutherland is the only county in the three kingdoms of which any such thing can now be said. Not many years ago, some such remark was partially true of the remoter districts of Kerry and Galway, but the names of many of the stations there have now become as familiar to angling ears as Teddington or Tybbs Shields. One division, indeed, of the lochs of the county is not only explored, but appropriated—a few of the best of

those which contain what numerous Acts of Parliament, with a convenient vagueness, call "fish of the salmon-kind," are let to sportsmen. Even in those cases, however, with one or two exceptions, the proprietor has reserved right not only for his friends, but for strangers from afar, who are made welcome to a day or two in passing, on application to the factor of the district, from whom no gentleman need fear other than a gentlemanly and courteous reception. Most of the rivers containing any store of salmon are in the same position—which, it will be seen, is one far from unfavourable to the passing angler. It may however, be naturally feared that this state of things cannot last long: the demand increasing and the supply remaining stationary, it will some day become impracticable to make room for all, and there will be almost nothing for it but to permit none. There is however, one remedy or preventive which might be made, with advantage to all parties, to operate against the result of the whole salmon fishing of these remote and beautiful districts becoming the monopoly of a few. It cannot be expected that the proprietor should give for nothing to all and sundry what many are paying to be allowed to pay for such an arrangement, even if reasonable, would be impracticable. But why not let the many pay each a little, instead of half a dozen paying a great deal? Instead of letting a whole river for an entire season to one angler, why not let it in parts and by the day, to any comer, through means of a trading leasee, taken bound to give a fair day's angling for a fair day's pay? This plan is adopted already with great success and acceptance on one Sutherland river, the Shin, and might be extended to the others at rates proportional to their value and accessibility. In this way, hundreds might be gratified by what very often fails to give gratification even to one. And let us add, that such an arrangement would be in accordance with the liberal views obvious in the entire policy of the noble proprietor in matters affecting tourists—a policy which aims at the attraction of many visitors rather

than of a few quasi-residents, as instanced by the innkeepers being taken bound not to let portions of their houses be occupied by the tenants of shootings, to the exclusion of travellers either on business or pleasure.

In the mean time, however, and apparently for all time, there is attraction enough for the angler in Sutherland over and above all the appropriated salmon fishings. To the merely tourist angler, wandering perhaps always, and necessarily often on foot, from inn to inn, salmon fishing—with its rigid and nice requirements as to sky and water, its inexplicable failures and numerous 'blank days, its cumbering apparatus and unportable spoils—ought not to be the main resource. The joys of salmon fishing who shall deny except those that never tried them, and therefore have no right to speak? But nowhere are they the sole or even chief joy of the true angler, and nowhere should they be less so than in Sutherland. Trout fishing is we boldly maintain, not only a more delightful amusement but a higher art. A really good trout fisher—that is, not a trout fisher who can take trouts under circumstances when anybody can take them but who can conquer the most perplexing difficulties and circumvent the most sharpened instincts—is a person of higher accomplishment and greater merit than an equally good salmon fisher, some what in the same proportion that a trout which knows every pebble in its haunt and is familiar with every kind of worm of the earth and insect of the air, to say nothing of a ripened repugnance to steel and feathers, is a better informed and more sceptical fish than a salmon which has only left the ocean a few days or hours, and is a stranger to everything that comes before its eyes or is offered to its mouth. Some skill in handling implements is required in salmon fishing, but even in that department the requirements of trout fishing are more rigid. The knowledge required for salmon angling is chiefly local—the knowledge of the very spot, never to be inferred certainly from mere appearances, where the fish is

lying, if he is lying anywhere, whilst the knowledge required for trout is chiefly a knowledge of the whole habits and instincts of the race. Again, salmon being few but ignorant, and trout numerous but knowing, the capture of *that* is largely a matter of chance—of *this* almost purely a matter of skill. These are not laid down here as un-questionable articles of faith, but only as materials for consolation to the Sutherland tourist angler who may not be able to get all the salmon fishing he would like, and as reasons why, if he cannot get his will of this, that, or the other river or loch, he ought to go on his way rejoicing to the multitude of others, where neither men nor fish say nay.

Another and most important particular in which the Duke co-operates with nature in making welcome and provision for honest anglers through out the realm of Sutherland is in the matter of *inns*. And is that a small matter? Who that hath much partaken of that species of Highland hospitality which is dispensed, for the most part, by gentlemen belonging to the great clans of Campbell and McGregor, under arrangements with the Quarter Sessions and H. M. Inland Revenue, has not bitterly repented the lamentation unluckily put in the mouth of that scandalous old defaulter, John Falstaff, 'Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket picked?' It feelingly reminds us what we are to be made aware of how much of the enjoyment of mind and eye—how much our peace within and our appreciation of even the grandest objects without—depend upon what we get, and not less upon what we give, in the places where our mere bodily needs are attended to. A friend who always felt a certain amount of depression whilst touring in the Highlands, could not, by mental analyses pursued through years, solve a tormenting doubt whether it was the scenery or the inns that were too much for him—whether it was the stupendousness of the hills or of the bills that so weighed upon his soul. After experience in Sutherland, he concludes that it was all

along of the bills, for there the hills tower and frown beyond almost all other hills, yet the bills being small, and the hosts smiling, the feeling of awe departed out of him, whilst as soon as he got down to the low country of Ross, where the hills sink but the bills mount, he had a return to that solemnised condition which he had hitherto been inclined to ascribe to a spiritual frame too impenetrable by the glories of nature. The mode in which the Duke of Sutherland prevents the grand scenery of his realm being thus unjustly accused of depressive influences, is by furnishing good houses, and looking out for good people to keep them, and then putting the good people on good terms with the good houses by having no rent to intervene between them,—the consideration in lieu thereof being that the wayfaring man shall be well and cheaply entertained. And the contract is faithfully fulfilled. Loch Inver, Scourie, Duirnish, Tongue, Altnaharra—et, almost without exception *cetera*—plenty, comfort, cleanliness, cheerfulness, give welcome to the coming and reluctance to the going guest. Let tourists take a care that this system devised for their benefit, is not impaired or destroyed by their own folly, in either of the two ways of protesting that they are giving too little, or of attempting to get too much. The charges are not ridiculously small, but merely fair, and if on the whole transactions, there is any loss, it is obviously borne by the Duke, who, we may say, can very well afford it. The proper recompense, therefore, consists in drinking his Grace's health and not in making corrupting payments to the innkeepers about what some people insist on calling the "excessive moderation" of the charges. Again, do not expect things which it would be unnatural to find, and is affectation to seek. People wanting luxury and show—people who cannot be content with good things, unless they are the very same good things presenting themselves in the very same style as they are accustomed to, or affect to be accustomed to, when at home—should never leave home, or at least should never come so far afield

as Cape Wrath. It is that low thinking high-living class who, by their exorbitant demands, have rendered so many of the inns in the nearer Highlands unfit for quieter and better people. In this respect, tourists may be divided into two classes—those who tour for the apparent purpose of indulging in in-door luxuries and ostentations in unfit places, and those who tour, if not somewhat to escape such things, at least to seek the pleasures appropriate, and not those alien, to the region. The former class will be apt to fare the worse the farther they go from home, the class seeking scenery, health, and recreation, and content with all in-door things neat but not gaudy, sufficient but not luxurious, abundant but not superfine, may take ship for Sutherland with greater confidence than for any other portion of Her Majesty's realm on which the sun (occasionally) shines.

Suppose the tourist angler landed from the steamer at Loch Inver, the south western corner of the county, he has two difficulties to encounter, according to the nature of his expectations. If his soul be attuned solely to salmon fishing, he will find the difficulties on the river Inver more insuperable than almost anywhere else, if he is prepared to be content with access to everything in the district but that one stream he is immediately plunged into very considerable suffering from *embarras de richesses*. He finds about as much water as land—water, too, more productive than the land—and all not only permitting but inviting his attentions. Here he is immersed at once in the angling wealth peculiar to Sutherland, the lakes which lie on every hand, up on the hill and down in the glen, in bewildering number and endless variety. There is Loch Assynt, seven miles long and as for the rest, they are innumerable and unnameable. Loch Assynt has salmon, and the much coveted, seldom caught, and little worth, *salmo ferax*, besides being crowded with common trout of that variety and uncertainty of size which form so much of the tormenting pleasure which only anglers know. But Andrew Young (tackman of the Shin fisheries,

author of the *Tourist's and Angler's Guide* already mentioned, and a terrible fellow upon the "part" question), otherwise so accurate, is wrong in speaking of an abundance of sea trout that enterprising but capricious immigrant seems to turn back from the mouth of this river as if offended with its coarseness and brawling. Such sport, too, as is here attainable, is enjoyed in the heart of some of the finest mountain scenery in the British Islands. To glide about a summer's day on the now-leaden, now golden surface of this hill encircled sea, "gazing, untired, the morn, the noon, the eve away," now gloomed beneath the almost mingling shadows of Comag and Ben More, then dazzled and oppressed by the rays poured down from the mid day sun, multiplied and intensified by the ramparts of rock, no sound but the clatter of cascades high and unseen upon the mountain side, the scream of the bird of prey in the sky above, and, not least sweet, the plungings of the fish in the waters below,—even one such day is recompense for months bypast, and material for refreshing memories during months to come, of toils and anxieties in the sweltering city. Nor less, though different, are the delights of straying at will through the endless series, or rather labyrinth of lakes—here, one fringed with copse and isletted by rocks clothed with the silver-stemmed and trembling birch—there, one gorgeously carpeted with water-lilies—next, another black and barren. The great drawback to ordinary loch fishing is its sameness or tameness, all day you look on the same unvaried surface, and whichever way you turn, it is as likely one way as the other that your line will fall in pleasant and profitable places. But here you have, within a few yards from one another, lakes differing each from each in size, shape, and features, with differences as great as between the different streams and turnings of a river, and also with a variety, and, we may say, mystery of produce, which no river can equal. Your knowledge of the species and magnitude of fish existing in one loch is no index at all to what you will find in its neighbour round the

corner; each time you shift your ground or water, you begin in utter uncertainty as to what may be the fruit of your labour and skill, or what may have caused that troubling of the waters which has drawn your cast—perhaps it may turn out a newt, perhaps turn out a salmon. And so may you wander the live-long day, with unsated eye, by bog and cliff always catching something “good,” always expecting something better, till the hour comes when no man can fish, and every sensible man takes thought of what he shall eat, and how much he shall drink, and wherewithal he shall be bed clothed.

Among the grand and peculiar scenery stretching from Loch Assynt to Cape Wrath, and even onwards to where the country ceases to be mountainous and to be called Sutherland, and becomes flat under the name of Caithness, there is much more than a fair day’s work among these lochs between each inn or resting place—that is, more than enough for the pedestrian angler. Perhaps it may seem absurd to speak of the pedestrian angler, but once, at least, we saw an equestrian one—an officer of the royal navy, whose frigate had been temporarily turned into a meal-girnel for the relief of Highland destitution, borrowed a pony to reach a trouting loch in Mull, and when he got to the place was much struck with the fortunate idea of “getting in to the big ones,” and yet keeping his feet dry, by making his casts off the back of his steed, which, at the first “whip” of the line, pitched the ingenious operator into his “native element”—as the newspapers say in describing a ship-launch, obviously on the hypothesis that timber is a marine vegetable—and careered off madly to the mountains, taking with it the only bridle and saddle in the parish. Three days afterwards, this anglophobian brute was still missing, and the equestrian angler, on his quarter-deck, was threatening to quell with thunders from our native oak any person or persons whatsoever coming from the shore with inquiries as to what he had made of the “pit peattie,” and who was to pay for the saddlery. The pedestrian angler, we repeat, has more than

enough to do and to see between inns—between, for instance, Loch Inver and Scourie. On every hand are temptations to loiter—kyles, black and deep to the edge, and rushing in and out of the land with the speed of mighty rivers—streams, now tumbling into the ocean sheer over the cliffs, now suddenly stagnating on meadows and bogs, and, like the lochs, giving variety and sweet uncertainty to the angler’s search.

At Scourie, if the angler, slightly sated by diligence in his proper vocation, desires to seek variety of interest, he has it at hand. There is the island of Handa, probably the most stupendous cliff-scenery in the British Islands. No description nor expectation is felt as adequate, when, after the slow ascent from the landward side of the island, you at one step stand on a wall of rock seven hundred feet sheer above the Atlantic, which chafes and thunders eternally against that mighty battlement. Here, the front presented to the assailing surges is without ledge or cleft that would give footing to a bird or bidding to an insect. There, you see it rent and worn by the storms of ages, and look down upon the fallen ruins and isolated, fantastic turrets, and upon the savage and half-enroofed bays within which the wild waters are one moment lying in grim repose, the next roaring and leaping in fierce impatience. Standing on this sublime rampart, awed by the alternating silence and the thunder of ocean’s artillery, as each slow-succeeding wave crashed against the repelling rock, or rushed booming into the caves and bays, a singing-bird, unseen on the face of the cliff, sent forth a strain so low, so clear, so sweet, like a spurt-vibrant from some far and better world. Awe stole in by eye and ear in presence of that treeless war between the invading ocean and the defying land, but so it was—a deeper, though less dreary dread, came from the faint notes of that tiny and unseen songster. No fine strung mental frame was required to hear in it an echo and memory of that “still small voice” which, issuing we know not whence, is heard ever and again amid the loudest storms

and fiercest tumults of our mortal state.

* There is another thing to be seen, or rather not to be seen, at Scourie, which few passers by will fail to look for—the grave of General Hugh M'Kay of Scourie, who fought against Dundee (By the way, why does the generally correct, and always correcting historian, John Hill Burton, repeatedly speak of M'Kay's lordship being in Ross shire?) M'Kay, who, a Highlander himself yet used such utterly un-Highland tactics, was, it is true, no very great general. He was thoroughly accomplished in the best rules of war, as practised by the great masters of the art in his time, but it is rather against his fame that he and the best rules generally got beaten, as at Killicrankie, where, having arranged his troops on the most accurate principles, he found himself in five minutes left without either foes or followers—the one having driven the other in hopeless rout down the glen just when he was going to leave off his scientific feats and begin. But though misplaced and unfortunate, he was a brave and humane soldier, an honest man, and a sincere patriot—virtues more than sufficient to entitle his grave to preservation from oblivion and dishonour. It stands on a knoll overhanging the sea, not only unmarked, but left outside a modern enclosure of other graves. This is not only neglect, but indignity, and now that these northern regions are so much more full of the Covenanted spirit than they used to be, some local atonement to the Whigmore general, who, as to his own Sutherland, was so far before his times, is fitting, and should be immediately forthcoming. The erection of some worthy memorial is therefore recommended as a fit subject for rivalry between the Established and the Free Kirk Presbyteries of Tongue—whom failing, we protest and appeal to the ensuing Synod of Sutherland and Caithness.

Leaving grave matters let it be known that within easy reach of Scourie Inn lies perhaps the finest sea trout fishing to be had in any British loch—we do not say river, and we do not include Ireland, in memory of

some possible exceptions in Kerry and Galway. After a tantalising journey up two or three miles of a river with the ancient and most fish-like Norse name of Laxford, which is *taboed* for a resident sportsman, the angler has Loch Stack, full of fish, and encircled by a magnificent amphitheatre of hills. For some thirty miles farther inward and upward, there is an almost unbroken chain of lochs free to all comers, renewed again when the watershed tends southwards, and ending with Loch Shin, itself about as long as from London to Windsor. That, however, is some what off our road, though in Sutherland the angler can hardly go wrong. All along the northern sea coast, eastward as well as westward from Scourie, you have more loch than land—and some knowledge, as well as plenty of fish, is to be got in some of these waters. Within a stone's throw from the door of the inn, and lying literally on the sea beach, there is a loch which, under moderately favourable circumstances, is to be seen "hottering" with well sized trouts. But here, too, is to be witnessed a fact which much vexes and perplexes anglers in Sutherland more than in any other known country—that the nearer the sea level, the more wary or fastidious, or capricious, do fresh water fish become. In this loch, whose Gaelic name, *wodaresay*, signifies disappointment, you shall see hundreds of trouts dashing at everything on the face of the waters, with apparently ravenous appetites and reckless demeanour, but the most tempting lure plied with the lightest hand, seldom obtains any other notice than a contemptuous and unseemly toss of the tail. Half a mile up a gentle ascent there is a larger loch, where things are comparatively better, though not positively good, up again and behind some gentle heights, there are at least half a dozen lochs where things are excellent—that is, where the fish, though not superb either in size or quality, are open to reason and apprehension. But it would be endless to mention the lochs even in clusters, between Scourie and the next inn, Rhi couch, there is a week's fishing

without leaving the roadside. There, too, is a loch called Garbet beg, crowded with salmon and sea trout, for the catching of which nothing is required but the factor's permission and a strong wind. Immediately above it is another loch called Garbet-more, where many anglers have been tempted to waste their time under the impression that "beg" means the big loch, and "more" the bigger one with fish to correspond. But in Gaelic "beg" perverely means little, and "more" means simply big, and in this case, as in many others, the big fish are in the little loch, and *vice versa*.

For all that is to be seen and caught in the region beyond—across the bowling wilderness of the Gualin, and down the boggy and midge infested Gruilie—reference is made to the literary works of Mr Andrew Young, of Inverness. But let us save from disappointment the tourist who, under Andrew's guidance, may be taking his way through this region. On the right or south side of the Kyle of Durie says Andrew, "we see the most beautiful hills perhaps in Scotland." Stimulated by this remark, you look to your left as directed, in expectation of beholding a range which shall dwarf and make commonplace all you have beheld before, and what you see is the lowest, tamest and most uninteresting elevations within the Highland line. You think perhaps of that odd mis-measurement by Miss Porter, in her *Wallace, or the Scottish Chiefs*, where she speaks (we hope our memory is not wronging her) of 'the Scottish army wheeling its march along beneath the frowning and gigantic range of the Orator phines.' In Miss Porter's case the mistake arose probably from a defect in her topography, but in Mr Young it is only a peculiarity of taste about which, though there is no use disputing, it may be permitted to wonder. Revealing his meaning he goes on—"At all events, there is nothing to compare with these hills north of Fife-shire. Fife, before being thus taken in hand by Mr Young, had a celebrity of her own but not in the way of anything Highland, indeed, Fife is in all respects the most non-

Highland county in Scotland, and some people have a theory that the main causes are its peninsular form, and the difficulty presented of old to Highland immigration by the demand of a halfpenny pontage at Perth. But Mr Young has a theory of his own about mountains, under which he arrives at the conclusion that Largo Law and the Lomonds are the most beautiful in Scotland. Here, says he of those particular Sutherland hills which alone draw his admiration—"here you have no heather and but few rocks—green as a meadow to the very top! The less a mountain is a mountain, the more meritorious and beautiful does it become in the eyes of the author of *The Tourist's Guide*. Mountains, he reasons, are for feeding sheep, the more sheep fed, the more beautiful the mountain. Andrew is logical—he is also patriotic, if we may venture to infer that his infancy was spent amongst those Fife-shire mountains which, except at the Kyle of Durie Sutherlandshire so utterly fails to rival.

Moving eastwards, the waters are found to be running due north, and the small lochs get both less numerous and less valuable though one of them at least—called, we think, Loch Sain—is of some value as a curiosity. Its peculiarity consists in being a sort of compromise between loch and sea. Its water is fresh, but its bed is salt, a large expanse of fresh water has found itself a basin on the sea beach, the basin retaining all its natural characteristics notwithstanding its unnatural contents. The aquatic vegetation seems entirely marine, the bottom and many parts of the surface being covered with sea tangle, to the equal astonishment and disgust of the angler. Its piscine inhabitants are mixed and motley fish which are never got but in fresh water, such as common trouts—and fish, such as eel and coal fish, nowhere else found out of the salt water—both abound. Of course there is a supply also of those species which frequent both salt and fresh, though, perhaps, not so many of these as some people might or did assume. We hooked a fish of highly respectable dimensions,

either, we at once conclosed, a salmon, or a grise of considerable weight and decision of character, but from faults on his side we parted on bad terms. "Fery fine cuddie, indeed, sir, but she would not stay—oh, no, sir," was uttered from behind by an ancient Celt, who had, to no good purpose that we could perceive, wandered our way, and had been looking on unobserved until he made this unwarranted observation. What this superannuated person meant, it turned out on explanation, was, that the fish which had so highly excited and so deeply disappointed the angler was one of that most degraded and despised even of all sea-fish, very vulgarly known in some districts as a *cuddie*, and in others by an equally dignified name, and everywhere regarded as the very extreme of stupidity and worthlessness. Nevertheless it is of course open to the person chiefly concerned to cherish for ever the conviction that that fish was a fine salmon, and that that Donald was an old fool. But willingly passing that, how is it that we have here salt water fish living and thriving in perfectly fresh water? Even in the case of the migratory fish, which spend part of the year in the fresh and part in the salt—salmon, sea trout and eels—there seems to be in all ordinary cases a sort of *acclimatum* process, by a lingering both on the outward and inward journeys, at the point where river and sea meet and mix. But here the communication between loch and sea being by a small burn or cascade of only half a dozen yards in length, and existing only after heavy rains, and much more rarely by the inroad of a wave during high tides and certain winds—there is but one step from the salt to the fresh and back again, which step, however, does not seem to be considered a rash one even by those fish which naturally have no more to do with fresh water than with bitter beer. All the numerous sea fish in this lake—for instance, that cuddie of six or eight pounds, not the individual thoughtlessly alleged by that ignorant barbarian to have personated a salmon, but any given cuddie out of

the hundreds that are lying within a few yards of us—came in in a couple of seconds from the brine of the Northern Ocean to this moo-loch, the water of which is made up partly of colder springs, and partly of peat impregnated exudations, but as fresh as if it were not within sight of the sea. Yet there he is, seemingly quite at home, taking his food and his fun, sometimes (though certainly not this time) at the cost of the way-faring angler. How can it be? Can it be that fish do not feel the difference between salt water and fresh? This seems incredible, looking at the extreme sensitiveness displayed, not only by the fresh water fish, but by the migratory species, to the quality and the condition of the waters of rivers and lakes—how they detect and abhor every kind of adulteration, and, even when the water is left undisturbed by the operations of man, will seek and thrive in this water, and shun or pine in that. Nor is the case made clearer by the fact that, at least in the instance we have stumbled upon, there is no reciprocity in the emigration trade, the sea fish come on shore, so to speak, but the fresh water fish never go to sea. For the two reasons that this is not an ichthyological essay, and that we have nothing to say, we say nothing on this knotty case, beyond thus mentioning its existence and hinting its difficulties.

And other ichthyological puzzles are to be found without going much or almost any farther from the spot we have been speaking of. This Loch Sain is, as to its common trouts, another illustration of the fastidious and capricious habits of the fish in lochs near the sea-level, but pass on a few miles across Loch Ernboll, then across the river Hope, you come to a quaking morass called the Moir. At the very summit of this lifeless and storm-swept region there lies a small loch full of trout. Yet it is only now and then, with the finest tackle, and with the greatest caution, that it is possible to obtain even two or three specimens—worm, and worm at night, being the only reliable lure at any season of the year. To look at the altitude of this lake, and the sterility of its

borders, destitute of anything productive of insect life, you would conclude that nowhere on earth, nor in the waters under the earth, had Dr Malthus been more utterly defied, and the demand for food got so ridiculously in excess of the supply. In a cluster of most attractive but most unget-at-able lakes in what may be called the same district, a few miles up the very rough country at the head of Loch Erriboll, there is something to be seen that might mistakenly be called similar—the trout in one loch rising recklessly at anything you may throw in their way; those in another, a few yards off, refusing to look at anything but their own interests. But in these cases there are not only visible differences between the lochs—in the quality of the water, and the aquatic vegetation—but the trout in the shy lochs are large, few, and fat, conditions of fish-existence everywhere accompanied by a repugnance to any sort of entertainment which the angler has to offer; while in this loch on the moor (which is only one instance among many), the trout are small, many, and lean—just the very circumstances under which, naturally and ordinarily, fish are most eager to be killed. Again, why is it that in some rivers closely adjoining, as in the Borgie and the Halladale in this district, both salmon and trout will, in one, refuse to “take” or be taken in the evenings; and, in another, seem only then to awake to a sense of duty? Why is it that, in some rivers, fish of the salmon kind take as soon as they enter, and in others not till after they have passed days and miles in their new element? Why is it that on most Highland rivers, although you may have ten times the number of fish in any one “cast” that you might have in a “cast” on the Tweed or other Lowland rivers, you have not ten times the chance of success, nor even so good a chance? Ask any keeper who has had sufficient experience in both regions, and he will tell you that so it is; but be cautious in listening to him on the point why it is.

Only once more. In these Sutherland rivers, a point in the salmon question, hitherto undisputed, is very

considerably confused. It has been an accepted rule, that the proportion of grilse to salmon in the “take” on any river is a sort of measure of the severity of the fishing. Grilse are the crop, so to speak, of a single year, salmon the crops of an indefinite number of years; so that, if more are killed of the last year’s produce than of the produce of all years preceding, the number of survivors of any year but the last must be very small. Grilse are on their first ascent, salmon on at least their second; so that, if more fish are killed on the first ascent than on the second, third, fourth, and so on, all put together, the state of things is much the same as if in any human community there were always alive a larger proportion of persons under, say, two years of age, than at all ages above. Further, grilse have never propagated, salmon have; so that the greater the proportion of fish killed as grilse, the smaller the sources of reproduction. All this seems plain in itself, and is corroborated by the history and statistics of the chief salmon rivers. In the Tay, and much more in the Tweed, as the proportion of grilse to salmon has increased, has the total produce dwindled. But in some of the best Sutherland rivers we find the proportion or disproportion of grilse killed much greater than in those cases, yet without there being the smallest ground for alleging anything of the nature of over-fishing. Thus, in the Halladale and neighbouring rivers the proportion is ten or twelve grilse to one salmon; and in the abounding Naver (which, by the by, is reputed the best salmon-angling river in Scotland) the proportion is not much smaller; although all these waters are netted very mercifully, and only at their mouths, and during a season much shorter than the legal one. There is not the shadow of a doubt that, in these rivers, a much larger proportion of the descending fish of any one year effect their return to the sea unharmed than in the case of the Tay or Tweed; yet it would appear that a smaller proportion come back from the sea. How is this? Is it the greater proportion of marine natural enemies in the

north than in the south? Who shall say, when not only is it not clear that that proportion really is greater, but when it is unknown in what part of all the ocean the salmon of the British rivers have their marine residences? The point is so important that we may be held to have made a sufficient contribution to that branch of science by stating the difficulty, leaving to posterity the honour of solving it.

Take it all in all, this extreme northern part of Sutherlandshire is perhaps the richest salmon district in the kingdom. The Hope, the Borgie, the Naver, the Halladale—every few miles the traveller passes some river, moving on, stately and smooth, or hasting and brawling, from its birthplace in some chain of mountain lakes to its grave in the sea. And though his basket may sometimes remain empty his eye is filled and his mind stured by the scenery, and by the very names of the region he traverses. He treads the rocks which wall out a sea stretching thence unbroken to the regions of eternal ice—on every cliff he passes is breaking, day and night, ‘the long wave that at the pole begun.’ Nor can the traveller hear unmoved that those specks which, on rounding some headland he sees motting the blue expanse are ‘the far Orcaades,’ whose very name to the dwellers in cities is a synonyme for distance, storm and loneliness. At this point which is perforce a turning point, we begin thinking that our prattle may be tedious, and shall have done.

At the river Halladale we are on the borders between Sutherland and Caithness. The summit of those low hills on the east of the river separates, by an imaginary line, two counties differing utterly in physical aspects, and not less even at this day, in the blood language, and social habits of the people. Eastwards, instead of mountains and glens, you have unbroken and especially treeless flats. In the matter of trees Sutherland has little to boast of, but she is able to look on Caithness with contempt, and is pleased to set up contemptuous stories regarding her neighbour’s nakedness. Up Strathal-

ladale, within the Sutherland bounds, there is a clump of the scrubbiest birches that ever disgraced the name of ‘a wood,’ and the Caithness people come thirty or even forty miles to picnic on that happy bog, and revel in forest scenery. This Caithnessian defect is visible even in the interiors of the churches, the timber in which the natives owe much more to the sea than to the land, the pews, and even pulpits it is said, being ordinarily constructed, and that with but little adaptation to altered circumstances, out of the wrecks of fishing boats. Our informant (but whose information, we fear, was less ample as to the inside of churches than as to many other subjects) was even ready to swear (but that seemed no effort with him) that in one Caithness kirk, which had been fitted up with timber not much altered from the state in which it had come ashore, he found himself embarked in a pew, inscribed ‘The Brothers, of Eanfll,’ whilst the minister appeared to be considerably at sea in a pulpit which, as all men might read, had in its unregenerate days buffeted the waves as ‘The Jane, of Portsoy.’

In the appearance and character of the population the diversity is striking, even to the most careless observer. On the one side of these knolls you have the Celts, with all their virtues and faults, on the other, the Scandinavians, with all theirs. ‘The Caithness folk,’ said a south country shepherd, whose lot had been cast among both races, ‘are far mair *anzious*—they work harder, and live better, and pay bigger rents, than the folk in Sutherland, where the men like to *beak* at the house ends while the women are tearing their lives out working. One notable form of this last evil is still to be seen in some parts of Sutherland, though we were fortunate enough not to see it—the manure is filled by men into creels on the backs of women, who, after carrying it to the field, open the bottom of the basket and let the contents spill down over their clothes to the ground, then return to the midden where the men meanwhile have been leaning gracefully on their ‘graps,’ ready to renew their easy part in

the operation. But the business in which alone we have properly to do with this diversity of races here is that of poaching, into which department of industry, both on water and land, the Caithnessians carry much of the energy they display in the more legitimate occupations of her ring fishing and stone quarrying, whilst the Sutherland Celts are in these matters so tractable as even to incur the contempt of the south country keepers who bear rule among them. "Them poach" said one of those guardians, who had confessedly "dune something on his ain account" both with gun and leister on his native Ettrick—"when I cam first, I gied to the folk in the clachan up there and said, quite bodd, 'I hear ye have guns among ye—you mun put them awa.' Yell no believe me, sir, but the puir spirited deevils actually did it. Besides, if uno o them d'es naair guile for himsel ony night thin the rest o' them some o' them s'ure to tell. Hoo can folk be poachers if they've nae honour! The same authority had formed a very different estimate of the Caithnessians as to skill, courage, honour, and all the other qualities which go to the character of a perfect poacher.

To the angler these Caithnessian accomplishments present themselves in a peculiarly odious form. Going to some of the lakes on the borders between the counties, which contain many and large trout the angler is amazed to find the fish rising rarely and carefully as in waters over fished. The explanation he gets is, 'The Caithness folk come wi' otters'—that is, with a piece of wood which carries out across the lake as many yards of line, with as many hooks, as the owner's fancy leads, or his means permit. This engine is but little used among the Sutherland people, both because of the reason just stated, and because the possession of such an instrument infers an amount of preparation, enterprise, and capital, rather above their reach. But the Caithness folk grudge no trouble nor reasonable outlay in such matters. And they meet little impediment, some of the Sutherland keepers, sad to say, and even an occasional sportsman, rendering them

selves liable to the same condemnation. The case against the otter is simply this, it is not skill, and it is not sport, but can be practised by any fool, and to the destruction of all sport. Its productiveness too is not in anything like proportion to its destructiveness. For one fish that it kills, it wounds a score, and disturbs and frightens a hundred. A few days' use each season of this infernal machine will reduce the most populous loch to practical barrenness. One lazy pot-hunter or incompetent keeper destroys in one day of stupid greed the sport for which hundreds of men are willing to come, and do come, hundreds of miles. A word from the lord of all these regions, or from his ministers, would suppress the scandal, and when that word goes forth all honest anglers will have one sufficing reason more to say that good and great is the Duke of Sutherland, of whose aqueous dominions, long and lingering as our look may have seemed, we have but glanced at the outskirts.

One reason for not here penetrating deeper into the bowels of that watery land is, that, in proportion to the number of visitors, Sutherland, especially those portions of it which we have passed by almost unmentioned, has had more and better describers, and chiefly from the sportsman point of view, than any other district of the kingdom. The late Mr St John rambled the whole region twice, and twice gave us the fruits in a series of pen pictures delightfully dashing, careless, and vigorous. Mr Young's little book is fitted to be exceedingly useful—in deed, is complete as a guide—and he is manifestly a shrewd fellow, though peculiar in his sentiments upon mountains, and somewhat ultra montane in the opinions and the spirit he manifests upon the venérable and momentous question, "What is a par?" Mr John Colquhoun (in the fresh and breezy volume named at the commencement) comes very near Mr St John as a faithful, effective, and unaffected describer of the scenery and sports of the Far North, which none that have ever enjoyed can weary in reading of, or cease wearying again to see

THE FIELD OF TOWTON MOOR.

[Some eighteen miles south west of the city of York, a few scattered cottages form a hamlet called Towton. The country in the neighbourhood is characterised by a succession of gently undulating eminences.

The ridge of hill next to Towton was occupied by the Lancastrians, March 29, 1461. The opposite, and more southern ridge, was occupied by the Yorkists, commanded by Edward IV in person. The space between the summits of the two lines of hill is not so great as that of the field of Waterloo, but as the traveller surveys the ground, he is led, almost involuntarily, to compare the position of the Yorkists with that of Napoleon at La Belle Alliance, and the position of the Lancastrians with that of the Duke of Wellington on the heights of Mont St Jean. A high road runs through the centre of either battle field.

On the morning of Palm Sunday 1461—for both battles were fought on a Sunday—a thick, heavy, cold snow storm, springing up from the south, drove, sharp, cutting, and blinding right into the faces of the Lancastrians. (It rained nearly all day during the battle of Waterloo.) The Lancastrians could take no aim against an adversary whom they could not see, but their own ranks, meanwhile, were being fast thinned by the bolt and the arrow. They therefore rushed to charge the Yorkists on their own ground, and so, hand to hand, along the whole line of either army, the bloody battle of Towton was fought, during the whole of that Sabbath day. Some thirty seven thousand of the bravest and noblest of the children of England fell on that disastrous field. No quarter had been given at the battle lately fought at Wakefield, where the ruffian Clifford murdered the innocent Rutland, and the princely Duke of York was killed, and now Edward, on the field of Towton, commanded that no quarter should be given. This savage order was executed with frightful exactness and ferocity. Lord Dacre, and some others who fell, lie in the neighbouring churchyard of Saxton, the parish in which the hamlet of Towton is situated, but the main mass of the slain were buried in heaps on the field.

When, or by what hand, planted, or how they came, is not known, but in the field where the bones of the brave thus repose, white and red roses grow in great abundance. They are the small wild Scotch rose. The owner of the field has repeatedly tried to get rid of them by burning and mowing but in vain, they still spring up again. According to popular belief, these roses will not bear transplanting, but refuse to grow on any soil except that consecrated by the remains of those valiant men, who there fell the victims of a senseless national quarrel. Who would wish to disturb or disprove so touching, beautiful, and poetical a legend?

Αἶμα ῥόδου τέλειαι νιφάδες δὲ τὰς ἀνέματα λευκὰ

OH, the red and the white Rose, as all the kingdom knows,
Were emblems of the foes in a sad and bloody work,
When old England's noblest blood was poured out in a flood,
To quench the burning feud of Lancaster and York.

For then the rival Roses, worn by the rival houses,
The poor distracted nation into rage and frenzy drove—
Tore the children from the mother, tore the sister from the brother,
And the broken hearted lover from the lady of his love.

When the Percys, Veres, and Nevilles, left their castle halls and revels,
To rush like raging devils into the deadly fight,
And loyalty and reason were confounded by the treason
That cast into a prison the King of yesterday.

Oh, the red and the white Rose, upon Towton Moor it grows,
And red and white it blows upon that swarthe for evermore—
In memorial of the slaughter when the red blood ran like water,
And the victors gave no quarter in the flight from Towton Moor :

When the banners gay were beaming, and the steel cuirasses gleaming,
And the martial music streaming o'er that wide and lonely heath ;
And many a heart was beating that dreamed not of retreating,
Which, ere the sun was setting, lay still and cold in death :

When the snow that fell at morning lay as a type and warning,
All stained and streaked with crimson, like the roses white and red,
And filled each thirsty furrow with its token of the sorrow
That wailed for many a morrow through the mansions of the dead.

Now for twice two hundred years, when the month of March appears,
All unchecked by plough or shears spring the roses red and white ;
Nor can the hand of mortal close the subterranean portal
That gives to life immortal these emblems of the fight.

And as if they were enchanted, not a flower may be transplanted
From those fatal precincts, haunted by the spirits of the slain ;
For howe'er the root you cherish, it shall fade away and perish
When removed beyond the marish of Towton's gory plain.

But old Britannia now wears a rose upon her brow,
That, blushing still, doth glow like the Queen of all her race—
The Rose that blooms victorious, and, ever bright and glorious,
Shall continue to reign o'er us in mercy, love, and grace.

R——

POPULAR LITERATURE—THE PERIODICAL PRESS.

POPULAR literature has till lately been regarded rather as a collection of curiosities than as a mine of wealth, and it is still regarded by many people as an object of jest or dread rather than of sympathy or admiration. But jests are sometimes costly, dread is too often the paralysis of thought, and curiosities, if they are trifles, are not always like flies in amber, insignificant trifles. Sometimes, like straws in the wind, like the cloud no bigger than a hand which foretells the coming storm, like the foot print on the lonely island which made its sole inhabitant stare, they have a peculiar importance, and we desire to call the attention of our readers to some facts of this kind in our current literature — facts which individually are of small account, but which in the mass have a value that cannot easily be overrated. They have a critical value which must not be overlooked, but it is to some of their social and political bearings that we are at present anxious to draw attention. It is, indeed, too much the custom to regard literature as mere literature. We speak of a republic of letters, and the phrase seems to imply that every other form of republic may be in alliance more or less close with it, but is essentially to be treated as a foreign State. Just as there are ecclesiastics who regard the Church as essentially distinct from the State, so there are people to whom literature is a province by itself—a world of books is completely severed from the world of life as the heavens from the earth. Literature in this light loses half its importance. It is only when we come to see in it the fine blossom of history that its full meaning can be caught. It is nothing if it is not a reflection of the period in which it flourishes,—its active as well as its meditative life, its politics as well as its romance, and we may rest assured that there is not a movement in it, not a force, not an atom of life which has not its counterpart in contemporary history. As such the

very dust of literature is precious, and its dross may be of more worth to the historian than its beaten gold. A handful of the rubbish collected by Samuel Pepys outweighs all the grand poems of the celebrated Sir Richard Blackmore, the diary of old Pepys himself is of greater interest than a whole library of state papers.

Literature, in fact, now implies far more than it ever did before. If before it was a reflection of history still it was but a partial reflection, if it was a portrait of life, still it was not a full length. It is now a complete representation of society, from the crown on its head to the buckle on its shoe, from its highest aspiration to its meanest want. There is no recognised limit to it. A century back the title of literature was limited, if not to classical productions, yet to productions that paid some regard to classical rules. An Act of Parliament would not have been considered literature, an advertisement sheet would not have been considered literature, a cookery book would not have been considered literature. *The Pilgrims Progress* would not have been considered literature, and a poet apologised for even mentioning it in one of his poems. How marvellously our whole feeling in this respect has changed, is evident in the proposals which have lately been circulated for improving and enlarging the English lexicons. The list of English words is said to be lamentably deficient, and the list of authorities for the recognised vocabulary to be equally meagre, through the arbitrary limits which the critics of the last century were induced to impose upon literature—here banishing certain subjects from its domain, and there banishing certain authors. It is now ascertained that, practically, what ever has been written belongs to literature. *Literæ scripta manet*. It is impossible to pick and choose. Selection can proceed only on arbitrary principles, what we might reject now might be sought for most eagerly in the next generation, what we might preserve now might prove

to be worthless hereafter, and thus, even for merely critical purposes, literature implies far more nowa-days than it ever did previously. It is almost unnecessary to say that also for the historian and the politician it has an incalculably increased interest and value. Authorship is fast ceasing to be a peculiar profession, and is becoming an ordinary accomplishment—a mode of addressing the public, universally practised by a people delighting in publicity, dependent on association, and accustomed to act in masses. Literature thus seizes upon the whole of our public life, and upon so much of our private life as through social irregularity or individual force of character necessarily emerges into publicity. It is accordingly to the historian precisely what the dial plate is to a timepiece—it is a perfect index of the innumerable processes at work throughout the whole frame of society, all tending, by slow revolutions and oscillations, to complete the destined cycle of events. To the politician however it is far more than a dial plate. A dial plate has no reflex action on the complicated mechanism of which it is the register. Literature on the other hand is not only the expression of public opinion and the index of contemporary history, it is itself a great force that reacts on the life which it represents half creating what it professes only to reflect. We receive but what we give—we see only what we have eyes for—we remember but what interests us—these are commonplaces which apply to literature as a whole not less than to individual minds. It creates in the mere act of expressing public opinion it leads while it follows, like the Parthian bowmen, it shoots its most effective arrows as it flies.

Of such fugitive literature there has never been so great a quantity produced as at the present moment. By the wonderful diffusion of the art of printing, it is becoming coextensive with language, and it would seem as if the day were not far distant when, by some new Babylonish miracle, speech might be abolished altogether, and writing might become the only mode of communication. But not only has the extra-

ordinary development which the press has lately undergone increased the amount of literary rubbish, and of what, although not rubbish, may justly be regarded as quite ephemeral the point which is most worthy of notice is this—that, by the mere fact of that increase, it has introduced new processes and habits, and it inaugurates a new era.

It is curious to note how, as in successive ages, literature receives a fresh impulse, although that impulse is merely mechanical, yet the effects, both on literature and on society, have all the potency of a revolution. A screw more or less, and literature changes colour, society is transformed. Take, for example, the first invention of an alphabet—the results were tremendous. Literature, which before had been entirely metrical—since it is only metrical compositions that could be preserved in the memory—then admitted of prose and all the simplicity and truthfulness which prose implies. On the other hand, society, accepting the gift of letters, found ere long that it had unconsciously accepted the creation of a learned class, that a priesthood in the worst sense rose where there was no priesthood before, and that its power was enormously increased and abused where previously it had been limited and just. The invention of letters thus unfettered literature while it fettered society, it furnished a lamp to knowledge and a dark lantern to religion; it was a secret which, like the "Open Sesame" of the fable, gave riches to them that knew it, and, it might be, death to them that knew it not. Slowly but surely the secret became more and more known, until at length the art of printing gave it a diffusion which was before impossible. Immediately we observe a remarkable effect both on literature and on society. In literature, the paucity of readers and the habits of a learned class had encouraged throughout Europe the neglect of native dialects, and had created a sort of universal language. Authors, anxious to address the largest number of readers possible, very naturally wrote in Latin. But, as the invention of printing increased the num-

ber of readers, it soon became evident that even in his mother tongue an author could find an audience worthy of his ambition. Hence the gradual neglect of Latin in each country, and the increased cultivation of the vernacular, until at length the European literature settled into the form which it now bears. And the effect on society was not less striking than the effect on literature. The deliberate culture of a national literature is of itself a social revolution, but a revolution not less important was produced by depriving the European priesthood of what had for ages been their almost exclusive possession. Letters were no longer a scholastic cabala, the mediæval distinction between clerk and lay was nullified, the priesthood of Western Europe, ceasing to be the exclusive owners of an art that was to the multitude like a wondrous charm, lost a mysterious power, which was an outward and palpable sign of a divine but imperceptible influence. Here we have a good illustration of the saying that 'a little learning is a dangerous thing,' and that the only cure for the danger is to increase the learning which caused it. The invention of writing helped literature, but helped it under conditions that created monopoly, and subjected the nations to a hierarchy which may have been in some respects beneficial but which must have been in all respects tyrannical. It required that still further help to literature and spread of education which printing supplied, to remedy those evils which the invention of writing had confirmed, if not generated.

Literature has in our day received an impulse and a development which in some respects may be described as not less extraordinary, not less revolutionary, than the impulse and the development which it derived successively from the creation of an alphabet and from the invention of printing. We cannot, indeed, fix upon any one discovery in the present century that may be compared for importance with either of the grand events to which we have just referred, but we can point to the concurrence of an immense number of new applications and new arrangements that have tend-

ed to diffuse education, and not only to cheapen, but also to improve and to enrich books, in a manner previously unexampled. The stereotypal process has been perfected, steam has been applied to the printing press, the printing press has been so elaborated that it is possible to throw off 80,000 copies of *The Times* in an hour, paper is improved and cheapened, various societies have been making the greatest efforts to popularise knowledge, we have been doing our best by 'grants in aid' and competitive examinations to raise the standard of education, while, keeping equal pace with these appliances, Government has abolished the stamp on newspapers except for postal purposes, the duty on advertisements has been abrogated, and there is every prospect that very speedily the paper duty, the last of the taxes on knowledge, will go with the rest. Along with such facilities as these should be mentioned the advance that has been made in those arts by which books are illustrated. The art of wood engraving has been revived, and beyond our expectation refined, printing in colours has been prosecuted with singular success, by the anastatic method, maps can be produced at a cost little beyond that of tracing the design, the sun not only draws pictures for us, but also prints them to any extent, so that books are illustrated directly by photographs. To all this add, that cheap music is the growth of but the last few years, and the most recent result of using movable types is, that one enterprising firm (Messrs Cocks and Co) have been able to offer Handel's *Messiah* to the public at the extraordinary price of one shilling and fourpence. Nor ought it to be forgotten that the railway, and the telegraph, and the penny postage, by bringing near to us a vast world beyond our own limited circles, and giving us a present interest in the transactions of the most distant regions, enormously increase the number of readers, and of themselves create a literature. Here, then, we see an immense number of new and powerful processes all converging to one great end. We see the most strenuous public and pri-

vate efforts to educate the country, to multiply readers, and to increase the necessity for books, we see what have been called the taxes on knowledge disappearing one after the other, we see the means of communication all over the globe most wonderfully developed, we see that machinery has by a variety of contrivances been so perfected as to render publication as easy and as cheap as possible, and we see a marvellous discovery, as well as admirable inventions, by means of which art is brought to the aid of literature, and the shortcomings of description assisted by the vividness of pictures. What must be the united effect of these manifold forces some of which are not yet fully developed, and must be regarded as putting forth but half their strength? The employment of electricity, for example, in the communication of thought is as yet in its infancy and the results which have already been attained are so prodigious that the wildest conjectures we can form as to the future application of this extraordinary power are not to be ranked among the impossibilities. When, three centuries ago, Strada dreamt of a magnetic telegraph, and when, about a century and a-half ago, Addison described to the British public the conjecture of Strada, that by means of a loadstone and a dial plate engraved with the letters of the alphabet it might be possible for friends separated hundreds of miles to converse with each other, the idea must have seemed to be infinitely more extravagant than it would now be to suggest that electricity, which has been made to print the telegrams, can be made to assist the printer even still more effectually. What, we repeat, must be the united effect of all the forces we have enumerated—some of them still forces in the bud? Is it too much to say that the combination of all together cannot be rated as anything less important than the discovery of an alphabet or the invention of printing?

It would be presumptuous to think that we could fully estimate the effects of influences at once so powerful and so subtle. It is not now, when they are but beginning to act, that even the most sagacious reasoner

could venture to predict what must be the infallible consequences. But, we can, at all events, take note of tendencies. Already the new life that literature has received from the inventions of an age remarkable for its mechanical genius shows itself in new forms of publication, new habits, new necessities, and we may record these, if we do not profess to comprehend them fully. Even if we exaggerate trifles, it will be a less mistake than to ignore them altogether. When the first newspaper was published at Venice, and called a *Gazette*, as Mr Disraeli suggests, from the name of a magpie or chatterer, but more probably from the farthing coin which was the price of it, what would have been said if it had been then predicted that the greatest warrior of modern times would estimate the power of four journals at more than 100,000 bayonets? Napoleon is reported to have so estimated the power of the press in his day and what is it now, at least in this country? What will it be a century hence? What is to be the destiny of all this popular literature which is now produced in almost incredible quantities, and of which the so called 'press' is but a single branch? In the whole range of political thought, there is not a subject that at the present moment is half so suggestive. Call it hope, call it fear—at all events imagination is thoroughly aroused as we watch the giant strides of literature in these days—the universality of print, the omnipotence of ink. For good or for bad, our future is in it, and although no wise man can be insensible to the dangers by which it is beset, and the abuses to which it is liable, yet every candid one must admit that in this country at least, and as far as our experience at present reaches, the rise of this great power in the State, the development of this strange form of public life, the exercise and the extension of this franchise, must be numbered among our greatest political blessings. May it be so in the future! We, as Tories, can look forward to that future, if without exultation, yet also without fear. All the movements of the time tend towards democracy, it is true, and a free press is supposed to be the pecu-

liar symbol and engine of the demagogue, but when the dreaded deluge comes, perhaps it will be found to come with safeguards in the constitution of the English press, which no previous democracy has ever enjoyed, and which not even the great democracy across the Atlantic can boast. Whatever be the result of our inquiries, however, the subject must not be blinked, we must make up our minds about it one way or another, and it may not be amiss to make some attempt at least, to generalise the facts from which it is impossible to escape.

Among these facts may here be mentioned the peculiar development of modern periodical literature. The rise of the periodical press is the great event of modern history. It has completely altered the game of politics, it has rendered obsolete more than half the State maxims of European Cabinets, it represents the triumph of moral over physical force, it gives every one of us a new sense—a sort of omniscience, as well as a new power—a sort of ubiquity. That, certainly, and all that it involves, is the most important of the facts which demand our attention, but scarcely less worthy of notice is what may be termed the Tract literature of the country. Thus it is true, sometimes takes the periodical form, and connects itself more or less intimately with some kind of magazine or news paper, but it is not necessarily periodical. It is the literature of clubs, of leagues, of societies—for the most part a propaganda literature existing for a special purpose and ceasing when that purpose is attained. In extent it is prodigious and in interest it is very curious for the marvellous organisation, wheel within wheel and cog upon cog which it reveals in full activity throughout the country. Not to be confounded with the foregoing species of literature—and yet naturally connecting itself with it, is the system of prize literature which has lately been carried on with immense vigour. Prizes are offered for essays on certain subjects, the competitors being sometimes limited to amateurs of a particular class—to the working classes for example, and the object is partly to get an effective book on

the theme proposed, but chiefly to stimulate an interest in a foregone conclusion. Under this head it is natural to inquire what must be the effect of such amateur writing up to a predetermined issue, and how far the principle of such competitions is congenial to the English mind? From literature of such an order to commercial literature the transition is not very violent. The adaptation of literature to commercial necessities is one of the most curious of the phenomena of our time, and not only curious, but important, since to a very large extent it may be regarded as the genuine outcome of the uneducated rough and ready popular mind. Nor while in such effusions as these we trace the more serious attempts at literature, ought we to forget the lighter aspects which the cheap publications of the day present. And at this point it is to be noted, as the principal fact, that pictorial illustration enters into every attempt to amuse the British public. What are the limits and what is the influence of illustration are inquiries that in this connection ought to be fairly met. Advancing in our inquiry we come to an immense number of publications which might have been treated of under the head of periodical literature, but which may not unreasonably receive separate consideration—we allude to a multitude of journals and serials, most of them profusely illustrated, and all of them devoted to fiction, published at a penny or less, and intended for the most ignorant class of readers. This is the lowest and the most questionable kind of literature, and it is mainly the product of our modern facilities of publication. How far these facilities have influenced the comic literature, the ballad and song literature, the nursery and educational literature of the country, are cognate inquiries scarcely less worthy of investigation, although far more difficult of solution. Some of these subjects have been already discussed by Maga, and that, too, very recently. Even were it not so, however we could not pretend to take any adequate survey of the vast and fertile field of observation indicated in the foregoing sketch. We must be content to seize a few of the

more important points, and we begin with the most important of all—the PERIODICAL PRESS.

A periodical differs from a book in being calculated for rapid sale and for immediate effect. A book may at first fall dead upon the market, and yet may endure for ages, a wellspring of life to all mankind. A periodical, on the other hand—be it a daily paper, a weekly journal, a monthly magazine, or a quarterly review—is a creature of the day: if each successive number does not attain its object in the short span of existence allotted to it, then it fails for ever—it has no future. The newspaper of to-day supplants the newspaper of yesterday. The Saturday summary of news scarcely lives till the following Saturday. The magazines are thrown aside before the month is out. It is necessary, therefore, to the success of a periodical, that it should attain an instant popularity—in other words that it should be calculated for the appreciation, not of a few, but of the many. Periodical literature is essentially a popular literature, and, enormously as our literature has been increased of late years, it is in the direction of periodical publications—publications for the million—that it has been especially developed. Even in the issue of works which are not of an ephemeral nature—"Standard Libraries," "Family Libraries," "Travellers Libraries," "Useful Libraries," encyclopedias, and the like—publishers find the advantage of serial production. There is no reason why a man who has purchased Sheridan's dramatic works should next invest his money in *Wheatley on the Common Prayer*, yet Mr Bohn counts upon his doing so, and treats the public as the children of habit. Such a fact as this brings into prominence another characteristic of serial or periodical literature, it is not only popular, it is a necessity of its popularity that it should also be to a very large extent miscellaneous. In the "*Bibliothèque Charpentier*" we find the *Paradise Lost* bound up in the same yellow volume with the *Sentimental Journey*, in any of our own magazines or reviews there will be an essay on fly fishing immediately after an ex-

posure of the weakness of the Turkish Empire, or a tale of the most exalted love after a long dissertation on the nebular hypothesis. This wide range of subjects is indeed both cause and effect of popularity—a popularity of which it is extremely difficult to convey any adequate idea. It would be easy to heap up statistics, but, unfortunately, statistics are signs rather than ideas. An arithmetical operation is an expedient to save thought, a sum total is a number which we express in so many figures, not a quantity which the mind actually grasps. The most vivid idea of the enormous diffusion of periodical literature will be obtained by a visit to any flourishing news-vender, by seeing how his shop is loaded with periodicals of all sorts and sizes, and at prices from a halfpenny up to a shilling, by noting the rapidity with which he disposes of all these, each transaction being for the most part limited to the value of a penny, and by considering how many hundreds of such shops and stands there are in London alone, not to speak of the country, where we find every shire, every town, almost every village, with its local newspaper, strong in itself, and stimulating the absorption of the metropolitan literature. It is out of such an organisation, which is continually spreading in its influence, that we obtain journals whose daily or weekly circulation is to be measured by tens and hundreds of thousands.

Now, the first conclusion to which people who think of our periodical literature jump is, that, being ephemeral, being miscellaneous and being popular, it must necessarily be superficial. They say it is every year becoming more and more superficial, and they ask where is all this to end? Is the national character to lose its solidity? Is the staple of our instruction to be derived from the columns of a newspaper, from magazine articles, and from slashing reviews? It would be too much to say that the periodical press does not too often give occasion for reproaches such as these. Here we find superficiality, there ignorance, elsewhere absolute nonsense. But these are weaknesses which we find just as frequently in publications that are not

periodical, and we cannot believe that periodical literature, spite of the rapidity of writing which it implies, necessarily entails superficiality. The periodical literature itself, as we shall presently show, gives the most effectual answer to the charge of superficiality, but we may, in passing, advert to the fallacy of the principle on which such an accusation proceeds. It is the schoolboy's fallacy that learning is a punishment: it is the ploughman's fallacy that medicine is a cheat if it does not make him very sick; it is the old woman's fallacy that a sermon ought to set her to sleep; it is the classical fallacy that the owl is the bird of wisdom. On the contrary, it is capable of distinct proof that popular writing ought really to be of the most profound. If it costs the reader little trouble, it costs the writer much. On the same principle that dictated the apology of South for a long sermon—"I had not time to make it shorter, or the anti-theism of Sheridan—"Easy writing is a curst hard reading"—it follows that the simplicity and the clearness which are the essentials of periodical writing frequently imply a much more perfect grasp of the subject, a much more valuable digest than the tedious details, the incomprehensible digressions, and the technical phraseology of more ambitious performances. We do not indeed say that these more ambitious performances are not also more able than the ordinary run of compositions which emanate from the periodical press: but only that their tediousness and intricacy are not necessarily signs of superiority. Truth is generally simple, and can be simply told. The popular writer is compelled to shun irrelevancies and to study brevity. That necessity is an unmixed good—it is bad only for show. Those who see superficiality in popular writing are much like the people who, more than two centuries ago, were accustomed to hear their favourite preachers interlard their discourses with copious quotations from the Greek and Latin authors, and who deemed it a sad falling off when this practice was discontinued, and no one could judge from the sermon whether the preacher were a "Latiner" or not. As a sermon may be effective

without a display of learning, so within the short limits of a newspaper article the whole truth may be conveyed as in a nutshell, and the simplicity which vulgar minds mistake for weakness may be the most certain test of profound knowledge and clear vision. Or if, granting that the articles themselves are not superficial because they happen to be readable, it may be said that, since they appear in an ephemeral form, the effect on the reader's mind must be superficial, it must be remembered that the very idea of a periodical implies frequency of repetition. A subject is not treated once for all and then dismissed for ever. Hundreds of periodicals treat of it, and recur to it again and again, never letting it drop until it is thoroughly exhausted, and the public are quite sick of it.

But the most remarkable characteristic of periodical literature, and that which supplies the principal antidote to any superficial tendency, is the multiplicity and speciality of its divisions. This fact is the key to the position and influence of the press. Without seizing it in all its significance, the power of the press will be to us but a name like "the dread name of Demogorgon." And here the great point to be kept in view is that periodical literature is essentially a classified literature. No matter on what principle the classification proceeds, the result is still the same—to divide and subdivide this kind of literature more and more. It is the rarest thing in the world for a periodical to succeed which does not either represent a class of readers or select a class of subjects. We have in our time seen a great number of journals started with not a little capital and conducted with no ordinary ability, but yet utterly failing because of the want of a speciality. Even a daily paper which is supposed to concern itself with the whole universe of thought must have its preferences, and, although aspiring to represent an entire nation, can at best be the mouthpiece of a majority. Certain subjects must be overlooked, certain interests must be ignored, certain classes must be neglected. It cannot hope to give anything like a complete record of all

the books that are published, and so there are weekly journals especially devoted to literary criticism. It does not pretend to any special knowledge of engineering, and so the engineers have a journal bristling with algebraic formulae all to themselves. In like manner there is the *Builder* for architects, there is the *Art Journal* for artists, there is the *Mechanics' Journal* for artisans, there is the *Economist* for merchants. Lawyers have the *Law Times*, medical men have the *Medical Times* and the *Lancet*, chemists and druggists have the *Pharmaceutical Journal*, Churchmen of every shade—high, low, and broad—have their papers, Dissenters have theirs, Catholics have theirs, the licensed victuallers have a daily paper, and, perhaps, they are the only class of the community that singly could afford such a luxury. Then there is an *Agricultural Journal*, a *Shipping Gazette*, a *Bankers' Magazine*, a *Statistical Journal*, a *Photographic Journal*, a *Stereoscopic Magazine*, an *Illustrated Journal* of all new inventions, a *Musical World*, a *Racing Times*, sporting newspapers without end, *Railway Times*, a *Mining Journal*, a *Journal of Missing Friends in Australia*, a *Journal for Notes and Queries*, an *Educational Journal*, a *Scientific Journal*, an *Astronomical Journal*, a *Numismatic Journal*, a *Journal for Spirit rapping*, for *Mesmerism*, for *Insanity*, a *Civil Service Gazette*, a *United Service Gazette*, a *Family Friend*, a *Lady's Newspaper*, a *Classical Museum*, a *Follet* devoted to fashion, an *Englishwoman's Journal* devoted to the rights of the sex, a *Chess Chronicle*, an *Illustrated London News*, a *Punch*, a *Biographical Magazine* for those who are interested in memoirs, a *Weekly Novelist* for those who like fiction, and to show how limited is sometimes the sphere of a periodical, we may give the title of one which we picked up the other day at a railway station.—“More sympathy between Rich and Poor a monthly periodical, price 1d.” Under such a minutely divided and subdivided system there is not much danger of superficiality in the treatment of subjects. If any theological discussion in which a

daily paper can indulge is not thoroughly exhaustive, there are ecclesiastical journals in which the matter is ground to powder, if in its remarks on great public works it has a tendency to dwell on results rather than on processes, professional persons will obtain all the data and all the calculations that they want from the *Engineer*, if in turning the attention of its readers to the sale of poisons, it cannot enter very particularly into the uses and abuses of each particular drug, every imaginable detail will be found in the *Pharmaceutical Journal*. And it is curious to note the method by which these journals—what we may call the class journals—seize upon their subject and provide for its complete discussion. One fact is gleaned from a London newspaper, another from a provincial one, a third from a French report, the next is borrowed from some theological discourse, and something else from the last novel. A letter on photography appears in the columns of the *Times*, and it instantly reappears in the photographic periodicals. The same *Journal* gives a description of an earthquake at Naples, and it is at once transferred to the scientific journals. Its Chinese correspondent announces the death of a wealthy merchant named Mr Boale, at Shanghai, and speaks of him as one of the *Medici* of Shanghai. The medical journals catch at the word, and actually reprint the paragraph under the heading “*Medical Profession in China*!” Before the week is out there is not one of its columns which has not been cut into pieces by innumerable scissors, and distributed among innumerable class journals. And when we speak of class journals, it must be remembered that frequently from a necessity of their position what are apparently but local newspapers come under this designation. One newspaper is published in the iron district, another in the great cotton region, another in the most bucolic of English counties, a fourth in one of the strongholds of Dissent, and a fifth in the great American emporium. Here position determines the choice of subject, a geographical difference becomes a logical one, and under a new form

we detect a class literature. No great subject is, in fact, overlooked, no great interest is neglected, no important class suffers itself to be ignored.

But if this view of the press be good as a reply to the charge of superficiality, it is also good for a great deal more. And in the first place we cannot help thinking that it throws a new light on the relation of literature to life—of authorship to society. For what is authorship according to this view? Is it, as we have been in the habit of supposing, a profession by itself? or is it not rather an integral part of every profession? Is the art of writing to be regarded as a separate occupation any more than the art of speaking? Is there something intrinsic in book making which there is not in book keeping? It will be observed that, in speaking of authorship and book making, we are referring here, as throughout the article, to the vast majority of writers and of books; we put out of account those exceptional instances of wonderful genius that occur now and then in every age; we are looking not to the intrinsic merit of their works, but only to present popularity and influence, which is often attained in far higher degree by the merest rubbish than by works of purest gold, which posterity will not willingly let die. And in this view we ask again, what is there intrinsic in book making which there is not in book keeping? As we look at the periodical publications of the day we see every profession with its journal, every interest with its literary organ. What does this literary organ mean? Does it mean that the class thus represented, or the interest thus upheld, has employed the services of a profession known as the literary profession—one that, like the Swiss among the nations, is an army ready to champion any cause for which it is engaged? On the contrary, does it not rather mean that in this matter of authorship the tendency of civilisation is quite the opposite of its tendency in the matter of soldiery?—that as a standing army is the creation of modern times, so a literary class is a peculiarity of unlettered

times, that as in the dark ages every man had a sword by his side, so in these days every man has a pen in his hand? The principle of the division of labour tends each year more and more to separate war from ordinary occupations, while each year it is of less and less avail to prevent literature from being identified with every form of labour. Authorship is thus not a profession by itself, but a mode of cultivating any and every profession. To say of two men that they have written books—the one a History of England, the other, a History of Rhododendrons, is to insist on a unity of profession without a similarity of work. What would any political writer nowadays think if the editor of a water and gas company journal were introduced to him as a brother of the press? Are we not all brothers of the press? Is not the respected barber who contributes the news of his village to the county newspaper, also a man and a brother? Is not worthy Boniface, who reports the market prices, also a man and a brother? Who has not smutted his fingers with printer's ink? Let your faithful servant reply—we mean, John Thomas, whose sarcastic epistles are every now and then appearing in the *Wessex Chanticleer*, under the signature of "Veritas," and "Fiat Justitia," and "Philalæthes," and "Phileleutheros," and who is at this moment bursting with the idea of a new periodical to be called *The Area Bell, or Servant's Own*, of which he is to be the founder and proprietor. It is, in fact, impossible to make a distinctive definition of literature, a definition that will not apply to every mortal who can turn a sentence, that will not include the tea merchant who writes philosophical advertisements on the duty of regarding "Number One," which happens to be the number of his shop, that does not involve the fair grisette who composes the knitting, netting, and crochet articles for some twopenny periodical, that does not transform into a man of letters poor old Sandy, the gardener, who tells the world in very small print when to grow cabbages and how to sow peas. As Jacob Twigg said, when asked what was his business, "I am in the law,"

or as any fellow who hangs about a London spunging-house might say the same, so vaguely it is that one can speak of belonging to literature as a profession. All the old ideas, indeed, about this profession, are becoming more and more obsolete, and while rejoicing to see so many men of great literary eminence in the House of Commons, we do not recognise their presence simply as a compliment to literature. It is, no doubt, the case that three successive Chancellors of the Exchequer have attained a distinguished position as writers, and that a greater number of members are authors or journalists than in any previous Parliament. But was it on account of their literary qualifications that these Chancellors were intrusted with the finances of the country? was it for their poetical, critical, or historical faculties, that so many authors have been elected to Parliament? and does their election mean the apotheosis of literature—the homage of England to the power of its authors? It means nothing of the kind. Authorship with most of these men is only an accident—a useful accident, indeed, but still nothing more, and their presence in the House of Commons proves that literature is fast ceasing to be a distinct profession, that it is simply a mode of expression common to all occupations,—common as speaking, common as letter writing. If anybody wishes to address large bodies of the community, it is only possible to do so either by calling together a monster meeting or by acting on a still greater number through the press,—either by oratory or by authorship, and the fact that among the members of the House of Commons there is a goodly array of authors, only proves that our representatives are accustomed to use every possible means of influencing the public. Publicity is a necessity of our existence, and it implies the publisher, without by any means implying a literary class, for it must be observed that not only is literature losing its individuality as a profession, there is also the pregnant fact that the old distinction between book learning and actual experience is fast being diminished. It is true that knowledge will always be one

thing, and wisdom another, that theory and practice will not always be identical. Yet, as wisdom depends on knowledge, and practice on theory, so it now happens that more than half the business of the world is based on the organisation of the newspaper press. Time was when a man might be a great ruler without being able to sign his name, when he might be a very successful merchant without being able to spell, when mere reading would assist one very little in fighting one's way through the world. But those days are past, reading now means something very different from what it did before. In these times we are all readers, we read not the Greek fathers, nor the Latin historians, nor the scholastic philosophers, we read of what concerns us in our actual homes and businesses, we read of profit and loss, of peace and war, of present happiness and misery, of present work, present results, present projects. Our whole literature connects itself with the present more intimately than ever. If Arnold writes a History of Rome and Grote a History of Greece, they are thinking of present England all the time, if Gladstone writes criticism on Homer, he sees the British poeprage in the heroes of the *Iliad*, if a new edition of Herodotus is forthcoming, it has reference to present discoveries in Assyria and Egypt. The consequence is that the best read man is the most knowing man. The world is too wide, and experience is too vast, for the mind and the time of any one man. The amount of experience which any of us can purchase with a penny of observation is as nothing to the experience which can be purchased every day in a penny news-room, where the wondrous network of the press gathers together all the possible information on every possible subject. And we are justified in the conclusion that, as literature is ceasing to be a peculiar profession, so in this age of readers the old contrast between book knowledge and life knowledge or experience is with equal rapidity being rubbed down, though of course it can never entirely pass away.

A still more important conclusion, however, presses itself on our atten-

tion—a great political fact, the most wonderful development which our threefold form of government has received in these latter days. As a political power the British press has been termed the fourth estate. It was originally so called by Burke, and it is so designated in the title of the most recent work on the subject, written by one who had a high character for ability, and who ought to have known what he was saying. But what does this designation mean? The three estates of the realm are the Crown, the peerage, and the commonsality, and when we speak of a fourth estate we necessarily mean a substantive power—a power that is distinct from the other three. If the clergy were elevated into a power of the realm, they would constitute a fourth estate; if all the lawyers in the kingdom had a separate voice in the legislature, they would constitute a fourth estate; and so, if authorship and newspaper writing were a profession by itself, then the power which it enjoys in the country might not unnaturally confer on the press the designation of the fourth estate. In point of fact, the press came to be so called in days when authorship was a distinct profession, when men of letters were a fraternity by themselves, when the country was so little educated that a literary class was unavoidable, and yet so well educated that the power of that class through the readers whom they influenced was enormous. But now that education has been infinitely spread, what has been the result? Why, that the power of the press has continually increased, while the literary class has been so enlarged that it has ceased to be an order by itself, and embraces every class of the community. The press, therefore, has ceased to be a fourth estate, according to any possible construction which we can put upon these words. But if it is a great power in the realm and yet is not a fourth estate, what is it? Lord Stanley hit the nail upon the head when he said, not long ago, "The press is itself a representation." This is precisely the case. It is not a substantive power of the realm, but a representative one. It is not a fourth estate, but a second representation of

the third estate. It is as real and as powerful a representation of the commonsality as the House of Commons itself. And as we have lately heard a good deal of representation without election, let us add that it is in the strictest sense an elected representation, newspapers being entirely dependent on their sale, and their sale being really a popular election, embodying in its only tolerable form the Chartist principle of payment. Now, the periodical press represents the country in two ways. In the first of these it takes after the House of Commons, which is a representation according to districts. As every county has its two or three members, so it has its two or three papers, and the towns likewise have their representatives in Parliament and their representatives in the press, each system of representation continually acting, now as a spur, now as a curb upon the other. But the periodical press also represents the country after another mode, which is the envy of our constitution doctors. It is a favourite maxim with not a few theoretical reformers, that one of the best methods of extending the franchise would be by introducing the principle of class instead of district representation. For ourselves, we do not very clearly see how it is possible to adapt this principle to parliamentary representation, but from what has been already said, it will be seen that it is a principle in full activity in the representative system of the press, where we find class journals as well as district journals, the former enjoying immense power, since their influence, not confined to a locality, reaches all over the country, and since their opinion to a very large extent determines the policy of the district newspapers. And the sort of power which all these journals—district and class together—exercise, will be best understood if we call to mind another proposal of our reformers. It was proposed that certain persons (these were to be members of the Government, but who the particular parties were does not affect the principle of the plan) should on the nomination of the Crown sit in Parliament, and exercise all the privileges of debate with-

out having the right to vote—a right that could only be conferred by popular suffrage. Now, this is part of the power which the press enjoys in Parliament. Its position there may, without any very great stretch of fancy, be compared to the position of those representatives of the people, the tribunes in the Roman Senate, allowed to be present at the debates of the Senate, they were not allowed to sit with the senators, but had benches placed for them before the open doors of the senate house. There is not a parliamentary debate in which the voice of the press is not distinctly heard, and if it has not the power of directly voting, it has to a very large extent the power of electing those who do. Perhaps we could not better illustrate the political action of a class journal than by referring to what occurred last session with regard to the Sale of Poisons Bill. This Bill the importance of which is indicated in the frightful tragedy that has so recently occurred at Bradford, by no means attracted a general attention and we need not now express an opinion as to the policy of the measure. We refer to it because we have not for a long time seen a finer instance of the working of our institutions than the history of this Bill affords. It was brought forward at a late period of the session when the Government, which previously had been cautious enough, began to wax fat and to kick as governments generally do when the dog days commence, and the "blind puppies" are to be drowned. Parliament was thinning fast, the members who remained were weary, and Ministers were carrying every thing before them—carrying even measures, such as the Medical Bill, which had been the despair of every preceding Government. They were also about to carry a Poisons Bill without opposition save from the chemists and druggists, who growled dissent in their *Pharmaceutical Journal*. Lord Derby rejected their amendments, refused a compromise, determined to carry the Government Bill, and passed it through the House of Lords in the most triumphant manner. Up to the moment of the third reading there

had not been a whisper against it out of doors, except in the journal above mentioned. In a couple of hours after the third reading, circulars and forms of petition were sent through the machinery at the disposal of that journal to almost every chemist throughout the kingdom, and before another twenty four hours had elapsed petitions began to pour in from every town and from every village. The House of Commons was inundated with petitions. The number of these petitions presented within a few days was, we believe, almost without example. And besides petitioning the House, the chemists of every district besieged their members. Such, indeed, was the pressure, that on the eighth day after the third reading in the Upper House, Mr Walpole felt the necessity of announcing that he abandoned the measure altogether. The class journal carried the day.

We have said that the voice of the press is distinctly heard in every parliamentary debate. We ought, however to state the fact still more broadly by saying that, this being an age of readers, the action of the press has more or less altered the character of every public audience, and affects more or less intimately every public display. So that if the result is most of all apparent in Parliament, still it is not unfelt in every public assembly, in every church, in every theatre, throughout the kingdom. It is most evident of all in Parliament, because there the subject of discussion is the same as the newspapers. Both in the House and out of doors it is continually forgotten that the debates are very much forestalled by the discussions of the press. This is a fact that accounts for a great deal of the impatience with which the public regard House of Commons oratory. It is not unusual to speak of parliamentary eloquence in the most contemptuous terms. It is a favourite simile that the speeches of our legislators make the welfare of the nation as Rome was saved by the cackling of the geese in the capitol. And people indulge in such criticism at a time when, as we verily believe, the oratorical talent in Parliament is,

on the whole, greater than ever it was. While we have such men as Lords Derby, Macaulay, Lyndhurst, Brougham, Ellenborough, and the Bishop of Oxford in the Upper House, and in the Lower House such men as Gladstone, Bright, Disraeli, Graham, Bulwer, Palmerston, when he is on his mettle, and to speak retrospectively, Cobden, when discussing subjects within his grasp, we need not be much afraid of comparing our living eloquence with the eloquence that has passed away. It is true that the style of speaking is different from what it used to be, but it is not therefore worse. It is, indeed, infinitely better, as anybody who will take the trouble of reading the senatorial effusions of last century must know. In proof of this, let it be remembered that Sheridan's great Begum speech in Westminster Hall was pronounced the most wonderful oration ever delivered, or second only to his previous speech in the House of Commons. Of the House of Commons speech we have unfortunately no report. Of the second Begum speech, however, which Burke honoured with even higher laudations than he bestowed on the other, asserting it to be quite unparalleled in oratory, and an example of every possible excellence in the highest perfection, we can form a very fair opinion. Now of this wonderful speech confessedly the most wonderful part was the peroration, after the delivery of which Sheridan accomplished the grand stage effect of throwing himself exhausted into the arms of Burke. This peroration had reference to an unfortunate phrase of Warren Hastings, that 'the majesty of justice ought not to be approached without solicitation.' Sheridan overwhelmed his audience with a description of justice, and it may help to place on its proper footing the much vaunted eloquence of the past if we quote this astonishing description. "But justice," said the great orator, "is not this halt and miserable object! It is not the ineffective bumble of an Indian pagod! It is not the portentous phantom of despair! It is not like any fabled monster formed in the eclipse of reason, and found in some unhal-

lowed grove of superstitious darkness and political dismay! No, my lords! In the happy reverse of all these I turn from this disgusting caricature to the real image! Justice I have now before me august and pure, the abstract idea of all that would be perfect in the spirits and aspirations of men! Where the mind rises!—where the heart expands!—where the countenance is ever placid and benign!—where her favourite attitude is to stoop to the unfortunate, to hear their cry, and to help them, to rescue and relieve, to succour and save, majestic from its mercy, venerable from its utility, uplifted without pride, firm without obduracy, beneficent in each preference, lovely though in her frown! Such is the tawdry magnificence which was said to surpass all the oratory of which there is any record or tradition. Such is the dazzling claptrap which pales the ineffectual fires of modern eloquence. It is true that Moore's version of the same peroration is somewhat better, but much of this improvement is due to the fact of its being more condensed and we must not forget Moore's own opinion that many passages of the speech, when in print, appeared so little worthy of Sheridan's reputation as to require suppression.—I thought it would be, on the whole, more prudent to omit them—a decision which he supports with the authority of Fox, who had propounded the most fallacious maxim that a good speech must read badly, and that a speech which reads well must have been a failure in delivery. Taking all the facts together, it is impossible to believe in the decadence of oratory. It is forgotten, we repeat, that, in forming a comparative opinion of past and present eloquence, the action of the press has revolutionised every public audience, that it has rendered us more fastidious in our admiration of first rate oratory, that it has rendered us utterly intolerant of mediocre speaking, and that it has this particular effect on parliamentary debate—it takes the wind out of the sails of most members anticipating all that they intended to say. It is to be regretted that members in the House forget this quite as much

as the public out of doors. What has Mr Cox to say on any one subject that has not been already said in print, and said much better? If Box gets up immediately afterwards, will he not say the same thing as Cox? So these brilliant metropolitan members, Box and Cox, go on night after night, until one cannot help thinking that it would be much more pleasant, and not less edifying, if Mr Buckstone were to take the part of Box and Mr Compton were to take the part of Cox. In point of fact, however, the daily papers must take a certain amount of blame to themselves for encouraging this sort of speaking. So long as the newspapers report their speeches, Box and Cox will speak for ever, since they speak not to their colleagues in Parliament, but to their constituents—to Bunkum, as the Americans phrase it, Buncombe being the name of a district which a member of Congress used to address by inflicting long harangues on his fellow legislators. We are aware that the morning papers try hard to put a stop to the evil by abridging as much as possible these unnecessary speeches, but the task is an inviolable one, and, after all, we have to acknowledge the inadequacy of these praiseworthy efforts. Perhaps when the relations of public speaking and public writing are properly adjusted and better understood, the evil may gradually cure itself. A highly educated constituency will know how to take the measure of a representative who consumes the time of the legislature by proxy twaddle, and will not think the loss of an honest and active member who holds his tongue, content to vote in silence.

In a subsequent article on the tract literature of the country we shall have more to say with regard to this most interesting subject—the influence of the press on political oratory, and indeed, on all political action. Meantime we recur to the broader statement from which we started, that the action of the press has altered the character of every public audience throughout the kingdom. If it is felt in Parliament, it is also felt in every church and in every theatre. Its effect in the

churches must be evident if we compare the two facts that never has the British pulpit been so efficient as it is now, and that, on the other hand, preaching has never been held in such contempt as at the present day. Compare the Church now with what it was at the commencement of the century, in the age of beer drinking and fox hunting parsons, or compare it with its condition a full century back, when it was frost-bound in Socinian error, and the great majority of clergymen preached Socrates and Seneca instead of Christ, the Stoical philosophy for the glad tidings of salvation, or go still farther back to what we have been in the habit of regarding as the golden age of the English pulpit,—the days of Barrow, and Taylor, and South, and Fuller, when the great mass of the clergy were mean in their manners as well as weak in their letters, or once more recede to that strange period in the history of the Scottish Church, when some of the members were so poor that they had to make a living by keeping public houses, and in 1578 the General Assembly was asked "Whether a minister or reader may tap ale and keep an open tavern?" the answer being, "A minister that taps ale and keeps an open tavern should keep decorum." The comparison is in favour of the Church as we see it now. The clergy are better as a whole, the sermons are infinitely better. We point with confidence to the published discourses of such men as Arnold, Whately, and Hare, Croly, Pusey, Newman, Butler, and Manning, Maurice and Kingsley, Guthrie and Caird, and these men, be it remembered, more truly represent the common run of clergymen nowadays than Barrow and Taylor—who are above comparison with the preachers of almost any age—represented the clergy of the seventeenth century. Yet in spite of this progress, which, whatever be the defects of our ecclesiastics, it would be unjust to deny, it is also the fact that the pulpit, as an institution, has visibly sunk in our time. Not that there is any diminution in the attendance at churches, on the contrary, innumerable new churches have been built, they are well filled

—they are better filled than ever, and the cry is still for more and more accommodation, all this being due to the spread of religious feeling in the community. The fact to which we refer is the sort of respect in which the ordinary run of sermons is held, the stern patience rather than interest with which good people listen to the dull drone of their minister, the contempt which men of the world express for the pulpit, the repugnance which many highly cultivated men feel against spending a couple of hours in the sanctuary. To a very large class of persons—and these men of mark and influence—the church is as much an object of aversion, frank outspoken aversion, as, on other grounds, the theatre is to another very large class of persons whose opinion is entitled to not a little consideration. What is the secret of all this? The secret lies in the fact that, contemporaneously with the renewed life which has visited the Church, a new life has also visited the press, and through the press has so told upon the country that the progress of the Church has been as nothing in comparison with the progress of the people. To the Tractarian party we may fairly give the honour of showing to Churchmen the senselessness of the cry that the Church is in danger, and of proving that the real danger lay, not in the hostility of Dissenters, but in the deficiencies of the clergy themselves. Now, it was just about the time when this influence began to work that the country began to boister itself in the matter of education, that cheap literature came into vogue, and that, by the reduction of the newspaper stamp, the first step was taken towards the abolition of the taxes on knowledge. There has accordingly been a sort of race between the press and the pulpit, in which the latter has lost so much ground that certain literary men have not scrupled to assert that the true working clergy of the British Isles are the authors and journalists. The comparison between press and pulpit, however, is run too close. The ministers of religion might with some justice complain that the full extent of their mission is not recognised in

this statement of the case, and Maga likewise, on the part of the press, can say unaffectedly—*Nolens eopari*. But in the point where the comparison holds, the point of instruction, there is no doubt that the press must very much supersede the pulpit, that reading must have the advantage of listening. Not that preaching will ever fall into disuse, nor that any amount of reading will diminish the effect of the living voice and the flashing eye. But the sphere of the sermon must be circumscribed. It will be seen that preaching is not the most important duty of the regular clergy, it will be felt that more may be had from a first-rate book than from a second or third rate preacher, it will not be expected that the third and fourth rate preacher should stately hold forth. If there is any principle of development in the Church of England, which we believe there is, then what in matters theatrical is called the starring system—the identical system, in fact, of which we see the germ in the Westminster Abbey services of last winter, and in the bill permitting a bishop, irrespective of the parish incumbent, to appoint a special service in any district of his diocese—may gradually spring up, and it is not impossible that thus, borrowing a system in full force in the Church of Rome, but hitherto only tolerated in this country among the Dissenters (as witness the history of Whitfield and Wesley), an order of apostles may arise, men who, having the gift of utterance, will devote themselves wholly to preaching, who will pass from town to town, and from village to village, and who will once again make the calling of the preacher glorious as his theme, and his theme fresh as a marvel of which we never tire.

The process which is thus evident in senate hall and church is somewhat different in our theatres, while the result is still the same. The decline of the drama is a byword, but the most erroneous ideas prevail as to the manner and the cause of this decline. What is it that has declined in the drama? The number of theatres is rather on the increase, and the profits of the managers have by no means been diminished. The decline

is not an affair of quantity, but of quality. The higher sort of literary power has almost entirely left the theatres, plays are written solely for the actor, not at all for the reader. Nothing has been able to stay this process. Authors blame the actors, and actors blame the managers, and managers blame the public, and the public blame the authors, and we believe that theatrical critics, too, get a good share of blame for not being able to bolster the classical drama into health. There is a round of fault-finding, and the stage declines lower and lower. The decline which we deplore is the inevitable result of civilisation. For observe the process. We have heard some of the best authorities attribute the decline of the drama to the abolition of the monopoly enjoyed by the Covent Garden and Drury Lane theatres, and in favour of this idea there is the fact, that since the removal of the patents the decline of the drama has become more apparent than ever. In urging this explanation, however, it is forgotten that the drama was in a state of decline long before the abolition of theatrical monopoly, and that, in truth, the abolition was proposed as a cure for the mischief which was already at work. The real explanation is the same here as in the case of the Church. Just about the time when the theatrical monopoly was abolished educational efforts began to take effect, and more than neutralised whatever benefit might have accrued from the stoppage of the patents. At first sight this explanation looks very like a paradox. It seems very strange that the march of intellect and the diffusion of literature should tend to lower the character of the drama. But whatever be the philosophy of it, there is the fact, and it concerns not only the theatres, but all our public amusements. In our enlightened age the really successful amusements are not of the intellectual sort. On the stage it is the pantomime and extravaganza, the farce and the ballet, that succeed. Great actor as he is, Mr Charles Kean could not keep his theatre open if he did not call in the assistance of elaborate stage-appointments. In the same manner music succeeds,

picture-galleries succeed, Cremorne succeeds, the Casino succeeds, Evans's succeeds, the riot of a Derby day as the most successful of all amusements. This may be all very delightful, but it is not intellectual. Your lecturers don't succeed, even if they are men of mark—at least, they do not keep up their success. Shakespearian readings were a rage for some years, but they also have gone down. There are a couple of facts, explain them how men will, that concurrently with the spread of education, the character of public amusements has been lowered, and when we come to examine them it will seem not in the least unnatural that the two facts should stand to each other in the relation of cause and effect. People expect too much from education: it was expected to diminish crime, it is found, on the contrary, that it creates as much crime as it prevents, that it mars as much as it makes. In the same way it is imagined that education must so etherealise our minds as to render us independent of sublunary joys. How exalted we are to become! How sublime in our tastes! How angelic in our desires! Alas for poor human nature, we are mortal still, we cannot shake off the animal. The animal asserts itself, and we find that as civilisation increases the tension of the mind in business, so it requires, to redress the balance, an increased relaxation in pleasure. In bygone days our minds were not so highly strung, we were not so reflective, we were not so horribly in earnest, we were not so wonderfully enlightened, and when we sought our pleasure we could afford to indulge in amusement requiring some intellectual effort. But now, when even our novels are full of reflection, when the greatest aim which has been laid to the charge of our Thackeray and our Dickens is that they write with a purpose, we are in our moments of leisure compelled to seek refuge from thought in sensation, to pass from one extreme to the other. We cannot help also feeling that on the same principle the relation of the Sabbath to life has been in some respects altered in this age of study and calculation. Precious as the day of rest

must always be, we ask regular church-goers to think charitably of those who do not find a perfect Sabbath in doctrinal meditations, who feel that a long service requires a mental effort which they can ill afford, and who pant for the calm and pure, even if it be sensuous, enjoyment of fields and flowers, bands of music and palaces of art. But whether the principle applies to the Church or not, it certainly applies to the theatre. Let us have no more reflection, is the cry of the weary brain, let us gratify sense. Give us, for the eye, the race, the regatta, and the review—flower shows and fountain displays—fireworks and illuminations—the fantasies of pantomime and the pageantry of a Shakespearian revival. Give us, for the ear, the music of thousands of choristers, the roar of innumerable batteries, the huzzas of congregated myriads. Give us the pleasure of the banquet and the excitement of the dance, let us smoke the pipe of peace, and let us lie on beds of fragrant roses. We have had

enough of reading, writing, and thinking. Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we calculate again, to-morrow comes black care to-morrow comes inky thought, to-morrow we are the slaves of awful wisdom. Thus it is that the drama declines. At Shoreditch the legitimate drama is a success, because the audience are not so habituated to intellectual pursuits as to consider intellectual amusement a weariness. Just as in the old time our countrymen could stand the interminable prolixity of the old mysteries and moralities, few plays are more popular at the Standard Theatre than the "Ion" of Talfourd, which so abounds in long speeches and fine sentiment that no West End audience could sit it out. At the West-End theatres we want farce and frivolity, bubble and ballet, not because we are less intellectual, but because it is a necessity of our existence that, in the hour of play, we should fly thought and cultivate sensation.

(To be continued)

THE ROYAL PROCLAMATION TO INDIA

A NEW era has dawned upon India, the reign of VICTORIA BEATRIX has commenced.

On the 1st of November 1858, solemn proclamation of the new Raj was made in all parts of India. Jehan Koompanee, or John Company, Behandur, was declared to be dead or deposed, and Victoria Padshah Begum sent to reign in his place. Up went the rockets, up went the hats, and up went the shouts of the Europeans, and down in reverential salaams went the heads of the subject races. Truly the cold season had commenced most auspiciously—or portentously. Victoria Vindex in the field with Lord Clyde, Victoria Beatrix in Secretary Beadon's portfolio the message of peace floating over the land, with awful commentary, now and then, of cannon and fusillade. Rebellion not wholly trodden out—still only in its embers. New inquietudes from strange quarters blurring the fair prospect of returning peace, an epoch of contraries and inconsistencies bewildering to men's minds, as though the bayonet were affixed to the end of the olive branch, and the roar of the 8 inch howitzer were the fittest language of love.

If we could have conceived the possibility of such an imposing close to the Sepoy war as that—dazzling even to the obtusest imagination—of an immense British army, forming a wide extended circle enclosing, as it were, with a ring of fire, the revolted districts, and hemming in the few remaining rebel bands with certain destruction, then, by the voice of its commander, sending forth, on a given day, a summons to all the rebel chiefs to send their emissaries to his camp to hear the gracious message of peace, sent to them across the sea by the Queen of England, and then, the summons obeyed, of the reading of the Proclamation at the headquarters camp before all the wakeels of our former enemies, and of our native allies, amidst general demonstrations of joy and interchanges of friendship, we might have deplored the absence

of a more dramatic close to the war than that which is actually before us. But we have long conceived it to be an historical necessity that the strife should die out, spluttering, that, indeed, there should be no crowning catastrophe, no grand climax, nothing to afford an opportunity for a closing tableau with any startling theatrical effects. The Proclamation has been read, Victoria reigns, the message of peace has been delivered, but the mails from India still bring us tidings of war, and it may be doubted whether the Proclamation will hasten its close by a single day. Proclamations, as Lord Canning has recently assured us, have little effect upon the public mind. Between those who don't understand and those who don't believe them, the great mass of the people is divided. Of course, it was necessary to proclaim the new Raj, but it may be doubted whether the framers of the Proclamation ever expected it to produce any effect upon those to whom it was ostensibly addressed.

But looking at this Imperial manifesto altogether from another point of view, it is impossible not to regard it as a highly important document. Virtually, we may conceive it to be addressed to the people of England. It is an authoritative exposition of the future policy of the British Government towards the states and the people of India, a solemn enunciation of the self imposed obligations of the paramount State towards the subject country. It lays down the principles upon which the greatest of the dependencies of England is henceforth to be governed. Addressed though it is to the people of India, it is a pledge given to the people of England that the dusky millions, who own the sovereignty of the Queen of England, will be ruled with righteousness and justice, with mercy and toleration, befitting a Christian monarch. From that ever to be-remembered 1st of November, a fresh start is taken, a new career of empire is commenced. The past is to be a *rasa tabula*. The

traditions of centuries are to be as nothing. The Company is not The Queen regnant, and how she intends to govern, we may learn from the Proclamation before us.

And yet it was barely gracious—certainly not at all graceful—to ignore all that magnificent Past. True, the army of the East India Company, after a century of loyalty, had broken out into revolt. But it is the nature of Indian armies to break out into revolt—not once in a hundred years, but many times in a hundred years—not seldom thereby overturning great empires. Even over run as it was by blood stained mutineers, India was a great gift to the Crown of England and something might well have been said about the merchant princes who had reared such an empire, not at much cost of English blood, and at no cost at all of English treasure. Was not the East India Company—great in his story—worth a sentence of this royal Proclamation? To issue such a proclamation is a mighty privilege. What monarch ever before issued such a proclamation to two hundred millions of foreign subjects, so many thousand miles away from the seat of the Imperial Government? And from whom did the sovereign derive the power and the privilege to issue such a proclamation, but from the merchant Company which is now ignored? The Crown has dispossessed the Company. For good or for evil, the thing is done. Whatever we may have thought, whatever we may have said about that revolution when it was only in progress, now that it is a *fait accompli* we shall not bewail the Past, but hope for the Future. Still we cannot speak of the inauguration of the new Raj without a word of gratitude to the old. Whether the Company governed wisely or unwisely, may be a question for the solution of historians in future ages, as it is for pamphleteers and journalists in the present. But it is a fact that, somehow or other, they achieved dominion over two hundred millions of Asiatics, and so placed England in the foremost rank of the sovereignties of the earth. In whatsoever way the new Sarkar may govern, it was by the old one that the marvellous empire was won.

The one defect of the Proclamation lies in this ungrateful omission. For getting what is left undone, we may applaud unstintingly what is done, and not with less pleasure for the feeling that the policy now enunciated in the name of the Queen of England is substantially the policy which the East India Company has ever professed to maintain, and, but for ambitious home bred statesmen, doubtless would have maintained. If the Company, as its last solemn act, had put forth a declaration of its policy, the principles declared would have been substantially the same as those set forth in the Imperial manifesto. From first to last, it is little more than the traditional policy of the East India Company—the anti-annexation policy, which drove Lord Wellesley mad—the neutrality policy, which grieved the spirit of Exeter Hall. The Company, however, were always slow to make proclamation of their sentiments. They knew how the best intentions may be falsified by adverse circumstances, and they never had worldly wisdom enough to make liberal use of platitudes. No great public body, indeed, ever did such manifest injustice to itself by its reticence and reserve. If the Company had been less regardless of public opinion, we should not now have the noble and generous sentiments of the Queen's Proclamation contrasted with the grovelling selfish policy of the defunct merchant rulers. We should not now hear the manifesto of the 1st of November lauded as a brand new coinage from the Imperial mint.

But, at all events, whether the metal be new metal, or only the old re-stamped with the image and superscription of Victoria Beatrix, from that memorable 1st of November we start afresh on a new career, and it is well that we should look seriously at the pledges that have been given, at the obligations which have been assumed, in the name of the Queen, and on behalf of the people of Great Britain. It would have been well, at all events, for the national reputation, if, in past years, England had from time to time taken stock of her duties towards India, and not waited to be aroused to a sense of them by a terrifying

and stunning explosion. But now that a new epoch has commenced, and she finds herself brought face to face with the people of India, the great veil of the Company being altogether removed, we may expect this Imperial indifference to be stimulated into something like curiosity, perhaps activity, and if the propensity to interfere be kept in abeyance, this awakening of national interest may have its uses. We have often wondered whether, after all, the past indifference of England may not have resulted from her confidence in the Company. Doubtless she had a prevailing sense that the Company knew what they were about, and might be intrusted to govern the country after their own way. There will be more uneasiness now, more vigilance, more inquiry, more criticism—criticism, in the first instance, taking the shape of grave questions about the meaning of the Imperial manifesto. “Wanted an interpreter.” Language was given to us for the expression of our thoughts but still more, it has been sarcastically said, for their concealment. It is an awkward question that you put to a man, when you ask him what is his meaning—awkward when only the operations of a single mind are to be traced, from the germ of the idea to its verbal expression. But awkward beyond measure, when Government, in its collective capacity, is called upon to declare its meaning. Who knows? Who meant anything? Who fathers the thought? Who will be sponsor for it? The actual pater nity, in most cases, rests with some very able and efficient public servant, of whom no one out of his department ever hears, and who, after having made the reputation of half a dozen statesmen, quietly retires from the scene into blindest oblivion. Then, perhaps, some under secretary, “permanent” or “parliamentary,” grafts upon this original stock an idea or two of his own, then the secretary of State applies his responsible pen to the document—*draws, corrects, revises*—more or less, and then, in smaller matters, the business is complete. But, in more momentous cases, when Parliament and the people are sure to sit in judgment upon the measure, the

Cabinet considers it, the Crown condescends to it, new meanings are introduced, or new words are made to represent old meanings, and when the patchwork is accomplished, it is impossible to say whose work it is, or who is really the fittest interpreter of its meaning.

And, after all, we do not know that this is much to be deplored. If a proclamation is to be drawn up, or a despatch is to be written, it is necessary to find words at the outset, meanings may be found afterwards. It is no contemptible part of statesmanship to be able successfully *spargere voces ambiguas*—to employ words so wanting in sharpness and distinctness of outline, that you may shade them off on one side or the other into almost anything that you like. It has been often said, that no business is done so well as that which is left to do itself, and no public document, perhaps, is better explained than that which is left to explain itself—not by words, but by practical results. Much must necessarily be left to the operation of Time and the revolution of Circumstance, much to the discretion of those upon whom devolves the duty of giving practical exposition to the ambiguous words of the written document. Nothing in the world is so embarrassing as a definition—embarrassing to the individual, and often mischievous in the extreme to the community. Public men and public interests have ere now been sacrificed to a word. Clinging, for consistency's sake, to a meaning not to be escaped or evaded, men have gone wrong, in defiance of experience and regardless of results, damaging themselves and injuring others, and at last “perishing in their pride,” rather than retract honestly an unlucky word, or confess that they used it without thinking of its meaning.

We have written this wholly without design, but it is not altogether of the nature of a digression. We do not know, indeed, any more fitting introduction to a commentary upon such a document as the great Indian Proclamation of November 1st, 1858—a document which, within the space of a single page of this journal, sets forth the policy of her Majesty Queen Victoria, not only

with reference to the present conjuncture of affairs, but to the circumstances of all time—the passing and the permanent—the particular and the general—policy of the Government of Great Britain towards the subject races of Hindostan. So few the words and so great the argument! In so small a space it was not possible to set forth so wide a scheme of policy with any accompaniments of definition and explanation. So much the better. The least said, the soonest mended. He is not the least wise statesman, who, in such a case, mindful of the conflict of opinion on many of the great questions to be glanced at, reverses the aphorism of the Roman satirist, and takes for his motto, not *Brevi esse laboro—Obscurus fio*, but *Brevi fio, Obscurus esse laboro*. It is good generalship to fight with one's words in front, and to keep one's meanings in reserve.

But it is time that we cease from these prolegomena, and take up the proclamation itself. We purpose to consider *seriatim* the great questions which it involves—the great principles which it enunciates—with the practical solution and application of these questions and principles. After the usual titular preamble, in which, according to the copy of the Proclamation now before us, her Majesty announces herself as Defender of the Faith of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and its several dependencies in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australasia,* Victoria Beatrix goes on to observe that, “whereas for divers weighty reasons, we have resolved, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in Parliament assembled, to take upon ourselves the government of the territories in India, heretofore administered for us in trust by the Honourable East India Company” To that Company, as we have already said, a just tribute might have been paid. It ought not to have been thus *sart kar d*, or

cleared away, without a word of honourable mention.

The announcement of the act then follows the announcement of the resolution. “We have taken upon ourselves the said government.” And thus done, all her Majesty's subjects within her Indian territories are called upon to be faithful to Queen Victoria, to her heirs and successors, and to submit themselves to the authority of those whom she may appoint to rule over them.

Having appointed her Viceroy, the Queen confirms in their several offices all persons previously employed in the service of the East India Company, and accepts all the treaties or engagements made under the authority of the said Company. In these respects the Proclamation only follows the Act of Parliament under which India is now governed. But we come now to the pith and marrow of the document, contained in the next four clauses. The first of these runs thus: “We desire no extension of our present territorial possessions, and while we will permit no aggression upon our dominions or our rights to be attempted with impunity, we shall sanction no encroachment on those of others. We shall respect the rights, dignity, and honour of native princes as our own, and we desire that they, as well as our own subjects, should enjoy that prosperity and that social advancement which can only be secured by internal peace and good government.” Of this it is impossible to speak otherwise than in words of highest commendation. But is it the enunciation of any new policy—does it in any way indicate the inauguration of a new era? Is it, indeed, anything more than the traditional policy of the East India Company? If at any time since the Company began to govern, it had been asked to declare the principles upon which it regulated its conduct towards the native states of India, it would have enunciated its policy in language probably more emphatic than the above.

* We use the text of the *Friend of India*—the only copies of the Proclamation, indeed before the public having been received from India. We assume their authenticity. In the copy before us the words are: “VICTORIA, BY THE GRACE OF GOD, OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND, AND OF THE COLONIES AND DEPENDENCIES THEREOF IN EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA, AMERICA, AND AUSTRAL-ASIA, Queen, Defender of the Faith.”

When the East India Company existed as a company of merchants, its cry ever was, not for territory, but for trade. There was no crime which a Governor general could commit less venial in its eyes than the extension of empire. In later days, the acquisition of new territory was either forced upon the Company by the aggression of its neighbours, or assented to upon the recommendation of Indian statesmen, when no principles were to be violated, and no rights to be swept away by the act of an annexation. The assent may, in some cases, have been too readily yielded, but in no case was the usurpation one which the Company might not have justified with reference to such a declaration of policy as that quoted above. "We admit," the Company might have said, "no aggression upon our dominions to be committed with impunity, therefore we took the Punjab. We respect the rights, dignity, and honour of native princes as our own, but no native prince has a right to misgovern and oppress his people, and he who does misgovern and oppress has neither dignity nor honour, therefore we took Oude. We desire that the natives of the country should enjoy that prosperity and that social advancement which can only be secured by internal peace and good government, therefore, again we say, we took Oude, which, in the hands of its native prince, could have enjoyed neither prosperity nor social advancement." Looking, therefore, at the practice of the East India Company, it is to be justified by a reference to the doctrines of the Proclamation, and as to its declared principles (whenever the Company has taken the trouble to declare them at all), they have not been a tittle less pure or less elevated than those enunciated by the Crown.

With the exception of one, on which we shall presently comment, we do not know a word susceptible of greater latitude of interpretation than that word "Rights." We pledge ourselves to respect the rights of the native princes of India. But what are those rights? Is

"The right divine of kings to govern
wrong

henceforth to be one of them? The

rule of the paramount State has hitherto been, it must be acknowledged, somewhat arbitrary in this case. So also has it been in respect of another very important "right"—what is called sometimes the right (properly the *rite*) of adoption. There is perhaps no one single point on which there are greater varieties of opinion. Is this son making—this king making—henceforth to be suffered without restriction? Doctors differ with respect to interpretations of Hindoo and Mohammedan law. But it is not very clear that when a knotty question arises, the power of solution ought to be vested in an interested party, who may settle the matter to his own advantage. We have always ourselves felt disposed to accept the dictum of Lord Metcalfe, that where the paramount State has itself conferred, by an act of grace, the sovereignty upon a native prince, it may, in default of genuine heirship, resume the title and the territories it bestowed, but in no other case. That which it gave, it may take away. But even under such circumstances, though the right be established, we confess that we would rather not see it exercised. And we hope that among the rights which are henceforth to be respected, the right of adoption will be one. Great care, however, must be taken to guard against possible—we may say probable—fraud. The adoption must be clear and distinct—testified upon undoubted authority—during the lifetime of the adopter, whilst in the full possession of his faculties, and so far as the fact can be ascertained, it must be an act of unbiased will. There is often, on the part of widows or interested state-servants, an attempt to make out a case of constructive adoption after the death of the prince or chief. Such, doubtless, was attempted by the Nagpore Ranees—a weak case altogether in the hands of the grievance-monger, firstly, because there was no adoption during the lifetime of the Bonalah, and, secondly, because the defunct prince, on whose behalf a *post-mortem* adoption was attempted, was one of those who, having derived their title and their power from the British Government, had, according to the doctrine of

Lord Metcalfe cited above, no valid right to name an heir without the consent of that Government. We should not, however, have felt disposed, had the adoption taken place, to scan too nicely our right to concede or to refuse it. It is better policy, on the whole, to err on the side of generosity, and we repeat, therefore, our hope that among the rights of the native princes henceforth never to be violated the ancient and dearly cherished right of adoption will be one.

Although we have ever had a deep, and, under the progress of time and the enlargement of our experience, a deepening conviction that the people of India are happier and more prosperous under British than under native rule, we have never been of the number of those who have insisted, therefore, upon the duty of neglecting no plausible opportunity for the assertion of the right of the paramount State to act the part of appropriator general in cases of lapse, or of forfeiture by misconduct. The out and out annexation policy of some thorough going writers, with one or two notable exceptions of the anonymous class we have ever held to be scarcely less foolish than wicked. But recent events have given some new and peculiar aspects to the question. It has become more clearly and unmistakably our duty—it has become more clearly and unmistakably our policy—to maintain in their integrity the few remaining native states of India. That which has made the one, has clearly demonstrated the other. We are now bound to the native states of India alike by gratitude and by self interest. They stood by us in the hour of need, and to turn against them in the day of our restored prosperity, would be as fatal to our empire as to our reputation. Humanly speaking that empire was saved by the fidelity of the native states of India. Had the total annexationists had their way some years ago the English in India in that great crisis from which we have scarcely yet recovered would have been swept into the sea.

There are some great lessons to be learned from this. Look for example, at the conduct throughout the crisis, of the Maharajah of Puteelah,

and the Rajahs of Jheend and Nabha, the principal chiefs of the Cis Sutlej—or, as they were formerly called, the “Protected” Sikh states. Fifty years ago, those states were on the verge of being swallowed up by the voracious maw of Runjeet Singh, then in an early stage of his career of conquest and usurpation. The British power in India would not suffer the absorption of these petty states, and so they survived, and in increasing prosperity, under the protection of the Company’s government, until the great rebellion in Upper India found them with resources at their command which they were eager to employ in the support of their old protector. They gave all that they could give, unstintingly they did all that they could do, unflinchingly. They furnished us with men, with munitions of war, with money, with supplies, with the means of transport. For half a century we had thought little of these chiefs but as humble clients and protégés. They were invariably associated in our minds and in our discourses with the word “petty.” But the lion was in the toils, and the “petty animal, which he might any day have crushed with one blow of his paw, was in a crisis ‘mighty to save.’ Our policy from the beginning towards these Sikh states was undeniably right. We do not say that it was any thing more than policy. We claim for the conduct of the British Government half a century ago no higher motive than that of self interest. But our duty and our policy were in accord, and the states which we protected, well satisfied with the fact, did not trouble themselves about the motive. They found themselves, indeed, bound to the British Government by common ties of self interest, and what ties as this world unhappily goes, are more enduring? We are not to suppose that these Sikh or Jat chieftains have any particular love for the British Government. They knew that if, at any time during the last half century, the Government had been swept away, they would have been swept away with it. They knew that their security, their very existence, depended upon the permanence of Brit-

ish rule, and they looked upon any calamity that could shake our power as the heaviest blow that could fall upon themselves. They rejoiced in our strength, and were true to us because we had been true to them. They knew that we had no thought of absorbing them ourselves, and that, if they were threatened by others, they could rely upon our protection. Doing their best to save us, they knew that they were putting forth all their strength to save themselves. And this is the feeling—not even now peculiar, be it said, to these petty states—that we should henceforth do all in our power to keep alive in the breasts of all the remaining princes and chiefs of India.

To engender this feeling of security the Proclamation is designed. That it has not hitherto universally existed, we are bound to admit. Every now and then the native courts have been thrown into paroxysms of restlessness and fever by vague reports, perhaps ignorantly, perhaps maliciously circulated, of new annexations. It was reported at one time that the British Government intended to absorb the dominions of the Guicowar, at another, that they intended to annex the ancient Rajpoot states. These reports were very rife after the annexation of Oude, and it is wonderful, all things considered, that the native states have been so true to us in the hour of peril. Holkar, Scindiah, the Nizam, and the Guicowar, have all, to the best of their ability, and with more or less success, supported the British Government. The great Rajpoot chiefs have been true to their allegiance. The time is coming—nay, is now come—when we should testify our national gratitude by substantial rewards to our allies. Fortunately, we have the means of doing this without giving back to the native princes territory which has been for any time, or at least for any length of time, under British rule. We have qualified the expression, because it might be advisable to give Jhansi to Scindiah. The defection of the ruler of Jhujur and other small chiefships in Upper India has opportunely afforded the means of rewarding the

princes of Putealah, of Jheemdi, and of Nabha. It is no secret that the reward which the Guicowar most covets is the remission of the annual payment of three lakhs of rupees for the support of the Guzerat Irregular Horse, and it is believed that this will not be grudged to him. What is to be done for the Nizam, it is less easy to determine. We owe everything to his Highness's able and right-minded minister, Salar Jung. But for his exertions the Nizam himself would in all probability have been led astray by evil counsellors, and cast in his lot with the enemy. But Salar Jung is only a servant, and a substantial proof of the gratitude of the British Government would excite jealousies which in all probability would tend to his downfall. To be rewarded to his advantage, he must, in some way or other, be rewarded through the Nizam. We do not believe that he is an ambitious or self-seeking man, but that, on the contrary, his wishes are very much bound up with the public interests, and that anything contributing to advance the welfare and dignity of the State would be a greater boon to him than any personal advancement. The existing arrangements with respect to the "Hyderabad assigned districts" are known to be a source of continual vexation to the minister, and no thing it is believed, is so near his heart as some modification or re-adjustment of them that will place them on a footing more honourable to the Nizam. The unconditional restoration of the districts is not, we believe, sought, neither, if sought, are we, in the present state of our information, prepared to counsel it, but it is possible that some new arrangement might be made with respect to them, which, whilst not tending to weaken our administrative tenure of the districts, would give to the Nizam something more of a nominal sovereignty over them, and so render the compact less obnoxious to himself, and less degrading to him in the eyes of others.

We have neither time nor space in which to pursue the subject nor, indeed, have we the necessary amount of information. We have abundant faith, however, in the generous inten-

tions of the Secretary of State for India in council, and we feel assured that the claims of not one of the princes and chiefs who have rendered us good service in the day of our trouble will be eventually disregarded. In the fulfilment of the promises of the Proclamation will be their ulterior reward. The words of the manifesto may be vague, but of the spirit which animates it there can be no doubt. Virtually, indeed, there is an end of annexation Events, as we have said, have proved it to be our policy, and have made it our duty, to maintain the independence of those states who have rendered us such good service against a powerful internal enemy, nay, who, humanly speaking, have been the salvation of our empire. Henceforth we are bound to each other by community of interests, the safety of each is dependent on the maintenance of the other.

We have dwelt upon the subject of the Native States at greater length than we had intended, or than, we fear, is consistent with the more general requirements of such a commentary as this, but still in a manner incommensurate with its importance. We must turn now to the other prominent topics of the Proclamation. "We hold ourselves bound," says the Queen, "to the natives of our Indian territories by the same obligations of Duty which bind us to all our other subjects, and those obligations, by the blessing of Almighty God, we shall faithfully and conscientiously fulfil." Unless the paragraph next in order is intended to explain and to qualify this, it must be taken as a more general profession of the benevolent designs of VICTORIA BEATRIX. It is not to be scanned too nicely, or too strictly interpreted, without raising a question as to whether a Christian sovereign is bound by "the same obligations of duty" to her Christian and to her heathen subjects. Is it not one of the first duties of a Christian sovereign to provide religious instruction for the people of a Christian country, according to the popular faith? And is it not held that the same obligation exists with regard to those subjects who quit the mother country to reside in the distant colo-

nies and dependencies of the Crown? For the Christian residents in India, indeed, the Queen is bound to provide places of worship and ministers of religion, and the obligation is practically admitted. But is she bound to the natives of her Indian territories to provide them with places of worship and ministers of religion according to their popular faith? What she conceives that she is bound to do is set forth in the next clause of the Proclamation. "Firmly relying ourselves on the truth of Christianity, and acknowledging with gratitude the solace of religion, we disclaim alike the right and the desire to impose our convictions on any of our subjects. We declare it to be our royal will and pleasure that none be in any wise favoured, none molested or disquieted, by reason of their religious faith or observances, but that all shall alike enjoy the equal and impartial protection of the law, and we do strictly charge and enjoin all those who may be in authority under us, that they abstain from all interference with the religious belief or worship of any of our subjects, on pain of our highest displeasure." There is no passage in the Proclamation which has been more discussed, or which is still likely to be more discussed, than that which contains the above important words.

In framing this part of the Proclamation, her Majesty's Government, aware of the existence of a mighty conflict of opinion agitating the educated classes of English society, had no common difficulties to grapple with—no common task to perform. They had, in the selection of words to be employed, to reconcile, as far as possible, widely discordant sentiments, and, if not to win general consent to the declaration of policy, at all events to avoid giving such offence to any party as would elicit strong expressions of disapprobation. And we cannot help thinking that they have shown very great sagacity in the selection of the words of the Proclamation. These words are sufficiently distinct for the purpose, and yet they leave much room for private interpretation. Knotty questions may, at some future time, arise, as to the practical application of some of these words, but there

can be no doubt of the spirit in which the entire passage is conceived. What we have said in the early part of this article, about the advantage, in such State papers, of a certain studied vagueness of expression, is peculiarly applicable to this passage. As it stands, whatever a man's opinions may be, he need not possess a very elastic conscience to reconcile him to the declaration. There is nothing more in it than has, time after time, been declared and enjoined by the East India Company. The doctrine is that of an open, fearless manifestation of our own Christianity, with the fullest toleration of the different religions of the country. It has long been a settled point that we may openly assert our own religion, without offence to the natives, or danger to ourselves. At one time we were afraid of building churches, of appointing bishops, of licensing missionaries, of distributing Bibles, but all these groundless apprehensions have been worn away by the attrition of experience. Neither Hindoos nor Mohammedans have in any way resented the assertion of our national faith, and if they did, we should be bound to assert it in every way not savouring of aggression. But here the duties of the Christian Government end. They are not called upon—we are glad now to use the words of Mr Baptist Noel, who at all events upon the subject of toleration will be considered an important authority—"They are not called upon to persecute Mohammedans or Hindoos, because it is the will of Christ that His religion should be extended by instruction, reasoning, and persuasion, and because man is answerable for his belief to God alone, so that no man may interfere with another man's creed, as long as he does not violate his neighbour's rights, or offend against public decency. They must not, as Christians, prohibit heathen worship, nor interfere with its advocates when they preach or write in its behalf, because truth is always the strongest, when it is left to contend with falsehood by itself. If error is silenced by authority, its advocates may always say that it would have conquered by fair

play, but when truth prevails by argument alone, its victory is complete. They are not, therefore, permitted to bribe heathens to profess faith in Christ by the offer of office, or by attaching any honour or emoluments to that profession, for this may create hypocrites, but cannot make men Christians. They should not tax the Hindoos for the purpose of maintaining Christian preachers, because this, by extorting their money for the purpose of destroying their faith, would exasperate them rather than convert them to Christ, nor are they called, as Christians, to pass any laws for the promotion of Christianity, nor to make any grants of money for this object, nor to employ any missionaries, for this work is not their office, nor are they fitted to discharge it. But it is their duty to confess Christ, and to serve him both as individual Christians and as a Government."

Is this the accepted language of evangelical Christendom? Speaking with no great knowledge of the intricacies of English sectarianism, we should say that Mr Baptist Noel has as good a right to be heard as the mouthpiece of Exeter Hall as any other Christian minister in the country. We devoutly hope that such is the case, and that these really are the views of Exeter Hall, for nothing can be more moderate—nothing, on the whole, more sensible. Expressing, we believe, the sentiments of the majority of educated gentlemen in Great Britain, we should say, however, that Mr Baptist Noel, in giving up altogether, as one of the means of asserting our Christianity in India, the avowed obligation on the part of the State to provide Christian instruction for its Christian subjects, has erred on the side of excessive toleration, and conceded more to the opposite party than would be generally thought necessary or wise. Perhaps the secret of this is to be found in the peculiar views of the writer with respect to ecclesiastical endowments, and the maintenance of a State Church. It is impossible to close one's eyes to the apparent injustice to the natives of

India, of "extorting their money for the purpose of destroying their faith." But this is only a part of the gigantic anomaly of Indian government. Do we not extort their money, not by thousands, but by millions, for the purpose of destroying their independence? If the one exasperates them, why not the other? Does not the larger part of the revenues of India go towards the support of the military establishment, which is maintained for the purpose of extinguishing the liberties of the people, and holding them in perpetual subjection to a foreign power? These things will not bear looking at too closely. Meanwhile we may be satisfied with the fact, that the natives of India do not resent the payment of a few thousands a year for the support of the Christian Church in India, and that, on the whole, the least offensive manner of asserting our Christianity, is by maintaining the dignity of a Government Church Establishment. We might maintain a National Church by national subscription—but the very chapter of Mr Noel's book from which the above passage is taken is headed *The Confession of Christ by the East Indian Government*. But the Government as a Government can very inadequately assert its Christianity, if it does not support a Government Church. Nothing makes Christianity in the eyes of the people more respectable than this Government support, and nothing at the same time that can be devised for the same purpose is less calculated to irritate and to alarm them.

Whilst we thus proudly assert our own blessed religion we are, says the Proclamation, to leave the natives of the country in the undisturbed possession of their ancestral faiths and the servants of the Government are strictly charged and enjoined 'to abstain from all interference with the religious, belief, or worship, of any of her Majesty's subjects.' The actual meaning of the word *interference*, in this manifesto, who knows? But how much better that no one should know. If it were known, or if—for probably not even the writer of the Proclamation knows what was really meant—an *ex post*

facto meaning were attached to it, what a world of contention there would be! As it is, time and circumstance must supply the interpretation. For the present, let every one interpret it in his own way, and be satisfied that the meaning is what he would desire to attach to it. Practically, it will be found that the prohibition extends only to official interference. We know how difficult it is in India to separate the acts of the individual from those of the public functionary, but it must be left for every man to draw, by his own conduct, the line of demarcation, and if he be found wanting in discretion he must answer to Government for the error he has committed. We trust that no servant of Government will ever be denied the common Christian privilege of contributing to the support of efforts for the diffusion of the gospel, and that nothing that he does, in furtherance of this great object, will ever be considered an official offence, so long as he abstains from investing what he does with the prestige of authority and does nothing to alarm or to irritate the public mind. We are convinced that as soon as such a prohibition is authoritatively issued, a considerable number of the servants of the State—including some of the best and ablest of them—will refuse to serve under so ungodly a Government and retire, with ruined hopes into the Christian liberty of private life.

But it does not appear to us that Christianity calls for any active "interference on the part of the servants of the State or that any public officer can do violence to his conscience by aiding missionary efforts in a manner only that can give no offence to the Government or to the people of the country. To every man there is an appointed duty, and it is not the duty of the judge of a district, or the colonel of a regiment to take any active part in the evangelisation of Mohammedans or Hindoos. We may feel perfectly assured that, if money is abundant labour will not be wanting. Let the judge or the colonel give his money—the more freely the better—and leave the work to be done by the missionary. If, however, either judge or colonel feel that he is especially called to grid

himself up for the work of his Master in heaven, and to go forth and preach the gospel to the gentiles, let him do so he will have his reward—but he must first cease to serve Mammon. Fortunately, there can be no mistake upon this point. A man who, for conscience' sake, sacrifices his worldly prospects, and emancipates himself from the thralldom of worldly obligations, cannot, so far, be wrong, but he may be very wrong if, whilst he admits the authority of the temporal government by wearing its livery and receiving its pay, he knowingly disobeys its orders, in accordance with the precepts of what he rightly calls higher authority, but which authority is never more unmistakably declared than in the mandate to submit one's self to the ordinances of the law and the decrees of the temporal government. Moreover if the great end sought be the diffusion of the gospel, why, out of pure self will and presumption, do that which is more likely to retard than to advance its progress? One "missionary" colonel may undo the work of fifty missionaries. This, in itself, ought to settle the question. But, in reality, what ever vagueness there may be about that word interference, every man's conscience, we believe, and every man's intelligence, will enable him to supply the right meaning. That meaning is rather to be felt than described, and something, doubtless, must be left to time and circumstance. But, in the meanwhile, no servant of the State can err by scrupulously abstaining from all active interference in missionary affairs. The missionary will always be ready to receive his money—and, some times, his information and advice, but he will not ask for his authority or for his ministry. He would rather do the work by himself.

Practically, indeed, the whole question of the duty of the Christian State towards its un-Christian subjects remains where it was before. All that we have gained is the solemn proclamation of the Christianity of the Queen of England, and from this we derive a distant impression that the British Government designs henceforth manfully and proudly, to assert the Christianity of the nation. But were we not doing this when

India was suddenly thrown into convulsions? Had we turned our back upon our national Christianity? Were we not, indeed, increasing our Church Establishment and building churches everywhere? The Punjab had been but a little time under British rule, and yet, in 1856, seventeen churches or chapels had been constructed, or were in course of construction, in that province alone. Is the magnificent cathedral erected on the great plain of Calcutta any sign of the practical negation of our Christianity? The fact, indeed, is, that the declaration of our State Christianity was positive and unmistakable. It is equally a fact that the declared policy of the Company's government was adverse in the extreme to any kind of authoritative 'interference with the religious belief and worship' of the natives of the country, and that, if there was such interference on the part of any servants of the State, it was in defiance of the orders of Government. The Christianity of the State was, and is (according to the Proclamation), self asserting and unaggressive, and so we trust that it will ever remain.

This toleration of all creeds is further expressed in the next paragraph of the Proclamation. "And it is our further will, it is said, "that so far as may be, our subjects, of whatever race and creed, be freely and impartially admitted to offices in our service, the duties of which they may be qualified, by their education, ability and integrity, duly to discharge." In this her Majesty announces only what Parliament decreed a quarter of a century ago. The Act of 1833, under which India was governed during the subsequent twenty years, distinctly declared that no one, by reason of his country, his colour, or his creed, was to be precluded from any office under the Company's government which he was otherwise qualified to hold. That practically this provision has been imperative, inasmuch as that Hindoos and Mohammedans have been excluded from the covenanted service of the Company, we admit. But we do not hear complaints on this score so much as on that of the exclusion of native Christians from the more

subordinate offices under the British Government. We never heard, however, until very recently, that native Christians had not received, in proportion to their numbers, a fair share of Government patronage, and we now believe that, if they have not a fair numerical share of the leaves and fishes of the State, it is because they are not as well qualified by "education, ability, and integrity" as the Hindoo and Mohammedan candidates for office who have competed with them. We certainly never heard of a competent person being excluded from office on the ground of his being a native Christian. Mr Montgomery's "Circular," in which he declares the fact of the exclusion of native Christians from office in the Punjab, has been considerably discussed. It appears to us, whatever the fact, to have been quite uncalled for. If, practically, the native Christians were excluded from office in the Punjab, whose fault was it? And in whose hands did the remedy lie? In those of Mr Montgomery and his colleagues. There being legally and theoretically no exclusion of any particular class, the high functionaries in the Punjab might have appointed as many Christians to office as they pleased, and if they did not, it may be presumed that the omission resulted from the conviction that the Hindoo and Mohammedan candidates for office would make better public servants than their Christian competitors. As there was no prohibition—no disability—we do not see that such a manifesto as the famous "Punjab Circular" was in any way called for by the exigencies of the case. If practically an injustice had been done to the native Christians, the remedy lay in the hands of those who had committed it, and the more quietly it was applied the better.

The next paragraph of the Proclamation relates to the tenure of land. "We know and respect," says the Queen in Council, "the feeling of attachment with which the natives of India regard the lands inherited by them from their ancestors, and we desire to protect them in all their rights connected therewith, subject to the equitable demands of the State, and we will that generally, in framing and administering the

law, due regard be paid to the ancient rights, usages, and customs of India." On the first part of this clause we need not comment, we have so recently expressed our opinion on the subject of proprietary rights in the soil. The latter half, we confess, errs somewhat on the side of vagueness—serviceable as that vagueness often may be. If the law generally is to be framed with due regard to the ancient usages and customs of India, there is an end to those humanising and civilising effects which are the glory of the British government in India. The words, indeed, would seem to indicate a retrograde policy, for which we were not by any means prepared, and which we do not believe to be the intention of Her Majesty's Government. But for the word 'generally,' we might believe that the reference was merely to laws relating to the tenure of land. But we apprehend that the passage is intended to have a much wider signification, and, in this sense, we fear that it may be misunderstood. The meaning, doubtless, is, that the ancient usages and customs of India are to be regarded in the framing of the laws so far as they are consistent with humanity and morality, and are not at variance with the declared intentions of Her Majesty, as expressed in other parts of the Proclamation. The ancient usages and customs of the country sanction Sutte and other abominations, they sanction penal provisions against seceders from their ancestral faith. If no one is to be "molested or disquieted by reason of his religious faith," the ancient usages and customs of Hindooism must assuredly be disregarded. A little more specification might have been serviceable here, for there are some, doubtless, who will inveigh against the words of the passage, as prohibitory measures for the advancement of humanity and civilisation.

This clause is the last, with the exception of the concluding one, that is addressed to all time. What follows has especial relation to the present. In the six next paragraphs the existing rebellion is considered, and the terms of the amnesty are declared. We give them *as they stand* in the copy before us —

"We deeply lament the evils and misery which have been brought upon India by the acts of ambitious men, who have deceived their countrymen by false reports and led them into open rebellion. Our power has been shown by the suppression of that rebellion in the field, we desire to show our mercy, by pardoning the offences of those who have been thus misled but who desire to return to the path of duty.

'Already in one province, with a view to stop the further effusion of blood and to hasten the pacification of our Indian dominions, our viceroy and governor-general has held out the expectation of pardon, on certain terms, to the great majority of those who in the late unhappy disturbances have been guilty of offences against our Government and has declared the punishment which will be inflicted on those whose crimes place them beyond the reach of forgiveness. We approve and confirm the said act of our viceroy and governor-general, and do further announce and proclaim as follows —

"Our clemency will be extended to all offenders, save and except those who have been or shall be, convicted of having directly taken part in the murder of British subjects. With regard to such, the demands of justice forbid the exercise of mercy.

'To those who have willingly given asylum to murderers knowing them to be such or who may have acted as leaders or instigators in revolt their lives alone can be guaranteed but in apportioning the penalty due to such persons full consideration will be given to the circumstances under which they have been induced to throw off their allegiance and large indulgence will be shown to those whose crimes may appear to have originated in too credulous acceptance of the false reports circulated by designing men.

'To all others in arms against the Government, we hereby promise unconditional pardon, amnesty and oblivion of all offence against ourselves, our crown and dignity, on their return to their homes and peaceful pursuits.

"It is our royal pleasure that these terms of grace and amnesty should be extended to all those who comply with their conditions before the first day of January next.

In all of this we entirely concur. The terms of the amnesty are substantially those which have already been laid down and acted upon, with the exception of the specification at the close. It is not, we presume,

intended that any very literal interpretation should be given to these orders, or that the terms should be very stringently enforced. There are so many different shades of guilt, even when the offences committed may be described by the same words, that considerable discretion must be given to the local officers. Extenuating circumstances will, doubtless, be taken into consideration, and a strong line of demarcation drawn between those who have been betrayed into hostility, or complicity in hostile acts, and those who have been moved to deeds of violence by their own active malignity. The mere harbouring of murderers may in some cases indicate a very minor degree of guilt. Many have, perhaps, had no choice between harbouring murderers and being murdered themselves. Others may have been compelled by ties of kindred to receive the worst offenders into their houses, not knowing, perhaps, the extent to which their guests have committed themselves. You may give shelter and succour to a murderer, not knowing him to be a murderer, and it may be difficult to prove the absence of all guilty knowledge. The degree of guilt, it is true, may, in some cases, be ascertained by judicial investigation. But we do not see how the solemnity of a judicial trial can be accorded to any but the principal offenders. We cannot try culprits by thousands. In practice, therefore, although the spirit of the Proclamation will doubtless animate all the measures of the local government, its terms cannot be acted upon with much precision, and this, doubtless, was expected and desired. A wide discretion, indeed, must be vested in the Executive. We are not afraid that it will be misused. To all but actual murderers, whom it would be a crime to forgive, the utmost clemency will, we doubt not, be extended. All that we have now to pray for is, that the message may be suffered to be in fact, as in spirit, a message of peace and love, and that the misguided men who have so long defied the British Government, may be moved by the appeal to lay down their arms and become peaceful subjects of the Queen.

Peaceful subjects of the Queen—

and with the promise of a happy future before them. "When, by the blessing of Providence," says the Queen, in the concluding passage of the Proclamation, "internal tranquillity shall be restored, it is our earnest desire to stimulate the peaceful industry of India, to promote works of public utility and improvement, and to administer its government for the benefit of all our subjects resident therein. In their prosperity will be our strength, in their contentment our security, and in their gratitude our best reward. And may the God of all power grant to us, and to those in authority under us, strength to carry out these our wishes for the good of our people. Right noble sentiments right nobly uttered. This, then, is the future of India. What that country may become if strength is given to Christian men to carry out these royal aspirations, the imagination can scarcely conjecture. The strength that is most needed at the outset is "the strength of love." "Happy," it has been said, "are they who have not the blood of kindred to avenge." We feel, when we counsel forgiveness—nay, indeed, compassion for our enemies—that too many who read these pages will ask us if we have the blood of kindred to avenge. We know that it is very hard to forgive those who have dyed their hands in the blood of our kindred—nay, indeed, of our countrymen and our countrywomen, and the little ones of whom God's kingdom is made—very hard to love the comrades and countrymen of those who have done such things, we know that it needs such strength as can only be derived from above. But there can be no happy future for India if Victoria's noble message of peace does not find an echo in every English heart. There was a time when we were filled with apprehension lest a common feeling of unextinguishable hatred should take possession of the white man's breast, and every dark face be regarded for ever as the face of a foe. We hope—we believe indeed—that this animosity (only rightly, perhaps, to be understood and appreciated on

the spot) is now dying out. It may be long before the old feeling of confidence is restored. Confidence, under any circumstances, is "a plant of slow growth." Very slow its revival when it has once been torn up by the roots. But, with God's help, forgiveness may come quickly—and with forgiveness, compassion. We may think profitably whether we have done all that we might have done to dispose the hearts of the natives of India towards us—whether we have in all respects treated them as men and brethren, and fairly entitled ourselves to their gratitude and affection. We must look humbly at the past—hopefully into the future, turning the terrible lessons of the last two years to profitable account. If individual men will not now look, in a spirit of toleration and forbearance, at their responsibilities, Parliament will have legislated in vain—the Queen will have proclaimed in vain—the new Imperial Government will labour in vain. Truly was it said the other day by Lord Stanley at Addiscombe, that our rule in India depends more upon the personal character of the few Europeans who constitute the dominant race there, than on anything in the world beside. If in that personal character, hatred and pride—not love and reverence—are principal ingredients, alas for the reign of Victoria. Beatrix. The people of India are not fiends, or wild beasts, or men devoid of noble feelings and generous emotions. Even these recent miserable events, which have filled so many homes with mourning, have prominently elicited the good qualities of the Indian races, and the good deeds of which they are capable. They who have risen against us are but the few, they who have disgraced their manhood by foul deeds are very few. They have been signally chastised—fearfully punished. Already the white man has had his revenge. Let us think no more, then, of that part of the story, but with one great hymn of forgiveness inaugurate the new era—"Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and good will to wards men."

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CONTENTS.

| | |
|--|-----|
| CARLYLE—MIRAGE PHILOSOPHY.—HISTORY OF FREDERICK, | 127 |
| HOW WE WENT TO SKYE, | 155 |
| OBJECTIONABLE BOOKS, | 164 |
| POPULAR LITERATURE. PART II.—THE PERIODICAL PRESS, | 180 |
| RAWLINSON'S HERODOTUS, | 195 |
| FALSELY ACCUSED, | 208 |
| MEPHITIS AND THE ANTIDOTE, | 222 |
| A CRUISE IN JAPANESE WATERS.—PART III, | 239 |

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INDEX
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CARLYLE

MIRAGE PHILOSOPHY

No one of Mr Carlyle's disciples, we should think, ever became a Carlylist at once. The singularity of style at first puzzles or repels—the persevering reader then finds some suggestive idea which leads him on—till finally the obscurity clears up, the images and ideas elude through, and in the natural revulsion of opinion which ensues, what was at first distasteful grows to be admirable, and the dubious student no longer perplexed by the cipher of which he flatters himself he has discovered the key, becomes the uncompromising champion.

But a great number of readers turn back on the threshold repelled by the startling aspect of that singular phraseology. To them he is merely affected and obscure—even if they have gone far enough to disentangle a leading idea, they perhaps recognise it as a truism in masquerade, and set him down as a charlatan. His writing appears to them to be as Sir Hugh Evans says, “pribbles and prabbles—it is affectations.”

Between these two classes, the knights who see only the golden side of the shield, and the knights opposite who are blind to all but the brass, we should like to strike some sort of balance of opinion, and find between

the oscillations a firm stand point, from whence to survey the History of Frederick—a History marked in its outward aspect by all the strongest peculiarities of the writer.

At the root of all Carlyle's works lies a main idea in a particular aspect. The idea, he tells us, he derived from the transcendental philosophy, as expounded by Fichte—it is this—

‘That all things which we see or work with in this earth especially we our selves and all persons are as a kind of vesture or sensuous Appearance that under all these lies, as the essence of them what he calls the ‘Divine Idea of the World’ this is the Reality which lies at the bottom of all Appearance. To the mass of men no such Divine Idea is recognisable in the world they live merely, says Fichte among the superficialities practicalities, and shows of the world, not dreaming that there is anything divine under them —*Hero Worship*’

As the idea of music may exist independent of sound, yet, to be communicable, demands some voice or instrument, so all earthly things are as the tones of music, or under another figure, Vestures, making manifest to our faculties the underlying idea. So what we call rationally Society, is to the transcendentalist the embodied idea of a communion

of spirits upon earth. This idea of society is a complex one, two of its principal components are Religion and Polity—and of these and their different vestures or manifestations in Church and State, our English transcendentalist principally treats.

This being the root idea, we have said it always presents itself to him in a particular aspect which he has expounded in his *Sartor Resartus*. It appears to him that the last suit of clothes with which the world was invested, is worn out. In Church and State, and all Society, he sees only looped and windowed raggedness. All the institutions in which the moral necessities of man are embodied, are in decay and ruin, even as the world's former wardrobes of paganism, and monkery, and chivalry, exist only in museums. The world is out at elbows and the time is out of joint, and Mr Carlyle, not without sad appreciation of the cursed spite which dwells in the circumstance, believes that he was born to set it right.

He tells us himself that the main thing to inquire about in every man, is the significance which the idea of the world bears for him. Now we see that the idea with which Mr Carlyle's earthly habitation impresses him, is a very melancholy one—everywhere dust, rags, shabbiness, mildew, and cobwebs inhabited by monstrous spiders. The most cheerful nature once fully possessed with this imagination, and habituated to look on this scene of moral desolation, must inevitably catch a sympathetically mournful, if not dreary hue. The brightest lake overhung by such a sky must be dark and dismal. Hence the picture conveyed to the reader, with more or less of a kind of forcible vagueness in all his works, is that of—This Planet in Tatters and Mr Carlyle weeping over it. Such a doctrine, "Woe to thee, O Planet!" can, if conveyed in a prophetic tone, appear only as a Jeremiad.

But there is still, we learn, a hope for the world in its mendicancy. It may yet be extricated from Rag Fair and Holywell Street, and become presentable in the best society. Tailors capable of taking its measure and fitting it with comfortable and

convenient vestments have existed ere now, and may appear again. The great thing will be to know these master tailors when we see them, and to distinguish them from mere pretentious snips. Therefore Mr Carlyle, after the exposition of his Clothes-(or rather old clo')-Philosophy, publishes his idea of who these people were in time past, so that in selecting our tailors hereafter we may be able to discriminate Stults from Moses and Son.

In another book his idea lay still in the same direction. He resolved to show us a better state of things in vivid contrast with their present aspect—the difference between the world in a new suit made to order, and an old threadbare one which it has outgrown and taking for his text an ancient chronicle then recently discovered, he preached thereon in illustration of his former doctrine.

In his *French Revolution* he showed us how the world with hideous ruin and combustion, had in late times set about lunning some of its rags, and in so doing had nearly set the planet on fire—a measure leading on the spot to sans culottism and great sacrifice of decency and to subsequent attempts to cover its nakedness with meagre classical draperies, imperial liveries, and such integuments, in fact, as came to hand. And as there still remained to apply his doctrines to the actual existing facts and conditions of life in England so, in a series of pamphlets, called in allusion to the period of decadence they were discussing,

'Latter Day,' he mourned like a prophetic Gibbon over the Decline and Fall of Britain.

There is thus great disadvantage in setting up for a prophet and denouncer, that it forbids any measure, qualification, or moderation of utterance. A prophecy with a parenthetical—A denunciation hampered with a saving clause—would be anti-climaxes as absurd (odds, pistols and triggers!) as Bob Acres's pedantic swearing, and ineffectual as a fiery warrior with a wooden leg. So that if those who expect in an historian the judicial calmness, and the discrimination and balance impartial, or, at any rate, seemingly impartial, to

which model historians have accustomed them, miss these attributes in Mr Carlyle, and are not content to find instead the novel historical faculty of announcing an opinion or delineating a character finally and dogmatically, in accordance with some hidden or capricious standard, they will know how to account for their disappointment.

But we are very far from pretending (as we shall presently show) that there are not merits in Carlyle to balance these faults. And yet his very merits render his popularity to us unaccountable. He is the very man, we should have said, who, in finding fit audience, would find it also few. The success of a popular favourite is generally intelligible. The large hearted sentimentalist who shares our sympathies, and the satirical detective who titillates our antipathies both appeal to extensive sections of the community, for many love to snivel, and many to sneer. That comprehensive class of readers whose hearts are neither very good nor very bad delights in the exercise of the cheap benevolence and the harmless censoriousness which consist in weeping over imaginary virtue in distress with the one, and contemplating fictitious baseness with the other. To laugh with the genial spirit who sheds a rich light of humour over the world gilding even its squalor—to be absorbed in the succession of splendid pictures of the past, which some great artist, whether as novelist or historian, reveals—to surrender ourselves to the musical spells of a poet, are confessions of sympathy which to most men are involuntary, and he who demurs had better for his own sake be silent. But the class of writers called of late Thinkers—those who do not take the world as they find it, and make that their subject, but who investigate its hidden moral and intellectual machinery—necessarily address a smaller audience because they appear to exclude all whose imagination does not preserve a certain rare equilibrium with their reason. Therefore, when we are told that Carlyle is a Thinker, we are unprepared to find him a popular favourite even before we know anything further about him—

when we find the style in which his thinking is done, the strangeness becomes a marvel, but when we find (as perhaps we may in the History of Frederick) that the style continues while the thinking is left out, the marvel becomes a prodigy.

We have indicated the links which, as appears to us, unite his works into a series, but it will be desirable for the elucidation of some of his doctrines and tenets, to take a more scrutinising though still rapid survey of some of the works individually. And first *Sartor Resartus*, which no doubt Mr Carlyle would himself indicate as containing the germ of his expansive and efflorescent (though we dare not say fruitful) philosophy.

Under the type of clothes and the various aspects they have given and give to mankind, he teaches how the institutions of society, without which man were morally naked and savage, and which are strictly speaking accidents, may, if accepted as natural and inevitable conditions of being, instead of as the mere outward investiture of those conditions, render the social man not merely a partly artificial, but a wholly unnatural existence. He teaches also that these institutions, being only the product of circumstances and constructed for the convenience of particular needs, may, in such change of circumstances as must in the inevitable progression of human affairs occur, cease to be a shelter and defence, becoming irrelevant cumbrous, and eventually even suffocating as a suit of chain armour at Inkerinnann. Under these circumstances, what is bewildered man to do? Return to "the Divine Idea," says Mr Carlyle—place himself again in relation with "the eternal facts"—push aside the adventitious and conventional environments and stand face to face with what lies below, till he deserves some means of reconciling the necessities of man in the altered time with the possibilities which the time offers. If this can be done by adapting existing institutions to present necessities, so much the better, if not, then at any cost man must not live in the perpetual falsehood of such environment, but seek deliverance and truth even in defiance and destruction.

Man, says the transcendental philosophy, is a spirit, but a spirit hampered with temporary earthly conditions, and manifesting itself even in its communion with other spirits only through earthly faculties to earthly senses. Who would guess Shakespeare to have been a transcendental philosopher? Yet when he tells us that

'The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces

The solemn temples, the great globe itself
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And like an unsubstantial pageant faded
Leave not a wreck behind

and when, too, he goes on to say—

'We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep

he expresses the spirit of that philosophy. The solemn temples (all the outward forms which the spirit of religion takes), the gorgeous palaces (dwelling places of power in one form or another), the great globe itself, or temporary theatre, wherein the spirits of men strut out their little lives before the universe with Time for the scene-shifter, are circumstances of our dream under which the dreaming spirit seeks to accommodate itself to the conditions of dreamland. These will dissolve—out of our dream we shall catch and all suddenly awake—and our awakening may be anticipated from two points of view. Either starting awakened out of existence we shall be soothed like frightened children, and find that life was all a vision ending with the sleep that rounded it, or we shall find that we have been enacting as solemn a reality as the universe contains. Mr Carlyle holds the latter belief—not as mere conviction of reason, but as ever present faith in the fact, imbuing his life and opinions: hence he is an eminently earnest man and to this earnestness may be traced at once the best and the worst qualities of his writings. For to stand in such close relation to the actualities of life as to be a practical man, and at the same time to let them sit so easily as to detect always under them the abstract idea they embody, is a task almost too hard for the very highest mind, and accordingly, whatever we may think

of Mr Carlyle in the capacity of spirit theorist, or thinker, we shall find him but a alpheod reformer or projector. Where a truth is to be detected or an error exposed, who more acute? but when you look for remedy or reconstruction, you find either silence or fantasy.

Not choosing for some reason or other to bring these doctrines before the world absolutely in person, he assumes a thin and odd disguise. He makes a kind of pretence, intentionally transparent, of having received a volume from a German friend with the peculiar name of Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, whose intervention was held necessary we imagine, partly to break the rude shock of such novel opinions against an unsuspecting and unprepared public—and partly to exemplify, under the German domino, the kind of life and experience which might lead a certain order of mind to originate such opinions, and follow them out in their, perhaps desperately subversive consequences. Teufelsdröckh has the real and fanciful so mixed as to constitute the grotesque—the real being founded, we suppose, in part at least, on Mr Carlyle's own experiences—the fanciful apparently assumed partly for the sake of indulgence, an odd humour, partly from a desire to invest the whole work by means of the principal figure with a certain unreality, thus leaving adverse criticism to fight the air.

Built, then, on a basis of truth, and treated thus grotesquely, the incidents of Teufelsdröckh's life are so fashioned as to favour the growth of a mind capable of conceiving and expounding his Clothes Philosophy, which strips things of their time-wrought vestments, and looks always at the truth naked as it was born. His infancy is such as to teach him submission and meditation. Then follows an omnivorous boyhood, vigorously digesting what knowledge it devoured. So far, we have merely the substratum of a patient philosophic spirit, but now circumstances begin to decide its direction. He receives an academic education, mechanical and profitless because appealing to no higher faculty than memory. Then comes Rationalism, not merely

as opposed to mysticism, but to all Idealism, picked up, he says, along with his University studies of metaphysics, etymology, and natural science, which brings him at last to see in the Universe only a machine. While in this phase of his spiritual career he is trying to begin the world, but finds no opening for him in life, no peg on which to hang his capacity of thought and work, although the capacity is already recognised

By degrees, those same established men once partially inclined to patronise him, soon to withdraw their countenance, and give him up as 'a man of genius' against which procedure he, in those days, loudly protests. As if, says he, the higher did not presuppose the lower, as if he who can fly into heaven could not also walk post if he resolved on it! But the world is an old woman and mistakes my gilt farthing for a gold coin, whereby being often cheated she will thenceforth trust nothing but the common copper — (*Sat. 7, p. 76*)

This time is a time of real misery, and discontent is fast turning to revolt. He has tried to form friendships and failed—this machine of the universe is to him not merely a dull and unproductive, but a hostile and inexorable machine—all within and without is barren and dreary, till a new epoch dawns and brings into play his poetic faculty.

"In every well conditioned strip-ling," says Teufelsdröckh, "as I conjecture, there already blooms a certain prospective Paradise, cheered by some forest tree, nor, in the stately vistas, and flowerings, and foliage of that Garden, is a tree of Knowledge, beautiful and awful in the midst thereof, wanting. Perhaps, too, the whole is but the lover's, if Cherubim and a Flaming Sword divide it from all footsteps of men, and grant him, the imaginative strip-ling, only the view, not the entrance."

He is in love—but here too is fresh suffering for poor Teufelsdröckh—the flaming sword interposes between him and his wish. Having given his heart with such lavish outpouring as only the poet-philosopher can, disappointment suddenly congeals it,

and that fountain of feeling is closed for ever. To escape from memory and himself, he roams over the earth, "flying with Hunger always parallel to him, and a whole infernal chase in his rear, so that the countenance of Hunger is comparatively a friend's."

Here, then, we have Teufelsdröckh in that Valley of the Shadow which Goethe entered in company with Werter and passed through, but from which Byron never emerged. The time had come when, finding nowhere any sympathy, his glance which had been so eagerly directed on the faces of his kind and on the world, seeking occupation for his capabilities of heart and mind, turned inward on himself, and saw only powers wasted, charities soured, and all existence marred. At such seasons the spirit, believing itself defrauded of its rightful enjoyments, snatches in greedy discontent at whatever unsatisfying solacements offer, and thoughtlessly swallows them. This is the time of revengeful opposition to a world so ungenerous conditions of life so insoluble—the time of doubt and malignant questioning. Thus we see Teufelsdröckh landed in that barren region where the only truth discoverable for him seems to be that whatever is is wrong.

Fortunately Teufelsdröckh, we are told, "consumed his own choler, as some chimney-sweeps consume their own smoke, without troubling the world with his wrath. His unrest vented itself in nothing worse than locomotion. Nature, in her various aspects, soothed his spirit into harmony. He begins to perceive that there is a higher object than to be happy—that he can do without happiness—and, with sudden strength he resolves to defy suffering, and conquer it, let it do its worst. From the solid footing of this resolution he comes struggling out of the depths of denial into the elevated region of calm sympathetic philosophy, and in this state pursues to different purpose the speculations which the old period of doubt and discontent had suggested. Henceforth he is sorrow proof, "malice domestic foreign levy, nothing can touch him further," and looks on man and the world with the mani-

fold insight which he has been at different stages of his existence acquiring, the patient thoughtfulness and wonder of childhood—the industrial energy of boyhood—the reasoning powers and questioning spirit developed in youth—the sympathy of friendship and the poetry of love, both awakened in manhood though unsatisfied—these are the windows through which he surveys life from the storm proof mansion he has built for his soul. Who knows but that Byron's chafing spirit might also, had he lived longer, have chafed itself into such noble issue?

Here we have Teufelsdröckh at last fully equipped and accounted for. He has all this time been casting the outward semblances of the world into his crucible, and at length they evaporate in the continual heat of his imagination, till nothing is left except the indestructible root idea of existence. Face to face with this residuum we might at last, after all this preparation, expect some profitable result. But we regret to say that Herr Teufelsdröckh, with his elaborate biography and spiritual career, has been called into existence to no great ultimate purpose. He does not seem to know what this residuum is, nor anything about it, except that it is wondrous, and what he would call "unspeakable," neither of which phrases affords particular satisfaction to the inquiring reader. "Can it be hidden from the editor," he says, with some glimpse of this, "that many a British reader sits reading quite bewildered in head, and afflicted rather than instructed by the present work? Yes, long ago has many a British reader been, as now, demanding with something like a snarl, 'Where to does all this lead, or what use is in it?' The answer is somewhat vague and disappointing. To be told that, 'if thou seest and feelest that thy daily life is girt with wonder, and based on wonder, and thy very blankets and breeches are miracles—then art thou profited beyond money's worth'—sounds as much like the facetiousness of a conjuror as the wisdom of a sage, and when further informed that, 'perhaps by this time thou art made aware that all Symbols are

properly clothes, that all Forms, whereby spirit manifests itself to sense, whether outwardly or in the imagination, are Clothes, and thus not only the parchment Magna Charta which a tailor was nigh cutting into measures, but the Pomp and Authority of Law, the sacredness of Majesty, and all inferior Worshipes (Worth ships) are properly a Vesture and Raiment, and the Thirty nine Articles themselves are articles of wearing apparel (for the Religious Idea)'—the reader will still think, perhaps, that for such a result it was scarcely worth while to invoke the solemn spectre of Teufelsdröckh.

Though a metaphorical style shows great richness of mind, and is in its effect on other minds highly productive, yet it has, especially for the exposition of a creed or philosophy, its disadvantages. It appears to us that in selecting clothes as his emblem, Teufelsdröckh has started with a false root metaphor, from which his sequence cannot but diverge into wider error. To us it seems that clothes would have been a fitter emblem for the manners and customs of a nation, than for matters so essential, so life receiving, and, in great measure, life giving as its Institutions which are to be no more hastily slipped off than one's skin, to whose functions, indeed, theirs are analogous. Some perception of this Teufelsdröckh shows in his chapter on Organic Filaments, where it appears the old tissues are being gradually renewed—Literature being, we are told, the direction in which we are to look for a new Gospel.

That Teufelsdröckh's imputed cheerfulness of temperament has not, in his later and happier circumstances, tinged in the least his philosophy, may be discovered from the following extracts from some of his later chapters, first, this from the chapter on Church Clothes.

"Meanwhile in our era of the World, those same Church Clothes have gone sorrowfully out at elbows may far worse, many of them have become mere hollow Shapes or Masks under which no living Figure or Spirit any longer dwells, but only spiders and unclean beetles, in horrid accumulation, drive

their trade ; and the mask still glares on you with its glass (you, in ghastly affectation of Life, — some generation and half after Religion has quite with drawn from it, and in unnoticed nooks is weaving for herself new Vestures, wherewith to reappear, and bless us, or our sons or grandsons ”

And these are his general conclusions.

“ Putting which four singular Chapters together, and alongside of them numerous hints, and even direct utterances scattered over these Writings of his, we come upon the startling yet not quite unlooked for conclusion that Teufelsdröckh is one of those who consider Society, properly so called, to be as good as extinct, and that only the gregarious feelings, and old inherited habits, at this juncture, hold us from Dispersion, and universal national civil, domestic, and personal war ! He says expressly. For the last three centuries, above all for the last three quarters of a century, that same Pericardial Nervous Tissue (as we named it) of Religion, where lies the Life essence of Society, has been smote it and perforated needfully and needlessly, till now it is quite rent into shreds, and Society, long puning diabetic consumptive, can be regarded as defunct, for those spasmodic galvanic sprawlings are not life. Neither indeed will they endure, galvanic as you may beyond two days.

“ Call ye that a Society, cries he again, ‘ where there is no longer any Social Idea extant, not so much as the Idea of a common Home but only of a common over-crowded Lodging-house ? Where each, isolated regardless of his neighbour, turned against his neighbour, clutches what he can get, and cries ‘ Mine ’ and calls it Peace, because, in the cut purse and cut throat Scramble, no steel knives, but only a far cunninger sort can be employed ? Where Friendship Communion has become an incredible tradition — and your holiest Sacramental Supper is a smoking Tavern Dinner, with Cook for Evangelist ! Where your Priest has no tongue but for plate licking and your high Guides and Governors cannot guide, but on all hands hear it passionately proclaimed *Laisses faire*, Leave us alone of your guidance, such light is darker than darkness, eat you your wages, and sleep !

“ Thus, too, continues he, ‘ does an observant eye discern everywhere that saddest spectacle. The Poor perishing, like neglected, foundered Draught-Cattle, of Hunger and Over-work, the Rich, still

more wretchedly, of Idleness, Solitude and Over-growth. The Highest in rank, at length, without honour from the Lowest, scarcely, with a little mouth-honour, as from tavern-waiters who expect to put it in the bill. Once-sacred Symbols fluttering as empty Pageants, whereof men grudge even the expense ; a World becoming dismantled in one word, the CHURCH fallen speechless from obesity and apoplexy, the STATE shrunken into a Police Office, straightened to get its pay ! ’

Certainly this is not pleasant, but the question is not, is it pleasant, but is it true ? And is it ? Is all England one vast dyspeptic nightmare, where the agonising struggle may at any moment end in apoplexy and death ? Or is the gloom only in the mind of the seer ? To him who reads merely for vivid imagery, declamation, odd denunciation, and prophetic wrath, these paragraphs are very grand and imposing. But for him who looks up from the volume and sees around him this land of England, where not only justice, liberty, and right, are secured, so far as human institutions can secure them for all, but where a vast proportion of the inhabitants live in such comfort, plenty, and enlightened enjoyment, as was never before known, and hardly dreamt of, by the most far-seeing of past legislators, where for the rich not to practise benevolence is the condemned exception, and where, for the most part, those only who can afford it, contribute to the maintenance of the vast framework of administration which shelters from injustice even the most indigent and friendless, — to such a reader, Teufelsdröckh’s eloquence is merely a passionate lament that England is not paradise, nor all its inhabitants sages and angels.

In adopting this clothes-idea of the Germans, Carlyle reminds us of the prince in the Arabian tale who vaulted without due instruction on the enchanted horse. He turns the peg, Metaphor, that lies close to his hand before the saddle, and is presently carried, not merely off the earth, but out of human knowledge. And until he shall desecr and avail himself of the other peg, Fact, lying also within reach behind the ear, he will continue

that balloon-like career, the course of which neither aeronaut nor spectators can control or predict.

To ordinary readers, these few tracings of *Sartor Resartus*, or Carlyle's Profession of Faith, may not be unacceptable for to many a clever and even thoughtful man the book will at first have less coherence and clearness than the *Pilgrim's Progress* has for an intelligent heathen. We have said nothing as yet about the peculiarities of style, nor of the continuous never pausing stream of thought, with its rich freight of vivid imagery, which no one can consider without admiration and wonder. Our business lies at first with the philosophy which has given birth to all his works and opinions, which seems to us, on his own showing, so fruitless of result, but from which he augured such miraculous benefits. In his essay on Novalis, whom we may call the transcendent transcendentalist—for he seems to have got into an eighth heaven, while the others are still in the seventh—and which was published two years before the *Sartor*, he tells us that 'the reader would widely err who supposed that this transcendental system of metaphysics was a mere intellectual card-castle, or logical locus-pocus contrived from sheer idleness and for sheer idleness without any bearing on the practical interests of men. On the contrary, however false or however true, it is the most serious in its purport of all philosophies propounded in these latter centuries, has been taught chiefly by men of the loftiest and most earnest character and does bear with a direct and highly comprehensive influence on the most vital interests of men. To say nothing of the views it opens in regard to the course and management of what is called Natural Science, we cannot but perceive that its effects, for such is adopt it on Morals and Religion, must in these days be of almost boundless importance. To take only that last and seemingly strangest doctrine, for example, concerning Time and Space, we shall find that, to the Kantist, it yields almost immediately a remarkable result of this sort. If Time and Space have no absolute existence out

of our minds, it removes a stumbling block from the very threshold of our Theology for on this ground, when we say that the Deity is omnipresent and eternal—that with Him it is a universal Here and Now—we say nothing wonderful—nothing but that He also created Time and Space—that Time and Space are not laws of His being, but only of ours."

We shall not stop to discuss whether the transcendental doctrine possess the magical powers which Mr Carlyle thus ascribes to them. As to the novelty of the revelations about Time and Space, we thought that not only we, but persons who existed many centuries ago, had heard something of the heavens being destined "to pass away like a scroll, and a coming proclamation "that time shall be no more," which we thought, not unnaturally, had reference to the fleeting and evanescent nature of those circumstances of our existence. Whether the habit of regarding the world and its institutions as semblances must lead infallibly to a new and beneficial state of things, or whether things would not run their course in the absence of the doctrine—whether transcendental bees would make finer hexagons or higher flavoured honey for knowing that their queen, unless a genuine great or Heroine Bee, with a proper sense of the divine significance of sucharine and farrin, would be a sham and ineptitude or whether the bees at a busy season might not take the mystical insect who propounded the idea for a drone, put him to death with many stings, and bury him and his doctrine decently out of the way—are speculations which we will not here enter upon, our business being not so much with the doctrines as the use he makes of them. We will rather see how he enforces his ideas in subsequent works.

The world's affairs he says, are to be retrieved through its heroes—and these he defines to be men who habitually rest their thoughts and acts on the eternal truths, not the evanescent appearances of things. Still that does not bring us much nearer to those eminent persons, and therefore he tells us in his Lectures on

Hero-Worship, how those whom he holds to be heroes have, at different periods of the world's traditions or history, been made manifest. In the pre historic times the hero became a divinity, mankind could see his virtues with undimmed sense, and the truths he uttered in word or deed seemed of divine origin, so that in a few generations their admiration grew into worship. Next, when the world was too advanced for this, he was still received, if not as a divinity, yet as a divinely inspired man — and Mahomet was, and is, to the believing Moslem, the prophet of God. But at last all credit in divine inspiration vanished, the world would no longer believe that a man however wise, was the mouthpiece of a higher power. When they talked of inspiration it was in a different sense and they called the utterer of melodious wisdom such as Dante and Shakespeare a poet. Luther and Knox, who battled against tyrannical ministers of a superstitious creed are the types of the Heroicist. But now a new influence was beginning to assert itself in the world. Ideas uttered in achievement in prophecy, in song, in revolt, a vast gigantic wrong had each had their day and theirature through innumerable channels crept over the scene. As examples of those who used literary power for true lasting and important ends we have Rousseau, Johnson, Burns (though why unless to make the theory fit the latter should be taken out of the category of poets and put here, we cannot imagine with a regret, from the lecturer that his audience were not prepared to appreciate a still greater literary hero in Goethe. Lastly, we have the hero in his commanding phase as absolute ruler of men. This is his rightful heritage and for the situation none but Transcendentalists need apply. Our choice, therefore, is exceedingly limited — almost unique.

We will just pause here to note one of the little discrepancies which men of vivid imagination, with theories to get fitted are apt to fall into. Mahomet, Mr Carlyle tells us, was a true prophet, the proof of which is that his word has endured so long. "Are we to suppose," he asks, "that

it was a miserable piece of spiritual legerdemain, this which so many creatures of the Almighty have lived by and died by? I will believe most things sooner than that. One would be entirely at a loss what to think of this world at all, if quackery so grew and were sanctioned here."

But in the Latter Day Pamphlet on Jesuitism we find it written that "for some two centuries the genius of mankind has been dominated by the gospel of Ignatius, perhaps the strangest, and certainly among the fatallest ever preached hitherto under the sun 'a doctrine of devils'."

Shall we give up Mahomet and despair of the world, or shall Ignatius be a true prophet?

However to resume. He has told us of many heroes in time past, but he wishes us now to have a picture of a time of such virtue in England that a hero was not only recognised, but nominated and elected to his rightful eminence. Commenting on the old chronicle of Jocelin, a monk in the Convent of St Edmundsbury in Henry II's time, he gives us a most interesting, graphic and life like glimpse of that far time, which he takes occasion to contrast with this miserable present. But though as a commentary it is excellent yet the inference he draws, and for the sake of which the book was written, is altogether false. He shows us how the useless old abbot of St Edmundsbury died, and the brotherhood got from the great Plantagenet a *conge d'ere* to choose a new one. This they accordingly effected, and in spite of influence and intrigue elected a humble and obscure brother Samson, who in his strange high office proved himself a veritable hero.

Yet why, as Mr Carlyle industriously infers, should this be impossible now? Set any limited public body to choose a real governor whose will should be indisputable, and why should it not be done as honestly now as in the days of the Plantagenets? Samson's predecessor Hugo does not seem to have been very veraciously chosen. Or set those men who have elected their abbot out of a brotherhood where

everybody knows everybody, to elect, as Mr Carlyle would wish, a king out of a nation, and how different a task will they find it? Where shall they look? Among all the hearsays, which shall they believe? Amid the work done that they know of, how shall they recognise the real deed? First catch your hero! One might imagine, from Mr Carlyle's talk about heroes and how blind we are to them, that those distinguished individuals walked about with tickets on their backs which nobody would read—that you had nothing to do, politically speaking, but rush into a crowd, pick out the first man labelled "Hero" in transcendental characters, and fall down and worship him, and that this proceeding would supersede the necessity of extension of franchise, or any franchise at all, destroy schism in the church, dispense with the poor laws, blot out the ballot question, and change the functions of Parliament.

If a whole kingdom should be in such a state that the national voice or its delegates could unerringly detect the true king or ablest man, what need of king at all? Here already is the most perfect of communities—self governing, self developing, and if any one be invested with authority more than the others, it is only as a kind of stoker, or, at most, engine driver, to look out ahead, see that the wheels are greased and govern the steps of the perfect self acting machine. But, supposing this national condition impossible, where is the Constituency to come from? If the ablest man is to be elected by an assembly of able men, who is to elect the able men? Or if, by some happy concurrence of chances, they are all got together, and we have an assembly, say of Abbot Samson, how shall we be sure that they will all agree in choosing the right Plantagenet, Wilhelmus Conqueror, Oliver Cromwell, or other Carlyle-right-divine-absolute sovereign?

If Carlyle's visions were realised, everything ~~must~~ come right, for with him veracity means infallibility. It is not merely that a man shall wish to see and do the right, as many do now, whom therefore we call right minded, or, in Carlylese, "veracious"

men, but with the wish they must also by some mysterious process acquire the power, else they are Demisees apes, accursed, &c. And if the majority in England or elsewhere do acquire such a power, what Wilhelmus Conqueror, Oliver Cromwell, or Abbot Samson, is worthy to govern such a nation—indeed, what governing does such a nation require? It is no new opinion, no revelation by Mr Carlyle, that an absolute monarchy might be the best government, if you could get the right Absolute monarch. The idea has occurred to other philosophers, and other men not philosophers, but they have generally also inquired of themselves by what process is he to be got?—in the solution of which (the main and only question) Thomas affords no light whatever, or only such effulgence as dwells in sighs, tears, denunciation, and lamentation, amid which the only thing clear is, that as soon as the Hero King be comes possible, he will no longer be wanted.

In the Latter Day Pamphlets he measured, by his standard of the "Divine Idea" all the prominent political questions of the day—to which, so far as we can discover its functions, it is frequently as inapplicable as a series of solar observations would be to assist a man in finding his way about London. After one of his customary lampoons upon this unfortunate present time, he takes occasion, in his strictures on "Downing Street," to quote his old friend William the Conqueror as an example of how work should be done. It seems his secretaries produced in four years the "Doomsday Book," "not wasting themselves in Parliamentary talk," "Happy secretaries!" exclaims Mr Carlyle—"happy William!" Is this claptrap or not? Does he see, or does he not, that for William all the great difficulties which beset statesmen had vanished, and in place of a blotted scrawl, he had a clean white paper to write his will on? It is not so difficult to plan a road if you can run it through any man's property, no leave asked. It is not so difficult to make laws sufficiently veracious, and of considerable vitality, if the only thing

possible for the people you make them for is implicit obedience. Suppose the foreign conquest, which we hear so much of just now, had been achieved, would it be proof of great genius in the conqueror that he did not permit his views to be obstructed by the requirements of party, the influence of property, the power of the press, the voice of the people, when, by the fact of conquest, party, property, press and popular voice, were all extinguished together? Sweep away these and we could at most trust Mr Carlyle himself to undertake the government. It would need no other qualities in the ruler than the not extraordinary ones of sense, resolution, and right mindedness. As for the Doomsday Book, written so expeditiously in four years, four weeks would suffice for the new edition. Happy secretaries! happy Napoleon!

His favourite plan is to impute an imaginary absurdity to those he is condemning and to declaim thereon from his vantage ground of the eternal facts. Thus in the pamphlet on *Model Prisons* he assumes that the Government and people of England wished to coddle thieves and murderers out of pure love for them. The plan may be a mistaken one, and has had some ridicule heaped on it by the noodles of Exeter Hall but it is an experiment founded on reason—not, as he represents it, an absurdity founded on maudlin sentiment. All criminals are not irreclaimable, neither have any except a small proportion, committed inextinguishable crimes while of those who have, many have been driven to crime by unavoidable misery, produced, according to Mr Carlyle, by bad government. To give those a chance of reformation who may charge their crime to the account of misgovernment, as well as to try and reclaim those who seem only temporarily or impulsively to have gone astray, is, if not practically a sound doctrine, yet by no means evidently a weak or bad one. It had been found that the old system, instead of repressing crime, only bottled it up to ferment into tenfold explosiveness. The question was, shall we continue the old system of

treating every criminal as a scoundrel, castiff, and devil's messenger, who must be swept out of society and out of the world to make room for a fresh batch? or shall we try to lessen crime by converting criminals? When the doctrine is expounded or exemplified by weak men, it will, like any other doctrine, acquire a false and foolish aspect, but there is nothing in the original idea to produce any of the horrors which Mr Carlyle anticipates from its realisation.

As another instance among many of his practice of riding off triumphantly on an abuse of his own creation, he asks in the pamphlet on *Parliaments*,

My friend do you think had the untalented majority of Adam voted and since the creation of man nothing but vote that three and three were seven—would this have altered the laws of Arithmetic or put to the blush the solitary Cooker, who continued to assert privately that three and three were six? I consider not.

But the popular voice is never invoked at all to decide questions of fact, only questions of opinion. Granted that the end of all national effort is to get well governed, and that our electoral system is but a blundering way to do it yet how is it to be done better? What absolutism, democracy, oligarchy, constitutional monarchy, either electoral or hereditary, universal suffrage, or convocation of notables, however sagacious has yet, since the world began, shown how this is to be done with even approximate success? All that has been done is to try, by theory and experiment, how it may be effected, not with more of certainty, but with less of notorious blundering. How is the problem to be solved, then? Go to the eternal facts, answers Mr Carlyle. But what if the eternal facts have already given their decision in the matter which is, that to no society of men shall any certain method of securing excellence in government be possible—that only in darkness and bewilderment, with none but dark lanterns for guidance, and deceptive appearances for landmarks, shall mortals seek political infallibility. What is the use of talking of the "Divine Idea? What

has it to do with the matter! Follow the laws of the universe, says Carlyle. But the relation of man to the universe, and of man to man, are very different matters, and it is with the latter that politics concerns itself.

His manner of dealing with questions of the day convinces us, that with rare right-mindedness, and great genius, and imagination, he has shown singular incapacity for any other function of statesmanship than the secondary one of perpetual objection and opposition. All his learning, industry, imagination, and zeal, only enable him to hit a blot, and exaggerate it into a cancer imminently fatal. He reminds us of an indefatigable whist player whom we know—fond of the game, keen to win, and with such an extraordinary memory, that he knows all the cards that are played, and could name those in everybody's hand with considerable accuracy at any stage of the deal, yet he can never be trusted for two minutes together not to make a revoke.

As a philosopher, then, expounding a doctrine of general application we think he has been immensely overrated, looming large in clouds of his own rusing. As an objector, he is often, though we believe not intentionally unfairly carried away by his habit of prophesying and denouncing. As a guide, he puts into our benighted hands a lantern with no candle in it. As a moralist, he is altogether unexceptionable, yet even here we find none of the originality which his admirers so largely claim for him. That to be is better than to seem—that it is good to reverence worth—that many evils exist in the world, and that if we could find out the ablest men among us, and give them due authority, many of these might be remedied—that there is an inner light or conscience to teach us right and wrong—that there is work appointed to every man which he neglects at his peril,—these are surely no new doctrines, but old as society—at any rate old as morality and philosophy—and ages before Thomas Carlyle was born were embalmed in the proverbs of many peoples. Yet it is by raterating such doctrines

in forms more or less fantastic, that he has achieved his very considerable reputation.

And yet, for a man to write so much, and *always* be true to these doctrines—keeping his footing always on the virtue and necessity of genuineness, of reverence, of conscientiousness—of the immeasurable precedence which pleasure must concede to duty—is an excellent and solid basis both for a man himself and for a reputation to rest upon. For consider, if sermons generally with a fair amount of eloquence illustrated such themes, how much more common church-going would be—how much better it would fare with the congregations—and what gratitude and applause the discourses would earn for the preachers! Consider this, and then, how can we deny what measure of fame lies in our thanks and approval to him who devotes his life to enlarging on such noble texts, which though very old are always new, to a national instead of a parish congregation? It is one thing, for a man to feel conscious that these are truths or even to be so strongly impressed with them as occasionally to inculcate them, and another thing for a man to be so imbued with their spirit that it tinges—nay dyes deeply—all the products of his mind. What Carlyle says of Novels may with equal truth be said of himself. 'His moral persuasions, as evinced in his writings and life derive themselves naturally enough from the same source. It is the morality of a man to whom the earth and all its glories are in truth a vapour and a Dream, and the Beauty of Goodness the *only* real possession. Poetry, Religion, which for other men have but, as it were, a traditionary and imagined existence, are for him the everlasting basis of the Universe.'

In discussing his works, it is impossible not to notice his singular style. Odd as it is, we think it may be accounted for without charging him with affectation. It appears to us that a writer inculcating such opinions, who says,—“I will be genuine, I will transcribe my exact thought in the language that most exactly pictures it, without regard

either to elegances of style or conventional forms of expression — of anything but literal rendering of the ideas as I see them,—true even in this to my philosophy of dealing not with semblances but underlying ideas,—may, without affectation or conscious wish to strike the attention by singularity, write in Carlyle's manner, by simply watching and recording his thoughts, and the states of mind they produce in him. If his thoughts habitually present themselves in the concrete, there will be a large amount of imagery and metaphor. If he wishes to convey in briefest space the *whole* of what presents itself to his mind's eye, he must resort to pregnant allusive epithets, and, to keep his thought-laden sentences within compass, he must, in order to admit what he thinks essential, chip off all that is not as redundant. As he says himself of Cromwell's style, "Superfluity, is if by a natural law of the case, the writer had to discard! Whatever quality can be dispensed with is indifferent to him. If he wants to convey a shade of meaning for which only an approximate word exists, and he is not satisfied with a paraphrase, he must alter the old word or invent a new one. Feeling strongly, he expresses those feelings, and seeks to impose them in the reader, not by description, but by interjection, allusion, sarcasm or passionate appeal."

It is possible to transcribe thought literally, and yet never pass the limits of a correct style. In fact, the very essence of good style is to convey the thought with the greatest nicety, combined with the greatest vigour. There are many passages in Carlyle's works of the finest eloquence, to which no purist could take exception, and which yet have evidently occurred as he has been pursuing, without intentional change of thought or expression, his ordinary method. But this only proves that the literal transcript of ideas, just as they present themselves, is, in some cases, the best mode of expression—in others, not. It must depend on the value of the idea. When the subject-matter is such as to be best conveyed by winged metaphor, and indeed hardly admits of other ve-

hicle—when it is of such intrinsic solidity and worth as to bear the keen flashing light of vivid illustration, not only without loss, but with increase of truthfulness—we get either splendid prose or high poetry. But Mr Carlyle's subject-matter, though often, is not always of this high cast, and when it is not, he sinks from manner into a most abject mannerism. Take these two examples of his worst and best style.

"THE NEW DOWNING STREET"

"At present as was said, while Red Republic but clashes with foul Bureaucracy and nations sunk in blind ignavia demand a universal suffrage Parliament to heal their wretchedness and wild Anarchy and Phallus Worship struggle with Sham Kingship and extinct or galvanised Catholicism, and in the Cave of the Winds all manner of rotten waifs and wrecks are huddled against each other,—our English interest in the controversy, however huge and controversy grow, is quite trifling. We have only in a handsome manner to say to it 'Lumber and rags all ye rotten waifs and wrecks, clash and collide as seems fittest to you and laminate each other into immitation at your own good pleasure. In that huge conflict dismal but unavoidable we thanks to our hereditary ancestor is, having gone so far ahead of you have now no interest at all. Our decided notion is, the dead ought to bury their dead in such a case and so we have the honour to be with distinguished consideration, your entirely devoted FLIMMAY, Sec. Local Department."

The other is from *Past and Present*. The old chronicle he has been quoting from abruptly ends

The magnanimous abbot makes preparation for departure departs, and — And Jocelins Boswellian narrative suddenly shorn through by the scissors of Destiny ends. There are no words more but a black line and leaves of blank paper. Irremediable the miraculous hand that held all this theatric machinery suddenly quits hold, impenetrable Time Curtains rush down, in the mind's eye all is again dark void with loud dinning in the mind's ear our real phantasmagory of St Edmundsbury plunges into the bosom of the Twelfth Century again, and all is over. Monks Abbot, Hero worship, Government Obedience, Cœur de Lion, and St Edmund's Shrine, vanish like Mirra's Vision, and there is nothing left but a mutilated

black Rain, amid green botanic expanses, and oxen, sheep, and distant pasturing in their places."

Those who are offended by his style should read some of his essays—on Voltaire, for instance, and Boswell's Johnson,—essays not to be surpassed either for style or thought.

But there is one habit of his which we can never get accustomed to, and which always recurs to us in a ridiculous light—that of keeping some of his images constantly by him, and reproducing them as if they were puppets in a box. When he sits down to write, his peaceful study is thronged by spectres of the most terrific description, invoked by the flourish of his pen. While he is with due incantation casting the magic bullets that are to hit and slay the Unveracities and Ineptitudes, the charmed circle in which he works is surrounded by a horrible panoramic phantasmagory, where all ages and nations of the world are jumbled as in a Christmas pantomime or rather where all the tined monstrosities of many old pantomimes are brought up, all battered and defaced with the wear and tear of the former season, and the whisks of facetious clown and irreverent harlequin, and play over again their time worn parts in a manner suggestive rather of managerial thrust than of pantomimic art. The difficulties and obstructions of life appear to him as Frost Giants—some familiar evils figure in the singular disguise of Mud Demons—others gibber as Dead Sea apisms, while the background is made up of Foam Oceans and Stygian Quagmires, and the whole scene is surrounded by an atmosphere of Silences and Sphere Harmonies. What you thought was a simple folly, the magician tells you is an Ineptitude, and, as a charm against it, offers you an old bone from his collection of amulets, what had hitherto passed for a weak ordinary official personage, turns out to be a Phantasm Captain, till you either end by becoming a trustful guest at this Barmecide's feast of horrors, or else cannot help looking on your entertainer as one who has the power of bringing himself into a state of *delirium tremens* without undergoing the preliminary excesses

Poor little Prince Arthur knew young gentlemen in England who would sometimes be sad only for wantonness. There are young gentlemen of that complexion in England still, who, as they once adopted Byronism, or the despairing romantic, now fall into Carlylism, or the despairing prophetic. If this way of looking at life is true, then it would be good that all the youth of England should be trained in it. But what kind of men shall we rear upon such vapourish diet? Is it desirable that the public generally, or the thinking portion of it, shall look on the material world as clothes for a central idea, on themselves and their fellow-men as apparitions, on difficulties as Jotuns, on the great mass of mankind, including most of their friends and acquaintances, as Ineptitudes and Inanities, and on the great majority of public and private proceedings as universal Stygian Quagmires? We shall be told that this is a very disrespectful way of speaking of the fantasmas of a genius, that when the poet's eye rolls in a fine frenzy, we should stand aloof in silent reverence. But it is one thing for the magician to be attended by an Ariel or even a Puck, and another for him to be dogged by such a witch rabble as hunted Tam O Shanter, or cheered old ladies with their fascinating company in the days of Matthew Hopkins.

We sometimes wonder whether Thomas carries his principles into the ordinary affairs of life, whether, when he wants to descend from the upper story of his habitation, he avails himself of the Vesture or Appearance of the stairs, or places himself in relation to the Laws of the Universe, and precipitates himself over the bannisters, confiding in the underlying fact of gravitation? Does he read his evening paper by the light of the eternal stars? When he leaves his haunted study, and drops his pen, does he abjure his rough magic, bury his staff in the back garden, drown his book of spells in the water butt, and hang up on a peg on the hall, along with his wizard gown, covered with weird images like a San Benito garment, all his doleful vaticinations, and ap-

pear as a man of this world ? or does he walk abroad accompanied by the spectral crew that minister to him during the terrific period of composition ? If so, he must be a cheerful and convivial associate, especially desirable about a sick bed where the doctor wishes the depressed and haply hypochondriacal patient to enjoy some exhilarating conversation. It must be extremely agreeable for a friend, conscious of possessing only an average intellect, and very little power of philosophic remark, to know that the sage with whom he is conversing regards him as a Doleful Creature, or for another who accosts him to feel that the sagacious thinker recognises in his speech nothing but "windy babble." In his cheerfulness and most gallant moods young ladies may perhaps rather plume themselves on appearing to him as "snow and rose bloom maidens" but it must be less flattering for the greater part of his intimates to enjoy his society in the certainty that he sees in them Dilettantes and Windbags doomed to be swept away into the Inane, their congenial element by a speedy righteous decree which he will himself have the pleasure of announcing to them and that he is constantly from the bosom of his family looking forward to the day when they will all be happily got rid of, together with the majority of the human race, and make room for a grand Wittenage moté of Abbot Samsons, Trufels drockhs, heroes, and German mystagogues who will, by virtue of their veracity and power of seeing the thing that is, at once distinguish their *Can nung Aon nung* Cunning or Able man, and by universal acclamation, and amid grand diapasons of the Sphere Harmonies, elect Thomas to rule this fortunate planet as Chief Nebulosity or Absolute-Nightmare.

Or is it "not so, but far other wise ? Shall we rather believe him to be at heart jovially inclined, nourishing no such treasonable designs either on the throne of this realm or the liberties of the world in general, nay, that there might be found in him on occasion, in some comfortable cosy assembly, considerable faculty of enjoyment, even some dim sense of jocosity and hilarity, by no means

articulate, expressing itself, if not in voluntary solo-comic ditty, yet in stentorian choros to such, at sound of which the fiends that habitually haunt Poor Tom, crying for ever hungrily in his belly for two white herrings, would vanish like ghosts at cock crow, leaving him to finish the evening, cheeriest of the revelers, with red herrings in his belly instead of white, together with roasted oysters, anchovy toasts, and brandy punch. And though we should very much like to form one of that party, yet what we should most like to see would be a quiet meeting between Thomas and that other master spirit Ruskin. After grim interchange of salutation they would at first eye each other doubtfully—Thomas askance, Ruskin "with a high sniffing air"—till, after a few preliminary formalities, each would mount his hobby, and settling down in the saddle and ramming, in the spurs, begin his eccentric nebulous and highly aggressive career. A solitary sage of pugacious temper upon a hobby is a formidable spectacle but think of two converging ! There would be a collision before they had gone ten yards—hobbies and riders sent sprawling—and then—heavens ! did ever philosophers and master spirits use such language before ! The meeting ought to take place some where in the neighbourhood of *Kil B kenny*.

Let any one after diligent perusal of Carlyle's works first realise the impression of life and society they have left on him. There he will see depicted, in the darkest and most lurid colours, the spectacle of a world sinking to ruin, inhabited by nations of men living a life of habitual hopeless base ness and untruth amid the tattered mockeries of governments and religions. Then let him clear his brain of that image, and look abroad on England. He will see laws as equitably administered, government as honest and enlightened, charities as active, and a clergy of as pure exemplary life and quick religion as in any age he can point to. He will look on much misery, but also on as large a proportion of happiness as has fallen to the lot of any generation. He will find wrong and evil

receiving a publicity which, while it renders them unduly conspicuous over what is right and good, gives them also a far better chance of being remedied. He will see daily evidence of appalling crime, and also of wide spread benevolence. He will see a thriving people, whose senses is as strong as ever, their minds no less quick and energetic and far more cultivated than those of their ancestors, and who, with much self seeking and haste to be rich, display also much conscientiousness and regard for duty. When he has considered all this, he may perhaps catch a glimpse of a philosopher, whose eyes are suffused with maudlin tears, surveying the scene through spectacles tinted with the hues of jundice.

His remedial doctrines are urged with imagination, eloquence, earnestness. Their want is the fatal want of feasibility. If we are fainting with thirst, whom shall we listen to? To him who tells us in eloquent but general terms to drink assuring us that liquid is all we want or to him who shows us water even in the muddiest puddle? The difficulty is

not to be a philosopher, but to be a practical philosopher. Grant that we may dispense with possibilities in our conclusions, and we will devise our systems of philosophy as fast as the Abbé Sièyes devised constitutions. Carlyle dwells habitually in the endless mirages of the unpractical. Work, he says—choose your divinest man—see life as I see it, in truth, not in appearance—act in accordance with the eternal facts, and on this theme he rings the changes with intense satisfaction to himself, while the reader who asks anxiously and honestly How? waits in vain for an answer. The tale is certainly not told by an idiot, but it is full of sound and fury, and signifies—nothing.

For this reason we call this a Mirage Philosophy—a sort of inverse mirage—not where the seer, in extremely uncomfortable circumstances, has bright visions of unreal gardens and groves watered by imaginary rivulets but where, blessed with every comfort that liberty and enlightenment can confer, he sees in the fur, broad honest face of England only a howling wilderness.

HISTORY OF LITERATURE

The foregoing preamble, we hope, may afford a standpoint from whence to view with some far sense of appreciation a work of Carlyle, which, seen from the ordinary level, would appear in violently disturbed perspective. Generally the new work of a well known author may be considered on its own ground simply, without reference to previous performances. But there are many passages in this history which must be unintelligible to those who are not familiar with the doctrines and imagery shadowed forth with dusky vividness in his former works. For, like some distinguished writers in other walks of literature, he seems to take it for granted that all his readers have carefully perused, and religiously remember, everything that he has previously written and this is the case, not only with the ideas and images, but with the phraseology. Strange phrases, epithets, and nicknames, occur so frequently, that a concordance, or at

least a glossary, seems necessary to render them intelligible to a reader who has begun with the author's last work. He is expected to be not merely a reader but a student with each successive production he is supposed to start not from the ground, but from the last landing place and for the intelligent prosecution of his career, he is required not only to equip himself with all the author's previous conclusions but to encumber himself with all his crotchets and absurdities. For instance, we find in one of his early papers, that on Thurtell's trial some witness said, "he considered Thurtell a respectable man, because he kept a gig." This criterion has found so suitable a place in one of the many queer corners of Carlyle's mind as to have become part of its regular furniture. Henceforth all respectability depending on outward show (vesture or appearance), and therefore worthy to be derided, is "gig respectability."

In each successive work the gig is the emblem of this degree in social existence, till at last we find what some people might call respectability in reduced circumstances figuring in the singular paraphrase of "gigman-ity disgraced."

But we have already indicated the links which seem to bind this writer's works into a consecutive whole, and therefore he may have a better plea than most for his continual reference to personages and passages occurring in former productions, of which the one in hand may be considered as the legitimate continuation. Looking at his subject always from the same point of view, he thus saves himself much repetition by assuming that what has been once indicated, explained, or established, shall in future be taken for granted. Whether the plea will avail with the reader must depend on his opinion of the originality of the philosophy on which he is thus required to bestow the coherent attention due to a scientific work, and to some there fore the practice will appear as an agreeable stimulant, to others as an egotistical impertinence.

In no previous work is his determination to obtrude his own personality more uncompromising than in this History of Frederick. His quips and cranks and wanton wiles begin with the first page, and continue in endless succession, sometimes monotonous, sometimes highly diversified, till the last. But though there still remains much to puzzle the reader, to whom all this is new, yet we hope that what we have already written may render many of the chief peculiarities intelligible, and account for others sufficiently to make continuity of perusal less troublesome.

When, therefore, after telling us that the character of Frederick, as popularly handed down, is that of "a royal Dick Turpin," he goes on to say "Had such proved on survey to be the character of Frederick, there is one British writer whose curiosity concerning him would pretty soon have died away," we infer that he has selected the Prussian monarch as his subject because he believes him to be a veritable hero, one who "had a

soul open to the Divine Significance of Life." We know at once that his biography is to be an elaborate illustration of the Hero as King, of whom before we have had only sketches and studies in Cromwell and Napoleon. Here was to be drawn, not from fancy but from the life and at full length, the *Caning* or *Ableman*, who combined in himself the insight, power, and will to perceive and do the right as a ruler of a nation. Power more absolute, associated with simplicity more genuine and complete, is scarcely to be found in history than in the instance of the King of Prussia. And so far he satisfies the Carlylese requisition of being a reality and no sham. Nor is his claim to heroism likely to be disputed elsewhere. In the warrior who, when he was routed and almost ruined by his own rashness, not only met and defeated a fresh foe, but turned upon the victors, and, at the moment when as it seemed no choice remained for him but submission or extinction, converted disaster into a glorious success, no aid from transcendentalism was needed to recognise a hero. But the heroism lay almost altogether in his soldier phase, and this is precisely the aspect in which Mr Carlyle is least qualified to deal with him, judging from some hints which he has already let fall. To ascribe the victory of Roebach to "strategic art shows a very inadequate acquaintance either with the victory or with the art. Nor does the following estimate of Napoleon's genius for war restore us to any great confidence in him as an historian of military events —

'So soon as the Drawnansir equipments are well torn off, and the shilling gallery got to silence, it will be found that there were great Kings before Napoleon — and likewise an Art of War grounded on veracity and human courage and insight not upon Drawnansirrodomontade, grandiose Dick Turpinism, revolutionary madness, and unlimited expenditure of men and gunpowder. 'You may paint with a very big brush and yet not be a great painter,' says a satirical friend of mine! This is becoming more and more apparent, as the dust whirlwind, and huge uproar of the last generation, gradually dies away again.'

There was more science and military genius displayed in a single campaign of Napoleon—say the Italian one of 1796—than in the whole Seven Years' War. And many of Buonaparte's most successful operations were of a nature which Frederick, great soldier as he was, was incapable of conceiving.

However, Frederick is his hero—and we know what that means with Mr Carlyle, who invariably turns the old constitutional maxim that the King can do no wrong, into a philosophical fact. As any one who has been branded as a Python, Mud demon, or Phantasm captain, is henceforth incapacitated, as if by legal disability, from enjoying any of those ordinary privileges of humanity which in general induce historians to admit something of good in characters however bad, so when once the sign manual, "Thomas Carlyle," has been affixed to the name of any favoured individual, conferring on him the dignity of Hero or rightful king of men, the immunities thereby secured to him are of infinite extent. Oliver Cromwell and Doctor Johnson, William the Conqueror and Robert Burns, Mahomet and Martin Luther, are all, by virtue of their power of seeing the Divine Significance of Life, included in a grand general dispensation, and their faults or crimes either forgiven as soon as mentioned or interpreted into manifestations of the heroic character. This determination to endow all heroes with perfection, joined with caprice altogether unaccountable in selecting them, renders it impossible to predict of any personage, or of any act of his life, which of the two extreme views Mr Carlyle will take of it, the presumption, however, always inclining to that which is most uncommon and unexpected. So that whether he would condemn Mrs Brownrigg in accordance with the *Newgate Calendar*, as the murderer of her apprentices, or extol her with the facetious poet of the *Anti-Jacobin*, as a heroine possessed of a mind which "shaped strictest plans of discipline," no one can presume to say. It is true that Carlyle says "Frederick is by no means one of the perfect demigods, and there

are various things to be said against him with good ground. To the last a questionable hero, with much in him which one could have wished not there, and much wanting which one could have wished." But we are immediately afterwards assured that "he has nothing whatever of the Hypocrite or Phantasm. Whichever readers will admit to be an extremely rare phenomenon," and, therefore, though the task of discovering in the royal infidel a grain of that reverence which is a main element of your transcendental hero, or of reconciling some of his mean vices with other heretical requirements, is a difficult one, yet we have no doubt that he will leave the hands of the artist not only by no means so black as he has been painted, but altogether of a "snow and rosebloom beauty. How this will be effected, what particular artistic arrangements will take place for the purpose in the philosophic magic-lantern before the heroic shadow is cast in requisite proportion and colour on the page of history, we have as yet no means of judging, for the present instalment only extends to the death of Frederick's father. The two volumes before us are taken up with a chronicle of the House of Hohenzollern, and the characters politics, court, and domestic life of Frederick's father and mother.

The century forming the background to Frederick and his father is certainly well calculated to bring a hero into strong relief, not merely from the dearth of great men, but from the deterioration of the elements of society. Kings were no worse, not even so bad, as they had been a century before—Charles IX. and Philip II had no more care for their people than Louis XV., or the Emperor Leopold, and were atrocious criminals besides. But in the older time faith was alive, life was earnest, the greatest privileges of man were incessantly contended for, and the precarious intervals of calm were intensely enjoyed by men who thus "tore their pleasures with rough strife, through the iron gates of life." But in the eighteenth century all was stagnation above, while the seeds of inquiry and intelligence below were fructifying

into scepticism. No great public interests were contended for, only the small private interests of monarchs—wars were bloody lawsuits about property, involving no national interest. Thrones stood on the backs of kneeling nations, and those who sat on them looked with a listless smile at the comedy of life, with scarcely even the pretence of being amused, but with no sense of insecurity. The courts of monarchs were no longer the culminating points of a system but had a separate system of their own. Royal state had degenerated into idle ceremony, reverence had its prescribed gradations, courtiership had become one of the exact sciences, and etiquette was the essence of diplomacy. To those trained in palaces form and observance were matters of the first importance, the influence of which extended into the minutest particulars, and the domestic life of royalty was an unwholesome and oppressive slavery.

The court of Frederick's father was modified by the peculiar temper of the monarch, by no means with a happy result. The only person who enjoyed any immunity from irksome restraint was the King, who enforced strict observance on others, while assuming absolute license for himself. Thus while we find him driving out with his cane a deputation who waited on him, lifting his foot to kick the English Ambassador at an audience, scandalising his attendants by his want of decorum at the Austrian Court, and making his violence in the palace the gossip of Berlin, yet natural feeling and parental consideration were as rigidly set aside in his family as in the most ceremonious court in Europe. Etiquette caused its members full annoyance without affording them any protection. The eldest princess was dragged from her sick bed when attacked by the small pox, to attend the royal circle, and when the nature of her disease was discovered she was shut up alone for fear of infection, and treated with the most inhuman neglect. In the disposal of her in marriage all common feeling was disregarded, without even the excuse of reasons of policy; she was alternately bullied and cajoled, the bullying, however, immensely

predominating, and was finally got rid of by an alliance which seems afterwards to have been regarded by the authors of it as a disgrace. While in disfavour, she was kept in a captivity where she seems to have been in real danger of starvation but for the charity of the commiserating French Protestants of Berlin. Her recreations, and those of her brothers and sisters, were listening to the king's snoring as he slept after dinner, or to his homilies when he took it in his head to preach to them, attending diurnal theatrical and other diversions on compulsion, and obeying implicitly all his caprices. Such was his addiction to the practice of caning her and her brother Frederick, that when disabled by the gout, his attendants used to drive him, armed with the crutch and seated in his easy chair, in exciting pursuit of the offenders round his sick chamber, to the great solace of the royal flagellant, who thus made himself a sort of conductor for pain from his own grating toe to the persons of his victims.

Frederick's lot was even worse than his sisters'. He was detested by his father, whose unaccountable hatred for him began even in childhood. Treated with rigour where kindness was due, with neglect where anxious care was a duty, his position was not to be envied by the child of the poorest subject in Prussia. Incessantly abused and caned in public, even in the presence of kings, after he was approaching manhood, he was at length driven by this insane and intolerable harshness to attempt his escape. He was detected, seized, imprisoned—forced to witness the formal murder of one of his friends suspected of assisting his design—married to a princess whom he disliked and would never live with—and by dint of constant wariness to avoid offending his father, and living as much as possible apart from him, he was at length tolerated, and finally at the close of the king's life, restored to some degree of his confidence.

To depict a great king and a great warrior springing from such influences as these, so as to produce a striking example of relief by contrast, would evidently demand no great exercise of artistic skill. And this we have

no doubt Mr Carlyle would have effected, but for two circumstances, which cannot be otherwise than injurious to the effect of what professes to be a history of Frederick.

The first circumstance is, that after a glimpse of the principal figures, we are called aside to observe, through three hundred pages, the antecedent history of Prussia from ages of absolute obscurity and savagery. We have before remarked that conscientiousness is a distinguishing feature of Mr Carlyle and it has led him to follow this subject with laborious care, and to represent it to the reader in all the distinctness which an incessant effort to be graphic must, with his singular power of imparting life and motion, secure. If distinctness were the only requisite this piece of history would be perfect, but the life imparted to the actors is both grotesque and galvanic. It is the sort of life which Brougham, Peel, and Louis Napoleon would receive, if the next century were to find them revived from the pictures in *Punch*. Each Burggraf and Kurfurst hops, grins, and grimaces across the scene quite alive certainly, but if he could be endowed with consciousness as well as life, he would be rather puzzled to recognise himself under the antic disguise and significant (or insignificant) nickname. However if all the distinctness had been preserved with higher finish and truer effect, we should still consider that the book, as a history of Frederick, would be encumbered by this long episode of the Hohen zollerns. It is not pretended that the events described had any peculiar influence in producing Frederick or that he derived from his ancestors any of his characteristics. The state in which Frederick found his kingdom, and the events which led to it, might with advantage have been condensed into a single chapter.

The second circumstance is, that in all the remainder of the two volumes as yet published, Frederick's father is the principal figure, Frederick himself occupying comparatively small space, and in that appearing as mean and insignificant, destitute of any noble feature or promise of greatness. On Mr Carlyle's own showing

he seems to have made too much of his hero's father "To us he has, as father and daily teacher, and master of young Fritz, a continual interest, and we must note the master's ways, and the main phenomena of the workshop, as they successively turned up, for the sake of the notable Apprentice serving there." Hitherto, however, the Apprentice merely serves as an incidental appendage to the master.

The domestic character we have attributed to Frederick William is the one in which he has always appeared to the world, the impression being chiefly conveyed through the medium of the memoirs of his daughter, the Margravine of Bareuth. Yet, that he had other and better claims to the notice of history in his character as King, let Mr Carlyle show.

By degrees he went over, went into and through every department of Prussian Business in that fashion steadily warily, irresistibly compelling every item of it large and little to take that same character of perfect economy and solidity of utility pure and simple. Needful work is to be rigorously well done needless work and ineffectual or imaginary workers to be rigorously pitched out of doors. What a blessing on this earth, worth purchasing almost at any price! The money saved is something, nothing if you will but the amount of mendacity expunged, has no one computed that! Mendacity not of tongue, but the far fuller sort of hand and of heart and of head short summary of all Devils worship whatsoever. Which spreads silently along once you let it in with full purse or with empty some fools even praise it the quiet dry rot of Nations! To expunge such is greatly the duty of every man especially of every King. Unconsciously not thinking of Devils worship or spiritual dry-rot but of money chiefly, and led by Nature and the ways she has with us it was the task of Friedrich Wilhelm's life to bring about this beneficent result in all departments of Prussian Business, great and little, public and even private. Year after year, he brings it to perfection pushes it unweariedly forward every day and hour. So that he has Prussia, at last, all a Prussia made after his own image the most thrifty, hardy, rigorous and Spartan country any modern King ever ruled over and himself (if he thought of that) a king indeed. He

that models Nations according to his own image, he is a King, though his sceptre were a walking-stick, and properly no other man."

"Yearly he made his country richer; and this not in money alone (which is of very uncertain value, and sometimes has no value at all, and even loss), but in frugality, diligence, punctuality, veracity,—the grand fountains from which money, and all real *salutes* and valours, spring for men. To Friedrich Wilhelm, in his rustic simplicity, money had no lack of value rather the reverse. To the home spun man it was a success of most excellent quality, and the chief symbol of success in all kinds. Yearly he made his own revenues, and his people's along with them, and as the source of them, larger and in all states of his revenues, he had contrived to make his expenditure less than it; and yearly saved masses of coin, and 'deposited them in barrels in the cellars of his Schloss'—where they proved very useful, one day. Much in Friedrich Wilhelm proved useful beyond even his expectations. As a Nation's *Husband* he seeks his fellow among Kings, ancient and modern. Happy the Nation which gets such a Husband once in the half thousand years. The Nation as foolish wives and Nations do repine and grudge a good deal its weak whims and will being thwarted very often, but it advances steadily with consciousness or not in the way of well doing, and after long times, the harvest of this diligent sowing becomes manifest to the Nation and to all Nations.

"Strange as it sounds in the Republic of Letters we are tempted to call Friedrich Wilhelm a man of genius,—genius fated and promoted to work in National Husbandry not in writing *Vernes* or three volume Novels. A silent genius. His melodious stanza, which he cannot bear to see hilt in any syllable, is a rough fact reduced to order, fact made to stand firm on its feet, with the world rocks under it, and looking free towards all the winds and all the stars. He goes about suppressing platitudes, ripping off futilities, turning deceptions inside out. The realm of Disorder, which is Uncertainty, Unreality, what we call Chaos, has no fiercer enemy. Honest soul, and he seemed to himself such a stupid fellow often no tongue learning at all, little capable to give a reason for the faith that was in him. He cannot argue in articulate logic, only in inarticulate bellowings, or worse. He must do a thing, leave it undemonstrated; once done, it will itself tell what kind

of thing it is, by-and-by. Men of genius have a hard time, I perceive, whether born on the throne or off it, and must expect contradictions next to unendurable,—the plurality of blockheads being so extreme!"

The character of such a King could evidently be summed up in a very different verdict from the decisive one of Macaulay, and it was of course the duty of an historian to give all due preponderance to the favourable side. But when we find Mr Carlyle casting all his weight into one scale as indignant counterpoise to the former unjust state of the balance, till oarsome kicks the beam, we find ourselves still far, in the opposite direction, from a just estimate. A ruler who did so much to elevate his country, cannot be abruptly dismissed as brute and tyrant. But on the other hand, a "dumb poet," who makes a hell of his household, kicks ambassadors, drives his children to despair, and drinks himself into chronic delirium, is an equally anomalous character, neither does the epithet of "inarticulate man of genius" by any means satisfy the case.

But the fact is that Frederick William was predestined by Mr Carlyle for a hero, and none of his elect can sin. A member of the chivalrous order of St Thomas, with a weak point in his character, would seem as strange as if Dante had represented one of his personages with one foot planted in Paradise and the other in a circle of hell. So, when he beats and starves his son, we are simply told "the poor youth has a bad time, and the poor father too!" Hence arises a new dilemma for our author with his heroic theory to get fitted. There are now two heroes to be maintained in heroism, the filial and the paternal, but their relationship is decidedly unheroic. The paternal hero beats the filial with his rattan—calls him frightfully disgraceful names—starves him, and keeps him short of money. The filial responds not unnaturally with fear, hatred, and suppressed revolt. Here is evidently something to be accounted for—a problem so difficult that most people would have been glad to let go one hero, leaving him to step back

at least with one leg, into the Stygian quagmire from which he had been so deftly dragged. But Thomas is of another temper, and is ready with a most astonishing device for supporting the heroic theory without abandoning his heroes.

It appears, therefore, that the paternal hero, the sagacious ruler and wily diplomatist, is of a nature so simple and guileless, that an astute designing person can make him believe anything, and if he is instructed in a sufficiently artful manner to hate his children, the channels of natural affection are straightway dried up, and refilled from the sources of cruelty and aversion. Here then is a highly ingenious solution of the difficulty by which the designing individual who does the mischief suffers vicariously for the unnatural conduct of the paternal hero, and things go on, and even grow worse, without detriment to either of the heroic characters.

To this end we learn, then, that the double marriage projected between the English prince and princess, and Wilhelmina and Frederick, was for political reasons distasteful to the Emperor, who despatched a crafty emissary, Seckendorf, to Berlin, with instructions to gain the Prussian King's confidence, and then use his influence to avert the marriages. The Emperor at the same time gains over Grumkow, Frederick William's prime minister. These two, whom the historian forthwith designates as 'the two Black-Artists,' commence their magical practices at once, and, as the diplomatists of the eighteenth century were never influenced by hidden motives, and always proceeded to their aim by the most open and public paths, they are never suspected by the guileless monarch to be exceptions, and operate with such success that we are told, "for the next seven years a figure went about, not doubting it was Friedrich Wilhelm, but it was in reality Seckendorf and Grumkow much more. These two, conjurer and his man, both invisible, have caught their royal wild Bear, got a rope round his muzzle, — and so dance him about, now terrifying, now exulta-

rating all the market by the pranks he plays."

A strict logician—or indeed a person of merely plain common-sense—might here take occasion to inquire how far it was consistent with the heroic character to allow itself to be played upon with such singular facility by two Black Artists, and turned into a dancing bear at their will, and might conclude that our adroit supporter of the heroic theory had merely shifted the dilemma by "logical hocus-pocus." Remembering, too, how it has been written that one of the characteristics of a hero is not to believe in "hearsays," but to see things for himself, we might conclude that in matters so affecting the relation between parent and child, this heroic attribute might be seasonably called into play. However, this never seems to occur to Mr Carlyle, who expends much virtuous and well directed indignation on Seckendorf and Grumkow, expressing a sanguinary regret that they were not both "well hanged."

As an instance of how far Carlyle will go to serve a character of which he has a lofty opinion, we will give a passage from his summary of the career of the Great Elector, Frederick's great grandfather.

Shortly after Friedrich Wilhelm who had shone much in the battle, changed sides. An inconsistent treacherous man! Perhaps not, O reader, perhaps a man advancing 'in circuits, the only way he has, spirally, face now to east, now to west, with his own reasonable private aim sun clear to him all the while."

John Cassimur agreed to give up the 'Homage of Prussia' for this service, a grand prize for Friedrich Wilhelm'—(P. 349.)

That is all Mr Carlyle has to say about this proceeding. We have heard of this sort of spiral heroes before—men of tortuous veracity—principally in courts of justice, but we never before heard their circuitous proceedings justified with such contemptuous brevity. Henceforth let anybody who has a private reasonable aim know that, provided it remain sun clear to him, he may advance towards it by any paths he finds most convenient, even if honour,

faith, and honesty should be trampled under foot. Good news this for rascaldom—not such good news, we should think, for a moral Carlylist. If this is so, why such tremendous abuse of the Jesuits, who say nothing worse—"spiral" moralists advancing towards a "sun clear aim?" These are the obliquities which one would think must eventually destroy all confidence in Carlyle. Suppose now that it had been a Phantasm Captain instead of a hero who had acted turn coat, might we not have something to the following effect?—

"Homage of Prussen remitted!—a great prize temporarily for Friedrich Wilhelm—of considerable value as an offset against Losses, pecuniary or territorial, but of quite infinite no value as an offset against a Human Soul. To do homage for Prussen, bend the Great Electoral knee, render public acknowledgment of inferiority, is galling to a Great Elector—thing by all means to be abolished if the Laws of this Universe permit. But to bend a Great Electoral knee to Beelzebub—to say to him, 'Henceforth I am thy Fudatory, not John Casimira—thus, methinks, the laws of this Universe will by no means permit, but will surely avenge such Transfer of Homage on thee and Prussen,' &c, &c, &c. We will pay Mr Carlyle the compliment to say that these sentiments, as more respectable, are more characteristic of him than his own.

In another place we are told that Frederick's father, looking into the accounts of a domain, found the books of a functionary called Heese in confusion, and several thousands short—

"What has become of these thousands Sir? Poor old Heese could not tell."

God is my witness no penny of them ever stuck to me unscrupulous poor old Heese, 'but where they are—! My account books are in such a state,—alas, and my poor old memory is not what it was! They brought him to Berlin, in the end they actually hanged the poor old soul,—and then afterwards in his dusty lumber-rooms, hidden in pots, stuffed into this nook and that, most or all of the money was found. Data and document exist for all these cases, though Mr Dryadust gives none, and the cases are indubitable, very rhada-

manthine indeed. The soft quality of mercy,—ah yes, it is beautiful and blessed, when permissible (though thrice accursed, when not) but it is on the hard quality of justice, first of all, that empires are built up, and beneficent and lasting things become achievable to mankind, in this world!—"

So that, when a hero hangs an innocent man, that is justice, and when he finds it permissible to pardon an innocent man, that is mercy. This is the kind of heroism which, by a strange perversity, mankind has, in all ages, incessantly struggled to be rid of. "Very rhadamanthine in deed," is Mr Carlyle's comment—wherein he libels Rhadamanthus.

The Double-Marriage Project occupies a large space—as futile and trumpery an intrigue as ever a court was engaged in. And Mr Carlyle tells you that such is also his opinion, but he considers that he and his readers are bound, at any cost, to follow the asperities and disappointments of family interest in all their miserable particulars, because we are told "there is an important young Friedrich inextricably wrapt up in it." Why "inextricably," we do not see. Actively he had nothing whatever to do with it, being a mere puppet in the hands of his father. Seckendorf, we are told, was despatched to Berlin to stop the double marriage, and Seckendorf is one of the "Black Artists" who caused or widened the breach between father and son. Could not all this be made clear without entering into every particular of the tedious double marriage? "Without a Friedrich," says our historian, "the affair could be reduced to something like its real size, and recorded in a few pages." Still more ought this to have been done with, than without, a Friedrich, whose personal history, with which we are principally concerned, it encumbers, not illuminates.

The rest of these volumes are taken up with the "Kaiser's Spectre-Hunt," or efforts of the Emperor of Austria to get the Spanish crown—the desertion and imprisonment of the crown prince—and the rest of the acts of Frederick Wilhelm's life, such of them as he performed when he was either drunk or delirious being

described with great pathos. The labour necessary to bring full particulars to light has been endured honestly, and we wish we could add uncomplainingly, but fifty times are we called upon to appreciate and sympathise with him in his explorations, and struggles with his Incubus-for Dryasdust—whining entreaties to pity the sorrows of a poor historian, which are not always productive of sympathy.

The labour of investigation is equalled by that of reproduction. Everywhere there is evidence of incessant care to represent people and events in the most vivid manner—and those who are familiar with Mr Carlyle's faculty of conveying shades of meaning will know what the incessant exercise of it will amount to in a long history. And here occurs the question of style—at which we hear from all his admirers loud cries of, Oh, oh! His style is to them sacred—not appreciated, because of its excellence—"caviare to the general." Its aim is to reproduce with the greatest exactness all the thoughts and all the moods of mind which the contemplation of his subject produced in the author—a curious psychological study, more interesting and valuable perhaps in a History of Thomas Carlyle than a History of Frederick the Great. We have already pointed out that the propriety of this method of literal transcript of ideas must depend on the value of the idea. But the course of a long history, which professes to deal much with common and familiar matters, and to give even to important subjects an everyday look, can afford but few fitting opportunities for its employment. It seems to us that nothing but an all-pervading vanity and self-sufficiency could lead a man to suppose that all the operations of his mind in any direction are worthy of being carefully recorded. Other writers have been famed for their curious felicity of style, but it has been displayed with widely different effect—concealing their muscles under a most delicate and healthy skin, while Carlyle loves to exhibit his in all their bare repulsiveness. Are all the pains which such men as Hume and Gibbon have taken to

secure grace as well as power, thrown away! or is there no merit in careful constructive art, as must be the case, if Carlyle is right? To see clearly and imitate exactly are only the groundwork of an artist's merit—he must be able skilfully to select, combine, and harmonise—else Titian was a bungler, and the decorators of Chinese pagodas are truer artists.

We do not care anything about the dignity of history compared with its truth, nor do we insist that an historian shall convey his narrative through a colourless medium, but we do insist that the medium shall not be distorting. We have shown how the bent of Carlyle's philosophy brings him to view the world's business, and the proceedings and prospects of his fellow creatures, in a dismal and desponding light. Hence the cast of his mind is sardonic, and the style, which is the exact reflex of his own mind, is sardonic too. Everybody and everything dealt with is treated in a jeering tone—the tone of a virtuous Mephistopheles. Characters enter, grimace, perform their allotted movements in an exaggerated fashion, as if their wires were pulled a little too hard—are baptised with a facetious nickname—labelled Sham or Reality—mostly Sham—and are then dismissed as Sam Weller dismissed the Fat Boy, "with a harmless but ceremonious kick. Distinctness must be secured at any price—by a trick, if not by other means. Thus the Emperor Leopold is always, during the history of many years "the little Kaiser in the red stockings,"—scarcely ever mentioned without the scarlet in treguments. And why? Because, it seems, a Mr Savage, whom nobody knows anything about, describing in a book his residence at Vienna, says he saw the Emperor there, who was a little man with red stockings. Therefore, as emperors never have more than one pair of stockings, the colour of which is an infallible index to their imperial character, he is henceforth the "little Kaiser in the red stockings." The King of Prussia is always "Majesty," without any prefix, as if Majesty were his Christian name, and the King of Poland, having given unusual proofs of bodily

vigour, is "the Physically Strong" These all play considerable parts in the drama, but characters that only appear to vanish are similarly treated. Thus, for instance, a former Elector of Brandenburg, three hundred years ago, had a sister who had a husband called Christian —

'His wife was a Danish Princess, Sister of poor Christian II, King of that Country dissolute Christian who took up with a huxter-woman's daughter,—'mother sold gingerbread, it would appear 'at Bergen in Norway, where Christian was Viceroy, Christian made acceptable love to the daughter 'Druke (Dovekin, *Columbina*), as he called her Nay he made the gingerbread mother a kind of primo minister, said the angry public justly scandalised at this of the 'Dovekin' He was married meanwhile to Karl V's own Sister but continued that other connection He had rash notions now for the Reformation, now against it when he got to be King, a very rash unwise, explosive man

The Bohemian Zisca appears to Mr Carlyle as a "human rhinoceros driven mad" — henceforth he is 'Rhinoceros Zisca' Waldemar, a Markgrave, died, and a false Walde mar, pretending to be him, afterwards appeared—he is "*post mortem* Waldemar, or "*post obit* Walde mar"

Events are treated in the same grotesque fashion The Emperor wishes the maritime powers to join him against France —

"The astonished Kaiser rushes forward to fling himself into the arms of the Sea Powers his one resource left 'Help! Money's subsidies to Sea-Powers!' But the Sea Powers stand obtuse arms not open at all, hands buttoning their pockets 'Sorry we cannot, your Imperial Majesty Henry engages not to touch the Netherlands, the Barrier Treaty, Polish Elections are not our concern' and callously decline The Kaiser's astonishment is extreme, his big heart swelling even with a martyr-feeling, and he passionately appeals 'Ungrateful blind Sea Powers! No money to fight France, say you! Are the Laws of Nature fallen void?' Imperial astonishment, sublime martyr-feeling, passionate appeals to the Laws of Nature, avail nothing with the blind Sea-Powers 'No money in us,' answer they 'we will help you to negotiate'

'Negotiate!' answers he, and will have to pay his own election broken glass, with a sublime martyr-feeling, without money from the Sea Powers.'

If this is fine history, we should think Mrs Gamp would have made a fine historian

Fancy a person wishing to learn something of Frederick's history being treated to a passage of this kind —

'Would the reader wish to look into this Nosti-Grumkow Correspondence at all? I advise him, not Good part of it still lies in the Paper Office here, likely to be published by the Prussian Dryadlust in coming time, but a more sordid mass of oavsedroppings kitchen ashes and floor sweepings, collected and interchanged by a pair of treacherous Flunkies (big bullying Flunkey and little trembling cringing one, Grumkow and Reichembach), was never got together out of a gentleman's household to no idler reader, armed even with besnacles, and holding mouth and nose, on the stirring up of such a dustbin be long tolerable But the amazing problem was this Editor's, doomed to spell the Event into clearances if he could, and put dates, physiognomy, and outline to it by help of such Flunkey Sanscrit'— That Nosti Grumkow Correspondence, as we now have it in the Paper Office— interpretable only by acres of British Despatches, by incondite, dateless, help less Prussian Books (printed Blotches of Human stupor as Smellingus calls them) how gladly would one return them all to St Mary Axe there to be through Eternity! It is like holding dialogue with a Rookery asking your way (perhaps in flight for life as was partly my own case) by colloquy with successive or even simultaneous Rookeries Reader, have you tried such a thing? An adventure never to be spoken of again, when once done!'

We heartily wish that we could speak more of solid merits as a set off against such passages as these But the truth is, that with a strong wish to discover historical excellence in this memoir of an eminent king and soldier, we have been driven to the reluctant conclusion that in no previous production of Carlyle's has the halfpenny worth of bread borne so small a proportion to the intolerable deal of sack Formerly we took his guineas, notwithstanding the fantastic image and superscription,

for the sake of the genuine gold. But when he takes to giving us gilt farthings of the same pattern—excuse us, Thomas—think of the police and the laws against counterfeit coin.

This painful circumstance of writers abandoning their strong points and carefully cultivating their weak ones, we always attribute to the influence of indiscreet foolish admirers. Oh those admirers, how they ruin our distinguished men! They seize on a peculiarity, and land it as if it were the essence of the man—they tell him an accidental wart is his most expressive feature—till he actually grows proud of his wart, and parades it instead of decently hiding it with sticking plaster, or at any rate ignoring it. We figure to ourselves Thomas, pen in hand wearing a saturnine smile which broadens into a sardonic grin as he jots down an extraordinary prank of language which will astonish Moddle, or a verbal antic which he rather thinks will amuse Noddle—taking Moddle and Noddle for the critical world. Here are a few of the gilt farthings we speak of—

"He that was honest with his existence has always meaning for us, be he king or peasant. He that merely shammed and grimaced with it, however much and with whatever noise and trumpet blowing, he may have cooked and eaten in this world cannot long have any. Some men do cook enormously (let us call it cooking) what a man does in obedience to his *Amor*—merely to his desires and passions merely,—roasting whole continents and populations in the flames of war or other discord—witness the Napoleon above spoken of. For the appetite of man in that respect is unlimited, in truth infinite and the smallest of us could eat the entire Solar System had we the chance given and then cry, like Alexander of Macedon because we had no more Solar Systems to cook and eat. It is not the extent of the man's cookery that can much attach me to him, but only the man himself and what of strength he had to wrestle with the mud elements and what of victory he got for his own benefit and mine."

"Capital!" says Moddle. "Highly suggestive!" says Noddle. "Trash," says the irritated general reader.

Another farthing—

"But the Fates appointed other

wise, we have all to accept our Fate!"

Another—

"All things end, and nothing ceases changing till it end." This is a double imposture—it is not even an original sham, coming as it does from the well known mint of Mrs Gamp, 'Vich likeways is the head of all'.

Here is a very magnificently gilded farthing—

"Just about threescore and ten years ago, his speakings and his workings came to fins in this World of Time, and he vanished from all eyes into other worlds, leaving much inquiry about him in the minds of men. The plain copper is that Frederick died—the gilding therefore is rather thick.

But it is at the most interesting point of his narrative that he gives us what may be considered the climax of his profound reflections. The king has imprisoned his son, and thinks of putting him to death—and Thomas, winding up his chapter impressively, remarks, "*Here has a business fallen out, such as seldom occurred before!*"

Formerly his images, however absurd, always preserved a consistency which rendered their effect decisive. Now we frequently have the absurdity without the consistency. Frederick we are told, is 'a man of infinite mark, whatever distinction that may imply.' He also, we are told, has a 'snuffy nose rather flung into the air, under its old cocked hat—like a snuffy old lion on the watch. A lion in a cocked hat, and addicted to snuff gives a new impression of the animal, but he subsequently figures still more strangely as a vocalist. "Friedrich Wilhelm's words, in high clangorous metallic plangency, and the *pathos of a lion raised by angels into song*, fall hotter and hotter. This may have been suggested by some recollection of Bottom acting the lion—"I will roar you gently as any nightingale. The "high clangorous metallic plangency," however, is undoubtedly original.

It is said that Carlyle's style is easily imitated. Not certainly his best style, for to imitate that, a man must have an equal gift of imagination. But the style we have been

commenting on is not difficult. Our friend Herr Botherwig (an Anglicised German, brought up from his cradle upon mystical and transcendental food) imitates it passably. Take this excerpt from Botherwig —

"Thomas, knowing well that greedy Cormorant Public is apt to take what grains of wheat are offered to it thanklessly, and with small thought or care for the labour of the winnower does, with frequent iteration (lest said public should think that writing history were task light and blithesome as going a-Maying), bewail piteously, and not without lachrymose Suffocation, the painful obscuration of his philosophic spirit, while wallowing amid the inane ponderosities of the Mud demons or Prussian chronicle-writers, where is to be found much of the raw material of our Prussian Jargonico-History. Wherefore in revenge Thomas calls them hard names, in which Prussian Dryasdust is the chief opprobrious epithet—name mysterious haply to Cormorant Public but explainable thus — Northern magician Scott (magician conceivably akin some way, or shall we say by left-handed relationship to the Sphere-Harmonics) did in sportive preamble to certain fictitious narrative introduce supposititious antiquarian friend, under the name of Doctor Dryasdust—which cognomen tickling the capricious Midriff of Thomas does for him ever after officiate as Generic appellation for all of that brotherhood and Dryasdust is forthwith stereotyped and enrolled in that singular Lexicography (not perusable by living man without wonder) along with the Pythons Veracities Foam Oceans, and other Indigestions and Dire Chimeras. Whence arises also this other question—Is there not, in the masses of Historical rubbish, some quality worse than bewildering?—is there not, moreover something *contagious*?

Botherwig agitates this further question, "Whether, in the composition of Thomas, there be not, haply, as much of prig as genius? whether he have not unconscious charlatanism mixed with *not* unconscious veracity. What, exclaims Botherwig, 'what if thou, the sworn foe of shams, have deserted to the Enemy? What if thou, the Denouncer of Windbags, art also thyself a Professor of Flatulence? O heavens!'"—Enough of Botherwig, who certainly could

not, with anything like equal success, attempt to imitate those inferior writers, Clarendon and Gibbon.

In a former part of this paper we said that, considering the style in which Carlyle's thinking is done, the popularity it has attained is marvelous. One distinguishing feature renders it especially so. It is probably the most arrogant style that any body who did not profess to believe himself inspired ever wrote in. The author seems to look down on us as if from some skyey eminence—much as Jove, seated on Olympus, may have looked down on mortal doings by the banks of the Scamander, sometimes in wrath, sometimes in contemptuous compassion. One might suppose from his invariable tone, that the only veracious, the only sincere, the only clear-sighted individual, who surveyed this terrestrial scene, was Thomas Carlyle, that no one else had a conscience, knew good from bad, was able to exert himself to any purpose whatever, or had the smallest sense of "the Divine Significance of Life." The human race is adrift in a fog, above which he sits serene, and marks their futile efforts to blunder through with a grim smile for some, a condescending pity for others, while for general guidance and encouragement, he exclaims with Puck, "Lord, what fools these mortals be!" Even his favourite heroes he patronises as if they were good little boys—patting them on the back pinching their ears, and calling them nicknames as Cromwell and Napoleon did with their generals. But take comfort, Thomas—be assured you are not the sole excellence hitherto produced, or producible, by this despicable nineteenth century. Other men have appeared, and will appear in it, sounder in philosophy, clearer of vision, more original in genius, of no less pure, though less uproarious rectitude, and of more commendable modesty than yourself. People who know nothing of Fichte or his "Sensuous Appearances" have led and will lead very good lives, and do their duty in this world—and some day admiring readers will get tired of your oppressive virtue, and begin to inquire what singular hap has befallen you, that you should be

so contemptuous and impatient of your brother insects

It is this arrogance of tone, of which the History of Frederick contains many examples, that now induces us to speak our opinion so plainly of the book. Yet we would much rather have found it worthy of all praise, or at least such praise as former experience led us to expect we should think it entitled to—no stinted share. With all his obtrusive faults we, like most careful readers of Carlyle, feel grateful to him for two things. First, for his suggestiveness, starting, as he so often does, ideas high or deep, productive of trains of thought in other minds; secondly, because he has always successfully opposed the vile Utilitarian spirit, whether manifesting itself in the methodic plainness of Bentham, or the specious worldliness of Macaulay. And most sincerely should we rejoice to see his great gifts, freed from crotchet and affectation, as nobly employed as heretofore.

We sometimes think that if he had begun his career by a plain statement of his belief, instead of leaving it to be inferred from the dark hints of prophecy and denunciation, his influence would have been more lasting, and his course far clearer. All his aberrations seem traceable to his habit of thinking in metaphor, which is putting the flower in place of the root. For the purposes of illustrating and adorning, there is nothing like metaphor, but to begin with it—to make your foundation of painted glass—this is bad architecture, and the fact that edifices have been built so, only proves that they are more specious than solid. We do not think it would have been so difficult to state the premises of his creed in plain English. We are called to this visible world from another unseen one, whither we shall return, and we walk here furnished with what we

find and with what we bring. We find bodily senses and capacities of pain and pleasure, we bring spirit with its light of conscience. Thus equipped, humanity divides itself into three grand classes. There are those who make what they bring from the eternal unseen subservient to what they find in the temporary visible, these are the Devil's messengers and Beelzebub worshippers of Carlyle. There are those who, though feebly bound to this world, yet bear but a faint impress of the other—to whom life is but a picture, having no earnestness or reality—the Shams, Ineptitudes, and Phantasm Captains. And there are those to whom this life is intensely earnest, not because of what they find in it, but because of what they bring to it, who, in their passage across this bridge of time, walk always environed by the laws which belong to no time, linked to what is above by reverence, and to what is akin by justice, to whom pleasure is pleasant, and pain suffering but to whom right is better than pleasure, wrong less endurable than pain,—these are the Heroes. And as the men, so are their works. Everything produced or producible by the two first classes is essentially a thing of time—a thing either evil and an injury, or futile and a hindrance, bearing in itself the element of decay,—while all that the others, the salt of the earth, do is vital and beneficent, because mingled with something that is divine. This is intelligible—this is noble, it is incontrovertible, because it is in unison with every man's conscience when conscience is permitted to be heard. Apply it to any of Carlyle's doctrines, and we think it will illustrate their course and indicate their variations. Out of this simple theory grows in practice the multifarious aspect of humanity, and out of the metaphors which encumber it grow the cloud castles of Carlyle.

HOW WE WENT TO SKYE

WHILE tarrying at Inverness, a note reached Fellowes and myself from Fitz Tartan, to the effect that a boat would be at our service at the head of Loch Eashart, on the arrival at Broadford of the Skye mail, and that six sturdy boatmen would therefrom convey us to our destination. This intelligence gave satisfaction to both of us, and we made our arrangements accordingly. The coach from Inverness to Dingwall—at which place we were to catch the mail—was advertised to start at four o'clock in the morning, and to reach its bourne two hours afterwards, so, to prevent all possibility of missing it, we resolved not to go to bed. At that preposterous hour we were in the street with our luggage, and in a short time the sleepy coach came lumbering up. For a while there was considerable noise bags and parcels of various kinds were tumbled out of the coach office, mysterious doors were opened in the body of the vehicle, into which these were shot. We clambered up into the front beside the driver, who was enveloped in a drab greatcoat of many capes, the guard was behind. 'All right,' then, with a cheery chirrup, a crack of the whip, a snort and toss from the gallant roadsters, we were off. There is nothing so delightful as a stage-coach, when you start in good condition, and at a reasonable hour. For myself, I never tire of the varied road flashing past, and could dream through a country in that way from one week's end to the other. On the other hand, there is nothing more horrible than starting at four A.M., half awake, breakfastless, the chill of the morning playing on your face as the dewy machine spins along. Your eyes close in spite of every effort, your blood is thick with sleep, your brain full of dreams, you wake, and sleep, and wake again, and the Vale of Tempe itself, with a Grecian sunrise burning into day ahead, could not rouse you into interest, or blunt the keen edge of your misery. I recollect nothing of this part of our journey,

save its disagreeableness, and I alit at Dingwall, cold, wretched, and stiff, with a cataract of needles and pins falling down my right leg, and making locomotion anything but a pleasant matter. However, the first stage was over, and that was something. Alas! we did not know the sea of troubles into which we were about to plunge—the illad of misfortune of which we were to be the heroes. We entered the inn, performed our ablutions, and sat down to breakfast with appetite. Towards the close of the meal Fellowes suggested that, to prevent accidents, it might be judicious to secure places in the mail without delay. Accordingly, I went in quest of the landlord, and after some difficulty discovered him in a small office littered with bags and parcels, turning over the pages of a ledger. The man did not deign to lift his eyes when I entered. I intimated my wish to procure two places to Broadford. He turned a page, lingered on it with his eye as if loth to leave, and then inquired my business. I repeated my message. He shook his head. "You are too late, you can't get on to day."—"What! can't two places be had?"—"Not for love or money, sir. Last week, Lord Deerstalker engaged the whole mail for his servants. Every place is took."—"The deuce! do you mean to say we can't get on?" The man, whose eyes had returned to the page, which he held all the while in one hand, nodded assent. "Come, now, this sort of thing won't do. My friend and I are anxious to reach Broadford to night. Do you mean to say that we must either return, or wait here till the next mail comes up, some three days hence?"—"You can post if you like, I'll provide you with a machine and horses." "Ah!" said I, as a thought of the meditated extortion shot through my soul like a bolt of ice.

I returned to Fellowes, who replied to my recital of the interview with a long whistle. When the mail was gone, we formed ourselves into a

council of war. After debate, we agreed to post, unless the landlord proved more than ordinarily rapacious. I went to the little office and informed him of our resolution. We chaffered a good deal, but at last a bargain was struck. I will not mention what current coin of the realm was disbursed on the occasion, it is a painful subject, and let me hasten. The man who has been once flogged winces at every unnecessary allusion to the halberd. I need only say that the journey was long, and to consist of six stages, a fresh horse every stage.

In due time a dog cart was brought to the door, in which was harnessed a tall rawboned white horse, who seemed to be entering, in the depths of his consciousness, a sullen protest against our proceedings. Ifervently trust that brute has by this time gone to the knackers! Against him I will cherish vindictive feeling until my dying day. We got in, and the animal was set in motion. There never was such a slow horse. He evidently disliked the work, perhaps he snuffed the rainy tempest imminent. Who knows? At all events, before he was done with us he took ample revenge for every kick and oburgation bestowed upon him. Half an hour after starting, a huge rain cloud was bellying black above us suddenly one portion of it crumbled away into a livid streak slanting down to earth, and in a few seconds it broke upon us as if it had an injury to avenge. A scold of the Cow gate, emptying her wrath on the husband of her bosom who has reeled home to her tipsey on Saturday night with but half his wages in his pocket, was nothing to the virulence of that cloud. Umbrellas and oilskins—if we had had them—would have been useless. In less than a quarter of an hour we were saturated like a shipwrecked bale of cotton, which has reposed for twenty years in the ooze of the Atlantic, and all the while, against the fell lines of the rain, heavy as bullets, straight as cavalry lances, jogged the white horse, heedless of cry and blow, with but a livelier prick and motion of the ear, as if to him the thing were perfectly

delightful. The first stage was a long one, and all the way from Strahpeffer to Garve, from Garve to Milltown, the rain rushed down on blackened wood, boiled in marshy tarn, smoked on iron crag. At last the inn was descried afar, a speck of white against a space of green. Hope revived within us. Another horse could be procured there. O Jarvie, cudgel his bones again, and fortune may yet smile!

Alas! on our arrival we were informed that certain travellers had, two hours before, possessed themselves of the only animal of which the inmates could boast. At this intelligence Hope fell down stone dead as if shot through the heart. There was nothing for it but to give our redoubted steed—capable of 'witching the world'—at the rate of four and a half miles an hour—a bag of oats, and hie on. The oats were duly devoured, and the rawboned white was in harness once more. For a while he went at a better pace, the run slackened somewhat, and our spirits rose in proportion. Our hilarity, however, was premature. A hill rose before us, up which the mury road wriggled and twisted itself. This hill the white would in nowise take. Ingrate! had he not baited at our expense? The whip was of no avail, he stood stock still. Fellowes applied his stick somewhat rudely to his ribs, he put his legs steadily before him, and refused to move. I got out, seized the bridle, and attempted to drag him forward, he tossed his head high in air, showing at the same time a set of vicious teeth, and actually backed. What was to be done? Just at this time a party of drovers, mounted on red shaggy ponies, with hair hanging over their eyes, came up, and had the ill feeling to laugh aloud at our discomfiture. Another drop of acid squeezed into the bitter cup. But water will wear the hardest rock, and blows will in time have effect on the stubbornest bones. Suddenly he made a desperate plunge, and took the hill. Midway he paused, and attempted his old game, but down came a hurricane of blows, and he started off.

"Twere long to tell and sad to trace"
the annoy that rawboned quadruped
wrought us. But it came to a close
at last. I wave thee my farewell, O
animal sullen and unbeloved, may
no green paddock receive thee in
thine old age! To the bounds with
thine ill-natured flesh! To the tan-
yard with thy be-cudgelled hide!

Late in the afternoon we reached
Jean Town, on the shores of Loch
Carron. 'Tis a tarry, scaly village,
with a most ancient and fishlike
smell. The inhabitants have suffered
a sea-change. The men stride about
in leather fishing boots, the women
sit at the open doors filling baskets
with bait. Two or three boats are
moored at the stone heaped pier.
Brown, idle nets, stretched on high
poles along the beach, flap in the
drying winds. We had tea at the
primal inn, and on intimating to
the landlord that we wished to pro-
ceed to Broadford, he went off to en-
gage a boat and crew. In a short
time an old sea dog, red with the
keen breeze and redolent of the fishy
brine, entered the apartment with
the information that everything was
ready. We embarked at once, a sail
was hoisted, and on the vacillating
puff of evening we dropped gently
down the loch. There was something
in the dead silence of the scene and
the easy motion of the boat that
affected one. Weary with travel,
worn out with want of sleep, yet at
the same time far from drowsy, with
every faculty and sense rather in a
condition of wide and intense wake-
fulness, everything around became
invested with a singular and fright-
ful feeling. Why, I know not, for I
have had no second experience of the
kind, but on this occasion to my
overstrained vision, every object be-
came instinct with a hideous and
multitudinous life. The clouds con-
gealed into faces and human forms.
Figures started out upon me from
the mountain-sides. The rugged sur-
faces, seamed with torrent lines, grew
into monstrous figures, and arms
with clutching fingers. The sweet
and gracious shows of nature became,
under the magic of lassitude, a phan-
tasmagoria hateful and abominable.
Fatigue changed the world for me as
the microscope changes a dewdrop,

when the jewel pure from the womb
of the morning becomes a world
swarming with unutterable life—a
battle-field of unknown existences.
As the aspects of things grew indistinct
in the fading light, the pos-
session lost its pain, but the sublimity
of one illusion will be memorable.
For a banner of mountains standing
high above the glimmering lower
world, distinct and purple against a
"daffodil sky," seemed the profile of
a gigantic man stretched on a bier,
and the features, in their sad imperial
beauty, seemed those of the first
Napoleon. Wonderful that moun-
tain monument as we floated sea-
ward into distance—the figure sculp-
tured by earthquake and fiery deluges
sleeping up there, high above the
din and strife of earth, robed in
solemn purple, its background the
yellow of the evening sky.

About ten we passed the rocky
portals of the loch on the last sigh
of evening and stood for the open
sea. The wind came only in inter-
mitting puffs and the boatmen took
to the oars. The transparent autumn
night fell upon us, the mainland
was gathering in gloom behind, and
before us rocky islands glimmered on
the level deep. To the chorus of a
Gaelic song of remarkable length and
monotony the crew plied their oars,
and every splash awoke the lightning
of the main. The sea was filled with
cliff fire. I hung over the stern, and
watched our brilliant wake seething
up into a kind of pale emerald, and
rushing away into the darkness.
The coast on our left had lost form
and outline, withdrawing itself into
an undistinguishable mass of gloom,
when suddenly the lights of a village
broke clear upon it like a bank of
glow worms. I inquired its name,
and was answered "Plockton." In
half an hour the scattered lights be-
came massed into one, soon that
died out in the distance. Eleven
o'clock! Like one man the rowers
pull. The air is chill on the ocean's
face, and we wrap ourselves more
closely in our cloaks. There is some-
thing uncomfortable in the utter
silence and loneliness of the hour—
in the phosphorescent sea, with its
ghostly splendours. The boatmen,
too, have ceased singing. Would that

I were taking mine ease with Fitz Tartan! Suddenly a strange sighing sound is behind us. One of the crew springs up, hauls down the sail, and the next moment the squall is upon us. The boatmen hang on their oars, and you hear the rushing rain. Whew! how it hisses down on us, crushing everything in its passion. The long dim stretch of coast, the dark islands, are in a moment shut out, the world shrinks into a circumference of twenty yards, and within that space the sea is churned into a pale illumination—a light of misty gold. In a moment we are wet to the skin. The boatmen have shipped their oars, drawn their jacket collars over their ears, and there we lie at midnight shelterless to the thick hiss of the rain. But it has spent itself at last, and a few stars are again twinkling in the blue. It is plain our fellows are somewhat tired of the voyage. They cannot depend upon a wind, it will either be a puff, dying as soon as born, or a squall roaring down on the sea through the long funnels of the glens. And to pull all the way is a dicary affair. The matter is laid before us—the voices of the crew are loud for our return. They will put us ashore at Plockton—they will take us across in the morning. A cloud has again blotted the stars, and we consent. Our course is altered, the oars are pulled with redoubled vigour, soon the long dim line of coast rises before us, but the lights have burned out now, and the Plocktonites are asleep. On we go, the boat shoots into a 'midnight cove, and we leap out upon masses of slippery sea-weed. The craft is safely moored. Two of the men seized our luggage, and we go stumbling over rocks until the road is reached. A short walk brings us to the inn—or rather public house which is, however, closed for the night. After some knocking we were admitted, wet as newfoundlands from the lake. Worn almost to death, I reached my bedroom, and was about to divest myself of my soaked garments, when, after a low tap at the door, the owner of the boat entered. He stated his readiness to take us across in the morning, he would knock us up shortly after dawn, but as he

and his companions had no friends in the place, they would of course have to pay for their beds and their breakfasts before they sailed, "an' she was shure the shentlemens wadna expect her to pay the same." With a heavy heart I satisfied the cormorant. He insisted on being paid his full hire before he left Jean Town, too! Before turning in, I looked what o'clock. One in the morning. In three hours Fitz Tartan will be waiting in his galley at the head of Eishart's Loch. Unfortunates that we are!

At least, thought I when I awoke, there is satisfaction in accomplishing something quite peculiar. There are many men in the world who have performed extraordinary actions, but Fellowes and myself may boast, without fear of contradiction, that we are the only travellers who ever arrived at Plockton. Looking to the rottenness of most reputations nowadays, our feat is distinction sufficient for the ambition of a private man. We ought to be made lions of when we return to the abodes of civilisation. I have heard certain beasts roar, seen them wag their tails to the admiration of beholders, and all on account of a slighter matter than that we wot of. Who, pray, is that pale gentleman with the dishevelled locks, yonder in the flower bed of ladies, to whom every face turns? What don't you know? The last new poet, author of the 'Universe'. Splendid performance. Pooh! a reed shaken by the wind. Look at us. We are the men who arrived at Plockton! But, heavens! the boatmen should have been here ere this. Alarmed, I sprung out of bed, clothed in haste, burst into Fellowes' room, turned him out, and then proceeded down stairs. No information could be procured. No body had seen our crew. That morning they had not called at the house. After a while a fisherman sauntered in, and in consideration of certain stimulants to be supplied by us, admitted that our fellows were acquaintances of his own, that they had started at daybreak, and would now be far on their way to Jean Town. The scoundrels, so overpaid too! Well well, there's another world. With some difficulty, we

gathered from our friend that a ferry from the mainland to Skye existed at some inconceivable distance across the hills, and that a boat perhaps could be had there. But how was the ferry to be reached? No conveyance could be had at the inn. We instantly despatched scouts to every point of the compass to hunt for a wheeled vehicle. At height of noon our messengers returned with the information that neither gig, cart, nor wheelbarrow could be had on any terms. What was to be done? I was smitten by a horrible sense of helplessness; it seemed as if I were doomed to abide for ever in that dreary place, girdled by these grey rocks scooped and honeycombed by the washing of the bitter seas—were cut off from friends, profession, and delights of social intercourse, as if spirited away to fairyland. I felt myself growing a fisherman like the men about me; Gaelic seemed forming on my tongue. Fellowes, meanwhile, with that admirable practical philosophy of his, had lit a cigar, and was chatting away with the landlady about the population of the village, the occupations of the inhabitants, their ecclesiastical history. I awoke from my gloomy dream as she replied to a question of his—"The last minister was put awa' for drinkin', but we've got a new ane, a Mr Cammil; an' verra weel liket he is." The words were a ray of light, and suggested a possible deliverance. I slapped him on the shoulder, crying, "I have it! There was a fellow-student of mine in Glasgow, a Mr Donald Campbell, and it runs in my mind that he was preferred to a parish in the Highlands somewhere; what if this should prove the identical man? Let us call upon him." The chances were not very much in our favour; but our circumstances were desperate, and the thing was worth trying. The landlady sent her son with us to point the way. We knocked, were admitted, and shown to the tiny drawing-room. While waiting, I observed a couple of photograph cases on the table. These I opened. One contained the portrait of a gentleman in a white neckcloth, evidently a clergyman; the other that of a lady, in all likelihood his spouse.

Alas! the gentleman bore no resemblance to my Mr Campbell; the lady I did not know. I laid the cases down in disappointment, and began to frame an apology for our singular intrusion, when the door opened—and my old friend entered. He greeted us cordially, and I wrung his hand with fervour. I told him our adventure with the Jean-Town boatmen, and our consequent helplessness; at which he laughed, and offered his cart to convey ourselves and luggage to Kyleakin ferry, which turned out to be only six miles off. Genial talk about college scenes and old associates brought on the hour of luncheon; that concluded, the cart was at the door. In it our things were placed; farewells were uttered, and we departed. It was a wild, picturesque road along which we moved; sometimes comparatively smooth, but more frequently rough and stony as the dry torrent's bed. Black dreary wastes spread around. Here and there we passed a colony of turf huts, out of which wild ragged children, tawny as Indians, came trooping, to stare upon us as we passed. But the journey was attractive enough; for before us rose a permanent vision of mighty hills, with their burdens of cloudy rack; and every now and then, from an eminence, we could mark, against the land, the blue of the sea flowing in, bright with sunlight. We were once more on our way; the minister's mare went merrily; the breeze came keen and fresh against us; and in less than a couple of hours we sighted Kyleakin.

The ferry is a narrow passage between the mainland and Skye; the current is powerful there, difficult to pull against on gusty days; and the ferrymen are loth to make the attempt unless well remunerated. When we arrived, we found four passengers waiting to cross; and as their appearance gave prospect of an insufficient supply of coin, they were left sitting on the bleak windy rocks until some others should come up. It was as easy to pull across for ten shillings as for two! One was a girl, who had been in service in the south, had taken ill there, and was on her way home to some wretched turf-hut

on the hull-side, in all likelihood to die, the second a little cheery Irish woman, with a basket full of paper ornaments, with the gaudy colours and ingenious devices of which she hoped to tickle the æsthetic sensibilities, and open the purses, of the Gael. The third and fourth were men, apparently laborious ones, but the younger informed me he was a schoolmaster, and it came out incidentally in conversation that his schoolhouse was a turf cabin, his writing table a trunk, on which his pupils wrote by turns. Imagination sees his young kilted friends kneeling on the clay floor laboriously forming pot hooks there and squinting horribly the while. The ferry men began to bestir themselves when we came up, in a short time the boat was ready, and the party embarked. The craft was crank, and leaked abominably, but there was no help and our bags were deposited in the bottom. The schoolmaster worked an oar in lieu of payment. The little Irishwoman with her precious basket, sat high in the bow, the labourer and the sick girl behind us at the stern. With a strong pull of the oars we shot out into the seething, water. In a moment the Irishwoman is brought out in keen relief against a cloud of spray but nothing daunted she laughs out merrily and seems to consider a ducking the funniest thing in the world. In another I receive a slap in the face from a gush of blue water and emerge half blind and soaked from top to toe. Ugh this sea waltz is getting far from pleasant. The leak is increasing fast, and our carpet bags are well nigh afloat in the working bilge. We are all drenched now. The girl is sick behind and Fellowes is assisting her from his brandy flask. The little Irishwoman, erst so cheery and gay with spirits that turned every circumstance into a quip and crank has sunk in a heap at the bow her basket is exposed and the ornaments shaped by patient fingers out of coloured papers are shapeless now, the looped rosettes are ruined, her stock in trade, pulp—a misfortune great to her as a defeat to any army, or a famine to a kingdom. But we are more than half way across, and a little ahead the

water is comparatively smooth. The boatmen pull with greater ease, the uncomfortable sensation at the put of the stomach is redressed, the white lips of the girl begin to redden somewhat, and the bunch forward begins to bestir itself, and exhibit signs of life. Fellowes bought up the contents of her basket, and a contribution of two-and sixpence from myself made the widow's heart to sing aloud for joy. On landing, our luggage is conveyed in a cart to the inn, and waits our arrival there. Meanwhile we warm our chilled limbs with a caulker of Glenlivet. "Blessings be with it, and eternal praise. How the fine spirit melts into the wandering blood, like 'a purer light in light. How the soft benignant fire streams through the labyrinthine veins, from brain to toe!' The sea is checkmated, the heart beats with a fuller throb and impending rheumatism flies afar. When I reached the inn, we seized our luggage, in the hope of procuring dry garments. Alas when I went up-stairs, mine might have been the carpet bag of a merman—it was wet to the inmost core.

Soaked to the skin it was our interest to proceed without delay. We waited on the landlord and desired a conveyance. The landlord informed us that the only vehicle which he possessed was a phaeton at present on hire till the evening and advised us now that it was Saturday, to remain in his establishment till Monday, when he could send us on comfortably. To wait till Monday however, would never do. We told the man our story, how for two days we had been the sport of fortune, tossed hither and thither but he—feeling he had us in his power—would render no assistance. We wandered out toward the rocks to hold a consultation and had almost resolved to leave our things where they were, and start on foot, when a son of the innkeeper joined us. He—whether cognisant of his parent's statement, I cannot say—admitted that there was a horse and gig in the stable, that he knew Fitz Tartan's place, and offered to drive us to a little fishing-village within three miles of it, where our things could be left, and a cart

sent to bring them up in the evening. The charge was somewhat exorbitant, but we closed with it at once. We entered the inn while our friend went round to the stable to bring the machine to the door, met the landlord on the stairs, sent an indignant broadside into him, which he received with the utmost coolness. The unperturbable man! he swallowed our shot like a sandbank, and was no thing the worse. The horse was now at the door, in a few moments our luggage was stowed away, and we were off. Through seventeen miles of black moorland we drove almost without beholding a single dwelling. Sometimes, although rarely, we had a glimpse of the sea. The chief object that broke the desolation, was a range of clumsy red hills, stretching away like a chain of gigantic dust heaps. Their aspect was singularly dreary and depressing. They were mountain *piets*. Lava hardens into grim precipice, bristles into jagged ridge, along which the rack drives, now hiding, now revealing it, but these had no beauty, no terror, ignoble from the beginning, dull offspring of primeval mud. About 7 P.M. we reached the village, left our things, still soaked in seawater, in one of the huts till Fitz-Tartan could send for them, and struck off on foot for the three miles which we were told yet remained. By this time the country had improved in appearance. The hills were swelling and green up those the road wound, fringed with ferns, mixed with the purple bells of the foxglove. A stream too, evidently escaped from some higher mountain tarn, came dashing along in a succession of tiny waterfalls. A quiet pastoral region, but so still, so deserted! Hardly a house, hardly a human being! After a while we reached the lake, half covered with water lilies, and our footsteps startled a brood of wild ducks on its breast. How lonely it looked in its dark hollow there, familiar to the cry of the wild bird, the sultry summer-cloud, the stars and meteors of the night—strange to human faces, and the sound of human voices. But what of our three miles? We have been walking for an hour and a half. Are we astray in the green wilder-

ness? The idea is far from pleasant. Happily a youthful native came trotting along, and of him we inquired our way. The boy looked at us, and shook his head. We repeated the question, still the same shy puzzled look. A proffer of a shilling, however, quickened his apprehension, and returning with us a few paces, he pointed out a hill-road striking up through the moor. On asking the distance, he seemed put out for a moment, and then muttered, in his difficult English, "four mile." Nothing more could be procured in the way of information, so off went little Bare legs, richer than ever he had been in his life, at a long swinging trot, which seemed his natural pace, and which, I suppose, he could sustain from sunrise to sunset. To this hill road we now addressed ourselves. It was sunset now. Up we went through the purple moor, and in a short time sighted a crimson tarn, bordered with long black rushes, and as we approached, a duck burst from its face on "squatting" wings, shaking the splendour into widening circles. Just then two girls came on the road with peats in their laps, anxious for information, we paused—they, shy as heath hens, darted past, and, when fifty yards distant, suddenly wheeled round, and burst into shrieks of laughter, repeated and re-repeated. In no laughing mood we pursued our way. The road now began to dip, and we entered a glen plentifully covered with birchwood, a stream keeping us company from the tarn above. The sun was now down, and objects at a distance began to grow uncertain in the evening mist. The horrible idea that we had lost our way, and were doomed to encamp on the heather, grew upon us. On! on! We had walked six miles since our encounter with the false Bare legs. Suddenly we heard a dog bark, that was a sign of humanity, and our spirits rose. Then we saw a troop of horses galloping along the bottom of the glen. Better and better. "Twas an honest ghost, Horatio!" All at once we heard the sound of voices, and Fellowes declared he saw something moving on the road. The next moment Fitz-Tartan and a couple of

shepherds started out of the misty gloom upon us. At sight of them our hearts burned within us, like a newly-poked fire. Sincere was the greeting, immense the shaking of hands, and the story of our adventures kept us merry till we reached the house.

Of our doughty deeds of supper I will not sing, nor state how the toddy-jugs were drained. Rather let me tell of those who sat with us at the board—the elder Fitz-Tartan, and Father M'Crimmon, then living in the house. Fitz-Tartan, senior, was a man past eighty, but fresh and hale for his years. His figure was slight and wiry, his face a fresh pink, his hair like snow. Age, though it had bowed him somewhat, had not been able to steal the fire from his eye, nor the vigour from his limbs. He entered the army at an early age, carried colours in Ireland before the century came in, was with Moore at Coruña, followed Wellington through the Peninsular battles, was with the 42d at Quatre Bras, and hurt there when the brazen cuirassiers came charging through the tall rye-grass, and finally, stood at Waterloo in a square that crumbled before the artillery and cavalry charges of Napoleon—crumbled, but never flinched. It was strange to think that the old man across the table breathed the same air with Marie Antonette, saw the black cloud of the French Revolution torn to pieces with its own lightnings, the eagles of Napoleon flying from Madrid to Moscow, Wellington's victorious career—all that wondrous time which our fathers and grandfathers saw, which has become history now, wearing the air of antiquity almost. We look upon the ground out yonder from Brussels that witnessed the struggle, but what the insensate soil, the woods, the monument, to the living eye in which was pictured the fierce strife? to the face that was grimed with the veritable battle smoke? to the voice that mingled in that last cheer, when the whole English line moved forward at sunset? Fitz-Tartan was an Isle-man of the old school; penetrated through every drop of blood with pride of birth, and

with an honour keen like a second conscience. He had all the faults incidental to such a character. He was stubborn as the gnarled trunk of the oak, full of prejudices which our enlightenment laughs at, but which we need not despise, for with our knowledge and our science well will it be for us if we go to our graves with as stainless a name. He was quick and hasty of temper, and contradiction brought fire from him like steel from flint. Short and fierce were his gusts of passion. I have seen him of an evening, with quivering hands and kindling eye, send a volley of oaths into a careless servant, and the next moment almost the reverent white head was bowed on his chair as he knelt at evening prayer. Of these faults, however, this evening we saw nothing. The old gentleman was kind and hospitable, full of talk, but his talk seemed to us of old world things. On Lords Palmerston and Derby he was silent, he was eloquent on Mr Pitt and Mr Fox. He talked of the French Revolution and the actors thereof as contemporaries. Of the good Queen Victoria (for History is sure to call her *that*) he said nothing. His heart was with his memory in the older days when George III was king, and not an old king neither.

Father M'Crimmon was a tall man, being in height considerably above six feet. He was thin, like his own island where the soil is washed away by the rain, leaving bare the rock. His face was mountainously bony, with great pits and hollows in it. His eyes were grey, and had that depth of melancholy in them which is so often observed in men of his order. In heart he was simple as a child, in discourse slow, measured and stately. There was something in his appearance that suggested the silence and solitude of the wilderness, of hours lonely to the heart, and bare spaces lonely to the eye. Although of another, and—as I think, else I should not profess it—a purer faith, I respected him at first, and loved him almost when I came to know him. Was it wonderful that his aspect was sorrowful, that it wore often a

wistful look, as if he had lost something which could never be regained, and that for evermore the sunshine was stolen from his smile? He was by his profession cut off from all the sweet ties of human nature, from all love of wife or child. His people were widely scattered across the black moor, far up the hollow glens blustering with winds, or dimmed with the grey rain-cloud. Thither the grim man followed them, officiating on rare festival occasions of marriage and christening, his face bright, not like a window ruddy with a fire within, rather a wintry pane tinged by the setting sun—a brief splendour that warms not, and but divides the long cold day that has already passed from the long cold night to come. More frequently he was engaged dispensing alms, giving advice in disaster, waiting by the low pallets of the fever-stricken, listening to the confession of long hoarded guilt, comforting the dark spirit as it passes to its audit. It is not with viands like these you furnish forth life's banquet, not on materials like these you rear brilliant spirits and gay manners. He who looks constantly on death and suffering, and the unspiritual influences of hopeless poverty, becomes infected with congenial gloom. Yet cold and cheerless as may be his life, he has his reward, for in his wanderings through the glens there is not an eye but brightens at his approach, not a mourner but feels he has a sharer in his sorrow, and when the tall, bony, seldom-smiling man is borne at last to his grave, round many a fireside will tears fall and prayers be said for the good priest McCrimmon. All night sitting there, we talked of strange

"Far off unhappy things,
And battles long ago,"

blood-crusted clan quarrels, bitter wrongs and terrible revenges, of wraiths and bodings, and pale death-lights burning on the rocks. The conversation was straightforward and earnest, conducted with perfect faith in the subject matter, and I listened, I am not ashamed to confess, with a curious and not altogether unpleasant thrill of the blood. For, I suppose,

however sceptical as to ghosts the intellect may be, the blood is ever a believer as it runs chill through the veins. A new world and order of things seemed to gather round us as we sat there. One was carried away from all that makes up the present—the policy of Napoleon III., Mr. Tennyson's poems, Disraeli's sarcasms, the Atlantic Telegraph, its chances of success, the universal babblement of scandal and personal talk—and brought face to face with tradition, with the ongoings of men who lived in solitary places, whose ears were constantly filled with the *sough* of the wind, the clash of the wave of the rock, whose eyes were ever open on the flinty cliff, and the floating forms of mists, and the dead silence of white sky dipping down far off on the dead silence of black moor. One was taken at once from the city streets to the houseless wilderness, from the smoky sky to the blue desert of air stretching from mountain range to mountain range, with the poised eagle hanging in the mist stationary as a lamp. Perhaps it was the faith of the speakers that impressed me most. To them the stones were much a matter of course, the supernatural atmosphere had become so familiar to them, that it had been emptied of all its wonder and the greater put of its terror. Of this I am quite sure, that a ghost story, told in the pit of a theatre or at Vauxhall, or walking through a lighted London street swarming with human life, is quite a different thing from a ghost story told, as I heard it, in a lone Highland dwelling, cut off from every human habitation by eight miles of gusty wind, the sea within a hundred feet of the walls, the tumble of the big wave, and the rattle of the pebbles, as it washes away back again, distinctly heard where you sit, and the talkers making the whole matter "stuff o' the conscience." Very different! You laugh in the theatre, and call the narrator an ass, in the other case you listen silently, with a scalp creeping as if there were life in it, and the blood streaming coldly down the back.

Young Fitz-Tartan awoke me next morning. As I came down stairs,

he told me had it not been Sunday he would have roused me with a performance on the bagpipes. Heaven forbid! I never felt so sincere a Sabbatarian. He led me some little distance to a favourable point of rock, and lo! across a sea, sleek as satin, rose a range of hills, clear

against the morning, jagged and notched like an old sword-blade. "Yonder," said he, pointing, "beyond the black mass in front, just beneath that cloud crumbling into a dim dust of rain, lies Lake Corunnen. I'll take you to see it one of these days."

OBJECTIONABLE BOOKS

THIRTY or forty years ago the education of the people had not attained even to the rank of an open question. Its supporters considered it a hobby horse, on which it was very pleasant and very safe to take an airing. Its opponents looked on it as a wild hyena, which it was very desirable to keep in its cage. The faculties of reading and writing were held forth, as in the days of Jack Cade, to be very dangerous to the common weal, though the personages who entertained the belief were entirely changed. The Clerk of Chatham,—if like his predecessor in Henry the Sixth's time he had founded a ragged school—instead of being hanged by the populace for the unpardonable crime of teaching little boys their syntax, would have run the risk of being suspended in a less unpleasant, but still very painful form, by his ecclesiastical superior if he had diffused an indiscriminating knowledge of verbs and nouns. The alphabet was closely connected, in some minds, with revolutionary tendencies, and bitterest of all taunts against the advocates of national enlightenment were the names of "teacher," "dominie," "pedagogue," "schoolmaster." But this abhorrence of nominatives was not limited to any political or religious side into which Church and State were divided. Sagacious Tories and wise Church men very soon saw the gain that would result to their cause by the dispersion of the darkness which lay upon the public mind. Cautious Whiggery and narrow minded sectarianism, whether in the Church or out of it, dreaded the effects of secular enlightenment, and fell away on that question from their leaders in

ordinary affairs. And even the people themselves—the poorer classes, and the hitherto neglected crowds of towns—were hostile to the movement. They would not become learned on compulsion; they would stand up for the freedom of the subject, and looked on dirt and bad grammar as in some way indissolubly connected with Magna Charta and the Battle of Waterloo. The apostles of the movement were driven to strange expedients to disarm their opponents: they had to persuade the timorous among the squires and clergy that the establishment of schools would do no harm, and the labouring population of villages and farms that it would do no good. "My dear sir," they said to the first "why should the villagers be more disobedient if they happen to be able to spell words of two syllables?" "My dear John Smith," they said to the others, "your children will be as dull and stupid as ever: they needn't learn more than to write their names. That won't hinder them from getting fourpence a week for frightening away the crows."

As the case got further argued, it was seen that the alarm was limited to the half-educated class, who were afraid of being overtaken in the race, with so very slender an advantage at starting. The farmer, who apparently produced his enormous signature with the aid of his turnip-hoe, was "agen all them newfangled notions of teaching of little boys a good text band." The shopkeeper "couldn't a-bear them new chaps, that was so particular about a letter or two more or less." Higher in the scale, the superficial boarding school miss, who had forgotten her half

year's French, and recitations from the *Elegant Extracts*, but retained a balmy recollection of the Parisian Marquis who had indoctrinated her in the correct pronunciation of "Stratford-atto-Bow,"—a lady, who had buried all her accomplishments in the drawing-room of a village surgeon or market-town attorney, was shocked at the idea of the lower orders knowing as much as their betters. "If Jem Bustle, our gardener's son, goes to school and learns to read and write, how can you expect him to show proper respect to his superiors?" However, in the course of time, Jem Bustle's son—young Jack Bustle, he is now a flourishing apothecary at Sydney—did learn to read and write, and was as respectful to his superiors as ever; and gradually it was found, that though the boys could amuse themselves with nice books, and astonish their mothers' eyes with slatulus of the most portentous proportions—with calculations in sixteen columns, to show what would be the size and weight of a hill composed of the gold necessary to pay off the national debt—they neither snared rabbits nor broke fences a bit more than before. It was perceived by all sensible men, that as the stream was fairly over its embankment, all that was wanted was to guide it into proper channels—to convert it from a devastating Mississippi into a fortifying Nile. First in every good work where she discovers that the work is real, and the aim good, was the Church. Parishes become jealous of each other's schools, and vied in the care they bestowed on the rising generation. At first the expectations were stretched a little too high. Too much was attempted, considering the present time and the future prospects of the rustic scholars. If some ambitious lady-teachers did not try to introduce Shakespeare and the musical glasses, they dwelt, at all events, too long on subjects with no practical bearing on the condition of the pupils. The distances of fixed stars, and geography as known to the Greeks and Romans, were no further valuable than all knowledge must be, compared to ignorance; and the benevolent design was laid aside of creating in every village a circle of Madame

Daniels and Mrs Somervilles. "Teach them the Catechism," said the good old rector to his assistants in the school, "and the history of their own country; we will let them know their duty to God and the king; also,"—for he was a most sensible man, the good old rector,—“I will give prizes to the girl who boils the mealest potato, and finishes the neatest pocket-handkerchief.” For it was now discovered that the most utilitarian of clergymen and the most imaginative of poets had come to the same conclusion—

“Oh teach the orphan boy to read,
Or teach the orphan girl to sew.”

The old apathy which characterised the national mind on the subject was thrown off at once. Whether this was in some degree aided by the furious rebound against do-nothingness, which ended in the spasmodic energy of the Tractarian fever, it is difficult to say; but the fact is incontestable, that the question of general education was accepted as settled. Treaties, alliances, compromises were made; but the Nation came nobly forward in its universal character of mistress and mother of us all, and devoted many hundred thousands a-year to the great task of teaching her whole population how to live and how to die.

There can be but few places at the present time where the poorest of the poor has not the opportunity of acquiring at least the rudiments of learning. What more do any of us acquire at schools of far higher pretension? Eton, Harrow, Westminster, furnish little more than the instruments by which knowledge is attained; rough stones, or even partially-chiselled blocks, to be hereafter used in the erection of a temple of science, if the neophyte has a turn for that style of architecture, but quite as frequently laid aside as unfitted to build a park-wall, or chopped up into little bits to mend the road to the kennel. Yet the veriest Squire Western, who has once faithfully learned the ingenious arts, or the mightiest Nimrod who has come, however unformed, from the hands of Arnold or Moberley, snacks of the

early filling of the cask, though the liquor has all run out, and spreads a bouquet of Mantuan or Venusian odours even upon parish vestry and six-stalled stable. So may our little orphan-friend Jane Wilkins leave her school at twelve years old. She may forget the cunning of her hand, and make strange gropings after the capitals which commence her name; she may not remember the exact order of events in any of the books she read, or even the words of the collects with which she began the studies of the day, but the flavour remains. She recollects the charming tales she was allowed to read at home, the reverent frame both of body and mind with which she heard the opening and closing benedictions on the school, and the Bible lessons and Prayer book devotions become connected in her grateful but now recoloured mind with the hopeful, living, trusting days of her childhood, before she outgrew the tutelar care of so many gentle ladies, and the good old rector who has now been long in his grave. And this is one of the things that are still overlooked in considering the advantages of a village school. No body supposes that the extent of information it conveys is its chief value. In no other way do the different ranks and classes take their places so easily, so unobtrusively, or so usefully. The squire's young daughter teaches the cottager's child, there is a tie established between them for life, far stronger than any amount of almsgiving on one side or gratitude on the other. This is a sort of charity which elevates both the giver and the taker, and degrades neither. It is, like mercy, twice blest, the intercourse between the two extremes of social life reveals a hitherto unexplored world to each other. Lady Clara Vere de Vere learns that there are noble and generous sentiments, which derive none of their force from 'Norman blood,' and the village girl discovers how beautifully kindness, meekness, and affection can unite themselves in "the daughter of a hundred ears."

In thousands of English parishes there is no fanned state of things. In others it is only slightly modified by the element of dissent—but the Dis-

senters have the wisdom and manliness to avow their conscientious convictions, and support rival establishments, which need not necessarily be hostile to the parish school, where a similar course is pursued, with the difference, that the religious portion of the teaching is unconnected with the Church. In some few places a *tertium quid* has been rendered indispensable by the animosities of several conflicting sects, and a sacrifice has been made of all distinctive dogmas, each party being reconciled to the surrender of its own arms by the sight of its antagonists reduced to an equally unaggressive condition. That this state of things cannot long exist on a great scale, has been proved to demonstration by the feeling excited by it in Ireland. Where there is not open opposition, there is secret enmity, and this not on one side only. The voluntary surrender of their weapons seems not to diminish the belligerent propensities of either party. Like the disarmed Sepoys who attacked a regiment of horse with nothing but the woodwork of their beds, the Papists make on slaughts on the secular or ungodly system as they call it, with ana themis from nominal bishops, and curses from their holy father the Pope. The Protestants retort with dreadful allusions to the scarlet woman, and the love of darkness characteristic of persons whose deeds are evil, so that till Popery loses in reality its distinctive elements, combination is impossible. For Popery's whole life is distinction. Inasmuch as a man is a good Christian, trusting solely in the merits of the Saviour, allowing to others the liberty he claims to himself, willing to render reasonable service, and ready at all times to show the grounds for the faith that is in him—disbelieving man's claim to infallibility in wisdom, or impeccability in act. Inasmuch as he is all this, he is a bad Papist. If these were the doctrines he held, in what respect would he differ from any conscientious inquirer who took the Bible and the primitive Church as his rule of faith? We need not wonder, therefore, that the high souls of the "pinchbeck prelates" are offended at any attempt to disseminate the

book which, so far from being the charter of their authority, is an everlasting protest against their assumptions; and we may certainly conclude that the Bible in any form, or even in any portion, will never be willingly introduced in schools where the believers in holy relics and winking Virgins have the power to exclude it. There can be no durable compromise between parties who have actually nothing in common. People talk loosely of the grounds on which Catholics and Protestants can meet, of the identity of their faith in certain central points, and of the possibility of some noble scheme of comprehensive Christianity which shall embrace the followers of Loyola and the followers of Knox. We know not in what *terra incognita* the common ground can be discovered on which the Papists would allow the Protestants the slightest right of ownership or occupation. They must be all or nothing. They deny that we have any belief. We are still wandering in the blank regions of space unsheltered upon the central sun whose earthly seat is in Rome. We should have to surrender everything we value in order to purchase the incalculable benefits of the rays of that immutably luminous ourapostolical Church, our conscientious dissent, our daily press, our general literature, our personal liberties. When our deceased and foolish friends the Puseyites began their career of external Popery, every body saw that, when the pantomimic nature of the movement was perceived, the performers themselves would throw off their motley, and grin through horse-collars no more. Though some still persist in displaying their particoloured pantaloons and bobbing cockcombs, it is with a depressing consciousness that their very seriousness makes them more intensely ridiculous—as Grimaldi excited louder shouts when he played Hamlet than when he sang "Hot Collins," and the country parishes, which for some years were frightened from their propriety by a quiet decent gentleman from Oxford putting on such extraordinary apparel, and speaking in a sing-song tone, and walking with the astonished clerk, in a procession of two, from the vestry

door to the communion-rails, and performing various other antics too tedious to be enumerated in the limits of a handbill, have now long returned to the ancient paths on which so many generations have trod, and listen, well pleased, to distinctly read prayers and sensible practical sermons. If a little more reverence is shown during the service, if a little more pastoral superintendence is extended to school and even playground, than previously to the evidently impossible attempt to combine ante reformation forms with post reformation enlightenment, so much the better. Let all things be done decently and in order. Let the Church reassume its consistency and importance, not only as a congregation of faithful men, but as a great and time honoured establishment, where its members are guarded from the crochets or follies of individual clergymen by the rules and sentiments of the whole body, and let her voice be listened to not as conveying the words of infallible wisdom, but as those of a gracious mother concerned for nothing, so much as for the peace and happiness of her children.

Delivered from these histrionic and unbecoming buffooneries, a day of quiet and unity was expected after the storm. Now at least, we all thought there will be no discussions about gowns and surplices, copes and chasubles. There will be no subtle and unscrupulous intellect at work to perform feats of legerdemain with grammar and syntax, as Wiljalba Frikell does with clogs and omelets—tossing an adjective here and a preposition there, so that a contradiction became a corroboration and Oxford fairly changed places with Trent, while the artificer of all these metamorphoses stood,

Like Katerfolto with his hair on end
At his own wonders wondering for his
head.

The common sense of the land had revolted against the dishonesty of the proceedings which had deluded so many shallow and credulous spectators, and the detected impostor was forced into the easy martyrdom of leaving an institution which de-

clared him unfit for its service, and entering the ranks of another and hostile society which finds renegades and traitors the fittest implements it can employ. *Astrea* was now about to return with the golden age of early Christianity, and the rising generation should be imbued with a useful and sensible education unalloyed with mummery or superstition. The great societies—the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the National Society, and others—opened their stores and sent forth waggon loads of books approved by their committees, among whom were many of the bishops, the shelves of the school libraries became filled with a class of volumes from which no harm could possibly arise to doctrine or morals—histories, voyages, travels, and biographies. But as the sagacious bestowers of all this mental food knew that children could not flourish for ever on heavy dishes, however whole some in themselves, they took care to mix a little fruit, and even ornamented pastry, with their bill of fare. They knew that those little people had other faculties besides memory and perception—that they had imagination and wonder and awe—and they might also have read in some very elementary books of metaphysics that without those last properties religion itself is impossible, and the profession of it sinks into a mere verbal expression of belief, without the power of rising into the really Christian realisation of it in worship, prayer, and praise. So they sent down books which appealed to the fancy,—imaginary lives of extraordinary boys—travels by impossible ways into altogether undiscoverable countries—stories, you may even call them, of common life where a presentment of other states of co-existent society was offered to the unsophisticated village boy or girl—but in all rigid honesty, high sentiment, Christian charity, and universal good feeling, were inculcated from beginning to end. And capital books some of them are, even for more advanced readers than the occupiers of the benches in the parish school. A selection of characters and incidents could be made out of those little six

penny pamphlets which would furnish materials for half-a-dozen three-volume travels. The author of this present writing confesses that there are various *Martha Browns* and *Tommy Joneses* from whom he has derived more pleasure than from half the circulating library peerage *Fitzsaltemonts* and *De Geraldines* are nothing to them, and the ingenious devices by which honour and truthfulness are shown to be the best policy in the case of certain village heroes who resist the temptations thrown in their way, and prefer doing their work to having a game at cricket when detection is absolutely impossible, would do no discredit to the most inventive of tale-tellers. We confess also that when the work is merely watching a few cows, and other ten boys are waiting in a part of the parish perfectly out of sight—and the day is delightful for the wickets and no harm can arise from our having just an hour's play—we should have struggled with less Roman perastancy than our gay friend *Jack Bates*—and how were we to know that farmer *Edwards* was at that moment in the pear-tree over our heads listening to every word we said, and determining in his own mind to reward or punish according as we yielded or stood firm?

But the book store was not solely for the use of the children attending the school. In many villages the benefit was extended to the parents of the scholars, or even to any inhabitant of the parish, on payment of a nominal sum. A certain number of volumes were given out weekly, on an appointed day, and an observant clergyman had it in his power to form a good guess at the character and qualities of every family in his charge by the choice they made of the volumes from the library. If the *Saturday Magazine* was peculiarly thumbed at the article "*Mechanics*," he might be sure that young *Frederick Wheelman* the carpenter's son, was following his father's example, and studying the science of measures and forces. If the *Universal Traveller* was too long kept by *Widow Green*, wouldn't he know that she had not heard for a long long time

from her eldest son, the sailor, who had gone a voyage to the *Salwannahs*; and she was, of course, anxious to know what sort of a place it was, and who had gone there before him? With the guarantee offered by the name of the great Society on whose list a book was found, or by the fact of its presentation by a member of the Church, and, above all, by the fact of every volume having been submitted to the approval of the preceding rector, or perhaps of several rectors in succession, the new incumbent, in most places, found the library all made to his hand. He found the catalogue alphabetically arranged, the two or three most active of the school visitors taking the distribution of the books in turn, the managing committee submitting the accounts to his inspection, and, in short, the whole machinery of school and lending library in full action, precisely as it had been carried on during the incumbency of his predecessors. Nothing but an insane love of power or an ungenerous distrust of those predecessors' zeal, or a vain feeling of superiority to their judgment, or a desire for startling changes with no adequate cause, would lead a new-comer to overthrow existing regulations, and cast doubts, in the minds of the population, on the teaching of the departed rectors and curates, who all professed to present them with nothing contrary to the Bible and Prayer-book. And yet we know of some cases where a morbid spirit of discontent with existing arrangements manifests itself in that small section of the Establishment which prides itself on departing, as far as the law will allow it, from the recognised teaching of the Church of England. There are parishes going through the process of purification from the heresies of the disciples of Barrow and South, as if a great pestilence was threatened by the contamination of their words; and the salubrity of the air to be breathed by the reinvigorated parishioners, is further assured by the substitution, for those dangerous theologians, of such disinfecting vessels of grace as *Whitfield* and *Wesley*. A number of young and ardent followers of the

late Mr Gorbam avail themselves of the strong feeling of Churchmanship, which is more active at the present moment than for some generations past, in support of very un-Churchmanlike schemes. They employ, for instance, the ecclesiastical authority acknowledged as inherent in their office to establish principles hostile to all ecclesiastical authority whatever. They use their ordination to proclaim their disbelief in the usefulness of orders; they quote the sacramental services to introduce a total denial of the doctrines contained in them; and, in short, appear to have wormed their way into the garrison principally with a view of pulling down the flag. When some of the Tractarian leaders were convicted of remaining in the Church after their conversion was complete, on the avowed ground that their doing so would be more beneficial to the Holy Catholic cause than if they made open profession of their faith, a great outcry was raised against their shameless dishonesty. An impartial observer must pass the same sentence on the opposite side, and blame them equally for eating the bread they do not earn, and betraying the cause they have sworn to defend. More respectable than either of these two unprincipled extremes would be a brazen-faced, stout-armed Papist, ready to go all the lengths required logically by his creed; or a severe-browed, hollow-eyed sectary, willing equally to slay or be slain for the faith that is in him, like the soldiers of Marston Moor, or the Cameronians of Bothwell Brig. We should know how to defend ourselves against either; but a mixture of the two—the priestly assumption of the Romanist, and the truculent ignorance of the fanatic—appearing in these days in the gentle disguise of an ultra-evangelical divine, can only be laughed at as an anachronism. In an earlier age he might have been equally divided between Loyola and John of Leyden, his love of power qualifying him for the one, and his contempt for the moral law as applied to saints, justifying his excesses in the service of the other; but at present his double existence is simply ridiculous. Loyola won't have

him, as not clever enough to deceive, and John of Leyden despises him, as terrified at the new police. It might have been better for some of the lay members of the party if stupidity and the police had been equally effectual in their case—if Mr Cameron had been a little less ingenious, and Sir John Dean Paul a little more mindful of Detective A I. But the friends and admirers of those fallen stars fortunately do not run much risk of being led astray by their disastrous influence. A felon's dress is not the distinguishing mark of the world's enemy which they covet—they only "like to be despised" not punished and are satisfied with the metaphorical stripes which an evil generation inflicts on them in the shape of contumely and neglect. There is balm in Gilead for all such wounds as these, for are there not tea tables where they reign supreme in the midst of aged spinsters and thickly buttered rolls? and are there not footstools worked by tin fingers on which no presumptuous marriage ring has had the audacity to show itself? and are there not bands for their necks, and even among the more enterprising is not the sacred mystery of their slumbers intruded on with the help of embroidered nightcaps and shippers of captivity device? Refreshed after their sufferings by such angel ministrants, they wish the whole universe had poured forth its malice upon them and sneered at them with more bitter animosity and reviled them with more irritating expressions, for what are merely its disregard of their lessons, and discussion of their statements, and disbelief in their scholarship or common sense? Their wound is great in that it is so small. They long for greater trials, and defy the gods of the Gentiles to mortal combat in hopes of heavier blows. For it is a universal feature in those individuals mental constitution that the moment you differ from them you bow the knee to Baal. You become an idolater, you and all your house, and your deafness to their finest lucubrations is attributed to the fact that your ears are filled with the enticing words of Dagon. It is to root out this fero-

cious idol that all their efforts are directed, and the places in which the ancient divinity hides himself are truly amazing. He is perceptible to their Ithuriel eye in the leading articles of the *Times*, and, we are sorry to say, is not unfrequently detected grinning with hideous jaws from the pages of *Maga* herself. He presides, in short, over all literature, which produces as the appalling result of the civilisation of this boasted century, that not only a big book is an evil, but that all books are evil. Have we not heard with most condemnatory iteration that the whole literary food of this age and nation is rank poison—that fiction is wicked, and plays abominable, and history deleterious, and poems atrocious and archæology corrupting and philosophy demoralising, and that only a slight and almost imperceptible difference exists between Shakespeare, Scott, Bulwer, Dickens, Thackeray, Tennyson, and Voltaire, and what are called the other atheists of the French Revolution? No wonder an onslaught is made on all printed volumes, with the same energy that the curate and barber in Don Quixote displayed against the books of chivalry, with the difference that the critics on that great occasion give some good reason for their conduct, whereas the iniquators of the present time decline to assign any reason whatever.

And yet this is not altogether true. We have been informed of an instance in which the useful reformatory confessor condescended to state the causes of his condemnation of the offending volumes, and as this instance will show the absurd and yet dangerous spirit of exclusiveness with which others, perhaps, are actuated, we will state the facts—nothing extenuating, nor setting down aught in malice.—A certain parish which we will call Faircliff—bestirred itself in Church matters about ten years ago, subscribed money, employed an architect, and replaced an old building, which had grown inadequate to the growth of the population, with a new fabric of faultless taste and of the requisite size. But a church of so much beauty required everything to be in a concatenation accordingly,

so a school of the same style of architecture was built, with a teacher's house attached. A committee of management, consisting of seven subscribers, was appointed, the school was placed in connection with the National Society, but under rules, or rather conditions, of its own—of which the principal was, that the moral and religious instruction of the children was to be entirely in the hands of the clergyman, but that with regard to all other things, no act of either committee or clergyman was to be valid without the consent of the other. Donations and contributions poured in, the children flocked to the school, the rector visited, instructed, and superintended, in perfect agreement with the committee, and the village was in perfect peace. In order to extend the advantages of home instruction to the parish at large a stock of books was presented to the library of the school, and the parishioners had the privilege of taking a volume to their houses: the parents of school children at a smaller payment and the general inhabitants for the sum of threepence a quarter the catalogue was submitted to the rector, the committee nominated a librarian, the people availed themselves of the privilege, and there was a perpetual tide of volumes of all shapes and sizes, streaming from cottage to cottage, and preventing many a visit to the parish by the charm of the children reading tale sketch, and history to their fathers after their day's work. The rector died. Another and another still succeeded, and no change occurred in the management of library or school. The successive incumbents were satisfied with the good fruits that were growing before their eyes, they professed themselves deeply grateful for the labours of librarian and school committee, and three reverend and honourable men had thus ratified the arrangement, and expressed their approval of everything that had been done. But when the fourth made his appearance the state of affairs was rapidly changed. He considered the whole parish lying in darkness, and that it had never heard the gospel before, and if he had restricted

this to the gospel with which he now presented it, the statement would have been perfectly correct. They had never heard that gospel before. He preached against brotherly kindness, social friendship, and unity, as more dangerous to the soul than positive sins. He preached against prayer, acts of charity, and humility, as rather hindrances than otherwise to the attainment of the enviable position of perfect security at which he himself had long arrived. He preached against all external demonstration of respect to holy names, and delighted his Socinian auditors—if any such there were—by his rigid want of reverence during the creeds. He preached against the distinctive characteristics of the Establishment as a sacramental and apostolical Church: he denied that she held the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration, or attached either efficacy or importance to the celebration of the Lord's Supper. And having prepared the parishioners by these pulpit declarations he proceeded to carry his theories into practice and determined to weed the school library of all heretical and perilous teaching—unstanding by this, everything that contradicted any of the statements which he had so often and so deliberately made. It unfortunately happened that every volume which dwelt on these subjects at all, did in a full and unmistakable manner contradict every one of his assertions. They were all composed by clergymen of the Church or recommended by the great Church societies, and were written accordingly in keeping with the recognised doctrines and formularies to which the authors and patrons had sworn their assent. Nothing daunted by the array of honoured names on the opposite side, he ordered nearly a hundred volumes to be withdrawn from circulation, as containing Popish and unsound doctrine, and in order not to diminish the number of books, he supplied their place with writings more in accordance with his own views, principally the composition of dissenting ministers, and especially the preachers of the Baptist persuasion. The committee rejected the new volumes after an examination

of their contents, and reclaimed their own. He pleaded the clause in the rules which gave him the full "control over the moral and religious teaching of the school," which extended, he said, to the private reading of the parents of the scholars and the rest of the inhabitants, and he would allow no contradictions of what he said in the pulpit to be perused in any work whose circulation he could stop. St Dominic and Louis Napoleon were the great models he copied. An *index expurgatorius* and a censorship of the press were the only weapons he would condescend to employ. An appeal to the bishop produced its usual effect—many words and no decision. And at last, it was only after having succeeded in purifying the shelves of the school library that, out of his free grace and favour, he informed the parishioners of the reasons of his conduct. And if our readers will pardon us for this apparent deviation from our usual tract, we promise to be as short and clear as possible in examining these reasons, for we do not wish to dwell on the subject in its theological aspect—we merely introduce it as a strange development of the same spirit which animated Hildebrand—a spirit of domination and arrogance, against which it is wise to raise a preliminary protest. It is quite possible that assaults against intellectual liberty may be made from other quarters than Rome. The three first against whom this great reformer's zeal was raised, as teachers of false doctrine and contrary to the creeds and articles, were Bishop Wilson of Sodor and Man, Bishop Ken, and Bishop Jeremy Taylor. It would perhaps be charity to suppose that the insults to these excellent men arose from a total ignorance of their lives and characters, for no man of ordinary information could suppose that the author of the *Sacra Privata* had had a tendency to Rome, or that the inhospitable rejector of Noll Gwynne's company and the author of the *Morning and Evening Hymns*, who proved his adhesion to the Church by the sacrifice of rank and fortune, was adverse to the Establishment which he adorned with so many graces and such varied

accomplishment. And as to Jeremy Taylor, there is something positively painful in the spectacle of a presumptuous individual, "most ignorant of what he's most assured," criticising the author of the *Golden Grove*, and condemning as unorthodox the great writer who, by his *Holy Living and Dying*, has done more to sanctify our lives and solace our deathbeds than any other of our classics, secular or theological. We will not do more than quote a short passage which he gives as condemnatory of the first of the culprits named. In a short and very clearly worded explanation of the Church Catechism, called *The Principles and Duties of Christianity*, and published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, Bishop Wilson writes as follows—

"Q. Did Christ ordain two Sacraments only as generally necessary to salvation?

"A. He ordained no more, and these are sufficient to bring us into, and keep us in, covenant and favour with God, for by Baptism we are admitted into the church of Christ, and have all the blessings of the gospel made over to us, and the Lord's Supper is the standing means of reconciling us to God when through weakness or temptation we have departed from Him."

After stating that the command of Christ to be baptised where it may be duly observed is not to be neglected on any account whatever, the questioner proceeds to ask—

"What is signified and assured to us by this outward sign in baptism?"

"A. That as the body is washed by water in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, so is the soul thus dedicated to God cleansed from all its sins by the blood of Christ, the person baptised is made a visible member of Christ's Church and hath thereby a right to many great and precious promises."

"Q. What are the promises and blessings which by baptism we have a right to?"

"A. That though we were born in sin, yet God will deal with us as though we were innocent, that having by nature no right to heaven and happiness, He doth now give us a title to both, and because of ourselves we are not able to walk and please God, He doth in baptism give us His holy Spirit, to enable us both to know and do our duty."

"Q. Have all persons a title to these

blessings who have been rightly baptised!

"A. Yes. But then this title may be lost if it is not looked after when you come to years of discretion; that is, if you do not perform what was promised for you.

"Q. Why, then, was not our baptism deferred till we came to years of discretion!

"A. Because it was esteemed a great blessing to be sanctified—that is, dedicated to God—as soon as might be, that by His good Spirit He might dispose us to holiness; therefore were children of the Jews received into covenant at eight days old; and Jesus Christ saith that 'of such is the kingdom of heaven,' that is, the Church of God; and therefore are the children of Christian parents baptised because the 'promises are to them' as well as to their parents; and it is with good reason supposed that when they come to know what privileges they have a right to, they will look after and strive to obtain them.

"Q. Since, then, I am 'come to age,' what must I do to be sure of these blessings?

"A. You must endeavour to understand and perform those necessary things which are required of all persons before they are baptised, and which were promised in your name—those are Repentance and Faith, without which baptism will not profit you."

This is the passage which procured the exclusion of the whole volume; Bishop Wilson is pronounced contumacious and heretical, and would joyfully be handed over to the secular arm, if the modern inquisitor had the same power as his predecessor. Maga's snowy page is no place for the discussion of points of doctrine, and therefore we do not enter into a controversy about the truth or falsehood of the statement contained in Bishop Wilson's summary of the Christian faith. It will be enough to say that however open his definitions might be to the contradictions of Baptists, and other denominations who believe in what is called the indefectibility of grace once given, all Church of England clergymen are silenced on the subject, by the very fact of being ordained its ministers. For it is to be remembered that Bishop Wilson's compilation is not an interpretation of his own, but a mere explanatory statement of the doctrines of the

Church. That the Church does hold the doctrines enunciated in the condemned little volume, if her declarations on the subject are taken in their clear, natural, and grammatical sense, no man of ordinary education can doubt. And the clergyman who disbelieves in those declarations is not at liberty to put a new construction on them—which probably would be neither clear, natural, nor grammatical—but should follow the honest and reverend Mr Noel's example, and leave the communion from which he differs on so many fundamental points.

We pass over the objections to Taylor and Ken, as possibly the mention of their names will be enough; and after one or two short specimens of the animus against the recognised and authoritative teaching of the Church, we will leave the "thin-air'd mountain-tops," and get upon the lower levels, where we can disport ourselves in the open fields of general literature and amusement.

A more delightful and salutary manual for cottager, or, we may add, prelate and peer, we never met with than a little twopenny pamphlet, published also by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, called *Cottager's Religious Meditations*. It takes a little passage of the Bible—such as the Birth of Christ—and after quoting the words of the narrative, it gives to us twenty lines of considerations naturally suggested by the quotation. We are struck with the simplicity and clearness of the meditations, and their appositeness to the subjects treated of. Can anything, for instance, be humbler, or in a better and more Christian spirit, than the meditation on the Lord's Supper, which we turned to, anxious to see if any high-church ceremonialism were mingled with the devotional thoughts? No. This is what the *Cottager* says,—

"These were the last commands of our Saviour to His Apostles before He was betrayed into the hands of wicked men, before He suffered for the sins of all mankind. When I, a sinner, am redeemed by His death and sufferings, shall I not obey the dying command of my Redeemer, and 'do this in remembrance of Him!' Yes, I will take the cup of

salvation and call on the name of the Lord. And when I approach the sacramental table with an honest and true heart, desiring to obey the commands of Christ and to show His death till He come, let me not have any superstitious fears in respect thereof—knowing, that where the Lord hath made a feast and hath commanded me to attend it in remembrance of His mercy to me the wilful disobedience of absenting myself from His supper will draw on me a greater and far more heavy punishment. Let me then, truly and earnestly repent of my sins have lively faith in His mercy through Christ with a thankful remembrance of His death and be in charity with all men. So will I draw near with faith and take this holy sacrament to my comfort and shall thus eternally partake of the remembrance of Christ be the means of my comfort and greatly comfort here and of my eternal happiness hereafter.

The *Cottagers* depreciatory view of the mysteriousness of this commemorative feast would attract the hostility of the opposite camp and would be hooted at by the medical owls who do not perceive that the sun has risen high into the zenith since they went to their roost in the abbot's barn when St Thomas of Canterbury was a Judge in Israel. It would also have been contumeliously anathematised by the Reverend Ichabod Kettledrummle and Stick in the mud by reason of *sin Glubb Esq* M.P. in the year 16— as trusting too much in man's devices but from any conscientious member of the Church of England we cannot conceive a syllable of disapproval. Yet the whole volume is condemned on account of a short sentence on the old subject of baptism. A mark is placed opposite Meditation number four,—and here is the unpardonable passage. The subject is the History of Naaman. We are all of us," says the meditative *Cottager*, "infected with a disease far more dangerous than that of Naaman with sin the leprosy of the soul. Christ hath opened in His gospel by baptism, a fountain for the washing away of that sin, and He hath made atonement for it by the shedding of His own blood. He inviteth us to accept deliverance, to be cleansed, to be made whole. Oh, may I not despise the call but

fly to the fountain of living waters—the fountain that is opened for sin and uncleanness—the fountain, that cometh from the house of the Lord, lest my leprosy cleave to me for ever."

We may thus gather that any recognition of the efficacy of sacraments, or of the duty of partaking in them—and further, that any recommendation of moral conduct as a proof of obedience to the Founder and Fulfiller of the moral law are at once fatal to the volume containing them. And nobody in all the parish of Fairless is to read what the great luminaries of their Church have said on the most interesting and sacred of her articles of belief. And yet the regard of the inquirer for the souls of his parishioners is limited it appears, to the period of his incumbency. Put away the works, he says of Taylor, Ken Wilton, and the rest—as long as I am minister among you they contradict my doctrine but when I am gone, replace them in the library scatter them among the people. Poison the wells and water brooks as much as you please when I have no further interest in the cattle, but while I am manager (and shearer) of the flock let me give them drink only out of my own tank.

Greatly perturbed in mind, and totally unable to comprehend a figurative allusion, or see a single inch into a millstone, though it were made of Kohinoors, the scribe now betook himself to the perusal of the light and imaginative literature contained in the parochial library. He could not believe that any animal of the feline species ever wore boots and therefore must have considered the narrative of a certain puss which hid its claws in wellingtons a mere tissue of lies and dangerous deceptions. Lost in the infinity of surprise at the audacity of any author requiring his belief in the actions of a person not bigger than his thumb, who yet showed, on proper occasions, courage worthy of a giant, and encountered more surprising adventures than Bruce of Abyssinia, who was nearly seven feet high, he must have looked on the unhappy Tom as the enemy of mankind in disguise, and likely to pervert the minds of his parishioners.

But still greater must have been his surprise when he rose to a higher and more modern class of stories, and gazed with lack-lustre eyes in search of the meanings of the sacred allegories of the Bishop of Oxford, or Mr Adams, or Mr Monro. One of these did really find itself on a well-earned shelf of honour in the library of the school. The *Shadow of the Cross* was a deeply-thumbed volume, and many young hearts had been raised to higher thought by its Christian aspirations, and older ones soothed and cheered by its spiritual comforts and consolations. "This is flat burglary," exclaimed the reverend Dogberry, "for, fourthly, if there's a shadow, there must be a cross, and if there's a cross, argul there must be Papistry, for, sixthly and lastly, there is no cross except in Catholic countries, and, thirdly, and to conclude, all Catholic countries are grossly superstitious, and there may be some secret meaning in it which would be very dangerous if any of us could find it out." It is the plainest of allegories, and imitates the simplest of truths in the most transparent of styles, and, with the *Rocky Island* of Wilberforce, and the *Amis of the Golden River* of Ruskin, has long taken its place as an admirable specimen of the difficult art of teaching by parable. The passage objected to is contained in the beautiful opening of the volume, which we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of quoting. It strikes the key note to the whole story.

'A thick darkness was spread over the earth, and as I stood on the top of a lofty mountain the only object that I could see was the sun which had risen in the far east with a wonderful glory. It was as a ball of clear and living fire, and yet so soft and chastened was its ray that while I gazed my eye was not dazzled, and I felt I could love to look upon it for ever. Presently, as it shone upon the mists which rested on the earth, they became tremulous with light, and in a moment they floated by, and a scene of life and beauty was opened to my view. I saw a spot of ground so rich and fertile that it might well be called a garden. The sweetest flowers were growing wild in the fields, and the very paths appeared to sparkle with rubies

and emeralds. Here were, too, the most luxuriant orchards, and cool groves of orange-trees and myrtles, and the breeze of the morning was playing among their branches. Now, as I watched the butterflies that fluttered over the flowers, and the lambs sporting on the smooth grass, and as I listened to the song of the nightingales in the woods I fancied it was some scene of enchantment which I saw, it was so very full of happiness and life. Everywhere, at the extremity of the view, my eye rested on a clear narrow stream. I could trace neither mountain from which it rose, nor ocean into which it fell, but it glided round and round in an endless circular course, forming, as it were, a border of silver to that lovely garden on which the sun was shining. The morning light ever kept adding fresh beauty to each tree and flower on which it fell, but the brightest and clearest rays were those which were reflected by this narrow stream, and at this I wondered, the rather because on the other side of the ring of water all was still wrapt in a thick gloomy fog, and though I gazed long and earnestly I saw nothing. Young and lovely children were continually crossing the narrow stream. There was no other way of escaping from the land of darkness to the land of light. Their garments became white as snow by their passage through the water, and sparkled with a dazzling brightness as the sun first shone on them. I observed, too, that each child as he entered the garden, held a little cross in his hands. Now, when I reflected how many millions might still be wandering in the dark and gloomy region beyond, on whom the glorious sun would never shed his cheering warmth, I could not help thinking how happy the children were to have found thus early the narrow stream, and I said in my heart 'Surely this lovely garden was made for them, and they will live in it for ever.' While I was musing thus it seemed that, in answer a still soft voice came floating on the breeze, and said, 'It is indeed for such children as these that the sun is shining, and for them that the mists have been cleared away, but none of the beautiful things in the garden belong to them, they are waiting here as strangers till their Father shall summon them home, and when they go hence, they can take nothing away with them but the little crosses in their hands and the white garments which they wear.' 'Who then are these children,' I asked, 'and what is the name of the garden, and when they are taken from it, whither

will they go?' And the voice said, 'The children are sons of a mighty King, and the garden is called the Garden of the Shadow of the Cross but no one can tell whether each child will go when he is taken away it will depend on how far he escapes the dangers of the garden. If they carelessly lose their crosses, or so stain their beautiful garments that they can be made white no more, they will be thought unworthy of the presence of the great King and will be hid in an outer darkness more terrible than that which they have just left. But if, when they go away the crosses are still in their hands and they so far keep them selves clean that the King may recognise them for his own children then will their garments be washed until they be come more shining white than snow, and they will be taken to a brighter and happier land in which they will live with their Father for ever.'

Throughout this little volume there is a poetical spirit perceptible, which almost claims the accomplishment of verse by the elevation of the sentiment and tenderness of the ideas. Ordinary language seems almost too rough a garment for such delicate imaginings, for with some people prose is prose, and prose with fancy in it, or feeling or imagination, is simply prose run mad. Who ever heard of a simile in an Act of Parliament, or a metaphor in a catalogue of household furniture? Let us stick to the practical, and if we want the false and ornamental, let us seek for them in rhyme. The incapacity, however, to unriddle an allegory, seems to extend to any story or narrative which is not entirely composed of facts for a romance or tale is so far an allegory that it presents truth in the disguise of fiction. A three volume novel in this way ought to pronounce its moral, 'Thou art the man,' with as great plainness as Nathan and although our better works of fiction do not condense the truth into so very terse an expression, it needs no great ingenuity to extract it for ourselves. Unless, indeed, we are gifted with this power, we need never read anything at all. If we cannot say at the end of a delightful book, 'I will be as united in family feeling as the Cartons,' 'I will be as honest and persevering as David Copperfield,' 'I take

wisdom from the Antiquary, and patriotism from Old Mortality—and detest ambition after Macbeth, and jealousy after Othello"—we may as well give up reading, and take to skittles. The mere amusement afforded by the finest works is not of any great importance when you have laid it aside, but if you have the faculty of distilling its inner spirit, which most people of average intellect have, you will find it a possession for ever, and ten times more useful than tomes of more didactic pretension and less captivating style. Surely, then, if the *Shadow of the Cross* is above the appreciation of the censor *librorum* of Fairless, a common story in ordinary prose, without any graces of diction or loftiness of imagery will not be beyond his powers. Let us look into this dingy little volume scored with hostile marks, and see what secret dangers lurk in its dusky boards. Why, the tables are turned on us in the most amazing manner, for the gentleman in *Lempruise* with a hundred eyes could not have detected a blot with half the rapidity of our purblind friend when it suits his purpose. He sees an allusion with marvellous sharpness, and smells out an invitation to wrong doing with the scent of an aged hound. So far from not comprehending the meaning of allegories, rebuses, riddles, and conundrums, he would make his fortune as first interpreter to the Sphinx—nothing escapes him. He will knock you out fifty meanings from the same ample phrase—he will prove that there is a distinct and powerful significance in the commas and semi-colons of a sentence—that the number of letters composing a word has a tremendous allusion to something or other totally unconnected with the word itself. He will assure you that omissions are as binding on conscience and reason as the plainest assertions. There is a direct encouragement, therefore, to bear false witness against our neighbour, because in a story illustrative of the fifth commandment there is no reference to the ninth. And, in short, no Jesuit was ever more ingenious in detecting Jansenism in books where Jansenism did not exist, than

this suddenly-illuminated expurgator in discovering sunbeams in the wholesomest of vegetables. We open the little volume, and find it to be a portion of a work whose acquaintance we had not previously made, called the *Magazine for the Young*. Oh, wicked Hans Christian Andersen, with your "Little Tin Soldiers," and your "Ugly Ducks!" Do you think you will be allowed to spread such nonsense among the youthful scholars of Fairless? And you, you imitator of Andersen's style—you most credulous and unprincipled Dane, whoever you are, whom a certain Mr Hamilton has translated—how will you answer for such dangerous inducements to vice and thieving as you have introduced in your "Enchanted Pot?" This is a Scandinavian legend with the same moral as Fortunatus's purse and Cinderella's godmother, and fifty others which have never been accused of inculcating crime or wickedness. And as it is a short story, and not a bad specimen of the tales that please the descendants of our ancient progenitors in the Baltic isles, we will transcribe it, in hopes that it will have no bad effect on the honesty of our readers.

THE ENCHANTED POT

There was once a baron who was a very hard and cruel man, quick to get and slow to spend, greedy of gain and loth to give an oppressor of the poor and a spoiler of the needy. On his property lived a poor widow with an only son, whom, little by little, he had reduced to the lowest depth of poverty, so that at last she was unable to pay the rent due for her poor hovel of a house, and although it was by his own extortion and injustice that she was reduced to such straits, he refused to wait a single day for his money, but threatened to turn her and her son out of the house, and seize the miserable remains of their furniture. The poor woman returned home and sent out her son to try and borrow some money from their friends, but one and all began to make excuses, for no one would help them for fear of the baron. So Holgar, for that was the name of the widow's son, re-

turned homewards quite out of heart. By-and-by his path led him across a little stream of water, and when he approached the banks he saw a feeble miserable-looking old man standing beside it, who, as soon as he saw Holgar, asked him to help him over, as he was too weak to cross by himself. So Holgar took him by the hand, for he was a very good natured lad, and led him safely over the wet slippery stepping stones, and then, wishing him a kind good morning, was walking away, when the old man called after him to stop, and said, "Do not go away until I have thanked you and paid you for your trouble."

"I don't want to be paid," Holgar said, "I am not such a churl as to refuse to help a fellow-creature in distress, so good by."

"Nay," said the old man, putting his hand in his sack and pulling out a little three legged copper pot, "but take that with you."

"I am very much obliged," answered Holgar, "but the pot will be of no use, for the truth is we have nothing to bind in it."

"Never mind you about that," said the old man, "you just put it on the fire and see what will happen."

So Holgar took the pot, which was for all the world like any other copper pot, and went home to his mother, showed her what he had got, and told her how all their friends had refused to help them. But the mother kicked the pot away with her foot, and rocked herself backwards and forwards on her chair, lamenting the unkindness of their friends, and Holgar said, "Mother, I shall do as the old man told me—I shall set the pot on the fire."

So he set it on, but no sooner did the pot feel the smoke and the flames curling about it than it called out "I run! I run!"

"Where do you run to?" asked the widow, suddenly stopping in her lamentations and starting up, but the pot only cried "I run! I run!"

"Well, run then!" quoth the woman, "and fetch us some of the good soup, such as I saw on the baron's kitchen grate."

Scarcely had she spoken when the pot flew out of the cottage door and

presently returned filled with the most delicious soup. Oh it smelt so nice! For a moment or two the mother and son stood quite amazed, but soon recovering their senses, they fell to and ate it all up. But Holgar said, "Let us see if it can bring us anything else but eatables, for food is a good thing, but money is a better." So he put the pot on the fire again, and stirred the fire to make it burn brightly, and as soon as ever the pot felt the flames it called out as before, "I run! I run!"

"Run then," said Holgar, "and bring us the ten pounds we owe the baron."

So the pot flew off, and when it came back—there lay ten golden sovereigns in the bottom. "It is a splendid pot," said Holgar, and the next day he went and paid his debt to the baron. Every evening they ordered the pot to fetch what they needed—sometimes food and sometimes money, the latter of which they saved in order to buy another cow. And where the pot got the things it brought them they did not know. Perhaps it ran to the old man who had given it to Holgar, but in truth the pot got them from the baron's kitchen and the baron's money box. Now, the baron, being a great miser, went every day to his money box and counted his money, and sorely vexed and troubled was he when every day he found something wrong. There must be some one who has a false key, he thought, so the next night he hid himself behind the curtain and watched. Presently he heard a low knocking, and peeping out he saw the window open of its own accord, and a little copper pot on three legs came in. It knocked with its handle on the money box and the lid flew open, and the pot scraped into itself some money, jumped out of the window, and lid and window shut of their own accord. "Well," exclaimed the baron, "this beats Gaffer Clunch's cat!" But the next night the baron was on the watch again, and as soon as the pot had collected the money it wanted, he laid hold of it by one of the legs, and thought that now the thief was caught. But lo and behold! the pot was stronger than he was,

and dragged him all across the room up to the window, and if he had not let go its leg, would surely have flown off with him. "Oh, well, just you wait, my good pot," said the baron, "you have got away this time, but you shall not make a goose of me again."

The next night, as soon as ever the pot had entered the room on its three copper legs, and scraped together the money, the baron, who was a stout heavy man, clapped himself down upon it, and bursting out laughing, said in a taunting tone, "Now, my lad, let us see what you can do." But the pot minded him no more than if he had been a feather, and, while the baron was fain to hold tight on by its sides, flew out of the window with him over field and meadow, over stock and stone, and did not stop until it stood still below the widow's chimney piece.

"Why, what's come to the pot?" cried the widow, "it has brought the baron," and she and her son were terribly frightened when they saw the lord of the manor sitting there amongst the ashes. As soon as the baron had recovered breath enough to speak, he exclaimed, "Oh you wicked woman, I will have you and your son hung and burnt. So it is your pot that has been robbing me every day, and breaking open my money box." In vain the widow and Holgar protested they knew not where the pot got the things it brought them. There the baron sat boiling with passion, and refusing to listen to a word. "Hold him fast, Pot!" said Holgar, when he saw the baron trying to get up, "if you mean to revenge yourself in that manner, you shall sit there for ever." No sooner had he said it, than the baron found himself so tightly glued to the pot that he could not, though he tried with all his strength, get free of it. He tugged and tugged until he and the pot both rolled over on the floor together, and Holgar and his mother stood by, laughing until their sides ached. When the baron found that all his strength was of no use, he stopped rolling about, and said, "Let me go, good people, and I will not punish you at all."

"That will not do," said Holgar, "I will have the lease of my father's former house, and you must supply me with horses, and cows, and sheep, and all things necessary for a farm." "No! no!" roared the baron, writhing and twisting himself about as he spoke,—"No! that I never will, I will die first."

'Ah well," said Holgar, "never is a long day. You may sit there and think about it." So he put on his hat, and went out of doors. But he had hardly been gone above a quarter of an hour, when his mother came running after him, and called him back, and as soon as the baron saw him, he told him he would consent to all he asked. Then Holgar sent for some of the neighbours, and put it all down on paper, and made the baron sign it, and then told him he might get up and go home as soon as he pleased. So he arose, and slunk home, quite ashamed of himself, grinding his teeth for very anger, and vowing vengeance. However, he was so afraid of Holgar and his pot that he thought it best to keep his word, and let him and his mother alone for the future. Perhaps had he known the truth he might have behaved less well, for the very day that he fulfilled his contract, and put Holgar and his mother in possession of the farm, the copper pot, greatly to Holgar's grief disappeared. But no doubt he was better without it, for odd ways of getting things are generally wrong ways, and the enchanted pot might not always have been so discreet as to have taken only what justly belonged to his mother, and so might in the end have brought them into sad trouble and disgrace.

The duller child in the duller parish of Boscote has always cleverness enough to make distinction between the moral responsibilities of the human actors in an ordinary story, and the magical performers in

a fairy tale. It would hold the baron responsible for his unjust and illegal persecution of Holgar's mother, and look on the enchanted pot with respectful wonder as an embodiment of immediate justice—a kind of copper Campbell, or three legged Don Quixote—redressing wrongs, and defending widows and orphans, with out the tedious process of trials at law. But the expurgatorial ban is laid upon the culinary utensil, and it must descend to the undignified employment of boiling greens, instead of reforming extortionate lords of the manor. Its lessons of kindness to the old and feeble, help to the deserving poor, and punishment of the hard hearted, are all pretermitted, because it is feared that young Tom Kettle may think it an excellent thing to imitate the enchanted vessel, and break into a neighbouring proprietor's strong box.

This picture of unauthorised ecclesiasticism would be painful if we thought it represented a common state of things. But the position of Fairless is exceptional, and contrasts very unfavourably in the mean time with the liberal and conciliatory policy of the clergy in their management of parish schools and their intercourse with the subscribers. In no other instance have we heard, though a few may possibly exist, of an incumbent setting up his own interpretation of disputed, still less of indisputable questions, as the rule by which Church of England books are to be received into a school and parochial library, or excluded from it. And all over the land there are schools where clergy and lay vie with each other in the mental and moral cultivation of the young, at tending to their growth in true religion and virtue, without too curious an inquiry into the perfect orthodoxy of *Jack the Giant Killer*, or the opinions on irreversible decrees entertained at the court of Lilliput.

POPULAR LITERATURE—THE PERIODICAL PRESS

NOT a few of our statesmen, if asked to point out the leading characteristics of periodical literature, would fix upon two facts as most worthy of remark—namely, the secrecy of its organisation and the necessity of securing for it a mercantile success. Perhaps a majority might see in these two facts a great public danger, and might be disposed to echo the complaint of which we have so often heard—journalism is a commercial speculation, therefore it must be venal, it is anonymous, therefore it must be irresponsible. If any of them ventured to deny these inferences, and to stand up for the English press, the defence would in all probability be only a defence, it would be limited to proving that the anonymous is harmless, and that mercantile motives are not necessarily base. This, indeed, is the utmost that the friends of the press have hitherto urged in behalf of the system. Even the press itself has been too content to prove a mere negative, showing that the objections are unfounded, that the dangers are imaginary that the errors are undoesed. It was only the other day that the secrecy of newspaper writing was criticised by Mr Sidney Herbert, and the whole press was in arms to defend its privilege. So when not very long ago, Mr Bright was kind enough to say that journalists care more for the sale of newspapers than for truth, the press flew to the rescue and rebutted the charge. But in either case we are not quite satisfied that the arguments for the defence, although urged with much wit and eloquence, went far enough. Here and there suggestions of a more thoroughgoing reply might be found, but there was no sustained attempt to show that the two facts in which our statesmen see so much public danger are not only harmless but in reality a great public benefit: that the system of the anonymous is one of the most powerful restraints upon the press—one of the surest safeguards of English liberty and that the necessity of securing for journal-

ism a mercantile success affords both the best promise of its efficiency and the best guarantee of its integrity. In times past, indeed, it would not have been so easy as it is now to make good these positions, and if, in the discussions which Mr Sidney Herbert and Mr Bright have provoked, the newspaper press has been for the most part satisfied with merely parrying the thrusts of its opponents, it is probably because the facts that would justify a more vigorous warfare, and a more positive reply, have but recently emerged, and could not very well be marshalled for the first time within the limits of a newspaper article. It is only since the enormous increase of periodical literature has quickened its latent tendencies, and forced into palpable relief what before was scarcely visible, that the necessary facts have come out, that an answer has been possible, which not only quashes the verdict of disapproval, but also completely reverses it which not only clears the organisation of the English press from the blame which has been imputed to it, but also covers it with praise which not only dispels the fears of our public men, but also turns the ground of fear into the surest ground of hope.

Let us revert for a moment to the facts before us—the facts from which we started in our previous argument, and from which we have also to start in the present. The most important of all is the very simple one, that the quantity of literary production has in late years been prodigiously multiplied. No exaggeration is here possible. The actual fertility of the press is beyond reckoning, and the amount of its present issues appears to be as nothing in comparison with what we may expect in the future. The endeavours of the Government, the wishes of the people, the discoveries of science, the inventions of art, all conspire to this end, all things conspire to make literature in some form or other a prime necessity for every man, and to place it within his reach on terms well nigh as easy

as those by which we enjoy the light of the sun, the pleasant air, and the fresh water. The newspaper is the elemental form of modern literature. Who is not interested in it? Who is not reached by it? The railway, the steamboat, and the telegraph, all add to its importance. Every improvement that is made in the art of communication and travel contributes to its dignity and increases its utility. No class is beyond its influence. There is not a man, there is hardly a woman, who is not more or less dependent on it. And vast as this sort of publication is in extent, imperious the necessity which creates it, universal the craving which it supplies, it is but a small part of the infinitely extended literature which has arisen in this country. So marvellous now, indeed, are the mechanical aids to publication so immensely have the pecuniary risks been reduced, so abundant are the facilities for the acquisition and the diffusion of knowledge, that we have ventured to rate the concurrence at this moment of so many fortunate arrangements and contrivances as something hardly less grand in itself, important to literature, and powerful on society, than the discovery of an alphabet or the invention of printing. And the immediate result of the mighty impetus which has thus been given to the press the result which contains in itself all other results, is that with the multiplication of its issues have come also their division and subdivision. There is no such thing in nature as mere multiplication, multiplication always entails a difference increase of quantity necessitates change of kind. To give a very vulgar illustration—every publican understands this principle. When he opens a shop, he knows that it will not suffice merely to add to the number of existing shops, he knows that he must make his gin palace different from other gin palaces. So he announces his speciality—whether it be that his place is a house of call for painters and glaziers or for carpenters, or that he keeps a dwarf in the back parlour, or that he is an American, and abounds in iced drinks, or that he is great in Scotch stores, or that he is perfect in Yarmouth ale and

Norfolk daunties, or that he is a free-mason, or that he is a Drury Lane clown, and offers his customers a laugh, or that he is a pugilist, and rejoices in the patronage of gentlemen with hard fists and broken noses. He invites not all the world to his tap he is not indifferent as to his customers he selects them, he spreads his net for them, he offers one particular bait. It is on precisely the same principle—the principle which Mr Herbert Spencer has most ably illustrated in his essay on *The Law of Progress*, and which our physiologists, with whom it is a favourite, term the law of differentiation—that the enormous increase of periodical literature causes division and endless subdivision. In former times a journal might appeal to all classes alike for support, or at most to one of two classes—Whig and Tory. Now, it is more rare, and it is every day becoming rarer, to find a newspaper independent of class support, and addressing itself indifferently to every educated man of whatever party, attentive to every interest and attracted by every subject. Our periodical literature is essentially a classified literature. The sphere of every new publication is more and more limited. Every class has its organ, every topic finds a journal, every interest has a friend in the press. And this system of classification is so complete that here we have a genuine system of popular representation. If literature does not reach every individual of the community, it certainly represents every class, and represents it all the more truly, inasmuch as the journalism which is thus representative is the work, not so much of professed writers, not so much of a distinct order, as of men identified by origin, by interest, by calling, with the particular class or particular subject to which the periodical gives its chief attention. Authors are not a class by themselves, but every class adds authorship to the list of its accomplishments. Consequently every class has the means of asserting itself in literature, and journalism is to be regarded, not as the weapon of certain secret societies, of cliques and coteries, of cabals and leagued assassins, but as a reflection of

public feeling, a representation of popular opinion,—a mirror that, if at times, like the ocean, ruffled with storms, and distorting the semblance of the heaven above it, is yet, on the whole, a faithful mirror, far more faithful than we could have expected such a living and heaving mass of mighty waters to be. These are obvious facts, they stare us in the face, and, trite as they may appear, they give quite a new aspect to the question that has been raised as to the anonymous and as to the commercial character of the press.

It must be confessed that at first sight there is something very ugly about the anonymous, and that at the first mention of the word every generous mind is roused to suspicion. It seems to belong to that curious list of things forbidden, beginning with the Ballot, which bears the stigma of being un-English. It is infamy to write anonymous letters, and the attempt has been made to prove that there is something equally contemptible in anonymous publication. It is a Chinese law that he who accuses any one anonymously is worthy of death, even if the accusation should be true. If a man has anything to say, why has he not the frankness to acknowledge it? If he is bent on exposing the conduct of any one he knows, why does he not give the accused the advantage of knowing his assailant? If he chooses to praise any of his friends, why does he not enable the public to judge of his partiality, his sincerity, or his worth, by accepting the responsibility? If Brown chooses to attack a duke in a letter which the newspapers publish with an assumed signature, why should not the duke in all fairness have the power to say that the writer of the letter is this insect Brown—the blue bottle, this wasp, this musquito, and none of the real lords of creation? Such is the objection to the anonymous as urged by the public, and the answer is, first of all, that the press is not strictly anonymous. The conductors of the press assume the responsibility of all that they publish. The individual writer may be unknown, just as the individual compositors are unknown, the papermaker is unknown, the ink

manufacturer is unknown, but the printer or the publisher is always ready to answer for whatever he issues—is always within reach of the law. It is evident, however, that this reply is scarcely satisfactory. It does not fully meet the objection. It is true that there are parties responsible for any offence that comes within the scope of the law, but how about the parties more immediately concerned?—how about the veritable writers?—how about the greatest culprit of all—the unnamed editor, who plans all the mischief and rolls all the thunder? It is to these parties that the objection specially applies, and all the more pungently because a man of straw is put forward to bear the brunt of criticism. The objection means—“You, Mr Editor, and your associates, fight under a mask, you throw stones from behind a wall, you insist on being anonymous, you insist upon doing what in this country we regard as cowardly, you are not acting as gentlemen. Would Smith have written that article against the Jews if he had been compelled to sign it? Would Smythe have so lauded the Manchester politics in his own proper person? Besides which, there are a great number of peccadilloes that defy law, and that are only to be punished by public opinion. To meet these offences, we the public, can make nothing of your representative man, your printer, we want to pour our vengeance on the individual sinner. Give us his name! Name! Name if you dare!” The accusation, it will be observed, calls in question the behaviour of individuals as individuals, as men, as gentlemen, as members of society, and in so far as we have been able to gather it, the defence on which these individuals rely is that they are but parts of a system, that the system necessitates secrecy, and that the creatures of a system cannot be blamed for succumbing to the requirements of the great machine in which each plays but an insignificant part. It is impossible to give up names, they say. It is essential to the organisation of the press that it should be secret. A great public journal must of necessity be the work of a considerable number of hands, some

of them writing from the most opposite points of view, and although an organ of opinion thus constituted can never attain perfect consistency, yet without the anonymous it would be impossible to reach even that degree of harmony which is at present attainable—that continuity of thought and sentiment which is its life and power. Without the anonymous, too, the editor of a paper established in reputation would be very much hampered in the selection of his staff. If he sees a clever albeit unknown writer he can, under the present dispensation, avail himself of his services. The fact of his being unknown is of no consequence. The article which he contributes has a claim on the public attention simply from the circumstance of its appearing in the columns of such or such a newspaper. The time may no doubt come when it may be advantageous both to the article and to the writer of it that the authorship should be known but at first publicity would have been anything but a benefit to the aspirant and would probably have prevented his contributions from being fairly judged according to their merits—would probably, therefore, have entirely excluded them from the pages of the well established periodical, and so compelled the periodical to depend on the assistance of a small clique of known writers. Besides the advantage thus obtained by enlarging the resources of an editor, some members of the press may add, that a certain power is gained as the result of mystery. A journal has a right to acquire as much power as it can—it desires to give to every contribution the prestige and momentum which belong to it as a whole, and as, for the sake of acquiring this momentum, writers are found ready to sacrifice their individuality, and to remain for ever unknown, so there seems no reason why the public should complain, and should not accept unreservedly a system which is essential to the liberty and power of the press, and which may therefore be described as in a great measure the source of all the benefits that flow from a press free and strong. But neither is this argument quite satisfactory, at least

it is not satisfactory to those persons who, somewhat paradoxically, and knowing, as they must do, that American journalism, which is anything but the secret affair that it is in this country, has an influence very far from being proportionate to its means—an influence not to be compared, indeed, with that of English journalism—maintain with Mr Sidney Herbert that the anonymous ought to be abolished in order to increase the power of newspapers, and give greater effect to the articles. Still less is it satisfactory to those who think that the press is already too strong, and who do not see the necessity of confirming or enlarging its power. Even such a man as De Tocqueville has declared that he does not entertain that firm and complete attachment to the liberty of the press which things that are supremely good are wont to excite in the mind, and that he approves of it rather from a recollection of the evil which it prevents than from a consideration of the advantage which it creates, while Montaigne has represented liberty in the character of an unhappy swain declaring to the press, *Nec tecum nec te sine videri possum*. If Montaigne and De Tocqueville write in this strain, we need not be surprised that men of weaker minds and of less philosophical views should look with jealousy on the greatness of the press, and should wish to curtail its power. To these the argument that the anonymous is essential to the vigorous action of journalism is anything but convincing. It shows, indeed, that writers and editors, in preserving their incognito, are acting under the exigencies of a system and are so far to be individually exonerated from any imputation of cowardice or meanness, but it does not show that the system itself is necessary. If the anonymous be necessary to journalism, it may still be, for all that the argument proves to the contrary, but part of a necessary evil, and English journalism may deserve all the reproaches and all the scorn that have been heaped upon it by some of our public men.

Now it seems to us, that in most of the discussions regarding the pe-

radical press, a great deal of misapprehension arises from the fact, that the old idea of journalism as a fourth estate—as a distinct power in the realm—still exists. We trust that in our last article it was made sufficiently clear that it is the merest fallacy to regard the press as in any sense a fourth estate, it is but a second representation of the third. It has a constituency as real and an election as genuine as any that the House of Commons can boast. But there is this difference between the two systems of representation which we enjoy in the press and in Parliament—parliamentary representation is a district representation, while that of the press is for the most part a class representation. Pursue this distinction to its last result, and what does it come to? It comes to this, that whereas the parliamentary deputy represents certain individuals, the literary organ represents certain abstractions. No doubt the member of Parliament is an exponent of principles as well as of individuals, and the literary organ, in the discussion of opinions and the advocacy of interests has to do also with individuals. The one implies the other, yet directly, as we have said, the parliamentary representation is of individuals, the journalistic representation is of classes, interests, subjects, opinions—in one word, abstractions, things which do not exist except in thought. But if there be any truth in this view of the function of the English press, is it not palpable that it necessitates anonymous writing? If it be true that unlike the journals of France and America, which represent individual opinions and interests English newspapers and periodicals represent class or party opinions and interests, is it not natural—is it not inevitable, that the advocacy of these opinions and interests should be published as the advocacy, not of individuals, but of a class or of a party—in one word, should be anonymous? Away with all these discussions as to whether the signature of articles would increase or diminish the power of the press! The question that is here involved is not whether the power of the press may be increased or dimin-

ished, but whether the character of the press is to be reversed or not. Shall the English journals represent classes as heretofore—a character that of late years has been developed with extraordinary vigour?—or shall they represent individuals as in America, where the editor's name is under the heading of the newspaper, and the authority of the journal is identical with his personal influence? To sign or not to sign?—that is the question, but as applied to the English press it is only another form of the question, To be or not to be. The anonymous is the corner stone of class journalism—it is the on-postulate of the English system, and when we are asked to abolish it, the proposition really is to change the nature of the system, to violate all the traditions and subvert all the principles upon which the press that Englishmen make their boast has been founded, and through which it has won all its battles. Whether the principle of class journals should be retained or not, is a question which may be very safely left to the English public, for out of this principle it has come to pass that the press is no longer a fourth estate, that it is a popular representation, that to a very large extent it is in fact—the public.

Nor is it only on these grounds that the defence of the anonymous rests. There is another consideration upon which we desire mainly to insist because it places the defence of the anonymous, not on the necessity of maintaining the interests of the press but on the necessity of maintaining the interests of the public which, for the sake of argument, we shall suppose to be different from those of the public journals, since it must be more satisfactory if we can prove our point, if we can show the advantages of anonymity without reference to the immediate benefit derived from it by the press. And this will not be difficult, if we carefully consider all that is involved in the prodigious extension of periodical and other literature, as described above. What means this unexampled activity? What means this wonderful appetite for letterpress? What means the birth of one new publication after another, fast as we can count them?

What means this popularising of literature? What means this popularising of it, not only in the usual sense, that it is read by the people, but also in the other sense, that it is the product of the people? What means all the inquisition of our writers, who seem to be more and more prying every day, who seize upon new subjects, who leave nothing alone? It means universal publicity, it means a publicity that, if unchecked, will in time regard nothing sacred, nothing private, it means the glare of day without an inch of shadow, it means a compulsory show without the possibility of retirement, it means a desolating publicity, a blasting publicity. It must not for a moment be supposed that we undervalue publicity. We believe in its benefits—we accept it as the vital air of England—in the majority of instances we have fearless confidence in the public scrutiny of affairs, and, after such a confession of our faith we can scarcely be misunderstood when we now add that publicity is not every thing in life—that the rights of the private individual are to be respected as much as those of the public, that in home there is something sacred, and in retirement there is something inexpressibly sweet—that we are not willing to surrender to the vulgar gaze all our inmost thoughts and all our hidden life, that there are innumerable things which we do with our right hand, and which we desire to conceal from our left, that in a word, publicity has its limits, and may be so abused as to become nothing less than a public nuisance. But where shall we find a check to such a dangerous publicity? Where shall we draw the line between what ought to be public and what ought to be private? Where is the standard by reference to which we may be able to measure our conduct and guard our words? Let no one say that we trust to an imaginary check and a delusive standard when we suggest that the habit of the anonymous is the safeguard of privacy, that it limits the discussions of the press, that it debars personalities, that it abolishes egotism. If we are asked in what way the anonymous acts as a preventive of undue

publicity, the answer is not far to seek.

And it may be observed, to begin with, that those who object to the anonymous, do, by the very fact of objecting, admit that it has an influence in determining the choice of subject and the style of treatment. It has indeed a very great influence, though not of the kind which is generally supposed. A thousand examples might be given, but perhaps it will be sufficient to imagine a writer having occasion to quote Lord Macaulay. If he were writing in *Maga*, or in almost any newspaper, he would simply make the quotation and state the authority. But suppose that he were writing in a journal which attaches no importance to the principle of the incognito, and permits its writers to speak each for himself, what would be the inevitable tendency of such a system? If the writer had the advantage of Lord Macaulay's acquaintance, might he not be tempted, in making the quotation we have suggested, to add that it is from the work of "my friend Macaulay"? Here is the thin end of the wedge which threatens to invade all privacy. In time the writer gains greater assurance, and he proceeds to solve some knotty problem with the announcement that his friend Macaulay once made to him in conversation the pregnant remark which throws a new light upon the subject. Here the wedge is driven deeper, and privacy is still further invaded. By and by he has again occasion to refer to the great historian, and, wishing to throw a little liveliness into his style, he puts what he has to say into the form of an anecdote, in which Lord Macaulay is represented as dining at the brilliant table of Mr. A., and seated next to the witty Lady B., who asked him abruptly if he had seen that strange book of C's! Here the intrusion is almost complete. It requires but very little more license, and we should learn from the public prints whether our historian takes tea, coffee, or cocoa for breakfast, who is his hatter, at what hour he dines, whether he has a good cook, and whether he is fond of grouse. Personalities such as these are common as the day in the American

newspapers, where there is no attempt to preserve the incognito. At the head of every journal the editor's name is printed in conspicuous letters, and the result is—what? Are writers afraid to comment severely? Does the publicity of the newspaper organisation make the journalists timid, circumspect, considerate of the feelings? It does just the reverse. The personalities in which almost every newspaper throughout the Union indulges are something astounding. One New York paper, during the late panic, published the name of every gentleman who bought a silk dress for his wife or gave a dinner party to his friends. We all know how common it is for the American journals to criticise by name the personal appearance of ladies at balls and at watering places. It is quite possible that American ladies may be found to relish such notoriety, but such notoriety is here regarded as not less un-English than, on the other hand, is the secrecy of the ballot. The feeling that would actuate an American editor in so boldly intruding upon privacy would be something like this: "Here am I, known to my subscribers and readers, not merely in an official capacity, not merely as a mysterious editor, but as a private man. I give my name and address,—Jonathan Slick of Thirty first Street. But since all the bowie knives and revolvers of the Union know where I am to be found, and since I stand before the world in my proper person, I have a right to greater liberty than if I sheltered myself behind the brick wall of a low cowardly, anonymous usage: the editor and the man shall be identified, every thing I hear or see shall be public property. I am but an engine of publicity, my private character is swallowed up in my editorial function, and I may indulge in personalities which pass current in conversation, but which, if I were an anonymous scribe, I could not have the audacity to print." Such is the natural result of the system. We do not, indeed, presume to say that a system is omnipotent, that license is impossible under a good system, and that moderation is out of the question under a

bad system. We are speaking of probabilities, of the results that naturally flow from certain causes which we are quite capable of appreciating. As a fact, we find that in the only free press in the world which ignores the principle of the anonymous, and is at the same time powerful and well-developed, personality is a common vice. In the only other free press which exists, and which is also powerful and well developed—namely, in the English press—we find the law of anonymity nearly absolute, and concurrently with this law we find that personality is almost unknown. It is true that English journalists have in their time indulged in unbecoming personalities, but the practice has always been reprobated, and in almost every instance the concealment has been unreal, the authorship has been but firmly disguised. Personality is, in fact, the obverse—the complement of egotism, and egotism has free scope only by abolishing the incognito. If we the writers, may be egotistical, it follows, as the night the day, that you the readers, shall be the first to feel it by our invading your privacy and infringing on your little egotisms. Suppose for a moment the system of signed leaders in full play. We do not believe that writers would prove to be cowardly, they would not shrink from hitting as hard as they now do, when it is necessary to hit, but there would be introduced a system of toadyism, a habit of deciding questions on personal grounds, a superfluity of the *tu quoque* argument that would be simply intolerable, and that would in the end involve the ruin of the press. Fancy a signed leader announcing that the acts of any of the Napiers are not dictated by absolute wisdom. We confess to liking the Napiers even when they are most savage, and to admiring them even when they are most wrong, and thus, we take it, is the general feeling. But suppose a writer venturing to acknowledge a doubt as to whether Sir Charles Napier was half an inch taller or shorter than his brother makes him out to be—what would be the consequences? Why, the unfortunate signer would be denounced as a mendacious libeller, and

the public would be regaled with his personal quarrels for weeks. It would be discovered that his hair is of an inflammatory tinge, that his great-grandfather was an Italian, that he has been known to take pale ale and oysters at some tavern. The writer, too, would retaliate, and find out similar irrelevances in the personal history of his antagonist. But put the invisible cap upon him, bid him go forth into society and into the world, bid him write without ever taking off his cap. The result is that he ceases to be a private individual, his egotism is of no use to him, what he has to write he must write on public grounds, it is no longer Smith who writes, but Smith divested of his egotism—Smith, who is compelled by his invisible cap to forget that part of his nature which is peculiar to himself and essentially private—Smith, who is forced to regard only that part of his consciousness which identifies him with every other member of the community—Smith, no longer the individual unit, but the representative man.

And the writing of this representative man published anonymously through the medium of a journal has yet another advantage intimately connected with the foregoing. It will be apparent when we call to mind the observation of De Tocqueville, that democratic journalism has a strong tendency to be virulent in spirit and bombastic in style. He is speaking of the French and of the American press of twenty five years ago, and we accept the fact without altogether accepting the explanation. The whole system as to the influence of newspaper writing upon style and treatment is very interesting and suggestive, although somewhat difficult. Mr De Quincy (whose most fugitive writings have a worth which we do not often find in more laboured compositions, and are now being collected at a rate which sorely tries the patience of his many and ardent admirers) has written a remarkable but by no means exhaustive essay on it, which will be found in the American reprint of his works, and most of us can to a certain extent trace the influence of newspaper phi-

losophy, reporting style, and penny-a-lining sentiment on the current of conversation, and on different phases of literature. Nor would we speak altogether regretfully of that influence. If here and there we find the vestiges of "flimsy," the evidences of stereotype, and a certain recklessness of assertion, and magniloquence of phrase, which naturally flow from the necessity of writing about all things, great and small, with assurance and dash at a moment's notice, yet also in breadth and clearness of view, in practical purpose, in sharpness and brevity of statement, in impatience of dullness, and in various other characteristics, we trace the same great influence as an influence for good. Now, the virulence and bombast which M. de Tocqueville found in the journalism of France and America, and which he regarded as a consequence of democracy, are but the natural results of throwing aside the incognito. They are due, not to the form of government, but to the form of journalism. What is virulence without personal feeling? and how is personal feeling to be repressed if the incognito is abolished? Again, we must observe that forms of this kind are not invincible—are not absolute, the principle of the anonymous is not a sovereign remedy for all ills. But although it cannot accomplish everything, it can effect a great deal, and it is the natural order of things, that if we wish to render the discussions of a Babel of thinkers free from virulence, we must make them impersonal, and to make the discussions of such a multitude impersonal, they must be made anonymous. As of virulence, so of bombast. What becomes of it, if it is not nourished by egotism? If a man has to stand face to face with 50,000 listeners, he must raise his voice till it cracks, he must feel embittered with a sense of his own insignificance. But let him address these 50,000 not in his own person, give him the use of a great speaking trumpet, which a newspaper is in reality—why, then, backed by its authority, possessed of its momentum, endowed with an influence which not one man in a million can personally acquire,

he can afford to be calm, there is no occasion for roaring and ranting, he can think without virulence, and he can write without bombast. So that, to give the sum of all, if the anonymous is abolished, and we are permitted to speak each in his own name and each in his own character, then gradually it must come to this—not only that privacy will be invaded, not only that retirement will be a jest, solitude an impossibility, and home the shadow of a dream, but public life also will be outraged—public intercourse will be bitter as Marah—public talk will swell with pride, glitter with tinsel, and nauseate us with its magniloquence infinitely more than it now does with its dullness.

The certainty of this conclusion will be increased if, at the risk of some tediousness in the repetition, we again refer to the enormous rapidity with which periodical literature is spreading itself. Everybody is reading, every class is writing. Now, with regard to such rapid development, there is no truth which we have been so anxious to impress upon our readers as this—that each day periodical literature is becoming more and more truly the product of the people. This will be still more evident when we come to speak of the Tract literature of the country. Further evidence will be apparent when we proceed to examine the prize essays which are now so common, and the system of amateur writing which has sprung up in connection with them. The peculiar development of commercial literature, and especially advertisements, is an additional illustration of the same truth. And the true key to that penny literature which has so much puzzled some of the critics, is, that it is the incipient product of the popular pen. The question has been raised, Who is it that reads the penny serials? Who are the unknown public of 3,000,000 readers for whom these periodicals exist? But a far more important question is, Do these periodicals exist entirely for the readers? Who is it that writes the penny serials? What would become of them if that system of correspondence which is carried on at such

length on the last page of each were abolished? And what does that correspondence indicate as to the efforts at composition of the innumerable subscribers? As we have read the various answers, what most of all attracts our notice is, that an immense number of people, with little practice and no skill, are trying to compose, are ambitious to appear in print, are pruning their feathers for a flight. The people, in fact, are writing for themselves. Remember the well known incident of the girls going to Richardson to have their love-letters written by him, whence the novelist acquired such facility in this style of composition that he threw his fictions into the epistolary form. Just as the days of such letter writers are past—every one being able either to write for himself or to procure some intimate friend to do it—so also the days of a literary class are numbered, and every one is able either to compose for himself what will pass muster in print, or to find some one in his own circle who will assist him. Everybody reading, every class writing, literature permeating everywhere, publicity sought for every interest and for every order, every private individual feeling called upon to address the public—what must be the effect if the *cacœthes scribendi*, the rage for publicity the universality of print, is not placed under some control? We maintain that the custom of the anonymous is the only control possible, and that it exerts an influence at once powerful and highly beneficial. And the point of our argument here is, that we must regard not only the present but also the future of the English press. The sort of publicity which at present exists, is as nothing, when compared with that which seems to await us in the future, when, by some mysterious process, every event of our lives may be photographed (either literally or metaphorically) and perpetuated, if not actually published. Think of the rage for biographical incidents, and personal details, and private diaries, which has been developed of late years—think of all the biographical dictionaries and portrait-galleries that have been sold—and observe how vigorously the photograph

and the etching have ministered to this craving for personal acquaintance, how the cheapness of travelling has brought a legion of unknown but curious visitors to the door of every celebrity, how the facilities of postage have given a spur to the collection of autographs—why, all this is but the beginning—it is the mere bud—it is the egg of the swan which contains in it the war of Troy. Where is all this to end, even if we retain the anonymous? and if we abolish the anonymous—if we abolish the only formal check upon personality that we possess—who shall answer for the consequences?

It may be said that all these arguments apply with equal force to the ballot. But not so. There is but one argument for the ballot, and that a bad one—that it is an antidote to intimidation, a shield for cowardice. We do not believe in this argument, which however, has been urged in defence of the anonymous as well as of the ballot. Voters are not to be intimidated, neither are writers. The question of secrecy must rest on entirely different grounds, and any man who considers the matter attentively, must see that anonymous voting is one thing anonymous writing quite another. A vote is an act which is rendered legally binding, and which has a definite influence on the administration of affairs—a power over the welfare of every member of the community—an article is but the expression of an opinion, which has no legal force, which must go for what it is worth, and which derives all its weight, not from the character of the writer but from the strength of his reasoning. The one is an act in which the only question to be considered is, Who does it? Who is the voter? The other is an act in which the only question to be considered is, What is it? What are the facts? If there be any truth in the contrast which we drew between the parliamentary system of representation and the representation afforded by the press—the former representing certain individuals, the latter representing certain abstractions—then evidently the arguments which prove the anonymous to be an essential of newspaper organization, prove the very reverse

with regard to parliamentary constituencies. The member of Parliament representing individuals, these individual persons ought to be known, the journal representing not individuals, but classes, interests, opinions, persons' names are of no account, and the habit of the anonymous is the logical result of the system. And yet again, there is another difference between voting and writing. Voting is a very simple act, there are no two ways of doing it. Writing, on the other hand, is a very complex affair, there are many ways of writing, innumerable motives, innumerable experiences, innumerable peculiarities are brought into play. We have endeavoured to show that if authorship were revealed, innumerable personalities and egotisms would be imported into a discussion which, under a system of anonymous writing, is based entirely on public grounds. It is therefore necessary to calculate the cost. Which is the greater evil—anonymous writing or personal discussion? Shall public matters be treated only on public grounds, in which case the publicity of the writers is out of the question? Or shall privacy be invaded, shall personalities be bandied about, shall egotism be the order of the day, for no other reason than that inquirers may know who are the individuals who presume, through the press, to direct popular opinion—individuals whom Montalembert has described in his recent pamphlet on the Indian debate as beings "without mission and without responsibility," therefore persons without a recognised standing, without a legal character, without a name? The fact is, that secret voting is an accompaniment of writing that is not secret. Secrecy in the one case and publicity in the other balance each other. Abrogate the anonymous, and introduce personality into the public life of journalism, then the ballot may be called for to temper the excesses of the press. It would be the only refuge from the egotism, the intrusion, the violation of privacy, which is the vice of confessed authorship in newspapers. The nearest approach to these evils which will be found in English journalism, shows itself in

the system of correspondence peculiar to the provincial press. "Our London Correspondent" has a weekly column to himself, his name is not mentioned, but from the form into which his observations are thrown, he has the opportunity of giving expression to his own personality, of indulging his peculiar egotisms, and of presenting to his readers a full-length portrait of himself. On the whole, the London correspondent is an amusing rather than a dangerous personage. With the soul of Jenkins he has something of Robin Good fellow in him—the same astonishing ubiquity, an equal love of mischief, an omniscience that is by no means "canny." He always knows what the Prime Minister is thinking about, there is a little bird that tells in his ear why it was that Prince Albert blew his nose at a particular time, he has discerned the political significance of a little bit of blue in the Queen's dress. He is like that wonderful major domo in Kotzebue's play who, one would imagine, is on affectionate terms with all the crowned heads of Europe, and gets love letters from the finest ladies in all the capitals of the world, and when the contents of his pockets are examined, the letter from Constantinople turns out to be a dunning from his tailor—the billet from Rome, the score of his washerwoman. We must, however, do our provincial contemporaries the justice to say that, although the good taste of these letters is sometimes questionable, yet, on the whole, there is not often committed any serious breach of privilege. A writer, born apparently to chronicle small beer, may think it necessary to report that he saw the member for the county imbibing soda water at the Crystal Palace with evident relish, and we half expect him immediately afterwards to draw his inferences as to the condition of the honourable gentleman's intestines, and as to his capacity for port-wine. What prevents him? Why does he not indulge in such offensive personalities as are permitted in the correspondence of the American press? Good sense, it may be said, and we have no doubt that in many instances good sense prevails over every consideration

But in most cases the influence at work is similar to that which makes Catholics in England different from Catholics abroad. Here they breathe the free air of Protestant institutions, and they profess a tolerance which ill accords with the Papal system. It is even so that correspondents who are practically released from the restraints of the anonymous, yet writing to newspapers in which the etiquette of the mask and domino is strictly observed, are compelled to show some regard for the same code, and to assimilate their practice to the practice of the incognito.

We have dwelt thus lengthily on the question of the anonymous, because in this one question is involved the whole character of the English press—the nature of its mission, the glory of its history, the seal of its destiny. The question that has been raised as to the commercial character of the press, is by no means so important, yet it is worthy of consideration, if not for its own sake, yet as enabling us to trace distinctly the relation of journalism to public opinion. The statesmen whom, in the commencement of this article, we described as seeing in the anonymous organisation and the mercantile objects of the press, its two leading characteristics—its two determining forces—the sum and substance, the form and spirit of all else—are perfectly right. Those only are wrong who see nothing but danger in these characteristics.

When the periodical press is accused of venality, the charge refers both to the hireling writers, and to the conductors, who, as Mr Bright says, think more of the sale of newspapers than of truth. The sting of the accusation has especial reference to the conductors, who are supposed to determine the policy of a journal by considerations rather of profit and loss than of right and wrong. But before we turn to this—the really important aspect of the question—it may not be amiss to say a few words with regard to the supposed mercenaries of the press—the hirelings who sell their pens for bread. And that we may not appear to be fighting the air, we fix upon a writer, a clergyman, an Edinburgh Reviewer,

who, while insinuating that the system of journalism is mercenary throughout—mercenary in origin, mercenary in management, mercenary in every detail, has stated the case against the individual writers with a distinctness and a formality with which it is not usually considered safe to invest sneers of this kind. Mr Conybeare wrote various articles in the *Edinburgh Review* which he collected and republished; but as if not satisfied with the circulation thus given to his opinions, he threw some of these articles into the form of a novel, which he published under the title of *Persecution; a Tale for the Times*. The most prominent character in the novel is a person named Archer, a man without conscience, who is represented as writing leading articles on foreign policy for a daily newspaper of vast circulation. In a conversation with this personage, which occurs in the second volume, the principles of newspaper management are discussed, the general conclusion being this—that journalism is a mass of corruption, and that all its high-sounding professions are but a fraud upon the public. No one, of course, would charge the English press with the vulgar sort of corruption—with the acceptance of bribes, with the levying of blackmail. The charge is that there is no sincerity in the individual writers, and that the conductors of the press have ulterior views. It is with the writers that we have here to do, and of these he says that they are precisely in the position of barristers writing for a fee; that there is nothing indeed degrading in the duty of a barrister, but that, nevertheless, there is a fraud practised on the public when he who is nothing but a barrister assumes the position of a judge. A leading article, which is but the speech of an advocate, is presented to the public as the charge of an impartial judge, and the public, in all simplicity, accept it as such. It is not without a sense of the humiliation involved in answering such trash that we proceed to point out that this reverend censor of the press is wrong in fact, and wrong in argument. He is wrong in fact, in-

asmuch as the subordinates of journalism are by no means in the position of mere barristers. It would be simply impossible for an editor to work with subordinates who had not a general sympathy with him in his views and aims, however they might differ from him in details. It sometimes happens, no doubt, that a writer may be called upon to discuss a subject with regard to which he has absolutely no opinion, so that he is ready to take whichever view of the case may suit the management of the newspaper. But in this instance his position is not that of a barrister; it is that of the member of a ministry who has not a seat in the cabinet; who, having a perfect sympathy with the leaders of his party, follows their guidance implicitly; who is willing to sacrifice his own crotchets, if need be; who rises in the House of Commons to explain or to defend what personally does not interest him, or what may be opposed to his own private views. Is it wrong in an Under-Secretary of State to act in this way? Does he lose in self-respect—does he deceive the public by becoming the mouthpiece of a ministry with which he is united in sympathy? Is he, thus acting, to be regarded as a mere barrister talking for a fee—ready to defend a murder to-day and a burglary to-morrow? The under-secretaries of the press are exactly in the position of the under-secretaries of State; but even if they were in the position of barristers, the argument of Mr Conybeare would be utterly false. The argument is, that the speech of a barrister is fraudulently presented to the public as if it were the charge of a judge. It is forgotten that, according to the barrister theory, the leading article in question is supposed to have been commissioned by the conductors of the journal, that it is accepted by them and published as their opinion—their judicial opinion, which indeed it is, whatever may be the individual views of the penman. Therefore, to speak of a deception is the merest nonsense; and in dismissing this part of the subject, we can only smile at the poverty of thought and ignorance of human nature displayed by

those who imagine that, engaged in the very peculiar task of forming and regulating public opinion, it is possible for a dozen men of intellect and education to work together with out a common bond of sympathy and mutual respect.

The great weight of the accusation, however, falls upon those who have to do with the management of the periodical press, and who are supposed to have an eye to profit in all that they undertake. The establishment of a journal is the establishment of a traffic (in news chiefly, but also) in opinion, and it is supposed that this traffic has a peculiar tendency to degenerate into a kind of secular simony. It is assumed that the moment opinion becomes an item of merchandise it becomes a matter of doubt. There will always be a tendency to make principle square with prejudice, to adapt opinion to popularity, to swim with the tide and to fish for subscribers. Perhaps, however, we are entitled to ask those who urge such an objection, whether they are perfectly sure of the major premises in their argument, that opinion is subject to laws different from every other article of merchandise, that it is worthless when sold, and that it is to be respected only when coming from those who have no interest in maintaining it for it must be remembered that we are speaking not of opinion in the abstract, but only of such opinion as it comes within the scope of a journal to dictate—worldly wisdom, in short. It may be a highly immoral doctrine that the value of such opinion is to be estimated by its popular acceptance—in fact, by the sale which it can command, but it would be difficult to prove its immorality in a country where the principle of governing by majorities is fully recognised. A prime minister in this country holds his power dependent on a majority, the punishment of a murderer, in Scotland at least, hangs on the decision of a majority, peace and war await the votes of a majority, the true religion even is the religion of a majority, in every circumstance of life, from the dethroning of a king to the paying of a tax, the opinion of the ma-

jority is sacred, the will of the majority is paramount. And yet in the same country for a newspaper to obtain the suffrages of the multitude is abominable, the sanction which popular applause and national acceptance give to its views is to be regarded not as evidence of the truth, the justice, and the wisdom of the journal, but of its pandering to ignorant prejudice and democratic tyranny, the majority which it commands is different from all other majorities! Majorities make and unmake everything, they are our deities, we are their creatures, there is not a man among us who in his public conduct has not an eye to their opinion, who does not reckon upon the limit of their endurance, who in speaking does not speak in order to secure them, who does not calculate the chances of one day being able to obtain them, who, even when he deems their decision wrong, is not willing in nine cases out of ten to accept it as final. But an editor is to ignore the principle of majorities—he is to treat it as a snare, he is to despise success—he is to tremble at popularity, he is to shun opinion that obtains national assent and universal subscription, he is to regard the sale of his paper as the selling of his soul to the evil one. We venture humbly to submit that, in a country habituated to the exercise of private judgment, opinion is not different from any other item of merchandise, that it follows the known laws of supply and demand, that if a journal sends forth bad articles and unsound advice, it must suffer, that if it issues good articles and trustworthy opinions, it will reap the reward, that the maxim is infallible—*Magna est veritas et prevalebit*. Where there is no freedom, no education, no discussion, no private judgment, we admit that the commerce of opinion is liable to abuse, the buyers are as little capable of weighing the opinions presented to their notice as savages are of discerning the relative value of beads and pearls, a few inches of looking glass and a few ounces of gold. But among a people who think for themselves, who decide for themselves, who during two centuries have regarded the vote of a majority as the

voice of an oracle, and who, so far from repenting such a practice, have good reason for the utmost confidence in it, there is something exquisitely absurd in the idea that a journal obtains great favour and great sale by pandering to prejudice, or that any real good can accrue to it from the maintaining of a policy which, however popular at the moment, and however stimulating to the appetite for news, is in the end to be reprobated and repented. The periodical press of this country have so little faith in such an idea, that by far the larger portion make it their chief business to present their readers not with advice but news, not with opinions, but with facts, by which they can form opinions for themselves. "This indeed," said the *Times* lately (10th September 1858), in commenting upon the character of newspapers, "is the guarantee which the Press offers for the proper use of its power. It cannot hope to pervert the judgment of those whom it furnishes daily with elaborate details on all the subjects treated of. The newspaper which will be most read, and, consequently, the articles of which will have the widest influence, will be precisely the one which gives in another column the fullest narrative of the event it comments on, with, perhaps, a *verbatim* report of half-a-dozen speeches by men of widely-differing views. In the dissemination of accurate intelligence, then, lies the advantage of both press and public, and it is a happy sign that of late years a taste for descriptions both comprehensive and minute has been created, and that every series of events in the most remote parts of the world is laid before the British public with a completeness which until lately was unknown. The influence of this daily instruction on our countrymen is remarkable, and must strike any one who compares the conversation of average Englishmen with that of far more studious and bookish Continentals. For a knowledge of contemporary history, at least, we would back the newspaper-reading Englishman against half the diplomatists and privy councillors in Europe." Now the result of this

process, by which the English press makes it a primary object to collect intelligence, to give every possible information on every possible subject, and to publish without fear even the attacks that are made upon itself, is that day by day its power is at once increased and diminished. It is increased as the information which it supplies becomes more and more complete, and becomes more than ever a recognised necessity. It is diminished, inasmuch as it cultivates the faculty of judgment in readers, gives them the most ample means of judging, therefore voluntarily deprives itself of the power to err with impunity, and of all that is arbitrary in its function. Its power is enormously increased, but only on conditions that effectually prevent the arbitrary exercise of it. The more powerful the monarchy of an editor, the less absolute it becomes and the more limited. It is the universal law. The slave who has no power is comparatively free—he has few responsibilities, and no cares. His master is a greater slave than he, and the more his power is increased, he is surrounded by all the more responsibilities and checks. "Whoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant," is a natural law as well as a divine command; and those who look with jealousy on the increasing power of the press, may take comfort in the assurance that the more this power is increased, the more is it delegated, the more is it amenable to the public conscience, the more must it defer to truth and reason.

And this brings us to the point on which we desire mainly to insist. We stated in the outset of this paper that the course of events had introduced a new element into the present discussion which enabled us to give a more satisfactory solution of the problem as to the destiny of the press than was possible, say about the quarter of a century back. Now, the view of the press which was taken some twenty or thirty years ago will be found in its most philosophical form in de Tocqueville's work on America, and in its most common form might be stated somewhat in this fashion: "The press is a very

terrible engine, and threatens society. It is so beneficial, and yet so dangerous, that it is difficult to say whether its extinction or its preservation were better. We have only a choice of evils before us. What a blessing it would be if we could only preserve the press and yet control it! Unfortunately a censorship, or anything like an external control, is out of the question. There is but one cure, the press must cure itself. We have only to increase the evil and we shall cure it. Let us multiply the newspapers. The multiplication of newspapers will create a Babel of opinions which will neutralise each other. The more newspapers, the weaker each will be, the more harmless will be the aggregate result. Such were the views of American statesmen which de Tocqueville regarded as self evident, and which he clothed with all the charms of his style. It is not improbable that they apply with tolerable accuracy to the United States, where the newspapers may fairly be described as the organs of individuals. But if they were meant to apply, as it would seem, to the press generally and universally, they are open to criticism. De Tocqueville was right in supposing that the multiplication of newspapers must create differences, and must, apparently at least, diminish the power of the press, but he was utterly wrong in his calculation as to the manner in which this result must infallibly be obtained. It was natural, we say, that the multiplication of newspapers should be the multiplication of differences. We have done our best to show that multiplication necessarily entails a difference of some kind, that, in the technical phrase of the physiologists, all growth proceeds on a law of differentiation, and the reader may perhaps remember our homely parable of the increase of public houses. But it was wrong to suppose that these differences must of necessity be differences of opinion. Every fresh paper must have its speciality, but its speciality, in this country at least, is determined not by differences of opinion, but by restriction of subject and by distinction of interest. When we read these speculations as to the differences of

opinion that were to be created by the increase of newspapers, and as to the manner in which these differences were to neutralise each other so that the result should be zero, we ask, is this to be the sum total of our faith in education, in the march of intellect, in the flight of ignorance? On the contrary, we believe that education tends to unanimity, that "truth, like a torch, the more it is shook it shines," that discussion is not an evil, and that the result is not chaos. We confidently appeal to the facts, and ask whether the multiplication of newspapers, and the increased power of the press, has not produced, with regard to subjects that have been sufficiently handled and properly sifted,—so far from chaos, a most startling unanimity? This is the great fact which the history of the last quarter of a century proves, and which every day's experience renders more and more clear. What is the complaint which we hear on every side but this, that we are all too much agreed, that party government is no longer possible, that the change of a Ministry is a change not of principle but of men? It is a result which we may fairly attribute to the advance of education, to the extension of the periodical press, and to the ample opportunities of discussion which it has created. Thus the theoretical anticipations of men remarkable for their power of thought, and strong even in their democratic sympathies, have been completely baffled by the experience of the last twenty years. The multiplication of newspapers has produced endless differences, but not the differences upon which they had calculated—not differences of opinion. And de Tocqueville and the American statesmen were equally wrong in the idea that the dissemination of newspapers must diminish their influence by causing a confusion. The apparent diminution of influence is the result not of neutralised opinions and nullified efforts, but of harmony, of success, of the creating a public opinion in the main so true to reason, and therefore, in spite of differences and distortions innumerable, so unanimous in the end, that the authority of any individual journal is forgotten in the

universal sentiment. This is a diminution of power which the press has no cause to regret, for it is the victory of reason—it is the triumph of opinion—it is the perfect achievement of all that journalists have ever sought

for; and we point with no misgiving to the fact, as showing pretty clearly what has been the aim of journalists in the interest of a commercial speculation, and what has been the result of their endeavours.

RAWLINSON'S HERODOTUS.

IN an article written about three years ago,* in which we reviewed Mr Talboys Wheeler's illustrations of Herodotus, we adverted to two different classes of historians, of one of which, as existing in ancient times, we considered Herodotus—of the other, Thucydides, as a "representative man." While we qualified Herodotus as a historian of nature, a delightful gossip, full of human sympathies, laughing and weeping by turns, according to the circumstances of those he meets, and charming rather than overawing the reader, we spoke of Thucydides as a sage and philosophic historian, in whose presence we feel inevitably abashed, and of whom in moments of weakness we feel afraid, because, whether rightly or wrongly, he claims to regard human nature from a pedestal of intellectual pre-eminence.

But while, in speaking thus of Thucydides, we said nothing of the great Athenian which we have since seen cause to retract, we must protest, with the greatest possible emphasis, against classing him with the philosophical historian of modern times, who ignores the hand of God in the world, and can see nothing grand, or noble, or heroic, or divine in the dealings of Man with Man, or the workings of Man upon Matter, but only the progress of civilization. It is true that Thucydides may have been the unconscious originator of the movement which sent history rolling with increasing velocity and angle of fall down the steep of scepticism into the abyss of unbelief, as it is probably true that Luther inaugurated

a mode of thinking on religious matters which has led, in later times, to the most astounding aberrations from primeval simplicity of faith; but we should be well content to assign to Thucydides the same relation with regard to history that we assign to Luther with regard to faith; and while we consider that both of these great men had his mission to fulfil in asserting the legitimate employment of the spirit of inquiry, and indicating its due bounds by his silence on subjects which he dared not touch upon in all the consciousness of mental superiority, we must maintain to the last, that as wide an interval separates Thucydides from the model philosophic historian of the present day, as that which lies between the sober reasonings of a real reformer and the frantic and fallacious sophistry of a destructive,—in a word, between a Luther and a Voltaire.

If Thucydides was sceptical of human goodness in the masses, contemporary as he was of Euripides and the Sophists, he never for a moment ceased to believe in individual heroism; and his personal portraits of Brasidas, and Demosthenes the General, will attest, as long as language lasts, even in their sober colourings, his heart-felt admiration for the true stamp of patriot. If he mistrusted the Athenian democracy when its reins were held by the reckless hands of Cleon, he could sympathise to the full with its glorious developments as long as it obeyed, even in its disobedience, the guidance of the king-like Pericles,

The History of Herodotus; a New English Version, &c. By GEORGE RAWLINSON, M.A., late Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College, Oxford; assisted by Colonel Sir Henry Rawlinson, K.C.B., and Sir J. G. Wilkinson, F.R.S.

* *Blackwood*, Dec. 1855.

and though remaining in name a democracy, was concentrated into a dictatorship of the leading man of the State. Thucydides was not the man to believe that great spirits rose, as it were, by some specific levity out of the waves of circumstances, but rather that they were heaven sent to battle with them, and guide the bark of human destinies through them. He did not as yet even surmise that eminent men were the mere unfathered offspring of the times in which they lived, but he thought rather that they descended from somewhere, possibly from heaven, in order, by divine appointment, to leave their impress on their times, commissioned to originate, direct, and convey to their completion the great revolutions in human affairs. As a proof of this, we may adduce his manifest sympathy with the character of Nicias, in which, while commiserating the vacillation and physical rather than moral weakness, he cannot withhold his tribute of admiration from the childlike simplicity and God fearing honesty of the man, in fact he constitutes himself his advocate at the bar of posterity. We never, in sober seriousness intended to call Thucydides cold—he is only undemonstrative, and when considered in relation to some philosophic historians of our day, he appears to have much more in common with the Father of History than with them. Having thus endeavoured to obviate to the best of our ability any misconception that might arise from the position we assigned to Thucydides as compared with Herodotus, we are glad that Mr Rawlinson, by the publication of his book, has furnished us with an excuse for returning to Herodotus himself.

The possibility of the publication at the present time of three or four elaborate and abundantly illustrated thick octavo volumes, embodying a complete translation of the great work of the Father of History, with dissertations and appendices in which the discoveries of modern times have been largely utilised, is of itself, without considering the merits of the work, a sufficient evidence of an important, and to us very grateful fact, that amidst all the triumphs of

natural science, and in spite of the progress of physical discovery, the classic ancients still continue to occupy very high ground in public estimation. Nay more, we may conjecture something yet more cheering, even that, as science advances, a new light is beaming from it upon literature, that they will ultimately be found, not as they were imagined, in the young self conceit of the last generation, antagonistic, and one destructive of the other, but mutually illustrative and corroborative, so that literature, instead of falling into decrepitude by the side of science, may hope, by new strength derived from her, to keep pace with her advances as far as it may be her destiny to go. It is certainly very remarkable that the same period which witnessed the passage of the first telegraphic message between England and America and the launch of the 'Leviathan,' should have been ready to welcome two elaborate works, written entirely with the object of illustrating and glorifying two of the patriarchs of the Greek intellectual world, Homer and Herodotus—one the production of an actively employed university teacher, the other still more marvellous as the offspring of the mind of one of the ablest of English statesmen in this busy and highly practical time. The appearance of either Gladstone's *Homer* or Rawlinson's *Herodotus* singly would be remarkable now, taken together, they furnish conclusive evidence of the deep reverence for ancient lore still existing, and even on the increase, in the higher class of English minds, and go far to allay any fears that the timid might have entertained for the future fate of such studies in this country. It is true that the lovers of literature and the lovers of science still form, as of old, two independent and apparently antagonistic classes, and most educated men love to range themselves under the one or the other banner; but the present simultaneity of scientific and literary activity is undeniable. Nay more, it appears as if a bridge were in process of formation, by which the great gulf hitherto fixed between the two classes would cease to exist for them respectively,

by which they might communicate with each other, and pass from one side to the other at will. Literature is becoming scientific, and science literary in that branch of ethnology called Comparative Philology. The investigation of the meaning of words, which anciently appeared a science so futile as to excite the scorn and ridicule of the really scientific, and occasioned Voltaire's remark that philology was a science where consonants go for very little and vowels for nothing at all, in consequence of the enlargement of the area when the data for induction are presented, is assuming an aspect of exactness by which the science of language may one day be able to take its place by the side of chemistry or geology, capable of indefinite extension, and with that extension growing every day more complete and incontrovertible verification. The great discovery made in comparatively modern times, in consequence principally of increased knowledge of the ancient languages of India and Persia, that Greek and Latin, with their numerous Romanic offspring, and the Celtic, Teutonic, and Slavonic languages, are to be considered not as independent, and necessarily more ancient than the others, but as diverging branches of one great primeval Arian stock, is fast producing its fruits in the obliteration of the artificial distinctions between living and dead languages, and in assimilating the thoughts of all ages by throwing increased light on the meanings of the ancient writers. This discovery, due, we believe, originally to the labours of the students of Germany, has recently been enthusiastically carried out, and its results naturalized among us, by the labours of such men as Dr Donaldson of Cambridge, and Dr Max Müller, now of Oxford. Of the fruits of their labours, intelligent men, of tastes more purely literary, such as Mr Gladstone and Mr Rawlinson, are only too happy to avail themselves; with what success we may easily judge from the most cursory glance at the work which forms the subject of this review. But not only have they derived valuable assistance from the comparative philologist, but they possess another great ally in

one of the noblest classes of men which our age produces—the class of scientific travellers, who are, in fact, the real heroes of the century. Mr Rawlinson is especially happy in his having been able to avail himself of the researches of his brother Sir H. Rawlinson, whose indefatigable perseverance and signal success in deciphering the cuneiform records of the East have gained him a world-wide reputation. He has also found a most able coadjutor in Sir Gardner Wilkinson. To these eminent men he acknowledges his obligations in the Preface:—

"The share which these writers have taken in the work is very insufficiently represented by the attachment of their initials to the notes and essays actually contributed by them. Sir Henry Rawlinson especially has exercised a general supervision over the Oriental portion of the comment; and although he is of course not to be regarded as responsible for any statements but those to which his initials are affixed, he has, in fact, lent his aid throughout in all that concerns the geography, ethnography, and history of the Eastern nations. It was the promise of this assistance which alone emboldened the editor to undertake a work of such pretension as the full illustration from the best sources, ancient and modern, of so discursive a writer as Herodotus. It will be, he feels, the advantage derived from the free bestowal of the assistance which will lend to the work itself its principal and most permanent interest."

But to the existence of what conditions, we may ask ourselves, is it mainly due that the publication of so careful and elaborate a work in illustration of an author so old and well-known as Herodotus is possible in these days, and not only possible, but undertaken with every prospect of popular success? They may, we think, be looked for in a changed state of the public feeling with regard to the importance of the ancient classics. A short time ago there was a danger that these venerable instructors of our youth would fall into disrepute and ultimate neglect, through the increased zeal with which the more practical and more immediately remunerative departments of knowledge were pursued. This danger was at its height in the

palmy days of the London University and *Penny Magazine*, when the spring-tide of democracy had gained its highest level, and those who loved the Old and the Past expected every moment to see the last landmarks of the State disappear in the advancing flood. Fortunately for us all, there was a reflux at that point; the tide has ebbed and flowed since then more than once, but never since attained such portentous volume; and since the affairs of 1848, public opinion on political matters has remained, on the whole, tolerably quiescent. If the movement goes on still, as some think, it has lost its devastating character. The old classics can never again be expected by their votaries to engross to themselves nearly the whole educational curriculum, but they have been of late years slowly and surely regaining their place of honour, to the few who pursue special studies, as furnishing the grandest and safest foundation of manly thought; to the many who are not profound students, the best substratum of mental cultivation for the practical life. Well has it been observed by Mr Paley, in the preface to his edition of *Properius*,—

“Should the classical languages eventually become unpopular, or neglected and disregarded as not being worth the long years of labour they require, a great change must inevitably come over our character as a literary nation. It will probably be discovered, when too late, that neither history, nor poetry, nor modern European languages, can be prosecuted with equal advantage or success. Neither fine taste, nor ready reasoning, nor fluency and accuracy of style, will be attained with the same certainty in any other way. Eloquence will be less frequent, manners and social habits less polished, conversational powers less brilliant, a comprehension of grammatical principles (and how many consequences does this involve!) less acute. Nor is it probable that, as a general discipline of the intellect, any more efficient substitute for the classical languages will be found.”

Assuming, on the whole, that the danger of the classics falling into abeyance or desuetude has lately been diminished, we should be inclined to refer this favourable change, in the

first place, as we have before observed, to the new aspect which comparative philology has assumed as one of the exacter sciences, both of the languages, pre-eminently called classical, having peculiar and transcendent merits as vehicles of human thought; in the second place, to a growing sense of their importance, as the groundwork of that political education of the free citizen-subject which has made our far-famed constitution the glory of friends and the envy of enemies, from the numerous and influential classes which it rears, determined at all hazards to preserve it in its integrity, and diverging into parties only according to the views they take as to the best method of that preservation. It is undeniable that in these curious times a few eccentric scholars, embittered perhaps by personal chagrins, or from a morbid craving for distinction, have put themselves forward as the avowed champions of despotism; but we do not think a single example can be found of a man, in his sound senses, who is a practical ultra-democrat and a real classical scholar at the same time. Mr Grote may be quoted as an instance to the contrary. But his democratic complexion is of the closet, not of the platform. Although an Athenian democrat, he is not a British demagogue; and we much question whether he would work as hard for the posthumous fame of Mr Bright, if he happened to survive him, as he has done for the rehabilitation of Cleon. Why is this, but that in the great writers of antiquity we find a picture of a civilisation in many respects more like our own than that of any intermediate age? We find the same problems discussed, and worked out in practice; we see the same hopes formed by the same enthusiasm, and rendered nugatory by the same selfishness; we see that though a state of political freedom is that most favourable to the exhibition of every kind of national and individual energy, it has a danger peculiarly its own, resulting from the very delicacy of the balance in which it consists—the danger of liberty passing into license, license to anarchy, and anarchy throwing itself finally into the arms of despotism.

It is impossible for any northern man, imbued at birth with the traditions of freedom from remotest antiquity, not to feel his contentment with his position immensely strengthened by acquaintance with the glorious authors of the palmy days of Athens and the rest of Greece, and at the same time not to be warned as to the precarious nature of it, by the observation of events so like those which take place, or are liable to take place, in our own day.

In this point of view, the Greek classics are far more powerful in the effect on the mind than the Roman. Rome was never free in the same sense that the republics of Greece were, or if she was at any time, it was when she was still too barbarous to produce a world-wide literature. Her golden age, as we see it, is an age of golden fetters. Its name, Augustan, denotes that its literature was modified by the shadow of imperialism. This may have been an advantage to us moderns, for in the vigour of original thought it was hardly possible for the Roman mind to surpass the Greek, while it has left behind perennial models of composition moulded with the most exquisite taste, and displaying the minutest finish. We would not say that an age of repression is without its uses as regards literature. One of the most beautiful objects in nature is the wild vine ramping over the rocks of Southern Italy, and one scarcely less so is the same plant in a state of careless cultivation, trailing over the trellises of Tuscany, or married to the elms and willows of Lombardy; but when we want to produce good wine for the foreign market, we must cut it down to the stature of a bean-stalk, and keep it constantly pruned of all its wilfulness of growth. A system of political repression, as pursued in Germany, has endured German speculation on recondite subjects with wonderful fertility. The same thing seems now likely to take place, if the present system continues, in France. French literature will be tamed and shorn of its strength, but become perfect as regards the forms of composition, and concern itself minutely with sub-

jects which it would have neglected had it been left to its natural bent and direction. Valuable, in the educational sense we have indicated, as are all the writers of the fifth century B.C. whose works have reached us, none has left behind him a treasure so copious, so precious, so instructive, and at the same time so entertaining, as Herodotus. He is the Homer of prose. He could not be Homer's contemporary, as prose is later than poetry in its birth; but he represents the most poetical age in Greece in which prose was possible. While the age of Homer is the age of antique chivalry, and represents that of Chaucer in England, the age of Herodotus represents the Elizabethan with us. At that age, if we must fix on one in particular, the national spirit, properly so called, was at its highest, and the flame of patriotism at its hottest and brightest, alike in Greece and in England. The monster expeditions of Xerxes and that of the Spanish Armada resembled each other both as to magnitude of preparation and as to their threatened effects upon civilisation. The success of either invasion might have thrown the world back for centuries, perhaps for ever, for in either case the threatened country was the chief if not the sole guardian of the Vestal fire of freedom. Had Athens not made so glorious a stand, first at Marathon, afterwards at Salamis, putting to the blush in the hour of trial, in spite of the episode of Thermopylae, the courage and patriotism of the more pretentious Lacedæmon, European Greece, with all her intellectual splendours, would have been virtually extinguished—reduced, like her colonies on the seaboard of Asia Minor, to dependencies of Persia, every attribute of nationality but name and language utterly quenched. She would have been of no more account to us now than Turkish Greece at our day will be to future generations. Nay, for all we know, we ourselves might have remained painted savages to this very day, ignorantly bartering tin for trinkets with Phœnician adventurers. For no nation since the world began has shown the same miraculous originality of invention as the ancient Greeks. Greek

civilisation alone rendered Roman civilisation possible, and Roman culture, spreading like oil upon the waves of barbarism which flowed in upon the Empire from the north, produced the condition under which our present state of religious, moral, and intellectual knowledge sprang up. All believers in sacred lore easily recognise the mission of the Hebrews, and how essential it was to the welfare of future ages that a nation, however wrong headed and stiff necked should be divinely protected in its integrity, in order to hand down the doctrine of the unity of the Godhead, but all are not able to recognise that of the Greeks as so obviously divine, and to see how essential the protection of Greek civilisation and independence was to prepare a soil for the reception of Christianity. Much more appropriate indeed, if we consider the question calmly is Cromwell's epithet of a "crowning mercy to the battle of Salamis than to Worcester fight." The sense in which the words were used of the latter considerable action were narrow and sectarian, but in the former case it would be most emphatically catholic. Nothing can be more appalling to the reader, who does not know what is to come, than the terror of the Greeks generally and even the Athenians in the face of the flood of Persian arms, one little State succumbing after another universal demoralisation, divided councils in the crisis of action, the Athenians themselves losing heart, Athens abandoned and burnt, and existing only on board her navy and in the little island of Salamis—the destinies of all future ages embarked on that narrow sea, packed in that little fleet—the only light of civilisation trembling and flickering, as it were, to sudden extinction—all that was worth caring for in the ancient world depending on the success of a stratagem of Themistocles. And what a hair breadth escape the world had in that hour! Greece was brought to bay and compelled to fight it out only because flight was possible no longer. The whole narrative has the effect on the reader who throws himself into its spirit, that an unexpected

eclipse of the sun must have on some ignorant nation, slowly and surely the day is darkened, and the gloom and perplexity increase till the moment of complete obscuration at that point of time when all seems lost, a band of light appears on the other side, which gradually broadens and brightens into perfect day, and with the restoration of light a great weight is raised from the universal heart. Very similar were the circumstances of the struggle of which Salamis was the turning point, and those of the defeat of the Spanish Armada, the grand exceptions to the parallel being the courage with which the little monarchy of the North was ready to dare everything in the face of hope, the national unanimity and patriotism, as contrasted with the temporising pusillanimity, tergiversation, and self seeking of the Greek republics, Athens herself, perhaps, furnishing the only honourable exception to the gravest part of those charges. To all appearance the success of the Spaniard involved the utter destruction of civil and religious liberty in the world, as completely as the success of the Persian involved the annihilation of ancient civilisation. If the political existence of Great Britain in the present day were overwhelmed by a despotic crusade, liberty would still live in the British race beyond the seas, and America and Australasia might one day come, in the power of their joint armaments, to rescue the mother country from her degradation. The catastrophe would be private or at most European, not common to the world at large and therefore irremediable. But if the Armada had conquered us, liberty would have gone out in the world. It was not our own right arm, though strong, that helped us in that strait, but the 'wind of God.'

Gott der Allmächtige blies
Und die Armada bog zu allen Winden

This historical parallelism gives especial interest to us as Britons in Herodotus's narrative of the defeat of the Persian invasion, and a personal love for his whole work, of which that defeat was the burden as plainly as the wrath of Achilles was the burden of the *Iliad*, such as no other

European nation can possibly feel. Every incident of that conflict of giants pulls at our national heart-strings. Through all the rest of the narrative, where the writer appears to be simply episcoidal and discursive, but is in reality making safe all the ground he passes over in order to prepare the way for the final denouement, like a consummate dramatist as he is, the interest of the reader is suspended, and his impatience worked up to the maximum; at length in the concluding part he is kept in breathless anxiety for the fate of Greece, from the first wonderful stand at Marathon, which only had the effect of making the teeth of Oriental vindictiveness meet, down to the great deliverance at Plataea, when, and not till when, we feel that all risk of danger from the side of Persia is warded off from Greece and Europe for ever. Unmistakably has the European proved his superiority over the Asiatic; the prestige of the Median dress is gone, and to the eye that takes in the summary of history down to the present time, the marvels of the fights of Plœus and Assaye, Meeanee and Sobraon, and most of all, the last wonderful re-establishment of our empire in India under every possible disadvantage, appear but as illustrations of the fact asserted in that great last action on European ground, fought between southern Asiatic and southern European men. It is true that these Europeans of the south were forced to succumb to a power which lay hid for centuries in Central Asia, and then poured itself, in all the force which martial barbarism and religious fanaticism could give it, over countries which had never before learned to tremble before an Asiatic conqueror. But when the Saracens and the Ottoman Turks encountered the full strength of the chivalry of northern Europe, their fate was no better than that of Persians encountering Greeks. The southern European was superior to the southern Asiatic, as the northern European was a better man than the northern Asiatic; and the battles of Tours and Vienna reasserted the principle of superiority of race, which appeared to be invalidated by the establishment of the Moors in

Andalusia, and the fall of Greek Constantinople. To assume that under all circumstances freemen fight better than slaves, results from but a superficial view of the matter, however true. The feeling of freedom is not produced artificially; no political provisions can engender it; it belongs by natural right to, and is an exclusive attribute of, the dominant races of mankind. It is the sure sign of intellectual, physical, and moral superiority. Among Europeans it exists even among the most degraded, as compared with all other races of mankind. Among Europeans themselves it exists as a strong vital principle only in the races of Teutonic origin, as it formerly inspired the Hellenes of old. Even now, while in Russia it is asleep, in Spain and Italy the feeling of freedom is but an aspiration; in Germany and France it has more or less of practical value; in Great Britain alone, and Scandinavia, is it a principle of action and a great guiding law of life. But in the Hellenic mind, as portrayed by Herodotus, we find the feeling of freedom as completely developed, and as strongly working itself out in action, as in the most favoured of modern European states. The sign of this is to be found in the current language of the day in which the historian lived. All the leading languages of the world have features as distinctly marked as the characteristics of the peoples using them. The Greek language is to other tongues what gold is to the other metals. It possesses all the plasticity, flexibility, weight, lustre, and imperishable texture of the most precious of metals. It fits itself, under the skilful hand of a good workman, to every crevice and cranny of the mind, and can be made to inlay the most delicate fretwork of human thought. When we want words to register the discoveries of modern science, it is to the language of Greece, mis-called dead, but in reality the most living of all that man has ever spoken or written, that we go to seek for them, as if some Greek mind had anticipated every one of those discoveries in its dreams; and the same holds good of all mental philosophy in a great-

or or less degree. Our modern historians have had recourse to Greek as the most convenient medium for expressing political ideas, and Mr Grote, in particular, has attempted to naturalise some words entirely Greek, such as "autonomous" and "hegemony," with an instinct peculiarly his own. It is strange that we must go to Herodotus to look for a word which comprises in itself the possible realisation of the indefinite dream of "liberty, equality, and fraternity"—a word which indicates a state of things actually existing in the few really free states of the world, and nowhere else. The word is *isonomia*, or Isonomy. In this word, the principle which is the basis of the British constitution—namely, the equality of every man in the eye of the law—is succinctly enunciated. It discards the hallucination of equality in social advantages; it limits the idea to equality within the courts of justice, which equality will be found, on examination, exactly tantamount to the most perfect personal freedom. We have said this much of the political value of the writings of Herodotus, in order to induce our readers to form an adequate estimate of the real boon that Mr Rawlinson has conferred on the world, in keeping before the eyes of the public, by a work involving long and patient labour, and an amount of commentary which, in the present stage of antiquarian discovery, is nearly exhaustive, the writings of that remarkable man.

Whether he has acted with perfect judgment in abstaining from giving the Greek text of Herodotus as the basis of his work, and substituting a most excellent English translation, admits of a difference of opinion. While it is always important to the scholar to have the original to refer to, the naturalisation of the author is perhaps best effected by keeping it out of the view of the general reader, and allowing of no distraction from the continuous reading of the text. While the best poetry of all nations goes far to set translation at defiance—and its real appreciation often induces a cultivated taste to give up the effort in despair—the translation of prose authors, espe-

cially when the acquisition of the original requires severe study, may be of incalculable literary value. We are all accustomed to regard our own translation of the Bible as a model of chaste and vigorous English composition. The idea of doing for the great canonical profane writers, if we may so call them, what has been done so ably for the Holy Scriptures, is at least attractive in its novelty. Hitherto the abuse of translations by lazy schoolboys and university students has caused them to be regarded by scholars with more contempt than they really seem to deserve. With Mr Rawlinson's translation in his hands, the non-classical student of history will be able to make his references, quoting chapter and verse from the great Historic Father himself. And as the book in which it is contained has the advantage of excellent type and an extremely prepossessing exterior, there is no danger that this translation will share the fate of many which have cost much trouble to the writers, in order to become in their latter days mere library lumber. The appearance so recently of a very able edition of Herodotus in the *Bibliotheca Classica* may have supplied Mr Rawlinson with an additional motive for foregoing the temptation to print the original, indicating that he is satisfied with Mr Blakeley's supervision of the text, while he wishes to be at liberty to enter the lists with him in matters which he considers still to admit of controversy.

On a very important matter—the amount of credit to be given to the actual narrative of Herodotus—while both equally admit his honest and veracious spirit, Mr Rawlinson and Mr Blakeley are at issue. Mr Blakeley does not think it necessary to give Herodotus credit for the extensive and persevering travelling generally attributed to him. He lays great stress on the dangers to which travellers in those early times were exposed. He enlarges on the chances of meeting with pirates and banditti, and the constant fear which the enterprising explorer must have felt of finding himself in the slave-market, not as a customer, but as an article of traffic, presuming that even for

regular merchants there were few parts to which they had access, the grand principles of free trade being as yet but imperfectly developed. All this doubtless is most true. Yet the times of Herodotus were not fraught with more dangers to travellers than those of the apostle Paul, who enumerates with surpassing eloquence the dangers here imagined as obstacles. His motive and aim for travel were higher than those of Herodotus; but, on the other hand, the preaching of a new religion was beset with dangers peculiarly its own, to which the mere traveller for the sake of gaining information could never be exposed. The position of one was active and aggressive, of the other passive and expectant. If it was absolutely necessary for the great missionary to become all things to all men, as a means of softening down the hostility of his mission to things established, such a course of conduct would be so natural to the scientific traveller that he would never have any temptation to depart from it. There is so much good in human nature, that a harmless and unarmed man, throwing himself on the generosity and curiosity of savage tribes, especially if he does not carry about him sufficient wealth to tempt them, may pass in safety from one end of the earth to the other, and has often done so. Of course he runs risks, but these, instead of being likely to deter him, give an additional zest to his adventures. Travel, like all those peculiar pursuits of men that amount to passions, is not fully enjoyed without its spice of danger, and some high-spirited men love it for the very reason that others love mountain-climbing or tiger-hunting. And this excitement was as strong in the breast of the ancient Greek as of the modern Briton—

ἀκρίβους δ' ἄφρατοι

Οὐτρε νῆας ἀνέβησαν, οὐδ' ἐν πλοοῖς κοινᾶς-
τιμῆαι.

Mr Rawlinson is disposed to agree with Dr Blakesley's statement of the fact as to the difficulties and dangers of travel in those early times, but he thinks that, while they were such as to prevent travelling for pleasure, they were not insuperable to scien-

tific zeal. It is quite certain that travellers were few, but Herodotus may well have been one of the few. The line of demarcation between pleasure and business is not very easy to draw. Most men who travel for mere pleasure, pretend some more important object, and most serious travellers unconsciously betray in their narratives the great pleasure they take in travelling. We may judge of the care and labour that Mr Rawlinson has expended on his work, from a statement that he makes in his Preface, which is thoroughly borne out by his abundant commentaries and illustrations :—

"Seven years have elapsed since this work was first promised to the public. . . . Parallel, however, with the progress of the work, which was commenced at once, a series of fresh discoveries continued for several years to be made, more especially on points connected with the ethnography of the East, and the history, geography, and religion of Babylon and Assyria—the results of which it seemed desirable to incorporate, at whatever cost of time and labour. Great portions of the present volume (No. 1) had thus from time to time to be rewritten."

Of the life of Herodotus little is known; its dates are best approximated to from his History :—

"On the one hand, it appears that he conversed with at least one person who had been an eyewitness of some of the great events of the Persian war; on the other, that he outlived the commencement of the Peloponnesian struggle, and was acquainted with several circumstances which happened in the earlier portion of it. He must, therefore, have flourished in the fifth century B.C., and must have written portions of his History at least as late as B.C. 430. His birth would thus fall naturally into the earlier portion of the century, and he would have belonged to the generation which came next in succession to that of the conquerors of Salamis."

On the authority of Suidas, a compiler of the eleventh century, of doubtful weight, we learn that he was born of illustrious parents at Halicarnassus—that his father's name was Iyces, his mother's Dryo or Rhoeo—that he had a brother Theodorus, and a cousin or nephew Panzasis, an epic poet. His parentage

is confirmed on better authority than those other relationships. He had a liberal education; he was especially well read in the older Greek poets, and his whole intellectual being was imbued with Homer. The charm of the narrative of the compulsory travels of Ulysses, the typical hero-traveller of Greece, may have created in his heart the longing for a similar distinction, while the perusal of the *Iliad* may have inspired him with the desire to write a great prose epic on the subject of the still more important struggle of his own day. Mr Rawlinson thus sums up the limits of his probable travels:—

“Herodotus undoubtedly visited Babylon, Ardericca near Lams, the remoter parts of Egypt, Scythia, Colchia, Thrace, Cyrene, Zante, Dodona, and Magna-Græcia—thus covering with his travels a space of thirty-one degrees of longitude (about 1700 miles) from east to west, and of twenty-four of latitude (1660 miles) from north to south.”

His travels would scarcely have qualified him for admission to the Travellers' Club now, but the extent of travel is not fairly estimated by taking a line as the crow flies, but by the number of places visited in a given area; and Herodotus's travel involved minute observation and examination of all objects and subjects worthy of interest. Mr Rawlinson seems satisfied that the greater part of these travels were accomplished in the earlier part of the author's life, which began in Asia Minor, and ended in the quasi-Athenian colony of Thurium, in Magna-Græcia.

“Suidas relates that he was forced to fly from Halicarnassus to Samos by the tyranny of Lygdamis, the grandson of Artemisia, who had put his uncle (or cousin) Panyas to death; that in Samos he adopted the Ionic dialect, and wrote his History; that, after a time, he returned, and took the lead in an insurrection, whereby Halicarnassus obtained her freedom, and Lygdamis was driven out; that then, finding himself disliked by the other citizens, he quitted his country, and joined in the Athenian colonisation of Thurium, at which place he died and was buried.”

The latter fact, with its circumstances, appears to be the only one

verified by other writers. One of the most interesting episodes of the life of Herodotus must have been his sojourn at Athens, giving him opportunities of intimacy with all the great and master-spirits of that age. Of the respect in which he was held there is no more striking testimony than that afforded by Sophocles, some passages in whose immortal dramas are close imitations of parts of the narrative of the historian.

In the *Œdipus Coloneus*, the passage in Herodotus which describes the singular reversal of the customs of other countries, as to male and female occupations existing in Egypt, is reproduced in a poetical form; and in a speech of the Antigone, the singular reason for which a Persian lady preferred the life of her brother to that of either of her children, is adduced to justify the self-devotion of the heroine in burying her brother, contrary to the commands of the King of Thebes. The extreme elaboration of Herodotus's work, after his visit to Athens, is probably due to the intellectual impulse he received there in contact with its refined society. That Herodotus was a thoroughly honest historian is the general impression which a perusal of his works will leave on the mind of any unprejudiced reader. Credulous he may have been, but credulity and childlike faith are more closely connected with honesty than its contrary. One proof of his anxiety to be correct is his mention of certain scientific theories, only to reject those which have been since verified by ascertained fact: He does not believe that the Phœnicians circumnavigated Africa, and yet he has the honesty to mention a fact which proved that they did so, in the position of the sun, as seen by them at the change of their course. He is, moreover, disinclined to believe in the existence of the Baltic—“the sea from which amber was brought”—whereas we know that amber does actually come from the southern shores of that sea. And he is equally sceptical about our own existence, so to say—at least of that of the Caniterides, or islands whence the Phœnicians brought their tin. In giving different theories for the inundation

of the Nile, he rejects the true one, on what he honestly thinks good scientific grounds—namely, that the Nile is annually swollen by waters from the Abyssinian mountains. In fact, his very scientific inaccuracies, in showing that he honestly related what he heard from others, furnish great proofs of his general credibility.

"The simplicity (*simplicitas*) which Plato requires in the philosopher, is no less admirable in the writer of history; and it is this spirit—frank, childlike, guileless, playful, quaint—which lends to the work of Herodotus a great portion of its attraction, giving it that air of freshness, truth, and naïveté which is felt by all readers to be its especial merit. We cannot obtain those advantages without their accompanying drawback. Writers of the tone of Herodotus, such as Froissart, Philip de Comines, Sir John Mandeville, and others of our old English travellers, are among the most charming within the whole range of literature, but their writings are uniformly tinged with the same credulous vein which is regarded as offensive in our author. . . .

"Herodotus belongs distinctly to the romantic school; with him the imagination is in the ascendant, and not the reason; his mind is poetic, and he is especially disqualified from forming sound judgments concerning events remote from his own day by his full belief in the popular mythology, which placed gods and heroes upon the earth at no distant period. He does not apply the same canons of credibility to the past and present, or, like Thucydides, view human nature and the general course of mundane events as always the same. Thus his history of early times is little more than myth and fable, embodying often important traditions, but delivered as he received it, without any exercise upon it of critical discrimination. In his history of times near his own the case is different; he then brings his judgment into play, compares and sifts different accounts, exhibits sense and intelligence, and draws conclusions for the most part just and rational. Still even in this portion of the history we miss qualities which go to form an ideal of the perfect historian, and with which we are familiarised through Thucydides and his school; we miss those habits of accuracy which we have learned to regard as among the primary qualifications of the historical writer; we come upon discrepancies, contradictions, suspicious repetitions, and the like; we find an utter carelessness of chronology—above all, we miss

that philosophic insight into the real causes of political transactions, the moving influences whence great events proceed, which communicates, according to modern notions, its soul to history, making it a living and speaking monitor instead of a mere pictured image of bygone times and transactions."

In the remaining part of the dissertation from which this quotation is made, justice is done to some peculiar merits of Herodotus—his grand epic unity, to which all the episodes, however seemingly irrelevant, conduce; his admirable portrait-painting, representing, with an accuracy which has borne the test of time in the case of races, the exact personality both of nations and individuals, hitting off to a nicety the characteristics of Persians, Egyptians, Athenians, Spartans, and making Darius, Cambyse, Xerxes, Miltiades, Cleomenes move on his canvass as living and real men, as the immortal ideals of our own Shakespeare. Herodotus, almost beyond all other writers, ancient or modern, and more in the manner of our great dramatist than any other, can rejoice with those that rejoice, and weep with those that weep; he is, according to the occasion, pathetic, solemn, humorous, ludicrous, triumphant, earnest, ironical. He is the finest and most perfect example of Greek versatility that we find among the writers of the fifth century B.C. Of this peculiar national character, familiar to Juvenal as well as to those who know the modern Greeks, we are accustomed to form an insufficient estimate by our superior knowledge of the Attic writers. In the Athenians the Greek temperament was subdued, balanced, and exalted by the proud feeling of imperial citizenship which supplied the place of individual self-respect. The story of the rise of the Alcmaeonids at Athens, as told by Herodotus, singularly illustrates this difference between the general Greek character and the Athenian. Hippocleides, who "dances away his marriage," though an Athenian, is an old-fashioned one, and not endowed with the new-born dignity of his city, like his more fortunate rival, and in consequence loses the hand

and fortune of the heiress of the tyrant of Sicyon. This Hippoclidee is Juvenal's Greek to a hair, as well as the Greek of the Lower Empire and the Greek of the present day. The typical Athenians and Spartans are Greeks and something more, and this addition of dignity to only particular citizens of only these particular states, with but few exceptions in others, is illustrated in numberless instances in the histories, and even by the personal characters of the historians themselves, as seen in their works. Thucydidee, as compared with Herodotus, is a striking example. Inferior to the former in dignity and subtilty of thought, the latter is far superior in the power of interesting and charming by his intellectual suppleness, and the mirror-like vividness of his reproductive imagination. Thucydidee, like Megacles the son of Alcmaeon, who won Agariste and her dowry, gets the substantial benefit in the reverence paid to him by great thinkers; but Herodotus, like Hippoclidee, pleases and amuses the assembled guests, and if he loses the solid advantages of more deference to the world's opinions, he is too independent to care about them—Ὁ δὲ φέρει τὴν ἀρετήν.

We are glad that Mr Rawlinson, instead of taking the surgeon's knife and dissecting the narrative of Herodotus after the manner of certain German critics, has preferred the more generous plan of copiously illustrating it by the facts furnished to his hand by modern scientific travellers. His essays contain a fund of various information on the antiquities of Egypt, Persia, Assyria, Babylon, &c., and the engraver's art has been brought into frequent requisition in the way of illustration, making matters intelligible by its modern hieroglyphics, which in a few lines surpasses the power of words. Thereby the Assyrian kings mentioned in the Bible are made to tell their own stories, and refute the sceptical irreverence which threatened to impugn the sacred record, by the deciphering of the cuneiform inscriptions. Sennacherib, Nebuchadnezzar, Belshazzar, and the rest, and some of the kings of Egypt, come out

in living relief, like characters of the present day, as fresh as the sculptures which record their images. We are enabled even to form an estimate of the peculiar civilisation and state of the arts in these ancient empires, subjects on which the sacred book is silent, as not concerning its purpose. For instance, the remains of Assyrian art :—

"Show us a patient, laborious, painstaking people, with more appreciation of the useful than the ornamental, and of the actual than the ideal; architecture, the only one of the fine arts which is essentially useful, forms their chief glory; sculpture, and still more painting, are subsidiary to it. Again, it is the most useful edifice—the palace or house—whereon attention is concentrated; the temple and the tomb, the interest attaching to which is ideal and spiritual, are secondary, and appear simply as appendages of the palace. In the sculpture it is the actual, the historically true, which the artist strives to represent. Unless in the case of a few mythic figures connected with the religion of the country, there is nothing in the Assyrian bas-reliefs which is not imitated from nature. The imitation is always laborious, and often most accurate and exact. The laws of representation, as we understand them, are sometimes departed from, but it is always to impress the spectator with ideas in accordance with truth. Thus the colossal bulls and lions have five legs, but in order that they may be seen from every point of view with four; the ladders are placed edgeways against the walls of besieged towns, but it is to show that they are ladders, and not mere poles. Walls of cities are made disproportionately small; but it is done, like Raphael's boat, to bring them within the picture, which would otherwise be a less complete representation of the actual fact. The careful finish, the minute detail, the elaboration of every hair in a head, and every stitch in the embroidery of a dress, remind us of the Dutch school of painting, and illustrate strongly the spirit of faithfulness and honesty which pervades the sculptures, and gives them so great a portion of their value. In conception, in grace, in freedom and correctness of outline, they fall undoubtedly far behind the inimitable productions of the Greeks; but they have a grandeur and a dignity, a boldness, a strength, and an appearance of life, which, considering the time at which they were produced, must excite our

surprise and admiration. Art, so far as we know, had existed previously only in the stiff and lifeless conventionalisms of the Egyptians. It belonged to Assyria to confine the conventional to religion, and to apply art to the vivid representation of the highest scenes of human life."

Were we to follow Mr Rawlinson in all the branches of his painstaking commentary, and give specimens of his manner of dealing with the subjects of the civilisation, art, religion, geography, philology, and ethnology of the nations described by Herodotus, rendered some of these more interesting in connection with Old Testament history, we should far exceed the limits which a review of his work would naturally occupy in this Magazine. We trust that enough has been said and quoted to show that his work has been done, so far as it is complete, conscientiously and well, and that the volume yet to appear may be expected to be at least equal to the last, as it contains the great denouement of the History.

It is now high time that as the Germans say, history should have a definite stand point. It has already passed through two phases of existence, the first of dogmatic credulity, the second of dogmatic incredulity. Equally removed from the suicidal credulousness of Froissart, and the credulous destructiveness of Niebuhr, is the modest, quiet, patient, analytic

method which must give to future histories their full value. The unassuming Baconian manner of stating ascertained facts, and hesitating to draw the inferences from them till the evidence is overwhelming, which has produced such stupendous results in physical science that they bear to it the same relation that the coral islands do to the minute animals that form them, is now becoming applicable to those branches of human knowledge which were formerly supposed to lie beyond its reach. As philology, geology, ethnology, become, in a measure, exact science, we may expect that history, with which they are so closely connected, will take its place beside them. Dogmatic scepticism in religious matters has lately received some hard blows, but it will take many of them to hurl down from their "bad eminence" those unbelieving Titans, who, like Enceladus and that ilk, piled logical Pelions on metaphysical Ossa, and thought to take heaven by storm. The same inculcation of modesty in human investigations, and definition of the limits of human reason, is logically applicable to the subject of history. The marvellous, as such, is not to be rejected, the probable, as such, is not to be embraced. The conclusions of the historian, like the top stones of the Egyptian pyramids, ought to rest on a broad square basis of hard, homogeneous, and mutually supporting individual facts.

FAISELY ACCUSED

A CRIMINAL TRIAL IN NURNBERG, 1790

No one can forget Nurnberg who has ever, even for a few hours, rambled through its mediæval streets. It remains a living type of the vanished past. Not a modern building is to be seen, for even those houses which were erected yesterday have been fashioned after the sixteenth century model, or earlier. Hence, although the situation of Saltz burg and Prague gives them a certain picturesque superiority over all other German cities, there is no city in Europe so interesting, so perfect an historical picture, as this Nurnberg, every house of which has a physiognomy of its own, every street of which is a panorama. The varied gables, the quaint windows, the high roofs, the fantastic galleries, towers, and doorways, with the endless effects of colour, make the streets a perpetual delight to the traveller. Here one feels thoroughly at home in the past. The lives of our forefathers become intelligible. One only needs a change of costume in the busy crowds to make the picture complete.

While no change whatever has come over the spirit of the architecture, there has happily, a profound change come over the spirit of criminal law in Nurnberg. And if the lover of mediæval institutions wants an illustration of those times which will make him join with the lover of progress in blessing the results of the wiser laws which in our day regulate society, imperfect, and in many respects still barbarous, as these are, let him attend to the narrative of the following Trial, which occurred in Nurnberg at the very close of the last century.* Among criminal trials it has an exceptional interest, which is, however, more psychological than legal, and the mystery is even yet not cleared up.

On the 30th June 1790, at five in the morning, the merchant Johann

Marcus Sterbenk was awakened by his maidservant, with the unpleasant news that the doors of the house, and the counting house, stood open, and that from the latter the iron cash box had been stolen. As this cash box contained two thousand gulden in silver (about two hundred pounds reckoning by our standard, but really a much larger sum in those days), the agitation of Sterbenk may be conceived. He hastened to the counting house with his clerks and servants, found that a pane of glass had been removed from the window, which looked from the counting house on the staircase, and that the door was wide open. The maid said that she had bolted the house door over night. The reader must remember that in Continental houses the house door, or *porte cochere*, is the entrance to all the dwellings contained in one pile of building, and, unlike our English houses, merely admits to the vestibule. The separate doors have to be unlocked after entrance has been effected through the house door. In this case the house door had no lock, nothing but a bolt, which the maid declared she had pushed into its staple. She had heard no sound whatever during the night, such as the opening of this door would occasion, but on descending in the morning to take in the milk when the milkwoman rang, she was surprised to find this milkwoman inside the house—the door having yielded to her accidental pressure. Alarmed, she looked to the counting house door, and found that also open. She looked in, and found the iron cash box missing.

It was at once evident that the robbery must have been committed by some one perfectly acquainted with the localities. This very pane of glass which had been removed was the same that, ten days before, Ster-

* For the details we are indebted to the *Neue Pitaval*, edited by Hitzig und Haring, vol. xxi. p. 549-410. This voluminous work contains many interesting, and many trivial cases, all recorded with true German tediousness and want of method.

beak had ordered to be taken out when one of the clerks had lost the key of the counting house, and it was necessary to open the door from within, which could be effected by a man's thrusting his arm through this opening, and thus reaching to the lock. A messenger, named Schonleben, remarked that this was very suspicious.

But whom to suspect? At present there was not a clue. The whole town rang with the news, and gossip on the door steps and in beer shops freely vented their hypothetical suspicions, as is usual in such cases. A shopkeeper swore that on the night in question about two o'clock he quit the tavern, *am Reichthum*, where he had been in jovial company, and saw two suspicious looking fellows in the neighbourhood of the Sterbenk house, who crossed the Horse market, a barber also swore that he saw two men that night near the house, and had asked them the time, a maid servant declared that she had seen a young man the day before standing opposite the house, considering it attentively. But as these witnesses could neither identify the persons they had seen, nor give any other clue, their attestations shed little light over the question.

Suddenly suspicion settled on Schonleben, the messenger, who had found the history of the pane of glass so suspicious. It grew and grew, till it became very like conviction. He happened to say to one of the shopboys that "if he could only be certain the cash box had been carried across the Fish market, as report said, he would easily trace out the rest." This remark, surely not very compromising, seems to have excited attention. It was remembered that his life had not been blameless, and the busy imaginations of men instantly built up a thousand probabilities to convict him. The very day after the robbery, his brother, a peasant living in a neighbouring village, had called upon him at the Sterbenk house, had spoken with him in an undertone, and then had quitted the town with his dung cart—"of course carrying away the cash-box in this cart," as quick imaginations readily divined. It was further remembered

that some days before the robbery, Schonleben had twice made his appearance at the counting house an hour later than usual, for which he could only give very unsatisfactory excuses, and the day after the robbery he had affected a forced jocularity, &c &c. On such indications was this man arrested.

It was clear that Schonleben could not alone have accomplished the crime. His accomplice was soon fixed on. It was Beutner, a poor spangle maker. The indications against him were these: he was poor, he had assisted Schonleben to carry a load of wood into the Sterbenk house, and in doing so passed up the stairs leading to the counting-house, arrived at the top stair, he was said to have paused there some minutes, looking intently into the counting house, fascinated by the sound of the money he heard chinking there. This was asserted by more than one witness, although resolutely denied by him. It could only be from a desire to make himself familiar with the locality previous to his criminal attempt. He also was arrested.

The idea of arresting, imprisoning, and examining two men on such evidence as this will astound the reader, but he will be still more astounded on learning that the possibility of their being innocent was never entertained. They were assumed to be criminals, and all that remained was to extort, or entrap, a confession of their guilt.

While the cumbrous procedure of those days was being carried out against these men, a new clue seemed to have been discovered, of far greater importance than any yet detected. A barber, named Kirchmeier, upon whom let the reader's attention be fixed, called on Sterbenk, and, under the seal of secrecy, as regarded himself, declared that, "unless he was mistaken," he had, on the morning of the 30th June, seen a cash box, very closely resembling that which was advertised in the papers as the one stolen, in the room of the glider Mannert, who lived in the same house with Schonleben. Kirchmeier called a day or two after the 30th on Mannert, and

The cash-box was no longer visible. This Kirchmeier was a citizen of Nürnberg, the father of a large family, well-to-do in the world, bearing the character of an upright, religious man. His testimony was considered unimpeachable; a fatal credulity was the result. On the unsupported testimony of this man, human beings were not only imprisoned, but tortured and destroyed.

Maunert, the accused, was married, the father of two sons aged ten and fifteen, very poor, but hitherto of blameless reputation. He was arrested and examined. He denied that he had ever had any such cash-box, painted or gilded, in his possession. He knew Schonleben, knew that he was Sterbenk's messenger, but knew nothing of his private affairs. Maunert's wife and sons also denied that any such box had been in their house. Kirchmeier, confronted with the accused family, declared that, on the 30th June, at eight in the morning, as he entered Maunert's room, to shave him, he saw under the table, near the oven, an iron box with green stripes, the top painted with flowers, the lock ornamented with four painted oak-leaves, which he now perfectly well remembered, and could describe. He never saw that box afterwards.

Kirchmeier was so honoured a citizen, and his statement was so explicit, and so firmly insisted on by him, that inasmuch as he seemed free from all possible motive in the matter, not bearing any malice towards the Maunerts, but, on the contrary, testifying to their being, as far as he knew, honest, truthful people, the idea of doubting his declaration never entered the heads of the Nürnbergers, assuredly not of the executive, which at once cast Maunert into a dark solitary cell, and his wife into a cell with condemned women.

Maunert's lodgings were searched. Neither cash-box, nor trace of any burglarious instrument, could be found, but—and this was thought important—in a lumber-room one of the planks showed traces of having been lately raised, and with inexperienced hands restored to its place. After this, nothing was needed but the full confession of the crime.

Schonleben firmly denied any knowledge of the crime or the criminals; nor could he name any one on whom his suspicions fell, although he would say that Beutner, on the occasion of helping him with the load of wood, did ask where the counting-house was, and whether all the people in the house slept above. He knew nothing of Beutner's having stood looking into the counting-house, as had been asserted. He denied everything that was alleged against him, or explained it away. There is one point in his evidence which is noticeable, and was much noticed—namely, that he described the cash-box in precisely the same terms as those employed by Kirchmeier in reference to the box seen in Maunert's room. This gave additional weight to the barber's testimony; for, it was argued, how could Kirchmeier, who had never been in Sterbenk's house, and consequently had never seen the cash-box there, accurately describe it, unless he had actually seen it? He described it precisely as the messenger who saw it daily; and what he described was, he averred, under the table in Maunert's room. Now Maunert and his wife distinctly denied ever having had any cash-box whatever in their rooms.

Beutner, the spangle-maker, on being questioned respecting his dialogue with Schonleben, admitted its truth, but said he was in liquor at the time, and knew not much what he had talked about. Of the crime, or the criminals, he knew absolutely nothing; and as proof that he was not concerned in the robbery either as principal or assistant, he offered to prove an *alibi*. Unhappily for him, this proof was far from satisfactory, and the suspicion deepened against him. The witnesses he called did not admit that he was with them drinking till two in the morning; but, on the contrary, declared they had accompanied him home at eleven. Now if he reached home by eleven, there was abundance of time for him to have committed the robbery.

The examination of the Maunerts now occupied the court. It was determined to put in force the rigour of the law to extort a confession.

Kirchmeier reiterated, and even added to his former statements, and declared himself ready, if necessary, to affirm them on oath. In those days the criminal law did not absolutely require witnesses to be sworn; only in extreme cases was the oath administered; and the punishment of perjury was very severe. The oath was a last step, when the evidence was otherwise imperfect. Now as the two Maunert boys, on being interrogated, and solemnly warned to speak the truth, persisted in unwavering denial of having ever seen such a box; and suggested that what the barber saw must have been a painted box filled with plaster cast medallions, which indeed was under the table, but not behind or near the door; this steady denial forced the court to administer the oath.

Kirchmeier again declared his readiness to take the oath, which he could do with a clear conscience. He was solemnly warned to consider what he said, to be quite clear with himself as to whether the box seen by him was really such a box as the one stolen; the severe punishment of perjury was rehearsed to him; and the oath was slowly read aloud to him. He remained unshaken. The despairing Maunerts on their knees implored him to have pity; adjured him by all that he held sacred not to ruin them; pointed to their children in hopes of moving him. Kirchmeier was immovable. In calm and solemn tones he took the oath. Nothing that was said made him waver in his statement that he had seen the box. "That which I saw, I saw: the green painted cash-box with green wooden legs, I saw in the rooms of the man who is now kneeling imploringly before me. I cannot help it. I am quite convinced that in this I am not mistaken. His blood be on my head!"

It was done. The oath had been taken. God had heard it, and would avenge it if false. The excitement was not confined to Nürnberg and Franconia; all Germany shared in it. Pamphlets, pictures, and discussions made it the talk of the day. The court, after Kirchmeier's solemn testimony, saw in the accused no-

thing but hardened and obstinate sinners; the public shared this conviction. So high ran the feeling against all the accused on account of their obstinacy, that the mob smashed Schönleben's windows, and his youngest child was killed in its mother's arms by a stone.

Kirchmeier, the demon of this story, after his damatory oath, communicated fresh indications of Maunert's criminality, which, of course, helped to confirm the prejudice against the unhappy man. He stated that some days after he had seen the box in Maunert's room, he had called on him and narrated how he had just seen Schönleben's wife carried through the crowd by the police, accused of having with her husband stolen Sterbenk's cash-box; whereupon Maunert said, "And what compensation will these poor people get if they are innocent?" Surely a very natural and humane question: too humane apparently for general appreciation then, since it was interpreted as a sign of guilt by a logical process not unexampled in public reasonings. A week later, the barber again called on Maunert, and showed him the newspaper in which a reward was offered for the detection of the criminals. Maunert remarked—"How could Sterbenk imagine that the robber would be discovered merely if poor people were observed to have or spend more money than usual? He, Maunert, happened to have lately paid some debts, and was in possession of more money than usual; but he did not suppose that suspicion could fall on him on that account."

It cannot escape the reader as something peculiarly removed from modern jurisprudence, that not only should such implicit reliance have been placed on the barber's assertions, unsupported as they were, but that no suspicion seems to have been awakened at his remarkable freedom from all inculpation of Maunert till after Schönleben and Beutner had been examined. He declares that the very day of the robbery he saw the cash-box in Maunert's room. But he said nothing. When Schönleben was arrested, he called on Maunert, in continuance of friendly

relations with the man whom he must have suspected to be the thief. A week afterwards he calls again, and although all Nurnberg is discussing the question—Who is the thief?—and every one is freely suggesting suspicions, the barber is silent as to Maunert. Of this no notice seems to have been taken. Had the accused employed an advocate, it would have been duly insisted on.

A confession the court would have, and as Maunert obstinately refused to confess, he was ordered to be flogged. The flogging extorted nothing but groans and denials. He was flogged again, but, as the judicial report naively remarks, "although he showed an extreme susceptibility to the stripes, he was not to be brought to confess; on the contrary, stoutly maintained his innocence, but begged that a full investigation of his whole life might be made, which would show he had always lived honestly and above suspicion." Nothing of the kind was undertaken. In those days—the close of the "enlightened eighteenth century"—it did not occur to men to ask, What compensation will the innocent receive if their innocence is proved?

After this a second search was made in Maunert's dwelling but nothing was found which in any way bore on the robbery. Schonleben's dwelling was also searched with equally fruitless result. What was to be done? It was clear these men were guilty, but then obstinacy set justice at defiance. How extort a confession? Appeals to their terrors had been tried, and failed. Examination and cross examination had been tried and failed. Floggings had been tried, and failed. There remained only two resources: first, the Priest and next—the Rack.

The power of the priest in extorting confession, even from the most hardened criminals, had often successfully been employed accordingly, two celebrated Nurnberg theologians and preachers, Schoner and Fuchs, were commissioned to try their power. The public expectation was raised by the news of this. Every one felt assured that, hardened as these criminals were, the spiritual

influence of such men as Schoner and Fuchs would be irresistible, and justice would at length be satisfied.

Alas! even this failed. The priests reported that the two sons, no less than Maunert and his wife, repeated that they knew nothing whatever of the cash box, that Kirchmeier had perjured himself, and that God would even yet make their innocence manifest. "And," said Schoner, "when I warned Maunert's wife of that judgment which awaited her in another world, which none could escape however they might escape the judgment in this world when I painted in glowing terms the terrors of eternal damnation, the immovable justice of the Lord and the awful power of his decrees, she interrupted me with the exclamation, 'To Him I appeal.' When I argued with her on the sad consequences which would ensue unless she confessed, not only that her imprisonment would continue but that even *harder* measures would be adopted towards herself and family, she replied 'And if they flog me to death, what is it? I want nothing more from this world, and care not to enter it again.'

In this manner she encountered every exhortation, every argument, every reference to temporal or eternal justice. She was innocent, her husband and children were innocent, she could say nothing else.

The state of opinion was so inconceivably fixed against them, that we doubt whether any presumptive evidence would at that moment have had much weight, otherwise it is probable but only probable—that this steadfast reiteration of innocence on the part of the whole family, under such severe trials of their firmness, would have suggested a doubt in their favour. It was true that the barber's evidence was explicit. But there was no *other* evidence, and against it might fairly be set that of the whole family, two of them young boys, who never swerved in their statements. There was one awkward circumstance, it is true: the barber swore he saw a cash box, whereas the whole family steadily denied that any cash box had been in their room. It was impossible to doubt the barber's state-

ment. The prisoners' denial looked like sheer obstinacy. Nevertheless this denial, and the impression of sincerity which innocence must have made on the priests, at least, accustomed to hear confessions and to interrogate criminals, would have had its weight, had not Maunert's wife committed a ~~very~~ common mistake—a mistake to which we are all liable, and which daily experience seems incapable of eradicating—namely, that of *attributing motives* to the acts of others. Whatever is done, especially when it is in any way injurious to us, we insist on assigning to its true motive. Now the motive which really actuates a human being, is almost inevitably hidden from us; we never altogether know it, we are not often thoroughly aware of our own motives; yet in this state of blank ignorance, we *guess* at what the motive may probably be: no sooner is that guess seen to have a tolerable consistency with the circumstances known to us, than we at once give it entire faith, and treat it as an established fact. "It must be so," we say; and we proceed to act as if it were so. In the present case the motives which *may* have actuated Kirchmeier are numerous, but could not be known to another. Had Maunert's wife contented herself with saying: "Kirchmeier has sworn falsely. Why? I do not know; how *should* I know why?" her assertion would have been forcible; but unhappily she could not rest satisfied without *guessing* at his motives, and stated that what she guessed was the fact. Kirchmeier, she said, had sworn against them, because Maunert owed him some money for shaving, and had not made him a new-year's present! To an irritated and feeble female intellect this doubtless seemed an adequate motive; at any rate it was the motive she guessed, and, having guessed it, she believed it. On the public mind this accusation produced no effect save that of strengthening the prejudice against her family.

It is clear from the concluding words of the priest's report, that a misgiving had entered his mind respecting the guilt of this family.

"My heart beats sorely," he says, "at the obstinacy of these people (who otherwise seem to have lived honestly though in poor circumstances), if they are guilty; but still more at their fate if they are innocent,—if Kirchmeier has been mistaken, or if, like other men, he has been capable of having been led astray."

Up to this time a plausible explanation had been propounded, and of course unhesitatingly accepted, as to the mode in which the cash-box had been transferred from Schönleben's dwelling to that of Maunert. As we do not sufficiently understand the localities to form a correct idea of this explanation, we shall not trouble the reader with it. Enough that at this juncture it was proved by professional witnesses that the said explanation was physically absurd. The cash-box *could not* have been so transferred. Moreover, the plank which had been found recently taken up and laid down again in Schönleben's dwelling, and which was one of the indications against him, now turned out to have been removed by his predecessor in that dwelling, who testified thereto.

The court felt that its case was becoming weaker. Nevertheless it had no doubt of the guilt of the Mannerts; and, since priestly exhortation had failed, it was determined to try the effect of flogging on the wife. She *must* confess! She must learn that denials were useless, and that those who set themselves in opposition to the law should taste its full severities. It was thus decreed that she should be flogged—and in case her bodily health did not permit her suffering such chastisement, she was to be imprisoned alone on bread and water in the darkest dungeon of the prison. Should this fail, the court would proceed to the last extremity—the Rack. That could not fail. Abundant experience on criminals of all kinds proved that, however long they might persist in denying their guilt, however fruitless might be imprisonment, flogging, and exhortation, the test of torture was almost infallible. How many miserable victims had confessed crimes of which

they were innocent, under the affliction of the thumbcrew and boot, no one knew, although all knew that some innocent men had done so. The rack had consequently been gradually falling into disuse; but it was not yet condemned as a horror, it was not yet banished from the code of civilised nations; and the Nürnberg court of justice resolved to apply it to the Mannerts.

At this period Schönleben, still a prisoner, requested to be heard. He stated to the court that it now occurred to him, and he was ready to swear to it, if necessary, that the spangle-maker, Beutner, had on the occasion of assisting him with the load of wood, stood some time at the door of the counting-house, and, on their leaving the house together, had said, "Your old one has a heap of money up there; couldn't we ease him of a little?"—a proposition which he, Schönleben, rejected with indignation. To this he added, that three days ago he had *dreamt* that the cash-box had been found, and that he himself had seen it under a heap of wood in Beutner's house, whereupon, as he naively remarked, "he had felt great joy, and requested the magistrates to release him from prison to the sound of music."

The effect of this deposition was once more to direct inquiry towards Beutner. The Mannerts stoutly denied their guilt; Schönleben denied his; and it was thought that perhaps Beutner could be brought to confess. That none of them were guilty never seems to have been suspected. All the indications against Beutner were carefully collected together. The very dream of Schönleben, instead of being treated as a dream, natural enough in the circumstances, and after so long an imprisonment in a damp dismal cell, was accepted as a clue. Beutner's house was thoroughly searched; but then, where no cash-box could be found, none of course was found. In vain was every plank torn up, and every corner ransacked: rats, dust, and rubbish in abundance were there, but no cash-box, no trace of money.

Beutner was then examined, but denied ever having said anything about their easing Sterbenk of some

of his money. On being confronted with Schönleben, he persisted in this denial, and solemnly declared, like the rest, that his innocence must sooner or later come to light; and on that conviction he relied with confidence. As if, to strengthen this statement, and as if no sooner was one clue caught up than the next moment it was to be broken, the very day after Beutner's examination, a smith, in whose service lived one of the witnesses called to prove Beutner's *alibi*, informed the court that this workman had confessed to him, the smith, that he had concealed the truth on his examination; that in reality Beutner did *not* go home on the night of the 29th-30th at eleven o'clock, but at two in the morning, at which hour the workman accompanied him. Why had he concealed this, and stated what he knew to be false? Because he was afraid of the punishment which would have fallen on him for having been drinking in the beer-shop past the hour permitted by the police! Hereupon all Beutner's witnesses who had been previously examined on the *alibi*, were once more examined, and they one and all confessed that it was two o'clock, not eleven, when Beutner and they left the beer-shop; they all confessed that it was only fear of the police regulations being enforced against them, which had made them conceal the fact on their first examination. There was a not unnatural suspicion excited that those witnesses had told the truth at first, and that Beutner had found some means of corrupting them, so as to induce this retraction; but they persisted in this second statement, and were not only unanimous, but spoke out with the greatest precision and confidence as to the fact. Nobody believed them, and the strictest inquiry was made into every conceivable circumstance that could possibly throw light on their testimony; but the upshot was that the strongest point against Beutner—namely, his supposed presence near the spot at the assumed period when the robbery was committed—was, reluctantly, but inevitably, allowed to sink into utter obscurity.

The locksmith, Hölzel, who for

years had been employed by Sterbenk, was now interrogated. Hölzel had three years before repaired the cash-box in question, and he deposed that, according to his recollection, it weighed one hundred and twenty pounds, was stripped with green, painted with white flowers, and had the lock ornamented as the barber Kirchmeier had stated. But Hölzel added two details which, singularly enough, seem to have made no impression at the time, although they afterwards became of great importance. He stated that on the 30th of June—the day the robbery was discovered—Kirchmeier had informed him of the robbery at Sterbenk's, adding that he had seen a cash-box *somewhere*. On being asked *where*, and in whose house he had seen it, Kirchmeier *could give no satisfactory answer*. Nevertheless, *ten days* afterwards, Kirchmeier privately informed him that he had seen the cash-box in Maunert's house on the 30th June, but since then had not set eyes on it. Hölzel urged him to communicate this to Sterbenk, which for the first time he then did.

This was all confirmed by Kirchmeier. "He distinctly remembered every circumstance, and remembered moreover that Maunert, on his entrance, seemed somewhat confused, had moved rapidly away from the table, while his wife managed to keep the barber at the door till the cash-box was hidden. He also distinctly remembered that the cash-box was such as the one described; a box with plaster cast medallions he does not remember to have seen."

Meanwhile the medical report respecting the capability of Frau Maunert to support a flogging was registered. It stated that she was quite capable of bearing some stripes, and there can be no doubt that this cruelty and indignity would have been suffered by her, as it had been already by her husband, had not nature given an emphatic denial to the medical evidence, by carrying her off. On the 28th September, after an imprisonment of more than three months, death beneficently put an end to her sufferings. She died in great agony, bodily and mental. The priest who alone stood beside her

during the last hours, declared that in the whole of his fifteen years' experience he had never known a sadder case. The cell in which she was imprisoned was underground, shut off from the light of the sun and the breath of heaven; as she herself was shut off from the embraces of her children, and the anxious love of her husband. He also sat alone in darkness, with the knowledge of his innocence, and the knowledge that all men believed him to be guilty. The priest in gentle persuasive accents urged the dying woman to free her soul from its load by confession; her constant reply was, that she had nothing to confess; she and her family were innocent. "God will bring our innocence to light; you will see that one day." And as the final preparations for her end were being made, she said, "God has been with me, and called to me: Fear not: I am beside thee; I go joyfully to Him, for I go at once to heaven." The priest took his leave, and shortly afterwards all was over for her in this world.

As a criminal she had died; as a criminal she was buried. In silence and darkness she was laid in the earth without rites of sepulture. At any rate she was free now from all torture of mind or body.

Three victims still remained. Nothing had as yet been pronounced as to their fate. They had everything to fear; nothing to hope. By one of those coincidences which act powerfully on the public mind, ever prone as the public is to build conjectural romances out of insignificant and unrelated facts, on the very day of Frau Maunert's death the advocate Faulwetter announced that his house had been burglariously entered. It was a small garden-house, outside the town, where on account of quiet he was in the habit of working over his briefs. This had been violently entered early in the morning, but nothing was stolen. On his bureau an inkstand had been upset, and the ink had flooded the papers lying there, some of which were torn, and several moved from their places.

Such was the fact. Now for the interpretation. Faulwetter was one of the counsel employed in the Ster-

bank case, and, as he had several times had the papers of the *proceedings* with him, to look over,—a fact notorious in Nurnberg—it was clear that some yet undetected participant in the robbery had broken into the house, hoping to carry off the papers, and so destroy evidence which might be brought against him, or at any rate throw fresh difficulties in the way of justice. No sooner was this hypothesis started than it gained, of course, instant credit, and it set men speculating as to who the yet undetected accomplice, or accomplices, might be. The power of guessing was illimitable and we have seen that the worthy Nurnbergers were not backward in suspicion, but with all their efforts they could get at no clue.

Even when the mystery was finally cleared up, the burglary at Faulwetter's remained inexplicable, and not until some time afterwards, when Faulwetter was murdered by one of his exasperated clients was even a tolerable guess as to the motive of the burglary arrived at.

Thus day after day, suspicion rose and fell, fresh lights glimmered through the obscurity, but after leading men a strange dance through the morass they were all recognised as will o' wispes, and real steady daylight could nowhere penetrate. Weeks rolled on. Everything had been done to extort a confession, but the hardened obstinacy of the prisoners baffled every effort. Had not one of them died impatient carrying her bold assurances of innocence to the grave? What could now be hoped from such criminals? Nothing, except that they would yield to the persuasion of the rack. This as we have seen, had been already threatened and even resolved on, but with a natural reluctance it had hitherto been left untried. Although the age had gradually learned a little more humanity—learned that torture was a terrible means of investigation, only to be employed in extreme cases, and therefore the court was slow in proceeding to such extremities—yet the age had not arrived at the conviction that torture was an injury and a folly.

Fortunately for all concerned, this

last inquiry was avoided. On the 30th October, exactly four weeks after the burial of Frau Maunert, a new turn was given to the inquiry. Indeed, before that there had been rumours which grew more and more serious, and which directed suspicion to quite other persons than the accused. But the court would not be led away from its present course, by following new and uncertain tracks. It was felt that the whole city was implicated—that justice herself was in peril, unless the truth could be made evident. At length rumour became so loud, that one of the judges sent for the locksmith's apprentice, Wagner, and in his private house took down the following deposition—

On Sunday the 17th October, a friend of his told him at the beer-shop, that a little while before he, Wagner, arrived there one of Meister Berger's workmen, named the Berliner, had spoken very abusively of Meister Gosser, the locksmith, and of Bloedel his man, boldly telling the latter that people suspected him of being concerned in the Sterbink robbery. Bloedel had quietly accepted all the reproaches, insults and vituperation of the Berliner, and sat, as it were, dumb, in the presence of his antagonist. The suspicion to which the Berliner alluded was founded on the fact that Bloedel and Gosser had bought themselves silver watches, were dressed in new suits from top to toe, and seemed to be altogether in much more prosperous circumstances than formerly. Wagner further deposed that on the Monday after that scene Meister Gosser had come to the beer-shop, and endeavoured to clear his man from the imputations which had been cast on him, declaring that he had received money from his relations in Saxony, which would account for his prosperous condition.

On further questioning, Wagner deposed that about a week ago a fellow workman of his had remarked "Bloedel is cutting a figure! He has had a new coat made. He stood treat to me in princely style, two bottles of wine at one place, and whenever we have been together he has insisted on paying for both."

Had anything else been observed? Yes, this. Since the scene at the beer-shop, Blösel had not been seen with his watch, which previously he had always carried. Moreover, Blösel had always seemed very poor; came to the beer-shop in a jacket. Now he was very differently dressed. Wagner would say, and all his comrades said so too, that if Blösel's conscience was clear he wouldn't have put up with the Berliner's language.

The investigation now rapidly changed its course. The prisoners were left alone, while this new clue was eagerly followed up. But they were only left alone after a final effort had been made with Schönleben. The court seemed more than ever desirous to extort a confession, now that the affair threatened to take a new turn. The idea of the prisoners being innocent, after all, and of having suffered so long and so much unjustly, was of course extremely painful, and was rejected as long as possible. Hence the redoubled eagerness to get a confession, which should justify the court in its own eyes and in the eyes of men. But Schönleben would confess nothing; could confess nothing; they might do what they pleased with him, he knew nothing of the robbery. Baffled, the court asked him if he had perhaps any suspicion of one of the locksmiths who had ever done work for Sterbenk—and then suddenly asked him: Which of these men?—and if either, on what grounds? A light seemed suddenly to break in upon Schönleben. He at once named Gösser. But his grounds were not very strong. He said that Gösser was very poor, being unable to pay three gulden (six shillings) for a window ornament he had bought; that he had repaired the house-door lock; and that just before his (Schönleben's) arrest, Gösser had met him in the street, and asked if he would not soon be ordered to make a new cash-box?

Other evidence now poured in fast. Evidence trivial for the most part, but helping in its cumulative effect to strengthen the suspicions against Gösser and his man. The strongest indication of all was that Gösser, who was notoriously in very straitened circumstances, had applied for a pass-

port to Dresden—"intending to visit his relatives there." Instead of going to Dresden, he went to prison; he, his wife, and man. His house had been searched, and facts discovered which admitted of no denial; as the accused at once saw, for they confessed all.

Christian Gottlieb Gösser, thirty-three years of age, was born in Dresden, where his father, a shoemaker, had honestly earned a livelihood, but had died not long before the arrest of his son. Gösser came to Nürnberg in 1789, and settled there as locksmith, and lived there with his wife and two children. Business was very slack with him; and it was only by serious money sacrifices that he obtained admission into the guild of locksmiths and the citizenship of Nürnberg. He thus began in debt; and was not the man to clear himself by energetic and punctual business habits. He appears to have been one of those negatively good men who keep from sin so long as temptation does not press heavily on them; who reject the idea of a crime with shuddering at first, and each time with less and less horror, till, having perfectly familiarised themselves with it, they end by accepting it as a necessity. He confessed that he had often had occasion to enter Sterbenk's house, and had become aware of the facility with which the counting-house door might be opened by any experienced hand. He was often in want of the very necessities of life; his family would not, or could not, assist him; and he began to despair of ever honestly making his way. There was a box full of money; the half of it, nay the third of it, would help him out of all difficulties.

This idea haunted him. It grew more and more fascinating every hour. At length, on the night of the 29th-30th June, towards two o'clock, he proceeded to the house, opened the door, which he found to have been left unbolted, took out the window-pane, opened the counting-house door, and entered without having made the least noise. He was now in presence of the coveted cash-box; all was silent; all was darkness; but he knew the localities, and stealthily tried to force the cash-box open. But this

was impossible; after repeated trials and failures, he tried to carry it off, but this also he found impossible without assistance. The perspiration poured down his face. He had come so far, been hitherto so successful, and now all seemed hopeless! He had incurred the risk, and not gained his object.

Suddenly the thought of his man Bloedel occurred to him. *He* could be induced to assist. In another minute he had crept from the counting-house, and through the street door, which he closed carefully, and hurried to the bedside of his sleeping apprentice. Bloedel, half stupified with sleep, heard him describe in glowing colours the wealth and enjoyment which awaited him if he had the courage to make one bold and easy stroke. It did not seem to require much eloquence to overcome the scruples of the apprentice, if indeed he felt any—for, rubbing his eyes to assure himself that he was awake, he jumped out of bed dressed rapidly, and followed his master down stairs.

In the silent sleeping streets they only met one living soul, and concluded it was a witchman—it was probably the very shopkeeper who deposed to having seen two suspicious looking men crossing the Horse market about that hour. They found the street door slightly ajar. They entered, carried off the cash box with out disturbance, and transported it home. They opened it, and divided the spoil, during the absence of Gosser's wife. They hid the box in a hole under the workshop, and there it had remained until three weeks ago, when it was removed, broken to pieces, and thrown into the Pegnitz,—the muddy stream which flows through Nurnberg.

Four days after the robbery, Gosser confessed it to his wife, who swooned away, and on recovering herself implored him to restore the money, as indeed she had continued daily to implore him, ever since. But he paid some pressing debts, bought what was needed for his business, as well as clothes for himself and family, and would not hear of restoring the money.

Gosser further declared that no one had ever instigated him to the deed,

no one had even hinted at it. The idea occurred to him, he had no accomplice but Bloedel, had never spoken to any one on the subject except Bloedel and his wife, neither before nor since, least of all to the Maunerts, Schonleben, or Beutner. These were entirely innocent. He and Bloedel alone were guilty.

Before his arrest and imprisonment Gosser had attempted suicide, by cutting his throat with a razor, and in prison he tried to open a vein, but both attempts had been frustrated. He confessed having made these attempts "from despair." Beyond this single crime he had nothing of which to accuse himself. His life had been honest until that fatal 29th June. He could give no reason for that deed, except the pressing poverty which weighed him down.

This confession was made so simply, so explicitly, and was corroborated in so many details, that no doubt could arise as to its perfect truth, and one would have thought that the previously accused prisoners would now be set at liberty, and their entire innocence proclaimed. Not so, however. Nurnberg justice, rash enough in suspicion of crime, was tardy in recognition of innocence. It dreaded the idea of having been so deplorably misled.

Gosser's wife was next examined. She corroborated in all essential points the statement of her husband. On the night in question she slept away from her husband on account of the sickness of her baby, then at the breast, so that she knew nothing of his getting up and quitting the house. Only in respect of the day on which he confessed the crime to her did she differ from his statement. It was on the second, not on the fourth day after the deed. She had just returned from being "churched" at St. Laurens, and saw her husband pay a dollar for some nails he had bought, on her asking him, when alone, where that money came from, he replied that Herr von Scheidlin had paid him some money in advance for work ordered. She reproached him for acting without her advice and knowledge, keeping her in ignorance of his affairs, whereupon he replied that if she would only be a

decent woman and leave off reproaching him, he would willingly tell her everything. He constantly went out into the shop, and after whispering with the apprentice Blösel, returned again; and as she, with some impatience, demanded what this all meant, he seized her by the arm, led her into the bedroom, and having first asked her if she would forgive him, and not be startled at what he told her, he confessed all. She thought the earth would swallow her. She implored him not to ruin her and the children; but he pacified her, and assured her that no one would ever know anything about it. She gave an accurate account of how the money had been spent: an account which proved them to have been in the utmost need; and she described the various places where the rest of the money was hidden, naming which sums belonged to the apprentice, and which to her husband. She declared that repeatedly she had urged the restoration of at least a part of the money, and intreated him to make his peace with God and man by a confession; but he was immovable. When she painted to him the sufferings which the innocent were undergoing for his crime, he tried to reassure her, declaring that their innocence must soon be proved, and then they would be set free.

Magnus Melchior Blösel, the apprentice, aged twenty-five, son of a working carpenter, still living in Nurnberg, confessed to all that Gösser had said. He only urged, as a defence, that he had struggled against temptation. When Gösser on the night of the 29th June shook him in his bed and awoke him by the assurance that both of them should be made happy, he asked, how! and where! No sooner had these questions been answered than he exclaimed, "For God's sake, master! what will come of it! We should both come to grief!"—hoping by this to dissuade the master. Blösel, in subsequent investigations, did not persist in even this modest scruple; and admitted that the master's reply, "Pho! nothing will come of it," quite silenced him. He corroborated all the other details, and declared that it was on his repeated remonstrances

that Gösser at length made a clean breast of it to his wife. He had also often spoken with Gösser about the unhappy accused suffering for them, but only got for answer, that "these must be set free at last, and thus we are safe."

After a second search in Gösser's dwelling, which completely confirmed all that had been said, and which yielded upwards of 200 gulden, from various hiding-places; and after pieces of the iron-box had been fished up from the Pegnitz, and recognised—in fact, after no shadow of doubt could exist as to the truth of Gösser's story, the unfortunate Maunert, Schonleben, and Beutner, were lightened of their irons, and their imprisonment in many respects mitigated; but it still continued; and it was only by degrees that they were informed of the new turn the affair had taken.

And now imagine the torrent of public wrath against the barber Kirchmeier, whom every one accused of being the sole cause of all the cruel injustice perpetrated on the Maunerts, no one, of course, accusing himself of having, by credulity and facile hypothesis of guilt, aided and abetted. Kirchmeier was held responsible for all. It was not enough that he had perjured himself; he had misled justice, had caused the death of one poor woman, and the sufferings of a whole family. He was arrested on the 4th November; and after the three confessions had been read aloud to him, was asked if he still ventured to affirm what he had sworn?

With firm voice Kirchmeier declared, "That he could still in clear conscience affirm that, on the morning in question, in the presence of Frau Maunert and her youngest son, while shaving Maunert, he had seen a dark green-striped cash-box, painted with flowers on the cover, and the lock ornamented with four leaves, such as he had previously described, standing by the oven behind the door. It was to him inexplicable and inconceivable that God should so have suffered him to be deceived, inasmuch as he had never traced the slightest tendency to illusion, or defect of understanding, all his life.

He could not believe in such a deception of his senses."

In vain were the confessions read to him, in vain were all the corroborative evidence adduced, in vain were the fragments fished up from the river laid before him, he steadfastly held to his original position, that he had seen such a box in the place stated, and on the day stated. No one knew—no one ever knew—whether this was a real conviction, or a simulated confidence, adopted out of self defence.

And here the psychological interest of this case rises to its height, precisely where the criminal interest ceases. What mystery lies at the bottom of Kirchmeier's accusation? He was not himself in any way implicated in the robbery so that his motive could not have been to divert suspicion. He was not known to be in any degree unfriendly with the Maunerts, and the absurd idea of his having accused them, because irritated at receiving no new year's gift, by its very absurdity shows that no intelligible motive for hatred existed. If therefore the motive was neither one of self defence nor of diabolical malice, what was it? To this day the problem of that conduct remains unsolved, and the psychologist may fairly ask. Was it not wholly an hallucination on the barber's part? Was not this pretended cash box, seen at Maunert's, the product of a too vivid imagination giving reality to its conceptions, as Macbeth's heat oppressed brain saw the actual dagger marshalling him the way which he was going, and on its blade and dudgeon gouts of blood? There are sufficient examples of hallucination, even in persons not suspected of any mental disturbance, to render such an idea very probable.

Kirchmeier declared that he had never known himself liable to any illusions of the senses. And this may have been the case. But he was of a bilious, excitable temperament, and had only quite recently recovered from a severe attack of bilious fever. If now we imagine such a man greatly excited by the news of the robbery, and hearing on all hands descriptions of the cash box, it is very conceivable that the image of this

cash box would soon become so vivid to his mind, that to believe he *had* seen it somewhere would be an easy, almost irresistible step. But where? That he had noticed it at Maunert's might have occurred to him, either from a dim recollection of the medallion box, or perhaps from a supposed suspiciousness in the behaviour of the Maunerts. At any rate, it seems quite clear to us that this idea of Maunert's room being the locality must have been an after thought, since on his mentioning to Holzel that he had seen such a cash box *somewhere*, he did not, on being asked where? give any direct answer. Now it is in the highest degree improbable that he should have concealed such a fact—having no motive for concealment—as that he had seen the box on the very morning of that day, in Maunert's room. Not until ten days afterwards did Kirchmeier tell Holzel where he had seen it. Having once conceived the idea that he had seen the cash box at Maunert's, the belief could only strengthen in his mind. Indeed, this is the very nature of an hallucination, and perhaps the reader may be interested if we digress a little here to narrate an authentic case, which will render Kirchmeier's hallucination intelligible. We take it from Professor Draper's *Human Physiology*, where it is narrated by the physician to whom it occurred.

When he was five or six years old, he dreamed that he was passing by a large pond of water in a very solitary place. On the opposite side of it there stood a great tree, that looked as if it had been struck by lightning, and in the pond, at another part, an old fallen trunk, on one of the prone limbs of which there was a turtle sunning himself. "On a sudden," he says, "a wind arose, which forced me into the pond, and in my dying struggles to extricate myself from its green and slimy waters, I awoke, trembling with terror. About eight years after, while recovering from an attack of scarlet fever, this dream presented itself to me again, identical in all respects. Even up to this time I do not think I had even seen a living tortoise or turtle, but I indistinctly remembered there was

the picture of one in the first spelling book that had been given me." This fact of never having seen a turtle is worth noticing, because Kirchmeier also had never seen Seerbank's cash box, but he, of course, heard it described with some accuracy, and the description sufficed for his imagination, as the spelling book picture sufficed for the boy's dream. "A dozen years elapsed," continues the narrative "I had become a physician, and was now actively pursuing my professional duties in one of the northern States. It so fell out that one July afternoon I had to take a long and wearisome ride on horseback. It was Sunday, and extremely hot; the path was solitary and not a house for miles. The forest had that intense silence which is characteristic of this part of the day—all the wild animals and birds seemed to have gone to their retreats to be rid of the sun. Suddenly at one point of the road I came upon a great stagnant water pool, and casting my eyes across it, there stood a pine tree blasted by lightning and on a log that was nearly even with the surface a turtle was basking in the sun. The dream of my infancy was upon me, the bridle fell from my hands in unutterable fear overshadowed me as I slunk away from the accursed place."

For years the horror of that moment was upon him, and although business often led him in that direction, he always went by another path, to avoid that stagnant pool and blasted pine tree which he had seen (as he believed) in broad daylight. At last reflection, he being a reflecting man—came to his aid. He asked himself whether it was not more probable that he should, for the third time, have dreamed this dream, than that the dream itself should actually have come true? "Have I really seen the blasted pine tree and basking turtle?" he said. "Are a weary ride of fifty miles, the noon-tide heat, the silence that could almost be felt, no provocatives to a dream? I have ridden under such circumstances many a mile, and have awoke and known it, and so I resolved, if ever circumstances should

call me into those parts again, I would satisfy myself as to the matter."

Accordingly, some time afterwards he visited the well remembered spot. There, sure enough, was the stagnant pool, but the blasted pine tree was not there. He searched all round, but not a stump or trace of any tree having grown there could be found, and he rightly concluded that, as he was falling asleep, the glimpse of the water had been incorporated with his dream, and that in reality he had dreamed, but had not seen the vision which so deeply moved him. Suppose this physician to have been an unreflecting man, and he would at any time have been ready to swear solemnly to having seen, in broad daylight, the thing which we know he could not have seen. Now the difference between dreams and hallucinations is little more than that, in the one case, we dream with our eyes closed, in the other, with our eyes open. Let the imagination be vividly impressed, and it will see its objects as distinctly as the eye can see realities, and when there is no thing to warn a man of his error, he cannot do otherwise than believe in it.

This is the only explanation of Kirchmeier's conduct that we can offer, and that some such view was taken of it by the court seems certain, for although tried as a perjurer, he was acquitted of having falsely sworn from any bad motive, his oath was regarded as a sincere act on his part, although he himself had been unaccountably deceived. He was, therefore, simply condemned to the costs and received no other punishment from the court.

It was otherwise with the verdict of Nuremberg. The law might acquit him, society was implacable. In vain had he given three hundred gulden to the wretched Maunert, as the only compensation in his power for the injury done him, the public wrath was very nearly proceeding to Lynch Law. He was scouted in the streets, all his friends turned away from him in contempt, neither he nor any of his family found a word of compassion or of credit, all his customers deserted him, so that to save himself from execration, if not

from starvation, he had to quit Nürnberg, where he had so long been known and respected, as a religious, honourable, punctual citizen. With what thoughts he must have endured this punishment, if he felt himself innocent! What he really felt was never known to others than his family; nor was there ever any clue as to whether he really continued to believe what he had so steadfastly asserted.

After such a case, the value of a single witness, however explicit his statement, and however honourable his character, necessarily became comparatively slight. No two persons would be likely to have had *precisely* the same illusion; and unless two persons swear to a fact, jurisprudence very properly sees a possibility of the witness being in error.

And the unhappy accused? Public opinion of course turned completely round, and every one was anxious to help by sympathy, or friendly offices, those whom it had so unjustly condemned. It is not recorded how many gossips on door-steps and in beer-houses asserted that they had always thought the accused were innocent; but we may be sure that this *ex-post-facto* clear-sightedness was abundantly proclaimed. Mannert, indeed, had lost his wife, and his children were motherless; Schönleben's youngest child had also been murdered. These graves could not be reopened; but these sorrows might to some extent be lightened, and the simple good-natured Nürnbergers did their best to make the sufferers forget what was in truth unforgettable.

MEPHITIS AND THE ANTIDOTE.

AFTER a day spent by woods and waters, on the heather or the green turf, there is a faint sensation of the odious in re-entering a town—even in treading a turnpike road. The sunny days of an autumn recess only deepen the contrast between the healthy freshness of nature and the insalubrity that mankind bring about them wherever they are densely congregated—not merely in the unpaved lane or narrow court where poor people live all the year round, but also in the squares and crescents where all is done that the habits and the sanitary science of the day suggest to mitigate the offence. The recollection of the fetid dust on the hot stones which drove us away in August, revives when we return in November, and adds to whatever reality there may be in the comparative impurity of town air. But of all the reminiscences of this kind, what can ever have been so potent, "*infandum revocare dolorem*," as the return of the British Legislature to the banks of the Thames must be? Whether oblivious or not to the cry of other sufferers wailing for sanitary reform and the removal of noxious nuisances, they did at last

fairly catch it themselves, and an exulting public said, Take that, and remember. No doubt they will remember. The duty of the Legislator was never so brought home to him before. He had just built for himself his "lordly pleasure-house," and in the towers he placed great bells that swung, and might have asked, like the Queen of the palace of art, "Who shall gaze upon my palace with unblinded eyes," when behold a curse more dire than hers, even when "On corpses three months old at noon she came,

That stood against the wall"—

comes down upon his grandeur, and envelopes it in filth and stench. So terrible a combination of pestiferous gases had the machinations of the sanitarians rolled down upon the Houses of Parliament, that Cockneydom might have fairly expected some unconscious person to accomplish at last their proverbial impossibility of setting the Thames on fire, and to behold their favourite river glittering like a petroleum lake with little lambent flames catching its escaping gases. Indeed, among the multitudinous projects for disposing usefully, properly, ornamentally, and

agreeably, of the impurities of our great cities, it is surprising that some one has not proposed to supersede coal-gas by a judicious extraction and condensation of the rich sulphuretted hydrogen which they are ceaselessly generating.

Paradoxical as it may seem, this climax of all known nuisances can be attributed to nothing else but the rapid progress of sanitary organisation. It is a lesson on half measures. The organisation has been more energetic than complete. It has pushed its material up to a certain point, and left it there. The wondrous organisation by which Napoleon conveyed so many men into Russia, made the fate of his army all the more disastrous, since it did not extend to carrying them back again; and so of the organisation of our sanitary reformers, which takes the filth of London into the Thames, but does not carry it out again. To understand the matter fully, let us cast a thought backwards. The removal of impurities by hydraulic gravitation is an invention of late times, like gaslight and steam-engines. People who live in well-conditioned houses wonder how their forefathers could have lived without modern improvements; but they did live, and enjoyed life, and were not entirely destitute of purity, either in body or mind. There were probably many places in their time having an evil odour, and the removal of the impurities of London must have been a nasty business, as we may see in some of Hogarth's prints, especially in his "Night and Morning." A friendly shower was often a great relief; and as it did not then descend into the cavernous recesses of sewers, it swept the streets like a mountain torrent.

"How it gushes and struggles out,
From the throat of the overflowing spout;
Across the window pane
It pours and pours,
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide;
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain—the welcome rain."

Such a working off of superficial impurities would naturally dirty the edge of the river for a time, and it

doubtless received a continual supply from Fleet ditch and other exits. But these would be but a dribble compared to that mighty volume of waters; and in the days when aldermen had a stout preference for Thames salmon—a natural production which sounds as obsolete as the ichthyosaurus—greatly preferring it with its fresh flavour to the boiled commodity from Scotland, the Thames was perhaps a pellucid and nearly a pure stream. Of the filth which was not then carried away by the river, perhaps a considerable percentage remained in the shape of a permanent nuisance. But the great bulk of it must have been removed somehow, and applied to innocuous and useful purposes. It may, indeed, be counted one of the wise adjustments of Providence for the preservation of organic life, that all decaying and putrifying animal or vegetable matter torments us by its odours until it is applied to that only purpose which removes its offensiveness—the replacement of new forms of organic life; until—to speak more briefly and practically—it is employed in agriculture. All filthy and offensive things are applicable to this purpose; it is the only purpose that removes their offensiveness; and they continue their attacks on that department of human sensation which is most immediately susceptible to their influence—the olfactory nerves—until they are hidden out of sight in the earth, and placed in a position to carry on their proper function of reproduction, through which they come forth in the broad fields of corn, or the sweet-scented flowers that greet us when we step abroad in the early summer mornings. Thus, even in the filthiest places, there is generally but a percentage of the actual putrifying organic matter which has been created in them—the great bulk being, as it were, by a natural law, removed to perform its legitimate function in the soil.

Let us now see what immediate effect the injunctions of the school of sanitary reformers were calculated to have on such general conditions. Their chief injunctions may

be thus briefly set forth—Bring fresh water in great abundance into the towns, and lay it down, not only for street purposes, but in all the houses. Let it be so abundant that it is kept at all times at high pressure, there is no occasion for the tank or the cistern which renders the water stale and subjects it to pollution. As there comes from an affluent river, or some large reservoir, a great aque duct full of water into the town, which divides itself into main pipes along the chief streets, which then in their turn, by one or more processes of subdivision, send a small tube full of water on high pressure, perpetually running, or ready to run into every house,—so let the water, carrying with it the impurities of the house, pass onwards and join a street pipe, which joins a larger pipe or sewer, and this again a larger, till the whole accumulated filth rolls on wards in one volume. The adjustment is like that of the venous and arterial system in the circulation of the blood inverted.

In practically carrying out plans, of which this arrangement may be called the general theory or system, a number of inveterate practices had to be attacked. Fierce war was made on cesspools, they were shown to be deposits of gaseous poison, generated by an interruption in the current of the liquid sewage away from the neighbourhood of human dwellings, for which no purpose could be assigned. The size and structure of the ordinary sewers under streets were next attacked. The section of a London sewer in operation was drawn, and explained to be a large stone vault, in which meandered a stream between banks of solidified filth which it had left in its current as mountain streams deposit sand and pebbles by their side—a magazine of putrescence, ramifying itself through the city, distributing foul gases at every outlet and inlet. An unfortunate engineer, questioned as to what would become of a dead cat or a cabbage in one of his sewers, unwittingly said that it would rot there and gradually move off with the rest of the matter in the end—the very answer his ques-

tioners wanted, so that he had the satisfaction to see it paraded as an illustration of the pestilent character of the sewers he had been constructing. The remedy for this defect was in the well known system of tubular drainage or sewerage—the ducts, larger or smaller, according to occasion, but always tubular, circular, or oval—smooth surfaced, and free from all asperities and angularities, in such wise, that, as one of the professional promoters of the arrangement puts it—“So readily does the smooth interior surface of the glazed stoneware pipes allow the passage of the sewage, and so securely do these pipes retain the flush of cold water that drives it from the houses, that no time is afforded for the process of decomposition, and the foul gases scarcely begin to dissolve before the deposit in the house drains reaches its destination at the terminus of the main sewer”—(Report, p 23.) Thus, said the sanitarians, the pure water passes into the city—combines with all uncleanness and passes out with it. Nothing is left to putrify or escape in gases, the whole is carried away, and that speedily. But whither is it carried? There was the rub.

There has been abundant promulgation from the sanitary school of projects for the ultimate disposal of the organic refuse, which, down to the point we have now come to is passing through a great trunk sewer, but, as it happens, the practical world has got no farther through the organisation than to the mouth of the great trunk sewer, where it stops—though the contents of the trunk sewer do not stop there. From the beginning, sanitary reformers have kept an eye on the cold clay and gravel lands which starve for want of the decomposing organic matter that festers in the neighbouring towns. They have found, and applied with much skill to their object, a very unpropitious-looking instance of the disposal of town refuse near Edinburgh. A practice had gradually arisen of some owners or tenants of meadow land between the city and the sea drawing off a part of the contents of a passing sewer for the

enrichment of their land. The operation was at first so small that it attracted neither alarm nor notice, and it increased so imperceptibly, but at the same time so substantially, that when people's feeling was excited against it, those interested in its maintenance insisted that they had a long prescriptive right to it; that it was established property worth at least £150,000, the amount which they named as their proper compensation if they were to abandon it. Finally, they got clauses inserted in the Edinburgh police acts, prohibiting the refuse of the town from being diverted through other channels away from their property; the first time surely in the history of the world in which any community have been prohibited from doing as they pleased with their own refuse, and compelled carefully to preserve it, no matter how offensive to them, for the use of a favoured recipient. As the citizens of Edinburgh know too well, the offensive fluid is employed in the irrigation of grazing meadows. The adepts have calculated that, if the whole instead of only a portion of the drainage of Edinburgh were thus employed, it would create a rental of from £15,000 to £20,000 a-year. What a Pactolus, therefore, might not the drainage of London prove! No one has been hardy enough, however, specifically to advocate the irrigation of the flats of Kent and Surrey after the fashion of these Edinburgh meadows. These have, indeed, been chiefly known by the bitter complaints against them as a public nuisance, and the efforts for their abolition.

Still, they afforded an instance of town-refuse turned to valuable account, which the sanitarians were naturally unwilling utterly to abandon. It was maintained, and is probably true, that if in thus supplying manure by irrigation, or in the liquid form, you issue no more than precisely what the plants you desire to nourish can consume, there are no offensive exhalations from the process, and no deleterious effects on the animal economy. Still, as the matter at present stands, there is a

general and not unnatural prejudice against the distribution here and there throughout the open country of the detested compound. It may not be smelt—it may not be deleterious to health—but that it is *there*, would destroy the amenity of the bean-ridge and the clover-field; nor, although roses and other sweetest flowers are the greediest of nurture, and, indeed, foul feeders, would the florist willingly gratify their greed from such a source.

It is scarcely possible to convey to those who have not dipped into the parliamentary papers and other receptacles in which the greater part of our sanitary literature is hidden, a conception of the quantity of acute inquiry and ingenious experiment which has been devoted to this problem—the utilisation of sewage on the land. It has been maintained, and apparently on good experimental authority, that the most efficacious means of applying its fertilising elements to plants, is by passing it to them under the soil, and directly feeding the mouths of their roots. On this ground, some people have dreamt of, rather than projected, a reticulation of slender ducts conveying the nourishment to plants without its appearing above the earth and giving offence either to smell or sight. The idea which the possible realisation of such a process presents is the very romance of sanitary economy. The element from some pellucid river or mountain-lake, or from the aggregate supply of many rocky springs, is poured in all its original purity into some great city. Then it waits until it has performed the refreshing and purifying functions to which it is destined. These accomplished, it speeds on its secret way, hiding itself and the contamination which its beneficent functions have entailed on it, until it arises out of the earth in the fertility of the harvest-field and the blossom of the flower. Such hidden metamorphoses may come to pass in the course of nature's operations, but they are too perfect for the mechanism of man. Even the all-potent Metropolitan Board of Works will not undertake to do the job before

them in this perfect fashion; and thus we are back at the old place, the sewer's mouth, with the question as unsolved as ever—What is to be done with it?

In fact, down to this point, the public have in a great measure adopted, and vigorously carried out, the precepts of the sanitarians. It is true that their plans for applying a complex system of trunk and branch drainage, on one scientific plan, under central control, throughout London and the other chief towns, has not yet come into operation; but the exertions of individual owners and corporate bodies have, for the last twenty years, pressed towards that rapid cleansing by efficient tubular drainage, which was to constitute the details of such plans. It was stated in a report by the Board of Health to the Secretary of State, in 1854, that in London there were entered on "347 miles of pipe-sewers;" and as this method of drainage was then in its infancy, the extent to which it must have subsequently increased is a matter beyond the bounds of calculation. At the same time, other precepts of the sanitarians, tending to the same result, have been more or less followed—such as the abolition of open drains, and the removal of their ordinary contents in pipes—the paving over of the courts and minor passages in towns, so as to preserve everywhere a surface of stone, instead of the clay or sand into which noxious elements are easily absorbed—and the cleansing of all surfaces, not by the dirty, clumsy brush of the scavenger, but by a liberal flow of water, carrying all the superficial rubbish in suspension into the sewers, where it joins the general volume of water in its rapid course onwards.

It was inevitable, so long as sanitary operations had gone thus far and no farther, that wherever a running stream passed near to them, the whole mass must just be tumbled into it. Though the Thames stands forth as the great climax of the difficulty, yet there is many another river in Britain of which we might say, as Coleridge says of the Rhine—which, however, does not wash its city in

the effectual sense in which the term might be used of some of ours—

"Ye nymphs that reign o'er sewers and
dunks,

The river Rhine, as is well known,
Doth wash your city of Cologne.
But tell me, nymphs, what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine!"

We believe there is but a faint conception of the extent to which the running waters throughout Britain have been polluted through the seal with which the public have carried into practice an incomplete system of sanitary organisation. In mitigated instances, the evil assumes a worse aspect than in those where the pollution is most thorough and offensive. No one, we presume, drinks from the Thames below London Bridge, or the Clyde at the Broomielaw; but, in other instances, the waters which receive the refuse of one portion of the population, constitute the drink of another. During the visitation of cholera in 1854, in more than one case, where a dense town population was appalled by the peculiarly rapid spread of the epidemic among them, and thinned by a mortality far above the average, the calamity was distinctly brought home to the fact that the community was supplied by water which received the drainage of suburban villas of the better kind, pleasantly situated on the river's bank, beyond the noise and smoke of the town. There were at that time deep apprehensions that a great portion of the water consumed in London itself was impregnated with the same poison. That it contained a portion of organic refuse—whether or not enough to be mischievous—was sufficiently evident, because it came from portions of the Thames which received the drainage of houses fitted up for the residence of respectable and wealthy people; and the remaining question was, whether its quantity was sufficient materially to pollute so large a body of water? The medical council, co-operating with the Board of Health, analysed these London waters. The diagrams exhibited in their report, representing microscopic views of the contents of

each, are horrible conglomerates of organic bodies, vegetable and animal, alive and dead, like a bad nightmare dream, or the representations of an antediluvian world in children's books. Nor does the nomenclature of the analysis reconcile one any better to the object. Is it not terrible to think of an ordinary citizen of London daily consuming the creatures in the following catalogue? We abstain from naming the company which supplies them, lest the reader should be appalled to find it printed in his water-receipt when it comes in to-morrow.

"Eight or nine small infusoria were seen in this water after subsidence, as well as nine or ten entomostracoea, cyclops quadricornia, in a peculiar condition of growth. The sediment was rather considerable, and in it the following organic and other productions were seen: Three small worms, anguillula fluviatilis, five or six loricated infusoria, a species of euchlanidota, several actinophyes, oxytricha pellionella, vorticella, many small paramacia, a few animalcules of the genus coleps and lagenella, five or six of the genus amphileptus, and three or four polyarthrus. Amongst the desmidiaceae were four or five fronds of acenedemus quadricauda, and ac. acutus, and pediatrum boryanum; amongst the diatomaceae were many frustules of cyclotella operculata, several of Nitzschia sigma, three or four groups of frustules of synedra minutissima, frustules of melosira varians, amphora ovalis, and of two or three different naviculae. Amongst the dead organic matter were a great many fragments of shells of entomostracoea, many of the exuvial masses and other debris, intermixed with which were the green branched threads of some conferva, and the usual fungus with slender threads."

We have little doubt that all this array of nomenclature, or some other equally formidable and technical, would be found applicable to the water used for domestic consumption in various parts of the country, and that the impurity so denoted has, even since this analysis was made, been greatly enhanced by the rapid increase of internal cleansing apparatus on the modern system. Anglers in Scotland complain that the trout in rivers which have the

fortune to be bordered by mansions or well-drained villages, are deteriorating or dying from the same cause. It invades even the mountain torrent. We drink in passing from our old accustomed pool at the stepping-stones in the glen, where the water used to be as cold and pure as when it bubbled from the rock; but something has changed it—it has lost its old freshness. As we walk upwards, we see near its border the roof and smoking chimneys of a new lodge. We have lost faith in Highland streams.

If many small people lie under a grievance, it is a source of hope to find a few of the great among them. The Thames question will in the end carry all the others about the polluting of streams to some practical conclusion. It is, of course, long since the condition of this river drew the serious attention of scientific men; and lest the climax of the last hot summer should be considered, from the excitement created by it, a greater novelty than it really was, we are tempted to quote the following passage from a letter addressed by Faraday to the *Times* in July 1854. After describing the aspect and colour of the river, as he saw it in a sail between bridges, he says:—

"The smell was very bad, and common to the whole of the water; it was the same as that which now comes up from the gully-holes in the streets. The whole river was for the time a real sewer. Having just returned from out of the country air, I was perhaps more affected by it than others; but I do not think I could have gone on to Lambeth or Chelsea, and I was glad to enter the streets for an atmosphere which, except near the sink-holes, I found much sweeter than that on the river.

"I have thought it a duty to record these facts, that they may be brought to the attention of those who exercise power, or have responsibility, in relation to the condition of our river. There is nothing figurative in the words I have employed, or any approach to exaggeration—they are the simple truth. If there be sufficient authority to remove a putrescent pond from the neighbourhood of a few simple dwellings, surely the river which flows for so many miles through London ought not to be allowed to become a

fermenting sewer! The condition in which I saw the Thames may perhaps be considered as exceptional; but it ought to be an impossible state, instead of which I fear it is gradually becoming the general condition. If we neglect this subject, we cannot be expected to do so with impunity; nor ought we to be surprised if, ere many years are over, a hot season gives us sad proof of the folly of our carelessness."

It is satisfactory to feel that the matter is now fairly in hand, and that the burden of removing the nuisance is to be borne in the proper quarter—by those who create it. A gentle appeal was at first made for the compassionate assistance of the rest of the country through a Treasury grant, and smaller towns and country districts were told that their members would be killed if it were not removed, and that Londoners, being in a manner acclimated to it, would certainly not be induced to stir unaided in the matter. But the country at large felt much as the *Scotsman* expressed in saying, "They have as good a right to their stink as we have to our wholesome air, and if they are resolved to keep it till we pay them for giving it up, they are not likely to lose it before—nor, perhaps, till some time after—they are sick of it." There is no service in which a community has less claim on the aid of others than the removal of the nuisances which itself hath made. "Thou canst not say I did it!" would be the defence of every extra metropolitan subject taxed for such a purpose.

But it is perhaps scarcely kind to recall such speculations, since London has at last frankly undertaken the mighty work. Its progress will be an object of great interest to the world at large—a source of great torment and excitement, we fear, to those close to the engineering works, which must be carried out with a ruthless disregard of domestic conveniences, which might melt the heart of a civil engineer, but will be endured by fond mammas and patient nursery-maids when they remember the object to be attained. There will be great gulphs cut, over which elderly gentlemen will have to pass

to business on terribly elastic deal planks, and along the edges of which "the pets" will have to be contrivantly steered to a safe playground. Houses will be shaken from their foundations at critical moments—a marriage-party or a christening, and some of the fragile brick suburban tenements of the metropolis may be expected to topple down like houses of cards. When the flower garden is at its prime, some grim visitor will appear to intimate an immediate opening, and in a few hours the roses and carnations are buried deep in clay and filth. A stream of black sludge breaks loose upon the fresh washing—a larger stream, perhaps like the rivers of mud from an eruptive volcano, comes down on some Prospect Place, and half obliterates it. The progress of the great London drainage works will make a history of themselves, full of stirring incidents and effective positions, likely to make a little fortune to *Punch*. The country must look for something not less than Spartan virtue from the patriarchs and matrons of Bethnal and Rotherhithe.

The leading features of the proposed engineering works appear to be distinctly marked and capable of being easily understood. On either side of the river there are to be two main or trunk sewers—the one on a high level, the other on a low level. The rule of gravitation, which would make the low level sewer carry the contents of its higher neighbour into the river, is to be reversed by artificial means, and the contents of the low level main sewer, containing all the drainage of the flat districts, is to be pumped up into the high level sewer. A competent descent is thus to be obtained for the whole. It seems to be intended that the two outfalls shall be nearly opposite to each other in the unsightly marshes which edge the Thames, the north outfall somewhere about Barking Creek, the other in the Greenwich marshes.

Were the sewage—a new name, by the way, which the quantity of the peculiar liquid created by modern drainage, and the extensive discussion about its disposal, have rendered

convenient—were the sewage sent into the river from these outfalls in the state in which it is sent towards them, the gain by the operation would be small and dubious. London would be more fully cleansed, it is true, by the minute articulation of drainage to be connected with the new sewers, and the whole would be more thoroughly discharged from the high level sewers and their outfalls, but this would only increase, and that very materially, the amount of the impurities to be cast into the river. Whether the portion of the river passing through London would gain more by the distance of the outfalls than it would suffer by the increase of the quantity, is a point on which we have not science enough to offer an opinion. But the importance of this question is neutralised by the project of establishing deodorising works near the outfalls, which are to retain the solid portion of the sewage, and to send the liquid portion, colourless and comparatively clean, into the river. It is on this portion of the operation that the chief interest now hangs, and it is in some respects the interest of mystery. That modern engineering could remove any amount of liquid, pure or impure, to any distance, and could remove it hermetically closed up, so that, like our street gas in its gasometers and tubes none of its offensiveness need escape, could not be doubted, and the fundamental question has been, how, when brought away, it is to be inoffensively disposed of? We have seen some of these modern processes of deodorisation, and, like chemical metamorphoses generally, they have a very striking effect, especially when exhibited on a small scale. A tumbler is filled with sewage, swarthy as Spartan broth, the deodorising preparation is dropped in, and gradually you see the black sediment sinking to the bottom, where it lies, like the solid mud under a sluggish stream, and there remains above a liquid about as clear as water poured into a glass emptied of table beer, but not cleaned. The experimenter generally says he has no objection to drink the purified liquid, but we never happened to see him

do so, and certainly did not offer to be his substitute.

Years must pass before the great work is finished, and alert as the public mind has been rendered in the matter, these will doubtless be years of investigation, suggestion, and discovery. We know not yet what scientific discoveries may be in store for the treatment of the first great outfall of the concentrated impurities of all London. But, at the same time, it were as well that, before starting on a voyage of discovery, we should be secure in the possession of some ascertained fact which may serve as a last resource if this voyage of discovery should prove unfruitful. After glancing at the many projects which have been suggested for removing from the sewage the element which is at once its source of value and its cause of offence, the nearest prospect of a practical solution of the difficulty has presented itself to us in the circumstance, that in the number for last July of the *Journal of Agriculture*, there is a comparison between the value to the farmer, of guano on the one hand, and of the compost made from deodorised sewage at Leicester on the other. Through elaborate tabular statements, it is there shown that the preference must be with guano, unless the manufacturer of the sewage compost were to content himself with a profit inadequate to his exertions. Something real seems to have been achieved when even the second place in such a comparison is obtained, and we see the practical power thus gained brought up to the proper point, when we find the Metropolitan Board of Works in communication with the manufacturer of the compost, who offers to enter into contracts with them to deodorise their sewage at the outfalls for a certain sum per million of gallons. But the question involved in the value of this operation is far more important than any that can be estimated in contract prices, or in any pecuniary shape. Of course it is well if the process of purifying towns can be cheapened by the value of the matters removed, but that is altogether a secondary and a trifling question when compared to the efficiency of the purification.

With this solely in view, the practical man's comparison of the sewage compound with guano, brings us to this satisfactory conclusion, that after the sewage has been taken clear out of a town, it is practicable to extract from it solid matter having fertilising value, and as such worth money, which is, in other words, saying that it is practicable to extract from it those elements which, in its original condition, rendered it offensive and unwholesome. Indefinite improvements may follow, but here appears to be a satisfactory position to fall back upon.

There are probably vague notions on deodorisation. As it will in many instances be arranged that the sewage waters, after the deodorising process, shall be returned into the lower channels of the streams where they flowed in their original purity, it will be necessary that the liquid portion of the town discharge should be deodorised. But if all, or very nearly all, the sedimentary matter be removed from it, this would naturally follow. When we separate from the sewage a substance capable in an economic view, of competing with guano, we have a guarantee that a great deal of impurity with its accompanying odour is taken out of the water. As to the deodorising of the solid matter itself, this seems of less consequence. The great primary point which seems certain to be gained is, that the whole is swept in close reservoirs out of the city into a desert place. The process it there undergoes can neither be a cleanly nor a healthy one, but the supposition is, that it is carried on in a place clear of population, and, we doubt not, suitable spots on the marshes of the Thames have been selected with this consideration. It is not necessary that the workmen employed in the process should live, or be permitted to live, close to the spot, they might be conveyed to and from their work daily. Some of the large manufacturing towns will naturally present far greater facilities for such a process than London. In these, the precedent set of removal by steam pumping apparatus, instead of gravitation, will open up entirely

new prospects of internal purification. With a perfect system of sewage, worked by steam machinery, there need not be a drop of filth unremoved, and the inky stream, which is the standard nuisance of the spot, may, if it be not employed in machinery, become clear, and fresh, and healthy, as it was ages ago, ere the first rudiments of a town were set down by its side. In such a case we could suppose the whole sewage collected into one central reservoir, whence it is pumped into some distant moorland, where the deodorising, or whatever other process be proper to remove the liquid from the solid matter, may be carried on apart from human dwellings. But when the drainage of a secondary town is thus removed to an upland district, whether any measure should be taken for the neutralisation of that aroma which people always necessarily associate with the food of plants, and from which the rival guano is anything but exempt seems to be an affair of trifling moment.

To return to the metropolitan affair. Let us hope that the practical condition of the matter has now gone so far in the right direction, that there is no risk, of what once seemed inevitable, that the whole pollution of London should be conveyed unmitigated into the sea. Had it once been resolved that the ocean should bear that terrible burden, all others of the same character would have seemed light for it, and would have been lightly thrown on it. From such a solution of the difficulty of cleansing the towns, and the country too, we could only anticipate very disastrous consequences, and we pray the reader to think over the matter in all its bearings, that he may be able to estimate its character and tendency, should those who have the matter in their hands ever fall back on such a solution of the difficulty. We have seen how rapidly and formidably fresh water streams have been contaminated by modern improvements in house cleansing and drainage. We shall find that it has been creeping into our sea-waters also. Paterfamilias is surprised that his children have come back from

their old esteemed bathing-quarters, paler and more sickly than when they went, especially as he hears that the place has undergone an entire sanitary overhauling, and been supplied with all the modern requisites of comfort and health. He goes down, and finds the old village, indeed, swept and garnished. The streets, which had a dirtyish gutter on either side, and were in all parts to be trodden with caution, are as clean as the pavement of Amsterdam. Certain objects which he used to denounce as remnants of barbarism, have disappeared, having been superseded by hydraulic mechanism elsewhere. So much for the land, but now for the water. He finds that between half and full tide—the most convenient condition for bathing—it is impregnated with a heavy percentage of that abominable fluid which bears the newly invented name of sewage. He discovers that the mouth of the main trunk sewer, lying at low tide like a long cannon on the sand, was the place which his children generally selected for their sports. He wonders no more at their condition, but returns, meditating on the sad fate of all efforts at human amelioration to encounter reaction, and agreeing, with Byron, that "man is an unfortunate devil, and ever will be." *Punch* got hold of this new salt-water grievance and gave us a representation of the bathing-master directing the attendant to put "the gent as wants to be tuck in deep, into the drain."

The sea, no doubt, is deep and broad, but we have yet to know how far it may be contaminated should we cast into it the great mass of impurities which have heretofore gone to fertilise the land. The partial ejections, caused by the recent progress of sanitary improvement, begin to give us warning. A hundred years ago it would have been thought as absurd to speak of the great volume of water in the tidal reaches of the Thames being polluted, as it may now be thought to speak of a similar danger to our estuaries and sandy bays. But the effects of the drainage of Glasgow—imperfect as it is—may be perceived at Dumbarton, and were the

impurities of that enormity, along with those of Paisley and Greenock, and of the many manufacturing villages in the basin of the Clyde, received into the Firth by a perfect system of drainage on the best scientific principles, we doubt not that the abomination would be found on the rocky borders of Loch Goyle, and in the beautiful annuities of the Kyles of Bute. Adepts tell us that the impurities cast into the sea nourish seaweeds, that these nourish birds, and the birds deposit guano, which is brought to fertilise our fields, so that in reality what is sent forth comes back to us. It may be so, but the process is somewhat circuitous, and the immediate results of it are not desirable. Suppose the whole world, or all that part of it sufficiently near the shore, to follow the example which some of our towns have set, and discharge their refuse into the sea, the result we leave to greater philosophers and better calculators.

Here, then, is the plain state of the case. The changes in our domestic and municipal habits, so rapidly brought about, have reacted in evils which it requires farther changes, and these of a comprehensive and powerful character, to counteract. But let us not despair. The next stage of progress will, beyond doubt, be carried out. It is the nature of such things always to be completed by the practical persevering people who inhabit our island, and when the final result is satisfactorily achieved, we shall perhaps be better able to appreciate the true amount of enlightened philanthropy and practical sagacity developed in the operations which have carried us thus far. No doubt, during the twenty years in which sanitary science has been in vogue and in action, it has developed vain enthusiasm here, and self-sufficient pedantry there. Many a one idea has been brought forward to solve all the difficulties of the achievement, and has been found worthless for meeting the smallest of them. Many a scheme, promising the best results in theory, has broken down in action, and many a foolish conflict has been fought between men, each working for the world's good, and each ad-

vesting his own invention as the only genuine method for its accomplishment. But such is the way in which, in this country of free action and speech, we reach sound conclusions, leaving it to other nations fondly to believe, if they can, that human beings may be drilled, by immediate order from headquarters, into any total change of habits and thoughts which enlightened philosophy may suggest to their rulers.

Such reflections as these naturally call up to remembrance the chief leading spirit in the school of the sanitarians—the General who, as it were, brought us up to the point where we now stand, and then was driven from his command. Several eminent and meritorious men have co-operated in the promulgation of sanitary science—such as Lord Shaftesbury, Dr Neil Arnot, and Dr Southwood Smith. But the man who created the school, and fought out its doctrines to practical conclusions—the man without whom, to all human appearance the existing sanitary school would not at present have existed—is Mr Chadwick.

Let us introduce the reader to Edwin Chadwick, Esq., C.B., as he is waiting for an audience, and preparing to talk over a Cabinet minister, throwing the occurrences some eighteen or twenty years back. The horror which statesmen entertain towards weak enthusiasts and selfish office hunters, does not extend to him. A man of sedate and reputable life, addicted to scholarly pursuits, as well as to practical projects unambitious of popularity, and not a seeker of power or influence through the usual beaten tracks, he is a man whom it is safe and becoming to hear. A nervous absent manner—a low voice, a hesitating speech, and altogether the air of one who is dragged by circumstances out of his habitual reserve, incline the auditor tacitly to submit to being bored for a while, congratulating himself that that is all, and it will soon be over. But he is not bored. There are so many telling facts consistently put together—so much clearness on the whole, with occasional picturesqueness that the discourse draws in the listener,

as a subdued painting with great depth of colouring and completeness of finish secures a hold on the eye, which may at first have passed it over among its gaudier neighbours. In the end the listener finds that, in the hands of that mild, modest looking man, he has got into the iron grasp of a giant. He can neither resist nor escape. Every practical difficulty which might give room for evasion or postponement, is provided for. Is there any question about the chance of finding persons capable of carrying the plan into execution? The proper men have been already found, and have stated their willingness to undertake it. Are there structural or engineering works to be carried out—those sources of procrastination which may always be counted on with so much security in public undertakings? The working plans and specifications are all prepared, estimates have been obtained, and a well known contractor for such works is ready to break ground to-morrow. Is it necessary, in the first place, to have support from public opinion? Behold a host of newspapers simultaneously shout forth unanimous laudations of the measure, as that sole means of saving the country, which statesmen must have been blind not to be convinced of. Is further inquiry suggested before a statesman can positively commit himself to some thing so novel and—pardon him for the observation—so un-English? Witnesses spring up like figures in a pantomime, all thorough practical men, who have long entertained the opinion they express and have no doubt whatever that the proposal is the right thing. The scrupulous accuracy with which their testimony dovetails into the master's narrative, produces a general harmony, which obtains a touch of picturesqueness and variety from the use made of any attempt by some luckless witness to break in upon the general consistency of the theme by doubt or contradiction, as, for instance, the following little sketch of some adverse testimony about the effect of exhalations from decomposing animal substances—"Men with shrunken figures, and the appearance of premature age, and a peculiarly

cadaverous aspect, have attended as witnesses to attest their own perfectly sound condition, as evidence of the salubrity of their own particular occupations. Generally, however, men with robust figures, and the hue of health, are singled out, and presented as examples of the general innocuousness of the offensive miasma generated in the process in which they are engaged. Professor Owen mentions an instance of a witness of this class, a very robust man, the keeper of a dissecting room, who appeared to be in florid health (which, however, proved not to be so sound as he himself conceived), who professed perfect unconsciousness of having sustained any injury from the occupation, and there was no reason to doubt that he really was unconscious of having sustained or observed any, but it turned out, on inquiry, that he had always had the most offensive and dangerous work done by an inferior assistant, and that within his time he had had no less than eight assistants, and that every one had died, and some of these had been dissected in the theatre where they had served, — a proper doom of poetical justice to the accessories of a man who was making himself a living testimony against sound Chadwickian principles.

In dealing with one so armed, there was nothing for it but to yield at once, or carry on a deadly conflict. Thus, for a time, Mr Chadwick had a deal of his own way and his way affected measures of large moment to the empire. His influence moulded the tone and tenor of the English Poor Law Act of 1844 — the great Act which revolutionised the condition of the rural labourers. No one did more to bring about the general system of police which is now coming into operation throughout the empire. Lastly, he was the parent and author of the Board of Health and of the whole sanitary legislation of the country, including those enrolments under the Public Health Act which have provided a sanitary police for several towns in England, the number of which is annually increasing. At last, however, when seemingly in the midst of his labours and at the height of his power, the British pub-

lic found that they could endure him no longer, and he was cast down by a sort of general ostracism. His mind was, in fact, not constituted for the British people and the British constitution. He could not give and take as our public men do — losing a point to-day, and expecting to gain an equivalent to-morrow — yielding here, and compromising there, and admitting, even when beaten, that the other side may have some good in it. Nothing that ever differed in the faintest degree from Mr Chadwick's well weighed and carefully-adjusted conclusions could ever seem to his eyes to have any good in it. He was driven by an egoism, as the French call it, to adopt logical conclusions which were infallible, and must break through all obstacles. Hence there was an autocratism about him which the people of this country will bear neither from rank nor wealth, and which they showed in his case that they will not bear from talent. Admitting the evils of lameness and dirtiness, they asserted the abstract right to be lazy and dirty when they pleased. Perhaps the Potemkins, Pombals, and Hardenbergs, who have produced so much influence in despotic countries have been men of such a mould. What influence such a man might have if he secured the ear of one of the great imperial rulers of Europe, it would be hard to say. Instead of a continued chafing with lukewarm friends and determined enemies, his schemes might then have been carried out with the rapidity of military commands — whether with as much fundamental effect on the people as the projects of benevolence which are discussed, criticised, lopped, and twisted, before they pass into Acts of Parliament with us, let historical and ethical philosophers decide. It is enough that our people, whether from their reasonableness or their unreasonableness, became suspicious when they saw that whatever public office Mr Chadwick was attached to, drew into itself gradually, as it were by some magnetic attraction, all other business, public and private. When he was at the Poor Law Board, he found poverty intimately associated on the one side with crime, and

this brought within his supervisance the system of police, and the administration of criminal justice generally. On the other side, he found that disease and death were great sources of poverty, and this opened up to him the field in which his services have been most signal and successful. But even while he was pursuing with all vigour the work of sanitary reform, he must needs follow up collateral projects of organization so various and so distant from his proper field, as to show a disposition to aggregate within his own control the nation's business, and that of every man in it. Through the necessity of superseding the over-crowded graveyards in towns, and the opening of extra mural cemeteries, he found his way to the supervisance of funerals as a public function of his department, and the consequent abolition of undertakers, much to the indignation and amazement of these sable functionaries, who told a sympathising and slightly alarmed audience that this was but a beginning of interference with private enterprise, which might gradually absorb one trade after another into the Government departments, to end—who knows where? He was far too great an artist to announce his design in anything like the abrupt manner in which it is here spoken of. He first pointed to the solemn associations and sanctified repose that should naturally surround the ancestral burial place, whether it were in the vaults of some grand old church, or the green sod beneath the yew trees, where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep. He showed how utterly all this had departed from the modern city graveyards, where the narrow house is sold by mercenary dealers, stimulated by competition, at an enormous price. The last ceremony is performed close to a crowded street rattling with omnibuses, which sends in a detachment of its idle boys to criticize, in their peculiar ribald fashion, the conduct and costume of the mourners, who are in the end pestered by drunken attendants for perquisites to be spent in the neighbouring gin shop. For all this it is

possible to substitute the quiet seclusion of a cemetery among trees, where the last rites may be performed with due decorum, while the more important object is accomplished of closing city graveyards, rendered pestilential by saturation. So far the reports on interments in towns led to changes which, though they may not have entirely accomplished all that their propounder had in view, have been eminently beneficial. But he did not stop at this point. The removal of the dead beyond the city should be performed with due decorum and solemnity—a proposition readily acceded to. But the poor could ill afford this sacrifice to sanitary improvement, and some arrangement should be made to economise it. And since there must be official intervention, why not look into the whole system of undertakers' work and charges, and see what they are? So comes a statement of facile, meaningless expenditure on the one hand, and mercenary exaction on the other, which probably has been of use in keeping down undertakers' bills, though it has not transferred their function to the State. It was so skilfully presented that people at first sight overlooked its general bearing on trade and freedom of action, and forgot that, if extravagance and overcharges were a reason for putting down private enterprise, there were few of the ordinary transactions of life that could escape. A reactionary cry at length arose against this system of aggressive interference and its author. The country gave him a thousand a-year in consideration of his past services, and on condition of his abstaining from more. Deprived of the means of activity, he was not, however, restrained in freedom of speech. He has been talking on various matters, not without effect, and the last creation of his fertile brain is the competitive system of examination for office—a project which, perhaps more than any other, reveals the fundamental system of his policy. It is in practice what the political department of Comte's philosophy of the positive is in theory—a sort ofocracy or despotism of intellect,

where power is to be held, not by the tenure of hereditary rank or of popular will, but according to cleverness—the cleverest, and we all know who that is—ruling over all.

The chief service achieved by this remarkable man is still embodied in the "Report on the Sanitary Condition of the Labouring Population of Great Britain," issued in 1843. The shape in which it appeared is characteristic. The Poor Law Commissioners, as a body, were authorised to make the inquiry and the report, but they presented a report prepared solely by their secretary, Mr Chadwick. Having been called on to put their names to a document full of startling novelties, they, like honest men, left the credit or the failure, whatever it might be, to the man who had prepared it. This remarkable paper—heavy and diffuse as a literary production—starts, if it does not exhaust, every point on which the sanitary school have written, in blue-books and other books, in pamphlets and articles, during the sixteen years since it came forth. The latest official document, called "Papers relating to the Sanitary State of the People of England," by Dr Greenhow and Dr Simon the medical officer of the Board of Health, if it present some new and minute varieties, only goes over the old ground. In both documents the main points of instruction are, that a large amount of the mortality in this country arises from causes which are preventible, that if a portion of these are preventible only at our own individual will, there are others of a kind which can be removed by public measures, that the difference in the rate of mortality in different places is caused by the removal of the noxious causes in the places where it is low, and their existence in the places where it is high, that, experimentally, vitality has been increased in given instances by the removal of noxious agencies, that there is benefit not only to the families and the persons whose health is improved by such measures, but to the State collectively, because the pressure of population is increased instead of being lessened by pre-

mature deaths, that a population among whom health is unsound and life uncertain, are apt to prove depraved and dangerous, that, in particular, the premature deaths of working heads of families leave an amount of widowhood and orphanage to be parochially provided for, which would not be left if the men had lived to see their children at maturity, and that, finally, when the human being reaches the assigned natural span of life, he departs, leaving his functions in the hands of the new generation matured and fit for their performance, while everything that shortens this span, disturbs the order of the world, and causes evils which, so far as practicable, should be removed. At the same time, the practical arrangements laid down in this comprehensive document are so far from being superseded, that even the plan for draining London is but a variation—whether an improvement or not, let the wise decide—on arrangements for the same purpose suggested in the Sanitary Report.

Indeed, a recurrence to that document by any one who has in his eye the present condition of our great towns, must force on him an unpleasant contrast between the much that has been said and the little that has been done in the direction of sanitary reformation during sixteen years. Let us hope that in the end all this preaching will tend to practice, and that in the mean time it is not lost.

Perhaps the greatest boon which the promoters of sanitary science have done to the world, is in the exposition of the blessings which sanitary organisation is capable of communicating to the poorer and the more helpless classes, without in any way interfering with their freedom, or undermining that proper self reliance which the management of their own affairs imparts to them. In fact, the larger proportion of the advantage which they would derive from methods of external purification, instead of proving a new interference with private rights or conduct, would virtually relieve them from unjust and cruel acts of interference or restriction. It is a fact which calls loudly for more interference in their behalf, that even

the structural improvements which the rich have been taught by the precepts of the sanitarians to carry out for the sake of their own health and comfort, have been destructive to the health and comfort of their poorer neighbours. Not far from the spot where this remark is penned, there is a dell penetrated by a stream. Along its edge there had been originally a rural village, which, as a neighbouring town pressed nearer towards it, gradually enlarged itself for the accommodation of the artisans who found employment there. The newest and most aristocratic portion of the town now crowns the neighbouring bank—the village has swollen to a crowded, dirty suburb. The stream, in which old people remember to have trouted, is as black as ink, and many a bubbling circle ripples its surface, which rural children at first sight mistake for the leaping of little fishes, but which the experienced neighbours know to be the escape of mephitic gases. Now, this suburb, uncleanly as it is, has not created this dire pollution, its uncleanness has not taken that direction, for it has been left to itself, and consequently does not possess a hydraulic organisation for the removal of impurities. But the hand some houses on the top of the bank are cleansed and drained in the most skilful and effective manner, and it is from *their* impurities that the stream is polluted and renders the dirty suburb more dirty and more insalubrious than it would ever have been had it not been near an aristocratic district. Surely a case like this is one for protection, and if means were taken for the removal of the foulness sent down by the upper ranks, it could scarcely be counted an interference with the rights or the independence of the lower.

Throughout our large towns the domiciliary position of the poorer classes in general is only too closely in parallel to the instance we have given. That they should congregate in towns, is only another way of saying that they must live where they find the means of living. But when the condition of all the dwellings for them is, that they have no internal arrange-

ments for the removal of impurities—no external drainage, no ventilation—that there is dampness within and miasma all around them outside—what can the most active, cleanly, tidy domestic managers do to counteract such a heavy pressure towards filth and degradation? One is surprised at the rapid facility with which those brought up to the air of the mountain, and the sights and smells of nature, assimilate themselves to the filth and squalor of the poor man's town, but they must do it, and, for their peace and comparative happiness, the sooner all qualms are gone the better. So the immigrants to such spots, should they have any remnant of purity in their nature, must see it decay within themselves, and behold their offspring brought up without it—animals naturalised to the human rat-holes in which they crowd. The most intelligent of the working classes proclaim that they could afford to hire clean and salubrious houses, if they could get them at their true money value—at a value proportioned to that which the middle classes pay for *their* houses. But the law of supply and demand can not be brought to bear on house property as it does on hardware and woollens. Competition cannot always get a sphere for its exercise, and though the capital is at hand which might supply small cleanly houses, the means of investing it may not be accessible. In many places the whole area of a manufacturing town belongs to one person or one company, and the inhabitants are as entirely at their mercy for the houses they are to live in, as the Sutherland tenants are at the mercy of their ducal landlord for the size and tenure of the farms which he thinks proper to let on his domains. Even where there are many house owners, they have a monopoly which shuts out competition. Their houses, such as they are, exist, and are filled with tenants at a rent as high as such tenants could pay for the best kind of houses. Why, then, should any one of these landlords trouble himself with improvements? A new man might be tempted to come among them, and undersell them by offering

a better article for the money ; but they hold the ground—they possess the area of the city—there is no room for the competitor.

The landlords of poor people's town houses are a peculiar and not an amiable class. Over and over again, in fictitious literature, they have been called on the stage as the natural oppressors of virtuous poverty, and the cruel aggravators of misfortune. The pet hypocrite and scoundrel in Dickens's last fiction is one of this class. There would not be such a special run upon this order of small capitalists, as distinguished from others, if their peculiar trade did not afford some characteristic to suit the novelist's purpose, and so it does. A landlord of this class to obtain his proper returns must generally be an oppressor. Hence this kind of investment is shunned by men whose feelings or whose tastes revolt at putting on the screw. It naturally falls, therefore, to those whose dispositions are adapted to it, and they, as is always the case with a trade requiring peculiar qualifications, bad or good, of course clear all the larger a profit by their partial monopoly.

We have to reflect but a moment on the peculiar character of the business to see how this must be. A man need not, necessarily, have to be oppressive and coercive though his dealings in the way of business be with the poorest creatures. It is pitiful enough to see the halfpenny parcels of tea and sugar, on the counter of perhaps an affluent capitalist, whose shop is in a poor and crowded district, and to reflect on the close battle for life which these slender purchases imply, and the hard destiny to which they can prove but a faint alleviation. But there is no oppression done, though the grocer may be deriving a large profit in that class of business, and perhaps keeps his carriage at the sunnier end of the town—the halfpenny is put down and the tiny parcel removed, and so the transaction is over. The landlord, however, must give credit, though it may be of the shortest he has, therefore, always the difficulty, and with the difficulty some-

times the cruelty, of extracting payment for his commodity after it has been, as it were, consumed. If he have let his house, for a term, to a man in good work and repute—though the tenant should immediately turn dunced and be dismissed, yet the landlord must let him enjoy the occupancy to the end of the term. Hence the landlords of the houses of the city poor are generally men of a very vigilant habit, with inexorable wills, wherever their interest is concerned, and hearts tempered and hardened to the functions they have undertaken. It is not from such men that we are to expect enlightened schemes of sanitary reform. They have in many instances, indeed, brought their influence to bear with effect against local efforts for the improvement of towns. Wherever a measure is proposed for paving, or draining, or preparing a town by timely cleaning against the approach of cholera, their opposition may be pretty securely counted upon. It is believed to have been chiefly through the influence of this class that every effort to pass a Sanitary Act for Scotland has been defeated.

Should there be exceptions among them—men inclined to give what the workmen are asking for—a well-conditioned house as much worth the rent to be paid as the houses of the gentry and middle classes are—there are always great impediments to such an isolated undertaking. Good, clean, well drained houses set up in an undrained foul district only make the wretched houses in their neighbourhood more wretched. We could point to two or three instances of "model houses for the working classes," where everything is as compact and tidy within as skill and zeal can make it. The internal impurities are removed by the most scientific hydraulic arrangements, making their exit triumphantly in tubular drains—but whither? There are no street-sewers, and it is a worse case still than the pollution of a river. The sewage flows upon the open streets in the gutters past those other workmen's houses which are not model houses, and of course ren-

ders them more pestilential than ever.

Hence it is, we fear, in vain to look for a remedy in private enterprise, unless the way be opened by public measures. When these render the supply of well-aired and well-drained houses for the poor practicable, the time will come when the law may fairly require that no others shall be put to use. Far more stringent measures than this have been adopted without remorse in the floundering and incoherent progress of sanitary regulations. Thirty thousand inhabitants of Liverpool used to live in cellars. A few years ago this species of domicile was suddenly prohibited, and the thirty thousand were driven forth from their homes to find new dwellings. It was said that they did find them, to the advantage of themselves as well as other people, since the mortality of Liverpool, though still at the head of the mortality of England, was declared to have immediately declined. But the coercion which would provide sound dwellings when the way is cleared for them, need not be in this cruel shape. Example may be taken of other transactions in buying and selling, or letting and hiring. The person who buys or hires is entitled to a sound article. The tradesman who sells to him putrid meat or other food in a condition deleterious to health, is liable to punishment. The house-jobber who lets out a poisonous house, should be amenable to similar restrictions. There is no interference here with proper freedom of transaction, any more than there is in the inspection of markets and the detection of unwholesome meat. The house-jobber is not bound to offer houses for hire, nor to have his houses of any particular shape, size, or value—he is to be bound only, like every other dealer, to give the article he deals in genuine—a house suited for its proper purpose—a house to live, not to die in. Already the Legislature has fixed as much of this kind of responsibility as it practically could on the poorest and the weakest of the class who deal in house accommodation—the letters of lodgings

to tramps, beggars, and all the motley class who frequent what Police Reports and Acts of Parliament call “low lodging-houses.” Driven to the worst localities, and generally poverty-stricken creatures, this humblest class of hotel keepers must have extreme difficulty in doing anything practically to raise the necessarily low sanitary condition of their establishments. They have been required, however, by law to comply with certain regulations for cleaning their premises and furniture, and restricting the number of lodgers received by them to the means of ventilation in the premises, and it has been stated in the usual official manner, in numerous reports, that these regulations have within their narrow sphere improved the public health.

Of every one of the numerous documents which have lately been issued about the public health, the latest in date always proves more distinctly than its predecessors how efficacious the few measures of protection actually accomplished have been, and how much still remains to be accomplished. In the papers presented to Parliament by the Board of Health, just as it was merging into a department of the Privy Council, the instance of Tynemouth is cited among others. Between the two visitations of cholera in 1849 and in 1853, the place had been cleansed under the Public Health Act.

“The provisions of the Act relative to the registration and regulation of common lodging-houses and slaughter houses, and the construction of new streets and houses, were immediately put in force. Care was taken to prevent the erection of houses without proper conveniences and provision for ventilation; no saubais were allowed to be made against the main walls of dwelling houses, or without proper doors and covers wherever sewers existed drains from the houses were insisted on, and all persons laying out new streets were compelled to have back entrances to the houses, and to provide for the construction of drains from the backs of the houses instead of carrying them underneath the basement story as was previously usual. In the autumn of 1853, when the appearance of cholera in this country was considered probable

an active inspection of the town was instituted by the Public Health Act committee; the by-courts and lanes were thoroughly cleansed; the gully grates trapped; the foul open ditch behind the North Street was cleansed and filled in; and many other local nuisances throughout the borough were removed."

This same town had received a significant hint to put itself in order by the cholera visitation of 1849, which carried off 463 of its inhabitants. In the visit of the epidemic which followed these preparations, we are told that there were "only four fatal indigenous cases;" and to make this immunity more notable and instructive, there is the following statement as to two towns within eight miles of Tynemouth, and enjoying rather bet-

ter natural conditions for healthiness:—"Newcastle and Gateshead suffered on that occasion the most terrible outbreak of cholera yet experienced in England, and lost within a few weeks nearly 2000 of their population." Nor could the immunity of Tynemouth be possibly attributed to any of the old exploded superstitions about isolation from contagion, since, in the words of the Report, "many thousand persons from Newcastle and Gateshead fled to Tynemouth, and many continued to pass daily between the towns during the time of the visitation." Such is one instance of what the law can accomplish, through sufficient sanitary provisions, for saving the lives of the people.

A CRUISE IN JAPANESE WATERS.—PART III.

CHAPTER VII.

A STORM is at all times a scene replete with the sublime and beautiful, heightened in interest, to the sailor who is upon the sea at such a time, by the anxiety incident to the charge of his frail home, and the many lives dependent on his judgment and energy. But in our position, off an almost unknown coast, whose lofty and rugged line promised no lack of off-lying rocks, with the want of sea-room from the many islands and reefs surrounding us, it was the last thing we could have desired; but having come, we had only to do our best to meet the difficulties of our position. The "Furious" evidently thought so too, as she struggled against the wind, sea, and current, that rushed down upon us as we neared the narrows of Vancouver's Strait. There was a glorious "abandon" about the tight frigate as she flung herself into the sea, and cut her way through the angry barrier which the storm made in her path, and rose with a spring, throw-

ing off the foam and spray from her bows, which perhaps was more appreciated by the crew of the "Furious" than by her distinguished passengers, who, though capital sailors, would in these frolicsome moments occasionally express a preference for the shore, which was not to be wondered at.

There were certain symptoms about the gale now setting in, which told us it was not a fair hard north-east breeze, nor one against which even a powerful vessel might struggle. There was far too much moisture, mist, and cloud, with a falling barometer, for that.

As we approached Cape Satanomizaki, the sky and sea looked so exceedingly wild that it was evident the sooner we reached a sheltered anchorage the better. The first impulse was to run up the gulf of Kago-Sima, then well open to the north of us; but it was totally unsurveyed, and if this gale veered into a typhoon or circular storm, we

should find ourselves in an awkward predicament: the other resource left us was to find an anchorage close to and under the lee of the extreme end of the Japan group, and remain there while the storm raged from the direction of the Pacific, and, directly it veered so as to blow from the Chinese Sea, to dash out and do our best.

The long projecting tongue of high land forming the south extreme of Kiu-siu was steadily approached. Within a mile of the rocks there were no ordinary soundings to be obtained—closer still we went, keeping a sharp look-out for sunken rocks, many of which would peep out of the smooth-heaving sea, rear their weed-crowned heads as if to warn us off, and then sink again with a gurgle and whirl of foam. Down through valley and glen rushed fierce squalls of winds (or “willy-haws,” as sailors call them), which whisked the water into a sheet of foam, and made the tall ship reel like a cockle-boat. At last, close to the rocks, we obtained bottom in thirty fathom; but before the anchor could be let go it diminished to fifteen; we had then barely room to swing clear of the breakers. Thankful to have found a good anchorage within three-quarters of a mile of the cape, we lost no time in making preparation for the gale which was so likely to veer to the south-west, and then what was now a friendly shelter would be a deadly lee-shore. Towards evening the “Retribution” and yacht “*Emperor*” were to be seen to the westward, looking for an anchorage likewise. When they sighted us their course was altered, and they eventually anchored near. Throughout the night the weather continued to look still more ugly and threatening, and the quicksilver in the barometer was what we call “pumping,” rising and falling with an irregular undecided action. In all the squadron the sharpest look-out was kept, and, with the steam up, we were ready to start at a moment’s warning; for we well knew that, if surprised by a typhoon in our position, its resistless rush and power would throw us on the rocks in spite of engines and anchors.

The coast upon the western side of Cape Satsumo-saki or Tobichidoff, though bold, is not precipitous above the water-line; it consists of hills varying from one to two thousand feet in altitude, with rounded outlines, covered to their summits with verdure. In all the valleys, and upon the sheltered hill-sides, many trees were seen, mostly pines; and there was a considerable amount of terrace cultivation. In every cove there nestled a hamlet, and out of almost every copse of wood peeped the thatch of a Japanese cottage. Not a mile from our ship there was a village of some size, situated in a little bay, across the entrance of which the breakers now formed a barrier; and on its shingly beach we observed many boats hauled up, either on account of the weather, or for fear of the European ships that had so strangely visited their secluded haunts. The night came on dark and rainy, with no lack of wind; but through the storm we were amused to see numerous watch-fires lighted up along the coast, showing that the inhabitants were on the look-out. The effect of the flames against the wild sky heightened materially the strangeness of the scenery. The 7th August brought no decided change of wind, and one might have been tempted to push out and fight the gale, but our limited quantity of coal rendered it necessary to husband the store, in order that our return to Shanghai might be insured.

Some vague idea that coal was procurable in Japanese ports, because coal-veins abound in Japan, had prevented any depot being formed at Nangasaki for the service of the Ambassador, and even at Shanghai it was only obstinate perseverance that enabled us to procure as much for the “*Furious*” as she could carry.

In the afternoon a heavy ground-swell, coming in from the south-east, indicated that the gale in the offing was veering, and soon after the vessels were canted across the wind by a strong current setting into the Pacific Ocean from the Sea of China. This current, running counter to the gale still blowing, occasioned a fright-

ful sea in the narrows between the Cape and Take-sima Island. It was remarkable that few, if any, sea-birds were seen in our sheltered position, whither, in such weather, birds, if numerous, would naturally fly; but this had been noticed by early navigators, and has not been accounted for. Stormy-petrels, and others of that strong-winged class, we occasionally saw. Can it be that the exceedingly stormy nature of the seas around Japan force the common gull, and other such birds, to seek calmer spots to feed and breed in? A story is told by either Siebold or Kämpfer, that on one occasion the Governor-general of Batavia sent a casowary to the Emperor through the factory of Nangasaki. It was returned, after some months' trial, with a message that it was "a big ugly bird, that ate a great deal and did no work, and that nothing so useless could be tolerated in Japan." Perhaps the sea-birds are excluded on the same utilitarian principle. A huge whale enlivened the scene by joining the squadron; and although it did not precisely anchor, it did the next wisest thing—it dodged about under the lee of the cape, blowing away, and waiting for better weather. Whales seem to suffer much in bad weather, as they must rise to the surface to breathe, and are consequently buffeted by waves as if they were so many rocks; but Providence, in its wisdom, has endowed these creatures with wonderful sagacity, shown in running for shelter during storms. Throughout the Pacific Ocean, its thousand isles and reefs afford them havens; and in the polar seas the great belts of pack-ice enclose calm spaces wherein the whale finds shelter.

Occasionally through the wild-drifting clouds we caught glimpses of the remarkable volcanic cone of Horner Peak, and of many picturesque points in Kago-sima Gulf; then, far in the interior, lofty mountains would stalk like ghosts out of their shrouds of storm-cloud, look upon us for a moment, and disappear, as with a roar the hurricane would burst out afresh, enveloping everything in mist, rain and sea-drift again.

Wilder night we have seldom seen than that of this Saturday. The black inhospitable coast, visible through all the storm in consequence of its close proximity, the angry sky, the roar of the gale, the lash of the breakers, which with phosphoric light brought out into startling relief every hidden danger and rocky buttress then close to us; and the sweep of the strait, where sea and wind were doing their worst, and that worst fast approaching us,—all formed a scene of wildest grandeur. One could not help thinking how feebly pen and pencil would convey, to those who have never witnessed them, an idea of such sights as these.

There is a sad tale of heroism told of some who landed on this shore. In the year 1767, the zeal of a Roman Catholic missionary in the Philippines was roused by the accounts of the martyrs who had perished in Japan and China. The Abbé Sidotti longed to win for himself a like crown of immortality, and, brave as he was good and enthusiastic, he determined upon throwing himself alone into Japan, with the hope of affording comfort to the persecuted remnant of Christians then said still to exist in Kiu-siu. For two years he studied Japanese at Manilla, where, as well as at Macao and Formosa, Japanese were to be found hopelessly cut off from their mother country. All the brave Sidotti asked was to be carried in a vessel to Japan, and secretly landed; for the rest, he put his trust in God's mercy. The governor of the Philippines yielded to his prayer. One evening in October 1769, a foreign bark approaches the coast near where the British squadron is now anchored. We see her in the dim light heave to, and at midnight a boat is stealthily rowed to the beach; in it we see the abbé, a veritable missionary indeed. He and a dozen companions disembark; they kneel in prayer before they part from the good priest; their hearts are touched—they will not leave him alone to meet the dangers and certain death which await the Christian intruder in Japan. No! by Santiago, no! Spain had not

then sunk so low, and it is said that many of those who accompanied the abbé to the shore forsook all and followed this worthy successor of the Apostles. They exchanged their last farewells, and the devoted party watch the boat regain the ship which speeds on her homeward course, then calmly and resolutely they turn on their chosen way. They pass into the shade of the adjoining valley, but never more are heard of! They doubtless soon fall victims to their zeal for their faith, and the sword of the would be exterminator of their creed was their sharp and short bridge to another and a better world, but assuredly, so long as men shall hold dear human courage and devotion in what they believe to be a righteous cause, will the memory of the Abbé Sidotti and his companions be cherished. Towards morning an unnatural lull in the gale warned us to be off. The shrill pipe of the boatswain went instantly, the cable was rattled in as fast as possible, the steam got up, anchors stowed, and we started to fight our way into the Pacific. Down came the gale from the south. Whew! the good ship reels again to it, then dashes on, as the engines begin to give her momentum. The centre of the storm was to the west of us, and it was certain we could not now get too soon to sea, so, at every risk, we *staved* round the breakers of Cape Satanomi, and, after two hours hard tussle, felt we could again laugh at the storm. The ship's head was put to the east, and away like a sea-gull we flew. Those who had had the anxiety and watching of the previous twenty-four hours, felt now that it might blow as hard as it pleased, and could throw themselves down to rest. Noon of the 8th August found the "Furious" alone, kicking up her heels in a most unladylike manner, going eleven knots under treble reefed topsails, the sky clear and bright, with a heavy following sea.

The "Retribution" and "Furious," being of that marvellous class called paddle-wheel steam frigate, were so crank that neither could have fought a main-deck gun in a breeze, and the

only objects attained by our steam-deck ports was first to admit an immense quantity of water, in which the Ambassador's luggage was playfully washing about, and next, to compel the officers to live below in places which, for heat and smell, were little short of the Black Hole of Calcutta.

However, it is folly to growl when growling is of no avail, and one may always go on half pay if one does not like to go to sea, so let us leave the main deck and enjoy the rush through the dancing blue seas of the great Pacific. We were now off the Straits of Bungo, which divide Kiusiu from Sikok Island, and here the lofty coast sheltered us, in a measure, from the full weight of the gale. On we went past both the Bungo and Kino channels, that on either hand bound the island of Sikok, and communicate with that little known yet extensive sea which is enclosed by that island and those of Kiusiu and Nipon. In our charts it is called the Suwo nada Sea. Perfectly land locked, possessing three routes of communication with the external seas it affords a ready means for the traffic from one part of the Japanese empire to the other and we learn from the itineraries of the Dutch envoys and others who have passed from Nangasaki to Yedo by the native routes, that this sea is traversed by thousands of barks that could never expose themselves to the gales and heavy seas of the outer ocean. This Suwo nada sea is nearly two hundred and forty miles long in an east and west direction, and varies from fifteen to sixty geographical miles in width. It abounds in islands, and affords anchorage throughout. Many great and important cities are situated upon its shores. The principal one, the spiritual capital "Mia co," is easy of access from this same Suwo-nada sea, and, with some dozen others that lie around the rich bay of "Oyaka," forms the real heart of the Japanese empire.

We naturally longed to enter and open up this region, and trusted that, when Lord Elgin had visited Yedo, time might be found to allow of our returning to China through the

Straits of Kiso, and traversing the whole of the Suwō-nada.

Hope, however, is not prophecy, and we were doomed to be disappointed, as will hereafter be seen.

Noon of August 9th found us a long, long way from Cape Tchichak-off, a current of nearly two miles and a half per hour having set us away to the eastward, and rather off shore. This was considerably more than we had been prepared for, although we knew that a regular current, exactly like the Atlantic Gulf-stream in character, would be found to be sweeping along the Pacific shores of the Japanese group: its increased velocity, as we experienced it, we fancy arose from the force of the gale from north-east having retarded its action somewhat, and that when the gale ceased the pent-up waters, naturally rushed for some hours with increased velocity in their old direction.

The Pacific Gulf-stream originates, like the one so well known in our hemisphere, in the warm and shallow enclosed seas about the equator. The China Sea may be said to be its birthplace, at least that southern portion of it enclosed between Malaya, Borneo, and Cochin-China; its course to the northward and eastward may be easily traced by the existence of coral and Saragossa weed; the former especially only exists off the coast of China, within the boundaries of the Gulf-stream's warm current. For instance, on the coast of China no coral is found from Hainan in latitude 20° N. to the northward, but at certain distances varying from fifty to a hundred miles off the coast coral is found, and by this we ascertain that the stream of warm water flows out between Formosa and the island of Luyon, sweeps the eastern coast of the former, embraces the Loo-choo and Linchouen groups, curves along the outer shores of Japan, and thence makes its way to the north, ameliorating the climate of Behring's Straits, and especially that of north-western America.

This Gulf-stream, however, has its attendant evils, for it is the source of all those fearful storms which do such an immensity of damage on the

coasts of China, and give to Japan so bad a character amongst seamen—the hurricanes of the West Indies and rotatory storms of the North Atlantic, arising from similar causes, are only to be compared to them in character and violence.

The weather rapidly cleared off during the afternoon of the 9th, which was the more welcome as we were fast nearing a chain of broken and dangerous islands of volcanic origin, named the Briceis or Broken Islands, across and through which the Gulf-stream sets with much violence. Our course was shaped for Cape Idsu, the extreme of a rocky promontory of Ni-pon, a little beyond which the volcanic chain extends due south for a hundred and twenty miles. The stars came out bright, and the wind subsided in the early part of the evening, so that there would have been no necessity for more than ordinary watchfulness, had not the barometer, which stood at noon at 29.72, fallen steadily until by midnight it was only 29.36, or a tenth lower than during the worst weather we had yet experienced. There were causes for the condition of the atmosphere and for this fall in the barometer, we have little doubt, for of all the middle watches we have kept we never saw one in which the heavens were so little at rest. It seemed as if the stars were changing their positions for pleasanter places in the heavens. From eleven that night until one in the morning hundreds of them shot from the north-east to the west overhead, their flight being plainly perceptible in an arc of sixty degrees, or thirty degrees on either side of the zenith. A magnificent meteor fell and burst to the N.N.W., exhibiting for a minute the most brilliant blue and orange light. Then mysterious belts of cloud would unexpectedly rise in the north, and pass rapidly over us, to be succeeded as strangely by others from points of the compass ninety degrees apart. The heavens were fairly betwitched, for all this time there was little or no wind, and the sea was smooth except in the course of the current. Our engines were meantime rattling

along, and we were so fast nearing our port of Simoda, that it mattered little what all these mysterious signs might mean. Our own conviction is, that at the time we were remarking these strange things, the storm we had escaped from was sweeping along the northern and western sides of Nipon, and that the high land of the interior sheltered us from its effects.

As daylight broke on the 10th August, a vigilant look-out was kept for Volcano Island, one of the Broken group, in case the current should have continued to run at its former rate, and carried us in sight of it. Just when a grey mare might have been discernible at half a mile's distance, a peak or conical island was seen rising sharp and clear out of the current-agitated sea—exactly on the bearing Volcano Island might have possibly been seen, though, by our observation, forty miles distant. Thinking at first that it must be the Volcano, and, if so, we were fast nearing the Redfield Rocks—a dangerous reef in this neighbourhood—the course was altered, as a precautionary measure, until sunrise. Presently the peak came out more and more defined, but looked every minute still more distant, until the rising sun revealed to us the fact that it was no island, but the great Peak of Ni-pon; and a glorious panorama of mountain, valley, and headland gradually unrolled itself at its feet.

The Peak of Fusi-hama—the Matchless Mountain, as the Japanese with just pride and affection love to style it—was at this time, as we afterwards discovered by close observation, no less than one hundred and ten miles off, and yet its summit is said to be only twelve thousand feet above the sea.

We neared Cape Idsu, a mountainous promontory, at the extreme end of which the port of Simoda stands; and if the Japanese had expected an invasion of their country by the countrymen of Commodore Perry, they could not have better foiled it than by inducing him to go to such a spot. It was decidedly picturesque, however, and under the effect of a fine unclouded day, with a blue sea sparkling and lashing itself up under the effect of a rattling west wind, the whole scene was one worthy of a painter's skill.

The "Retribution" and "Emperor" hove in sight, and we pushed on under a heavy press of sail and steam for Simoda. Early in the afternoon we reached it, and after going right round the bay, and poking into every corner to look for shelter from the ground-swell, we plumped the anchor down, having satisfied ourselves that, however pretty the bay might be, it was no harbour for a ship, and that the Japanese had decidedly weathered the Transatlantic Commodore when they palmed off such a spot upon him as one.

CHAPTER VIII.

The last person to find fault with a port without good cause should be the seaman who has just reached one, however insecure, after having been tossed and shaken into a jelly by gales of wind in the open sea. On the shortcomings, therefore, of Simoda in all the requirements of a harbour for men-of-war, and much more for mercantile purposes, we shall abstain from dwelling. Its deficiencies were so apparent to Mr Harris, the American Consul-gene-

ral, that, by treaty with the Japanese, he has resigned it for some safer and more convenient spot. Situated as it is on the extreme of a mountainous promontory which projects into the full sweep of the Pacific Gulf-stream, it is most difficult of access to sailing vessels, and lies in the most active volcanic region in Japan, if not in the world. Within sight of Simoda, the smoking crater of "Vries Volcano" serves as a beacon to remind the inhabitants by

how precarious a tenure they exist upon the sea-board of the Idsu promontory. Only four years before our arrival, an earthquake, aided by terrible rollers from the sea, destroyed the town of Simoda and the greater part of its inhabitants. The Russian frigate "Diana," commanded by the present Admiral Count Pontiatine, was at anchor in the harbour at the time. She was wrecked, but her gallant captain and crew were saved to give us an account in graphic language of the horrors of that terrible December morning, and the heroic manner in which they stood to their shattered ship —

"*H I M S Diana, in Simoda Harbour, December 23d, 1854*—Nine o'clock A M., light W S W wind, bar 29.27, ther 7 deg R (47.75 deg F), weather clear and agreeable

"At a quarter past nine, without any previous indication, the shock of an earthquake which lasted two or three minutes, causing the vessel to shake very much, was felt both on deck and in the cabin. At ten o'clock a large wave was observed entering the bay, and in a few minutes Simoda was inundated, houses and temples swept away, while the junks before the town forced from their anchorage, were seen floating in every direction, one knocking against another, cracking and sinking. In less than five minutes after this the water was seen rising and bubbling, as if agitated by a thousand springs carrying with it loam, straw, and other materials, receding and then returning with tremendous force, and completing the destruction of the town, boats, and junks. Our men were ordered to secure the guns and boats, and to shut the ports. During this short time the bay was covered with thatches and ruins, which had been carried away by the receding waters.

At a quarter past ten the frigate was observed to drift, when the second anchor was immediately dropped. Notwithstanding this, however the water, returning with greater velocity than before, forced her a second time from her position. The whole town was now one vast scene of desolation, and out of about one thousand houses, only sixteen were standing. At this time a cloud of vapour was observed over the

ruins, and the air was strongly impregnated with sulphurous acid.

"The sudden rising and falling of the water in so narrow a bay gave rise to numerous whirlpools, which caused the frigate to swing round with such rapidity that all on board became giddy. At half-past ten a junk was thrown against her with so much violence that it was smashed to pieces and sunk immediately. Ropes were thrown to the men to save them from drowning, but only two seized them, the rest, rushing into the cabin, chose rather to die than to violate the law of their country which forbids them without permission to go on board a foreign vessel.

"An old woman also, in a small boat, was drifted alongside. She was quite insensible, and her rescue was not effected without several men being exposed to considerable hazard. But their exertions were successful, she soon recovered and is still living.

"After the frigate had turned once more round, and approached within fifty fathoms of a rock, the whirling of the water became so violent that she was flung from one place to another, and in about thirty minutes turned no less than forty three times round her anchor. During this time she was nearly smashed against a rocky island, but fortunately she just cleared it. At a quarter to eleven, when the third anchor was dropped, it had not the effect of keeping her stationary, and when she recoiled, it left her on her starboard side eight feet of water. While in this position it was impossible to stand, and she endeavoured to crawl to the upper shore, during the effect of the next rise of the water. This speedily took place, and with great rapidity and violence forcing them into the midst of the bay and causing one of the guns to break loose, when it instantly killed one, and wounded several others of the men. Another effect of this rush was manifest in the frigate's keel and rudder, which were now to be seen floating near her. The rising and falling of the water were very great, the depth varying from less than eight to more than forty feet, and these changes, at intervals of about five minutes, continued till noon, when it was discovered that there were thirty inches of water in the hold.

"At this time a perceptible diminution in the frequency and violence of the changes took place, and this opportunity was embraced, and every available effort made, to lessen the influx of water. But scarcely had half an hour elapsed, when,

before these operations could have been completed, the rising and falling of the water became more violent than before.

"Between this time and a quarter past two, when the agitation again became much less, the frigate was left four times on her side; and once, while thus laid in only four feet of water, the upheaving of the ground was so violent as to force her past her anchors (the upper parts of which were visible), and back again to her former position.

"Continuing to decrease in violence and frequency, by three P.M. the agitation of the water, and the motion of the vessel consequent thereon, were very slow. She now floated in twenty-five feet of water, but within her hold it was observed to be rising at the rate of thirty inches per hour. At this time a fresh west wind was blowing; the bar stood at 29.87, and the ther. was 10° 50 R. (about 55° 63 F.) The bay was covered with ruins, on which men were seen walking; and at four P.M. we began to disentangle the anchors, the chains of which were so twisted that four hours were required to clear one of them.

During the ensuing night a fresh S.W. wind blew, and the pumps were working twice an hour.

"We had now to obtain the consent of the authorities to our seeking a bay in which to repair the frigate, Simoda not being well adapted for this purpose. After some delay this was granted, and a suitable place was soon selected. Some necessary repairs having previously been made, we weighed anchor on the 13th January, and with a light wind left for the appointed place. The wind soon failed us, we were left drifting towards the breakers, and our position became one of imminent danger. But ere long a gale arose, and after approaching nearer and nearer the shore, all hope being abandoned, twenty fathoms were called out, and the anchor dropped.

"On the 15th and 16th there was less wind, but the water in the frigate rose to such a height that grave fears were entertained as to the possibility of saving her. The Japanese authorities sent a hundred junks to tow her to the bay, and on the 17th all hands were landed. This was not done without great difficulty (on account of the dangerous surf), which was particularly the case with the sick, who, wrapped in sails, had to be dragged through it. Next day (18th) the junks took her in tow, not a single man was on board, and the water already half filled the gun-deck. After proceed-

ing a few miles, a small white cloud appeared, on perceiving which, the Japanese, panic-stricken, cut their ropes and fled. This appeared strange to us, but a storm speedily justified the fears they had manifested. Had they delayed much longer, they would have been in great danger, and not improbably might have shared the fate of the frigate, which forthwith sunk."

The new town of Simoda was being rebuilt when we were there. The ruins of a Japanese city are by no means imposing; wood, thatch, and a small modicum of bricks, constitute the materials generally employed in a country where a man may naturally expect to rebuild his house more than once in a lifetime. The spick-and-span new appearance of whole streets told its own tale; and the appearance of a formidable stone-faced breakwater, erected some feet above high-water mark, and fully thirty feet high, cutting off the pretty vale in which the town was situated from the waters of Simoda Bay, clearly showed in what direction the greatest danger was anticipated, and whence they had suffered most, during the last dreadful visitation. Yet there was nothing in the appearance of the good folk of Simoda to lead one to suppose they fretted much about earthquakes, rollers from the sea, or the Vries Volcano. Every one looked as happy and free from care as any people could do. The men welcomed us with a good-natured smile, and the women, young or old, seemed as curious to look at us as we were to look at them. Everybody appeared well to do—not a beggar was visible; possibly the earthquake had swept them off. Having described Nangasaki and its bazaar so fully, it would be mere repetition to dwell upon the bazaar of Simoda, further than to say that the articles here produced for sale were far superior, and decidedly much cheaper. The restrictions upon direct buying and selling were attended with more inconvenience than at Nangasaki; for, having selected the articles to be purchased, they were carried to a government office, where their value in silver cri-

ban (a coin of the country, the value of the third of a dollar) was placed in a scale, whilst we had to pour into the opposite side of the balance an equal weight in Mexican dollars, plus a certain per-centage to meet the expense of recoinng the foreign money. The government officers handed over to us our purchases, and gave the merchant credit for the number of *aribans* due to him. All this machinery is set to work merely to prevent Europeans receiving Japanese money, and to guard against foreign coin being circulated in the country.

Provision has been made in the new treaty that will rid trade of all these nonsensical restrictions. It would be impossible for foreign merchants to trade under such a system, by which it is more than probable that the Japanese merchant is cheated, and that he does not know whether it is by the European or the native officials.

At Simoda, as at Nangasaki, every one seemed eternally to be taking notes of what everybody else was doing. Each Japanese had his breast-pockets full of note-paper, and a convenient writing apparatus stuck in his belt, and everything that was said, done, and even thought, was no doubt faithfully recorded. In Japan, men do not seem to converse with one another, except in formal set speeches; there is no interchange of thought by means of the tongue, but the pen is ever at work noting down their observations of one another. Sometimes we saw men comparing their notes, and grunting assent or dissent from opinions or facts recorded. At first we rather felt this as a system of espionage, but we soon became accustomed to it; and provided every man wrote down what he saw and heard, it may be more satisfactory in the long-run to have to do with a nation of Captain Cuttles, who have "made a note" of everything, and so have more than their memories to trust to.

The Japanese plan of putting one man in a post of trust, and placing another as a check on him, is, after all, only our red-tape system in a less disguised form.

The governor of Simoda has a duplicate in Yedo, who has to take turn and turn about with him in office, so that the acts of each whilst in authority serve as a check on the other. Then he is accompanied, wherever he goes, by one private and two public reporters, and the latter forward direct to Yedo particulars of all his acts. Their reports are in their turn checked by the counter-statements of the governor and his private secretary. Now compare this with the case of the captain of H.M.S. ———, who requires a ton of coal, or a coil of rope, of the value of perhaps twenty shillings. The captain gives a written order for the purchase to be made, and two merchants must certify that the price asked is a just one, and what is the rate of exchange—to this the governor or a consul must bear witness. The captain next attests that the goods have been received and carried to public account, and this is countersigned by a lieutenant, the master, and another officer, who declare them to be fit for her Majesty's service. The vendor appends his signature as a receipt, and this has to be witnessed. Then a statement of what quantity of the same stores remained in the ship when the purchase was made, and why more were required, has to be signed by the captain and the officer in charge of them. Lastly, these documents are forwarded to the Commander-in-Chief, who signs and forwards them to the Accountant-general of the Navy. So to guarantee the honest expenditure, on behalf of the public, of twenty shillings, the names of twelve witnesses are requisite, and the papers being in triplicate, six-and-thirty signatures require to be attached, and lodged in office!

Whatever may be the demerits of Simoda as a port for shipping, no one can deny it is an exceedingly picturesque spot, replete with glorious combinations of turf-clad valley and wooded crag, sharp-cut cliff and rocky cove, mountain and richly-cultivated plain. One most romantic-looking corner in this picture is somewhat marred by a stiff white flag-staff and the American ensign. For-

give me, oh my American cousins' for saying that Nature is not improved by stripes of red and white bunting sprinkled with stars. From this corner of Simoda Bay the Consul-general of the United States made his appearance, and most warmly we welcomed a gentleman whose earnest endeavours and great personal sacrifices are likely to bring about such vast changes in the future history of Japan. Mr Harris seemed a man well fitted to be the pioneer of the energetic Republic of North America. Earnest, enthusiastic, and clever, he is gifted with that self-reliance which carries his countrymen over difficulties, whilst we more methodical slow-coaches sit down and reason upon them until the time for action is past. He has had great success in acquiring for himself the friendship and confidence of the people and officials of this jealous and exclusive empire. He had visited, with both eyes open and a liberal spirit, most parts of the world—and, happy man, the world had neither hardened his heart nor blunted his power of appreciating the good and beautiful wherever it might exist. It was refreshing to hear his warm and sincere eulogiums of the Japanese people, though he did not go the length of attributing to them every transcendent virtue. He expressed a kindly and natural anxiety about the long course of misery and revolution that will most probably ensue, when the introduction of European civilisation and a different creed shall break down, and will not, at any rate at first, supply the place of an existing system, which, so far as the material wants of the people are concerned, looks so perfect. The Consul had been much in our colonies and dependencies, and understood well the Asiatic character: he had been in Lucknow when still independent, and had feasted with its sensual monarch and princes; he had shared in Otaheitan *kolu-kolu* or natives dances, and knew the missionaries and missionary-eaters of New Zealand. His admission to Japan with his secretary and interpreter, Mr Hewakin, was the result of the treaty ob-

tained by Commodore Perry, which I have already mentioned. Having promised that an American consul should be permitted to reside at Simoda, the Japanese did not object when a man-of-war landed them, and sailed away, but they placed the consulate on the opposite side of the bay to that on which the town was situated, and then watched the Americans closely. Mr Hewakin, who was by birth a native of Holland, had acquired a knowledge of the Japanese language, and as many of the natives speak Dutch, good feeling was promoted by an interchange of little acts of kindness and consideration. Time wore at first very heavily with the two residents, and many long months passed before the face of a European gladdened their sight. Meantime the Dutch duly reported at Nangasacki, and, for purposes of their own, exaggerated the force and misrepresented the objects of the Allies in China. The Dutch superintendent, Mr Donker Curtius, thought to make great capital out of the alarm thus created in Japan, and obtain fresh concessions for Holland by a new treaty of commerce, and so maintain for her that priority of position which her exclusive monopoly for two centuries perhaps persuaded him she had a right to. Mr Harris, at the same time, was desirous to obtain like advantages for America, and in the autumn of 1857, by way of playing off one against the other, the two diplomatists were allowed to proceed to Yedo, there to make their respective representations.

It was when this journey was undertaken that Mr Harris saw the motive of the Japanese in placing his countrymen at Simoda, for such was the truly alpine nature of the country traversed before he reached the Gulf of Yedo, that any attempt of the Americans to penetrate by force into the interior must have resulted in the destruction of those who engaged in such a project. During the six months the Consul was in Yedo, nothing could exceed the kindness and care he experienced. He lived at the imperial charge, special dishes were often sent him

from the palace, and when from some cause there was an alarm in the city, a strong guard was sent to patrol the neighbourhood of his abode. It will be remembered that we learnt at Nangasaki that both Dutch and American commissioners had eventually left Yedo without obtaining any formally signed treaty. Disappointed and worn out by his long and anxious labours, the energetic American fell seriously ill on his return to Simoda. This gave the Japanese an opportunity of showing how desirous they were to be kind, and to protect the stranger whom they personally liked so much. The Emperor deputed two court physicians to attend him, and gave them to understand that any mischance that might befall their patient would be attended with serious consequences to themselves—an authoritative hint to the faculty which was attended with the happiest results. Had Mr Harris been an only son, and had the two Japanese doctors stood in the relation of papa and mamma to him, their solicitude for his recovery could not have been greater, nor the cure more rapid, owing to their unremitting attention and admirable nursing. He had quite recovered when the steam frigate "Powhattan," with Flag officer Tatnall* on board, dashed into the quiet bay, and gave the startling intelligence of the occupation of Tientsin, and that on June 26th the proud Court of Peking had submitted to our terms. It required no great prescience to see that the Allies would next visit Japan, and that if the Emperor did not with discretion and common sense yield to circumstances, the visit would assuredly end in an imbroglio, like our Lorcha affair with the redoubtable Yeh. The Consul, on board the "Powhattan," proceeded immediately to Kanagawa, the seaport of Yedo. There he sought an interview with the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and was invited again to the capital, and the information he gave must have startled the Japanese Court. He

urged that as America had taken the initiative in bringing Japan to enter again into communication with other nations than Holland, and that the general terms of a treaty had been agreed to, though not signed as yet, it was but fair that it should be fully concluded before the arrival of the English and French. The Japanese allowed the justice of the claim, closed with the Americans, and, on or about July 28, formally signed their treaty. Mr Harris was granted an interview with the Tai koon, an amiable but sickly creature in the last stage of epileptic decay. Thus was won for the United States the honour of being the first nation to reopen free commercial relations with Japan after a lapse of two centuries of Dutch monopoly.

The American Consul was most willing to afford the British Ambassador every information and assistance, and allowed Mr Hewskin to accompany Lord Elgin to Yedo. Without this gentleman's services as interpreter, his Excellency would have had to compile his treaty in English, and would have been at the entire mercy of the native linguists, and would have felt a want which such Chinese scholars as Mr T. Wade and Mr H. N. Lay had ably supplied for him in China. Mr Hewskin embarked in the "Furious," and so excited all on board with glowing accounts of Yedo, that late in the night found us still listening, and discussing its wonders.

The Governor of Simoda tried hard to persuade the Ambassador to embark a native officer as a cicerone. Both parties were, however, equally determined upon this point. Lord Elgin declined the honour of a visitor who might be inconvenient, but at day dawn, as we weighed anchor, it required sundry revolutions of the steamers' paddles to prevent our being boarded by an individual who had evidently made up his mind to go with us, though, in making his calculations upon that head, he had not taken into consideration the force

* Flag officer is now the official designation of the American naval Commander in Chief. They find Commodore an inconvenient title and have not as yet brought themselves to use the term Admiral.

of the water thrown off by the wheels of the "Furious" acting upon his boat. The next man of war steamer he tries to board he will better understand what he is about.

It was in the early grey of the morning, on the 12th August 1858, that we weighed from Simoda, and steamed out into the tide ripples, currents, and cross sea off its entrance. Daylight saw us going as hard as steam and sail would carry us to the northward. Vries Volcano, smoking and smouldering, rose out of the sea upon our right, and away to the left stretched Ni pon, high, bold, and mountainous, with a coast line very unlike what was laid down in our charts. Ahead in the far distance gleamed through the mist

headlands and points of the beautiful gulf to which we were bound. The breeze was fresh and fair, the sky bright, the sea blue and beautiful. All Nature seemed to rejoice, and to bid us rejoice with her, but as in the brightest day some cloud will yet be seen, so was it with us now. The bell tolled, the ensign drooped half mast high, and we stood for a few minutes uncovered whilst the funeral rite was performed over the body of a young sailor before we committed it to the deep. He was our first loss during an eighteen months' cruise in India and China, and it was strange that the funeral should occur at the moment of all others when hope and excitement were at their highest amongst us.

(To be continued)

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CONTENTS

| | |
|--------------------------------------|-----|
| CHATEAUX—THE CAMP, | 251 |
| COTTIES AND SCALLCROWS, | 274 |
| THE TURKS IN KATAFAI, 1934—PART I, | 291 |
| THE CASTLES AND CREDS OF INDIA, | 308 |
| THE LUCK OF LADYSMIDE, | 335 |
| ITALY—HER NATIONALITY OR DEPENDENCY, | 350 |
| DASENT'S TALES FROM THE NOISE, | 366 |
| NAPOLEON III AND LEROIL, | 375 |

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INDEX
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CHATELONS—JULI CAMI

I wished to impress my children with the greatness and the destiny of France. I should like them to know from whence they could look down on the soldiers and army of the nation, and find them there, at the strength and future of their country.

Thus speaks—not, perhaps, in these exact words, but with this meaning—a modern French writer, and it was before the army became such an element in the government. It is now that this sentiment was expressed. It was before a war had given it prestige, of time or of dynasty had not its support, that a philosopher and a historian saw in the camp the leading principle, and in the soldier the leading character, of the national progress. Perhaps with the bulk of the people, with the mass of Frenchmen, this feeling is less deep, less strong, than it was in the days when the sentiment was uttered—and by many classes the army is recognised rather as the force of order than as the necessary or probable agent of future civilisation and progress. The glory passion and the conquest destiny are still, perhaps, the predominant expressions, and the outward sentiment of the nation—but in the depths of society, in the under-currents of ranks and classes, there have long been growing and growing feelings and ideas which must seek their development through

other elements and contrivances. The voice, however, which is yet heard most loudly proclaims as the national cry that the army is order, the army is progress.

Chateaus, the camp, the representation of the army is even regarded as an aspect of civilisation. "C'est là," says a French military writer, "qu'il a voulu réunir tous ces braves qui à Inkermann, Alma, Eupatoria, Traktir, Malakoff, et Sebastopol ont jeté les semences de cette civilisation *charitresque* qui, courant part tout l'univers, doit rendre, pour ainsi dire, solidaires les uns des autres, tous les nations du globe, et leur inscrire au front franchement et sans arrière pensée le nom glorieux de la France et Napoléon!"

Hear this, men of Manchester! It is a *civilisation charitresque* of which the soldier is to be the missionary, and war the promulgating principle which shall effect the consolidation of peoples. Perhaps it would be as effective as cotton bales. The two ideas represent the extremes of the theories, in which men and nations are striving to expand and develop the destiny and the future of mankind.

The French phrase is strange to us. We connect the soldier with defence, conquest, and finance budgets. We accept as national his heroism and his glory, but we never dream of

associating him or his influences with our schemes or theories of advance and perfectability, and in this, perhaps, we deviate as much from the conclusions of history and the true moral estimate of vocations as the French do in their exaggeration of the soldier mission.

The camp is the sphere, the natural home, of an army. It is there we see the soldier character in its truest light—the soldier body in its highest manifestation. In this tent covered plain at Châlons—in this aggregate of men, of martial might and martial means—we might therefore hope to see some exposition of this *civilisation chevaleresque*, and in studying here the characteristics, institution, and probable destiny of the French soldier, we may obtain some knowledge as to what the soldier should be, and what he may become to other nationalities in other civilisations.

There are spots here and there in the world which seem destined to be sites of war and battle—some marked by their position, some by their sterility some by their place in the great thoroughfares of migrations, in the great war paths of conquest. The vast expanse of champagne country—the succession of plains extending towards the north-east barrier of France, betwixt the great towns of Châlons, Rheims and Epervain has been again and again the high road of invasion, the camping ground of armies and more than once the field of battle. The great plateau especially which lies betwixt the rivers Marne and Aisne and the valley of Argonne, broad and sterile, unpeopled though environed by cities—solitary, though crossed and crissed by imperial roads and ancient highways—arid, yet dry and healthful—open to the breezes, and just sheltered and shadowed in the distance by hills or rather uplands—watered by smaller streams specious and undulating, and thus adapted for the movements and manœuvres of armies—presents itself as a natural camp—as a world space formed and fore destined for a *terrain militaire*. Napoleon the First fixed on it as a strategic position for an advanced camp against invasion. Napoleon the Third has selected it as the

locality wherein he might mass and amalgamate the braves of the Crimea and Africa—wherein he might propagate the discipline, experiences, habits, and traditions of past campaigns and combats, and make them inspirations in the future of the armies of France. This camp is to do more—it is to have other than a strategic or military effect, it is also, in addition to its primary purposes, “to carry into the plains of Champagne, the aridity and sterility of which are proverbial, the fertilisation and prosperity produced by the establishment of a species of military colony.”

It is a natural thing to associate pleasant things with pleasant places, and it is, therefore, a great outrage on old fancies, old fallacies, to hear of the plains of Champagne as sterile and arid—to find that the land of that creamy sparkling vintage, which brightens the eye, gladdens the heart and loosens the tongue, is barren and desert. As we have seen the nectar foaming and bubbling in the glass and felt its inspiration upon us, we have dreamed of its birthplace as a land of corn and wine, rich and luxuriant, where nature revelled in clustering vines and man sat in the shaded arbores a poetic Baccchanal, with the well known long necked bottle in one hand, and the graceful long shaped glass—sacred to the memories of old delights—in the other, alternately quaffing and chanting a *chanson d'été*. The reality is a striking reverse of such a picture. The sparkle and the brilliancy are all expended. Flat plains, bare fields unshaded by tree, and with no relief save narrow trenches to mark the boundaries and now and then rows of stiff poplars—dull, uncouth peasants, who had not even the virtue of lifting the hat, which, with the Frenchman, like charity, covers a multitude of sins of true courtesy—have no kinship with the visions inspired by the vintage of Champagne, are as alien from them as romance from reality, poetry from prose. How far they may approximate when the promised fertility and prosperity shall bloom and blossom under the genial influences of military occupation, must be a revelation of the future. The

French soldier, taken individually, seems an unpromising missionary enough for such work, what a system of order, a colony of braves, planted amid sterility and boorishness, may effect, what *chivalresqueness* it may diffuse, will be a question of cause and effect, which will fill a strange and interesting page in the history of civilisation.

The French army, as long as the present policies and relations of states exist, must be a great agent in the destiny of the world—a great power in directing the revolutions and developments of its government. When the millennium of arbitration and commercial reciprocity foretold by peace prophets shall have reached the fulness of time, we may expect to see this warlike assemblage dispersed, the martial array of tents assume a pastoral aspect, fierce Zouaves pruning vines, and stern chasseurs leading kine or flocks, and r trees and lattered *marchés* milking goats. Meanwhile, as war is still an element in our system, and the soldier vocation still a necessity, a French army is the representative of the theory of force, and the *model* *visite* which is to be promulgated by arms and conquest: a French camp is an illustration of soldier life and discipline, an facts which must have in import, studies, and suggestions for the present and future. Thus the camp at Chalons may be regarded. As the linchpin of a great military system—the experiment of a military colony—it is an event of the times demanding attention and interest. Let us look at it in its different aspects, pictorial, social, martial, and political.

Chalons gives its name to the camp, as being the place which connects it with the centre of government, though it is actually situated at the village of Mourmelon, distant about sixteen or eighteen miles. A railway keeps up the communication. The old city, with its old Gothic cathedral, its old inns with rambling corridors and galleries, and courts which remind one of caravanserais, old streets and bridges, its pretty gardens, and willows hanging over the banks of the Marne, have other

thoughts, memories, and associations at first, perhaps, than those of war or camp. Calm, still, almost dull, it is scarcely a congenial starting point for the stir and bustle of military life. Then, again, there are the celebrated Caves de Jacqueson, the vast catacombs wherein repose legions of silver capped bottles, which, like the enchanted champions in the Moonish caverns, are one day to burst their spell and sally forth into the world. These, too, were suggestive rather of bills, suppers, *fêtes champêtres*, *déjeuners*, smiling faces, laughing hearts, merry voices and broad jokes, than of grim soldiers and tented plums. Once *en route*, however, once in the railway carriage, and the military element presents itself as the predominating one. There Monsieur le Capitaine tussles with his *petit* carpet bag, there Monsieur le Fourrier lights his cigar, and Monsieur le Caporal broods over his ticket. We, the bourgeois, a peasant, his wife, and our self feel our insignificance in detached corners, and live in inward sense of the inferiority of duffle and tweed to lace and worsted. The prospect outside is not cheering, neither is our society very exhilarating—flatness without, flatness within. The influences are decidedly drowsy. Monsieur le Capitaine dozes and dozes, and then wakes up to a remembrance of his bag. Monsieur le Fourrier makes spasmodic pulls, between blinking and winking. The Caporal nods over his pass ticket, rousing himself ever and anon to a fierce surveillance of it: the bourgeois snorts remorselessly on his wife's shoulder. Our own eyes open and shut on a succession of flat fields with little boundary trenches, some in stubble, some in green crops—all, however, level and unwooded, altogether repudiating undulations and thickets. Occasionally we start up to look on a river or a row of poplars as a marked feature in the scene. Heavy rain, too, is making mud and mist everywhere. At last we are at the station, the Camp de Gare—not at Mourmelon le Grand—no, that is farther on—this is Mourmelon le Petit, quite an inferior sort of village, a very ordinary place, altogether unworthy of being the resort and ren-

devours of braves. It is only the humble introduction to its grand namesake. At Chalons we had inquired of a learned *bibliothecaire* the name of the best hostelry at Mourmelon, and been particularly recommended above all things to pitch our portmanteau in the Hotel du Soleil d'Or. The high-sounding title caught our fancy—we repeated it again and again, and at each repetition there rose visions of a luxurious chamber, of a grand *salon*, and of a *table d'hôte* graced by all the *élite* of military circles. The word was still on our tongue when a *garçon* offered us an apartment belonging to the railway buffet. Like the prophet's chamber in the wall, it had its bed, and its table, and its candlestick—was clean and bare, well enough except to one dreaming of the "Soleil d'Or." A glimpse of the *salon de manège* with its little tables covered with white cloths, its buffet rich in luscious fruits, preserves, gelatine capons, and tongues, and pretty with flowers, tempted us for the moment—but the Soleil d'Or was the *appartement* which lured us on. So we mounted the crumbly, outside too, the rain pelting upon us, the mud scattering showers round. We never saw anything like that mud—it was liquid, red, sticky, and yet hard, striking one on the face like pellets. On the road, it lay like a muddy river—in the plain, in little lakes and seas of mire. We were passing by the camp, in vain we tried to get a sight of it. As often our driver pointed to some position, he rubbed it on our eyes or a puff of wind ended our hunt. We were conscious now and then of huge masses covered with canvas, rising before and behind us, and occasionally of a group of tents lying betwixt the bushes, but everything had a misty, misty form and shape. Now we were entering Mourmelon-le-Grand its glories were sadly obscured by wet and mire. The banners from the *cottes* hang heavily, the paint and gilding look cold and dull, the soldiers have a bedraggled look as they slip along the streets, for the soldier, like the cock and other fine birds, requires sunshine for his bravery, and is but a poor looking creature when con-

tending with rain and dirt. We stop, before us swings a huge board, whereon a gamboge face smirked through a halo of yellow spikes. It was the Soleil d'Or. Seen thus, through a haze and under a cloud, it had not the brilliancy we had dreamed of. The hostelry had nothing sunshiny or golden about it, on the contrary, it was rather dark and miry, and had the look of receiving its illuminations chiefly from oil or tallow. The court, like the marchioness's marble halls, was rather sloppy, and our reception by a *garçon*, who always appeared in his shirt sleeves, and always announced his presence by a grin betwixt impudence and idiocy, in a *salon* which seemed only a roofed and glazed continuation of the court, and exhibited the bare furniture of tables and forms, at once dumped out all our delusions. Would we see our chamber?—there was hope yet, this might make up for all, and we followed our portmanteau up stairs with anticipations that the Soleil d'Or might yet bring forth its splendour. A haughty den who despised stockings as much as her fellow the *garçon* did, with coat and coat, ushered us in, and points with a look of pride to a narrow passage sort of room, in which stood two immense masses of woodwork piled up with mattresses. They looked like huge sofas which a lady of Prodigy might have moved about or reclined on, but quite beyond the need or locomotion of lesser bulk or strength. It was a mystery to us for a long time, how they could have been brought up the staircase and into the door—and we settled at last that they had been built and fashioned in their places. They were so high, too, that a Geoffrey Hudson could only have sought repose therein by means of a ladder, and a King John's man must have had recourse to a leap or a scramble for the same purpose. When once we got over the dread of being smothered, and became a little adroit in the management of the mattresses, they were not bad sleeping places. There was little space, however, left in the room for sitting or for lavatory operations. As a compensation for this, there was a large mirror in

a gilded frame. It was cracked and starred, so that it did the work of a dozen glasses, and showed the face in several styles and proportions, giving one a good idea of the appearance of one's physiognomy under the effect of enlargement or diminution; the gilt, too, was rather tarnished, and, like the *Soleil d'Or*, the mirror had only the duance and haze of glory. The window—difficult to shut and more difficult to open, and duly tried and exasperation to us looked out on a little open square, wherein stood booths with sweet stalls and little burrows of fruit. There was a guard house in front, and to the left rose the old church tower with a large faced clock, the figures of which we could trace even from the depths of our down. Three loud raps on the table with the handle of a fork in honour the dinner hour. The *Soleil d'Or* I speed tell of, for it had a great contempt for the tablecloths and napkins, and confessed reluctantly to sheets and towels. Another peculiarity of the *Soleil d'Or* was a repudiation of superfluous raiment. Our host took his place at the *table d'hôte* in his shirt quite innocent of vest or waistcoat. But then he atoned for this, by always assuming on such occasions a fur cap like a Tartar. The guests followed his example and always sat down to supper with the buffed. They were all intensely young-looking—ladies and yeomen down in French and not much improved by the dining. There was a great scramble for places and we from our *place* in the *mêlée*, rather than from humility had to take the lowest seat. The potage was ladled out with great pride. It reminded us strongly of a rich family birth and to have been prepared by a housewife of our acquaintance for the husband of her love, by stirring a tallow candle in a saucepan of boiling water. The *Soleil d'Or*, however, had advanced on this idea, by adding pieces of bread and little strips of carrot and cabbage. The other dishes were well enough for those who had philosophic feelings with regard to grease, cinders, and a general savour as of an old lamp. The courses, too, were rather eccentric in their succession, and we were ever in pleasing uncer-

tainty as to the order of our *bouilli* and *rôti*, and the rotation of fish and sweet. There were long, trying pauses, too, caused by a propensity of the *garçon* to taste every bottle of wine in his pantry as he opened it. The naked heels of his colleagues were also a standing temptation, and many a time did a dish stray from its straight course, owing to the impulse he had to tickle them. Then there would be retaliation and a tiny damsel who occupied the tribune would rush down from her stool to avenge the hindmaiden, and a host of shirt sleeves and slipshod feet, which seemed to have a loose attachment to the establishment, would issue forth to join the *mêlée* and thus our dinner would halt until the *garçon* had finished his fun, or been roused by some angry remonstrance. 'Twas a curious *mêlée* that of the *Soleil d'Or*. Yet how much better they manage all these things in France. How superior were these men with their caps on at their clothless table, struggling for places, making dishes at dishes, sopping up gravy with their bread, clashing their glasses, and indulging freely in one or two American fashions, to a bulky English farmer over his beef and beer, or a bagman over his larded mutton and port. The whole thing, too, how much was it above in English country inn with its sanded floor, coarse white sheets, eggs and bacon and stout. Ah, *Madame Franco* is the place for refinement in life and manners.

The assumption of national virtues has often more credit than the reality. The French have set up themselves as a standard people in the courtesies and elegances, in the refinements and delicacy of living. The world has taken them at their word, and thereby has been imposed upon, we think, or rather has imposed upon itself, as far, at least, as regards the French of to-day. Nowhere that we have set our foot are the life and manners and habits so selfish, nowhere is there so little of the courtesy which springs from heart and feeling, so much of the external show of bowing and phrasing. As for eating, except a *Cafre* or a *Bushman*, we believe that no living being

consumes so much in the course of a day as a Frenchman. He is eternally sipping, sipping, or picking at some thing. His stomach knows no rest, his palate no suspension. They are ever on duty. He has his breakfast of several courses, and his dinner ditto, and then betwixt and between, before and after, he has his *ciffe*, his *tasse*, his *absinthe*, his *liqueur*, and his beer. As for his food, it may be rare and choice in the choicest *cantine*, but it is ever greasy after a fashion. There are gradations according to the place and the stations: yet grease either *au naturel* or refined, in gravies or *sauce piquante*, will be the prevailing element of the cookery. Yet the Frenchman asserts that he is the model of good breeding, and the arbiter of the science of eating; and like many other impostors, he has established his credit and has his believers in millions.

His remarks however are scarcely apropos to the Solid d'Or. We cannot take it as a phase of ordinary French life.

Still pours the rain down-pelt and incessant. We make vain attempts to get to the camp or even to the theatre, which the *major* who has taken us under his patronage, refuses us *impossible*. We slip and slip about, and a turn after each attempt more chilled and more disappointed. At last the camp in a certain fashion comes to us. The room begins to fill with soldiers, and we sit looking thus at military life with the dull off-set of the soldier's fixed and unstrung—unbuttoned and unshackled, the man of the soldier type reciting and diverting himself. Later is first Monsieur Fourrier, who takes a seat of honour, condescends to nod to those around, and then devotes himself to his cigar and an old copy of the *Soleil*. Our attention is directed towards him by the *major*, who evidently looks upon him as an important of the establishment. Then a group of chislers occupy the table near us. The belts are laid aside, the cup of coffee and the *petite verrie* stands by the side of each; the cigarette is folded, and under these mild exhilarations the conversation becomes rapid and excited, the de-

monstration of comradeship becomes fervent, the claspings of hands and the pattings on the back, and the kisses on the cheek, are frequent, and the exclamations and expletives most energetic. The Gaul works himself up to a fever heat which a Saxon could only attain by the aid of strong and repeated stimulants. Other groups disperse themselves at the different tables. Here and there a golden epulette appears, but worsted is the rule here and there, too, will be seen a pack of cards or dominoes, though talk, smoke, and coffee are the general sources of excitement and amusement. We look long and curiously at the different faces to trace in feature or expression the 'civilisedness' claimed for the soldiery of France. It does not shine as a phylactery on the forehead: it does not speak from eye or mouth. Impulse forces animal courage, resolve, quickness, again and again flash from the world, and gesture, but in a physiognomy ordinary even and often repulsive we cannot discern no sign of the high energetic nature or the noble feeling which create a chivalry out of the spirit and sternness of war. The solidity of the Saxon is to us a true and higher expression of martial spirit, just as fortitude is a truer and higher phase of courage than ferocity. But the purity of the French soldier, his cheerfulness, his *bon nature*, are great attributes, proverbial characteristics! Is it so? At any rate, we have not through the evening seen a smile or heard a laugh, or marked a turn or gesture of amiability. There has been much excitability, much gesticulation, but nothing genial or convivial. Now the gestures become more vehement, the voices louder. There is a very babel of sounds, and waving arms and gleaming faces have quite a Turanian effect through the smoke clouds. In an English public, and with English soldiers, such a scene would be on the very confines of riot and quarrel. Suddenly the bugles sound from the camp—the groups break up—the cups are emptied—the talk ceases—the belts are taken down—the shakos reassumed, and with them all the order and steady

ness of soldier bearing. Two and three still linger on—the host and his *confieres* commence their debauch when the soldiers retire—the *gargon* moves about from table to table, and confidentially leans on his elbows to join in the conversation—the *la petite*, who presides at the tribune, nods over her pen—she of the heels yawns and makes a veiled overture to us of a wax candle. The Soleil d'Or was evidently setting, and it soon sets in a dim rocky haze of oil and tobacco. We retire to our mattresses, and ever is they complicate us in a struggle a Soleil d'Or swings before us, sometimes the face amid the spikes has the leer of the *rogue*, sometimes the soul of the host, sometimes they appear together half and half, sometimes a dim visaged *voltaire* intrudes amid the glory. An alarm of bugles that would have roused the Seven Sleepers, breaks our slumbers. The *roll* seems to wake all life around civil or military, and there is nought but tramping and trumpeting, and the clanging of arms outside, and bustle and vociferation within so we emerge from the mattresses and set forth to view the camp. The first object was to get the grand effect of a *camp d'ail*—to look on the camp in all its completeness, and on the general features and position of the *troupe*—we were true to the varied detail. Every where we sought, but in vain, for some eminence whence we might comprehend the scene as one picture, one entire plan. There was not so much a mound or moor hill which commanded such a view, and all the slopes we ascended gave only the disappointment of partial glimpses or half sights of tents, bushes and houses scattered in detached patches, or huddled together in indistinct masses. At last, as we returned to our chambers, jaded and disappointed, the bell of the church tower strikes our eye, with its windows and loopholes looking out on all points of the horizon. Surely from hence we may obtain the wished-for panorama. We watch our opportunity—the old venger has turned to gossip and exchange pinches of snuff with an old crony, we slip up the narrow staircase, and stand on a floor crossed by

huge beams, with other huge rafters descending from above and meeting them—ropes dangle from the roof through little holes which gave glimpses of the great bells—wooden shutters block up the casements, a peep through these shows us that we have not escaped beyond the chimney tops. Higher and still higher we climb, until we are in the very penetralia of the bells, and sitting cock horse on a beam, look up into a great iron mouth, touch the huge clapper, and think, were it suddenly set in motion how its deep clang would act on our senses, whether its great voice would deafen us for ever, or only stun and overpower us for a time, and how the frame itself would feel the reverberations of the strong deep sound. Luckily ours is only a speculation, not an experiment. Quietly hangs the metal mass. Whilst we look out of the narrow aperture before us, still there is only an expanse of roofs and chimneys, though far below us we change round to the other side, and there, spread out before us, lies the great plain, in all its extent and proportions, so broad and vast, that the camp itself seems only a narrow border line, so flat that all the little undulations are lost in one great level. The rivers on either side of it glitter like silver threads in their meanderings, the villages around are mere specks and dots, the plantations green patches, the hills beyond, lovely, shadowy, and distant. A dazzling mirage dances and floats over the vast expanse of sand—the great roads and tracks crossing and recrossing it in dim lines, and the groups of soldiers pigmy and puppet like. Miles and miles of this view the eye embraces,—a sandy flat, unbroken and unrelieved by verdure or buildings, save in the immediate vicinity of the camp, and it was a strange effect the change from the weary dreary space, enlivened only by the sunshine, to the living, bustling world, which hummed and lived and moved in that narrow line of tents below us. Far away on the right, nestled amid the trees and the bushes which there mark the corners of the plain, and mingling with the houses and roofs of the Camp de Gare and Mourmelon le Petit, we catch the

first glimpses of the tents, the waggon, and the huge tarpaulin ricks of the quarter of the ambulances and the *travaux des équipages*, beside it, half hidden, is the encampment of the artillery, in front, more open and more massed, are the tents of the cavalry, round which we see the horses at exercise, circling and circling, like the little figures on a large round about, and here and there others, picketed in rows, are just visible. Following the line, we see it here bend and turn off at an angle to wards our observatory. This marks the beginning of the encampment of the divisions of infantry, and in front of this point, and at some distance, stands a group of light pretty looking wooden houses, surrounded by gardens—these were the Residence Impériale, the Pavillon Canrobert, and the Quartier Générale. Just below us, are great masses of buildings, the shells of the Casernes which are eventually to supersede the canvass homes—here crosses the road from Mourmelon le Grand and behind are the streets and squares of that distinguished village. On beyond again stretches the line of canvass streets edging and bordering the great *terrain militaire* on and on, in long unchanging vista—then it makes another turn and disappears for a while, then reappears into sight until it is lost at last in the distance. Such was our panorama as a picture grand in its features and picturesque in some of its details beautiful in many of its effects, brightened as they were by the sunshine, and heightened by the shades from the distant hills—as a plan of the camp and the adjoining *terrain militaire*, most complete and perfect. With such a picture and such a plan in our mind's eye we felt more equal now to examine and study all the parts of the whole.

Descending from our look out, we descend also to bare facts for a while, and reduce our panorama to a thing of figures, measurements, and compass-points.

The *terrain militaire* as marked and lined in the military plan, is very eccentric in its outline, and describes in its boundary limits most irregular figures, running into corners and angles—here rushing outward to take in a small notch, then dashing in

again to avoid some forbidden ground, then making an indent like a gulf, then swelling forth in a semicircle, then taking a straight course for several miles to go off again at a tangent, forming altogether the most curious of polygons. This eccentricity of its form is caused doubtless by the necessity the Government felt not to trench on vested or territorial rights, or to occupy ground which was available for cultivation. It may be supposed to begin at Mourmelon-le-Petit, and thence trends irregularly eastward towards the town of St Hilaire, there bends, or circumbends rather, to the south east, near to Suippe, and then follows the route Impériale Nevers to the south, until near the river Vesle, when it starts north west for the starting point of Mourmelon leaving the river the departmental route to Bar-le-Duc and the towns or villages of La Chapelle, Cuperly, Vadenay, Buoy and Luvry, on its south western side. The plain itself has a surface of dry sand intergrown with tufty grass. The camp seems thrust rather oddly into one corner of it—but there were doubtless motives good and sound for the position. In the first place the railroad was met at its nearest point of communication then a vast clear space was secured without possible interruption for exercise and manoeuvres, and whilst it abuts on the two villages of Mourmelon which are supposed to contain enough for the amusement and recreation of the soldier, it is too distant from the other towns for easy or frequent access. The boundaries of the *terrain militaire* are defended along all its sides by rows of tall poles. It contains "12 000 hectares environ, et a plus d'étendue que l'intérieur de l'enceinte fortifiée de Paris, and has a breadth in some parts of nine miles. What a drill ground! How would the Dundases and Torrenses have expatiated on such space for the exhibition of their brilliant manoeuvres! How would the Napiers, Colbornes, Sales, true soldiers all, confined and cribbed in their movements by acreage and enclosures, have rejoiced in such space for the development of soldier skill and soldier power!

Let us now view the camp in de-

tail We start from the Gare, and make at once for the quarter of the *train des équipages*. It is Saturday, and the camp is *en deshabille*. It is not a good time to see the French soldier at home. All round the tents are groups of men, cleaning, and brushing, and washing, and beds, coats, belts, and knapsacks lie about in little heaps. It is like a washing day in a family. A dirty shirt and a pair of dirty white trousers seem to be the general wear. The tents are all turned out of doors—and all the accumulated dust and dirt of a week are being cleared off. It must be confessed that the general appearance of things did not indicate the recognition of lavatories as a necessary of soldier life, or of personal cleanliness as a principle of soldier discipline. It is certain that, under no circumstances, not even we believe those of a Crimean campaign, could such a quantity of foul linen have been exhibited, or such an amount of dirt been possible among British soldiers. Cleanliness is a virtue which our regimental system inculcates, and the Saxon nature responds to most thoroughly.

The dispositions and order of the encampment did not here equal our anticipations, the ground was not well cleared, and though the route to Mourmelon ran beside it, and a *chemin de fer* directly through the camp, the communication did not seem so open or regular with the different departments and offices around as might have been expected from French routine. This quarter, however, was not a fair specimen of the general camp economy. The arrangements were doubtless good and practical on the whole. The tents were pitched by companies, the horses, very raw boned and underbred looking animals, even for draught, were picketed between, behind were the large waggons, and at intervals the great hay ricks. The men had a ready, serviceable look, without losing the soldier stamp, and the machinery of the department had altogether a strong, warlike character. Its efficiency has been again and again tested, and has ever been to French armies a great resource and great advantage

in the transport and conveyance-requirements of a campaign. We move on a little, and are in presence of another arm—the artillery. Here the arrangements are rather different. The tents are in one line, the horses in another, and then come the guns. Little patches of alder here and there interrupt the general effect of the encampment, and vigilant sentries forbid any invasion of the enclosure, so that it is only by skirting that we obtain a good view of the guns. There were six batteries of the 12 pounder field gun, French measurement—all brass save one battery—but there was nothing in the aims, their disposition, or equipment, at all novel and striking, and in fact these seemed most certainly inferior to our own. The Crimean comparisons decided that we had nought to learn from our allies in the management or organisation of this arm. The men were strong, able bodied fellows, much beyond the average of the line in size and stature, and much more imposing in their uniforms. The horses were, to our eye, scarcely up to the mark, and did not owe much in appearance to either their grooming or feeding.

In rear were the magazines, and around and about these two encampments were the various offices—the *bureau du génie*, or headquarters of the engineers—the *effets d'en campment*, arranged or ordered in long wooden sheds or buildings—the combustibles—the large stores and stacks of forage.

This part of the camp was not in the general line, but behind it. In front was the quarter of the cavalry. Here the plain became more open, and all the principles and details of the position more evident and marked. This force was composed of four regiments—two of hussars, and two of chasseurs, each about six hundred strong—making a total of two thousand four hundred. Their order and disposition were very perfect. A narrow trench enclosed the whole, and then, again, others marked each regiment and each troop, and each tent had its own circle of intrenchment besides. The tents were pitched, as before described,

by troops, and the horses picketed beside them. There were no stables or shelter of any kind, except for the chargers of the officers, and these were simply constructed, always open to the rear, and sometimes double, so that one erection served for two stables, the horses standing *vis à-vis*, though separated by a partition. Whether or not this open air training answered thoroughly we could not discover, but the horses looked hardy, and in working condition, though rather in the rough, and it can scarcely be doubted that such a system must tend to harden and season them for the exposure and the want of attention and care consequent on the vicissitudes of a campaign, however it may affect their appearance at the time. This plan of quartering each arm by itself is different from ours. With us the force of artillery or cavalry attached to a brigade is encamped with it, so that it may be complete in all its branches, and be under one command and one discipline. Either has its pros and cons. The arm, whichever it may be, will be doubtless better trained and organised for its own work, when massed and exercised under its own officers, and as, under the French system, the different departments and authorities are more used to act together, and to practise mutual adaptations, it will probably thus attain the greatest efficiency, but with us, no doubt, it is requisite that, for a long time at least, the machinery should be fixed and kept in motion, according to the method in which it would be used for practical and service purposes. The only buildings here are the hospitals, which are placed at intervals. And now we are among the tents of the infantry—the foot soldiers of France—the far famed *chasseurs à pied*—and the grand battalions trained and inured in the plains and mountains of Africa. Our interest rises with the sympathy of comradeship, and the pertinence of comparison. These are the men who must make the strength of an army either as foes or allies, and these are the soldiers who have been exalted as models as the perfection of the

à-pied type of soldiery. In other days it was otherwise, and the advantage of test and opinion rested with the laurels of that astonishing infantry which marched on and on through the Peninsula from victory to victory, recording at every step wondrous instances and examples of endurance, valour, and efficiency. Has the race from which these ranks were filled degenerated from the old standard? Have the old virtues disappeared, that the comparison should be thus inverted? or is it justly so, or not rather derived from superficial judgments or chance circumstances, whilst the elements of the old renown and the old pre-eminence remain intact and unimpaired, ready, under due development, to come forth in the old strength? Be this as it may—be it a question of facts or mere casual differences—these men before us are the only ones whom the English foot soldier can recognise as real or worthy rivals. And can these men we see, so short and slight, so wanting in breadth and muscle, vie with our stalwart fellows, our men of bone and sinew? Yes, thanks to exercise and habit, these small soldiers can step along, easily and jauntily, carrying weights under which our giants toil and sweat. They are examples of developed power—of disciplined strength. As such, we look on them admiringly, wondering why the same mode of development is not applied to our soldier physique, and speculating on what might be the results, and what then the turn of the comparison.

But it is not now with the men as much as with their encampment we have to do. A short time hence and this line of tents will be superseded by immense barrack homes, which will take from the soldier life all the vicissitudes and endurances, all the shifts and roughings, and with the perchance much of the hardihood, much of the readiness, and much of the relish nurtured and felt in a camp. Whether it be prejudice or fact, the order here seems to us greater, and all the evidences of care and supervision more manifest. The tents themselves exhibit more neatness and comfort than the men can bear.

positive in their *déshabille*, the regularity is exact and general, without apparent effort—the regularity of discipline and habit. The regiments follow according to their numbers, two battalions to each, and we counted fourteen in all. The divisions were the same as in the cavalry, the little trenches marked the companies, and greater ones the battalions and regiments. The tents of the officers were a little apart, though in the same order, a little more roomy and pretty, and some had little flower plots in front. There is a stir now, and groups of men issue forth with tins in their hands, and troop towards little huts standing at intervals all along the line. It is the hour for the evening meal, and these are the kitchens. The *cuisine* is such a primary element in a Frenchman's life, that its character and excellence must needs have an import and influence in the military economy—and these our allies have been ever proclaimed professors of gastronomy—so that we perchance may learn some what in these kitchens of the science on which the soldier depends so much. The stomach is beginning to be considered at last as something in the human system, and the fact that the man who is expected to march, and fight, and endure, must not only be largely, but properly fed—not only fed, but dieted—is dawning slowly upon us. God knows how much of evil and sickness might have been averted by a more skilful application of dietetics. How much of our crime, how much of our punishments, may not have been caused by indigestion and injured stomachs! We are studying now every way and everything which can enable us to make the most of a soldier, and it is believed by some that we can get more out of him and, at the same time, do some what for him in the way of his health and comfort, by considerate appeals to his appetite and digestion, by giving him the best food cooked in the best manner for nourishment, and, at the same time, having a touch of savouriness for the palate. *Allons donc*,—let us see how they manage these things in France. We enter, and after a while penetrate the gloom. The penetralia of the culi-

nary mystery is not inviting in aspect. Soot, and dust, and grime, and steam, are in the ascendant here. The day light and air through the small door and window make a faint fight for admission, but get evidently worsted. The space is small, of course, and in one side are the stoves with the pans on them, and the savour from them is relishing and promising enough. The *chef* and his assistant are ladling out the stew, and apportioning it in the canteens, which are placed near them. They are fitting *gens de bien*. The dirt and soot is impressed upon them in every form. They are grimed, reeking foul with them. Flesh and garments have the prevailing stain and odour. Such faces as we saw in those kitchens too! A villainous countenance seemed to have been a sort of title for the office, and to have been hauled up and down the flue a preparatory initiation. Such faces and forms lowering and glooming upon us, would have made the most choice ragout tasteless. The stew, however, was savoury enough in itself. It was made of meat, potatoes, onions, rice, well boiled together, and was more than palatable. It was just such a dish as the English soldier, if left to the inspirations of his own genius for cookery, would have improvised for himself, only that there would have been a stronger gout of onions, for the unction of that vegetable is very precious to his palate. The proof is, however, all ways in the eating, and we followed some of these carriers home, and saw groups of comrades collect round them, seize their messes, and set to discuss them with an unmistakable gusto, which was a voucher for their tastiness. And how those fellows, sitting in their tent doors, talked and gesticulated over their meal, and smacked their lips and flourished their spoons in evident satisfaction! The process and appliances of the *cuisine* were so simple, and the dish itself capable of so many changes and varieties, that we cannot but think something of the kind might be found, barring the dirt, to supersede our old invariable *bouilli*. As far as we could learn, there was one of these kitchens to each company, and two men were employed as cooks

daily. The stoves were simple in construction, and required little skill or attention in the management. Our experiences and discoveries in the art of getting the most and the best out of food seem to be most generally directed to the dietary of our felons. The best arranged kitchens we ever saw were in the prisons at Aldershot, where the culprit had his meal, or whatever it might be, prepared for him with the utmost nicety and care. Let him have it so, in God's name, but let us provide still more carefully for his comrade who dwells without prison walls. Doubtless the time for this reform has come. Soyer and the Cinneca have done much towards it. In process of time, perhaps, we shall have our bouilli fœd comrade becoming quite an epicure in cookery, at any rate we shall have him perhaps free from the consequences of a sated palate, and a digestion overpowered by sameness.

The bugle sounds, and off troop our banqueters. 'Tis only a roll call however, soon over, and the soldier is dismissed—*Nunc est bibendum*. At least so would it be, we fear, with our soldier. It would be a time for beer and riot. Not so with the French. It is a time for recreation, but without excess. They rally forth now in groups, and disperse themselves in the streets, *cafés*, and concert salons. Later in the evening we follow those who are going towards a boarded space through which lights are shining and whence comes the sound of music. It is the theatre. It is a high and rather spacious building, erected with planks, standing in a large clear space, and open at one end, or only closed by a curtain that it may be capable of extension for a *soirée dansante*, a *bal musqué* or any other amusement of this sort. Within it is well lit. The stage is artistically constructed, with all the appliances of scenery and effects. A military band composes the orchestra. The audience is already assembled. Officers sit on chairs in the centre, behind them are the sergeants and corporals, in front are stuffed luxurious seats for the hierarchy, around stand the soldiers, every man dressed *en regle*

all orderly, all apparently interested. The pieces exhibited are of the *vau-deville* and *petite comédie* stamp. The actors are beyond the ordinary mark of strollers and provincials, and one fellow, the low comedy cast, is evidently very popular, and is always making hits and eliciting applause. The *grand coup* of the piece is, however, an exchange of dresses betwixt two ladies of the *corps dramatique*, in which one takes off garment after garment, without revealing ought more than the same spotless drapery, and seeming ever at each change to be on the point of revealing the secrets of the toilette, without doing it. Throughout there is in the spectators all the demonstration of amusement and interest, without over excitement or riot. All is decorous and orderly, and as we retire to our couch in the *Soliel d'Or*, with that assemblage of laughing and diverted soldiery still before us, how do we wish that certain broad faces we wot of should be ever and anon brought to relax with fun and pleasantry in such scenes, rather than be seen grinning over a quart pot, or distorted in maudlin grimaces over the empty noggin. Thus ends our first day in the camp.

The morrow is the Sabbath, and now the camp is *en grand tenue*. Very early the plain is alive with columns moving across, bands are playing, plumes waving, pennons flying. From every part of the camp the masses are moving towards the *Quartier Impériale*. There, in front of the houses imperial and hierarchical, stands the grand altar. There, in the midst of the vast plain, it stands open to the airs of heaven, which, spite of the canopy overhead, are now floating about and waving the silver hairs of the old priest, who is bending over the chalices and the missals, as column after column, with the clash of arms and the bursts of martial music, halts and forms around. The troops form the three sides of a square. There are the artillery, in their dark blue dress, bold and imposing, the hussars, glittering in the sunshine, in blue and silver, gay and showy, next them, the *chasseurs à cheval*, dark and martial in their green attire,

then stand two brigades of foot, with a company of the *corps du génie* in front, accoutred and cross-belted after the old fashion, and showing broad facings and lapelles of velvet, in bearing and in effect the most imposing soldiers of France. Other brigades of infantry make the third face. In the centre are the mounted officers, chiefs, and aides-de camp. These are the congregation. There are a few of the townfolk and villagers, but they scarcely make a dot in the great assemblage. There is a movement now, and Marshal Canrobert, one of the great soldiers of France, passes with a brilliant staff, and takes his place in front of the altar. He was to us a disappointment. Spite of all the examples to the contrary, it is impossible not to associate the soldier character with the soldier form and dignity, and when the real in corresponds not with the ideal type, the mind treats this want of conformity as an anomaly contradictory and affronting to its conceptions of perfection. It is a martial sight this army formed in full array, these masses of soldier forms, these ranks on ranks of stern, calm soldier faces, and it becomes a solemn sight when, as the feeble voice of the old priest rises in prayer there is a hush and stillness as though those men had turned to marble. Not a sound is heard, not a limb moves or an arm clashes, until the sacred bread is offered, and then as the choir bursts forth, and the anthem is swelled by the softest and most beautiful sounds of music, a word of command is heard, loud and sharp, and at one instant the masses sink down on their knees with presented arms. It was a solemn sight, in truth, to see these fourteen thousand men, even at the word of a man, bow down before their God. The simultaneous bending of so many wills, the simultaneous action of so many living beings, whether at the impulse of reverence or discipline, was in itself grand and solemn, and when associated with worship and faith, and performed in the midst of such a grand arena, with the glorious sky above, and the grand features of nature around, had an effect only felt and known when the emotions of man and the aspects of nature unite in

sublimity, an effect which, for the moment, stirs and moves the soul beyond the occasion and the circumstances. It was only a moment, the effect soon passed away. The repetition of the words of command, and the military movements at every stage of the service, destroyed the sublimity, and made the scene only dramatic, yet still strikingly so. At length the priest closes his book, shuts up his chalice, covers the silver hairs, and then once more the scene is wholly military. Horses prance, swords are waved, military words pass from mass to mass, and the columns are again moving over the plain, the dispersed bodies, with the white tents in the background, making a picture which fitly closes a military spectacle striking and impressive as any could be apart from the presence of war.

Sunday is a holiday with French men, soldiers and civilians, and Mourmelon is now in all its glory. It is doing its best to justify the epithet of *Le Grande*. The *cafés* are *en grande tenue*. Gay banners droop from the windows, little white tables, standing under the shade of trellis-work, tempt the passer. The concert rooms are in full swing, a lady, in white muslin, is waving her stout braced arms and trilling forth her bravuras in a key which makes every note pierce us like a dart, so that were we to stay much longer under her influence we should become a kind of nerve-martyred St. Sebastian. There, too, is our friend Punch—the old original, with Judy, dog Toby, and all—exhibiting himself in a little shed at the corner of a *café*, under the auspices of a dwarf with huge misshapen head, covered with shock hair, the most crooked legs, and the most villainous countenance we ever saw under the sun. Quilp—Quasimodo—the Black Dwarf—and all the other members of the great dwarf hierarchy must have been Apollons compared to him.

To complete the effect of his appearance, he was attired somewhat like a Roman legionary, had panpipes under his chin, and was sometimes obscured, all save the shock head and the great feet, behind a big drum. Between the intervals of the perform-

ances he kept himself in practice by grimacing at a large gypsy woman, who took the money and gave an occasional bang on the drum, and emitting fierce imprecations at every passing soldier who dared even to look at him. Punch was evidently not popular with the camp—there were few of his regular votaries there, few children, fewer women—in fact there was altogether an absence of the female element in the scene, which surprised us. Whether, like everything else, it was duly subordinated and restricted to certain times and places, to appear and disappear, we know not, but certainly nowhere were seen the “flaunting temptation” (as a grim old chief used to designate them in his admonition to young men about to encounter the perils of the world), who parade the streets of our garrisons, or that more degraded sisterhood, unbonneted and stayless, who haunt and hang on our soldier more like fates and furies than temptations. The billiard table, smoking and drinking coffee in the open air, or strolling about the streets in groups, fraternising, singing, and laughing, seemed the favourite recreation. The concerts and the dancing saloons and the theatre had their attractions and their devotees, but the primary idea of a holiday was evidently the enjoyment of comradeship, of liberty, grand costume, open air, the gaiety of the streets and the delights of the *café*. This capacity for simple recreation, for enjoyment without the excitement, the vicious indulgence which leads to repentance, to punishment, on the morrow, is the phase in the French military economy, or rather the French military character, which defies our comparison. Any other quality, any other attribute, we could challenge gladly and confidently. But thus we can meet only with silence—sorrowful silence. All this day had we seen thousands of men, soldiers of all classes and corps, relaxing and recreating, we had seen them all gay—all mirthful, had seen them talking, dancing, singing, drinking, but we had seen only one man drunk—only one man drunk!

Oh, comrade mine! oh, English soldier! man of strength and muscle—

man of patience and endurance—man of honesty and loyalty—man faithful and obedient, true to thy colours, true to thine officers, would that we could say this of thee—would that we could strike out that one vice from thy nature, and then there would be many a gap in the calendar of crime—then we might almost roll up the code of punishment—then we might hope to show to the world such a soldier type as it has never yet seen or realised.

The evening shades are falling o’er the plain, the soldiers are returning in one and two’s to their tents, many are lingering yet around the bands which are playing in front of the different quarters—for the band in the French system is an instrument in the amusement of the soldier—it is his—it is mixed up with his work, his parade, his pleasure. When the boom of a gun is heard, the bugles sound from regiment to regiment throughout the encampment, and in a few minutes there is stillness and solitude on that vast plain—the white tents gleaming in the moonlight, and the sentries pacing their rounds, are the only signs that thousands of human beings are sleeping and living there. We have seen the camp *en deshabillé, en grande tenue* and we must see it next in its working day aspect. As soon as the reveillé sounds, the plain is alive with drill, squads of every strength, from the section to the company, are marching or skirmishing in every direction, the drill sergeant is the presiding genius of the time and place, officers are present everywhere directing the exercise of their companies, colonels supervise their regiments. Every eye of authority overlooks, every grade of command partakes in the labour and responsibility of the drill. The whole body of the infantry was before us, trained and untrained, young and old soldiers broken into squads, the veteran as well as the recruit undergoing the preliminary stages of instruction, and this was the system of the camp. Every morning was devoted to it, except those selected for the grand manoeuvres. In the afternoon, battalion or brigade movements were the rule. The mode of drill in smartness was not superior,

in precision rather inferior, to our own, but there was one noticeable principle, the individual training of the soldier. The man—the unit, is the thing to be taught, the thing to be trained—to be made thoroughly expert, and then thrown into the mass. He is to have an interest and responsibility in the general proficiency. The system addresses itself and appeals to the individual rather than the body, to the parts rather than the whole, seeks to develop individual smartness and intelligence, to give the man an individual place and import. Thus it is that in their drill there is less of the together movement, less of the shoulder to shoulder action, than with us, but more individual readiness and quickness—more independence in the movement of each soldier—more mobility and less solidity, though this want of solidity is more apparent than real, and the looseness of movement at a halt or in a formation disappears at once in consequence of every man knowing his place and his purpose without keeping the touch or feeling the shoulder of his comrade. The good old buffstick spirit would look aghast at the contempt of old buffstick principles exhibited on this drill field. Why, those men are not dressed, not even sized, they don't keep step and see how they swing their arms and how loosely their files march. True enough, yet those loose, easy moving files get over a good deal of ground in a short time, and form after all, with as much steadiness as the machines of our German system. The good orthodox rigidity faith is beginning to waver even with us, and there are apostates who begin to think that the necessity of pinning a man's arms by his side, and keeping him square to his front, is not so vital to military character as the old creed would have us to believe—that the rigidity takes more out of him in patience, strength, and endurance, than it puts into him in regularity and squareness—that the cost of the making him a machine is greater than the gain of his being one. The French adopt this heresy most thoroughly. They repudiate all stiffness, and leave to the soldier as much natural and independent action

as is compatible with combination and unity of movement. Drill is doubtless thus made less irksome to the soldier, inspires more free-will exertion, and more emulation in individual excellence.

This individual training is more evident of course in the light infantry manoeuvres. The French soldier *en travailleur* was the great attraction of the drill field. He seemed to delight in the rapid movement, the changes, and the turns, and there was an energy, half earnest, half dramatic, in the effect he gave to the bayonet thrust as he turned on some imaginary combatant, the point *en tierce*, *en prime*, and the *coup-lance*, all delivered, varied, and repeated with marvellous quickness and vigour. This bayonet-exercise was rather a striking exhibition, and when combined with movement, or changes of movement, had a real combative effect, and if it answered no purpose, must certainly, as enounced in the *École du Soldat*, 'add considerably to the address and agility of the soldier, and give him more readiness in handling his weapon.' The vivacity and vividness of all the exercises *en travailleurs* were very effective to the eye, but it did not seem that the movements were performed in less time than our own, though there was certainly a general readiness observable in them, and also a "practical intelligence and a visible intention," which, as a high authority says, "characterises everything the French do." The practice of skirmishing in single rank, and with fixed bayonets, as they do, did not strike us as advantageous, and seemed rather objectionable in many respects. A skirmisher with fixed bayonet was altogether an anomaly to us, the correctness of his aim, the facility of loading, the freedom of movement in broken ground, or in copse or brushwood—his natural sphere of action—would doubtless be much impeded thereby, and "it is difficult to conceive a skirmisher so placed as to be left without time to fix his bayonet, on an emergency, however sudden." A *peloton* when deployed on *en travailleurs*, is divided always into two sections and four demi sections, and there are

bandes groupées of four, called "*les camarades de combat*," who always work together, and in case of sudden attack, rally in small squares, the front-rank man of one file forming *dos-à-dos* with the rear rank man of the other, and all bringing their muskets into the position of the *garde contre la cavalerie*. The sudden formation of the *groupes* in attitudes of defence, each bristling with its own *chapeaux de frise* of bayonets, each self-reliant and defiant, was a *coup de combat* both martial and picturesque. These *groupes* were the chief elements in all the light infantry movements, and in the advances and relief of skirmishers, in the *ralléments* and *rassemblements*, are so many *points d'appui* for the main and general formations. The institution of "*les camarades de combat*" is an illustration of the principle which pervades the French system of reducing the dependence of masses to small bodies, groups and individuals, making the man first, then the man and his comrades centres of individual and independent or bises of united action, according to the occasion or emergency. The *rallément* of the demonstrations is made on one of the *groupes*, that of the centre or that which offers the most advantages, and the remainder rush in at the *pas le cours* and place themselves around it in a complete circle, forming a ring of steel and fire.

The interest of the drill field begins at length to flag. The vivacity shows symptoms of languishing, when lo! there is a sudden revival. The instructors give out their commands with the energy of a cock proclaiming the dawn and distend chest and throat as though they would throw out their hearts in the words, the squads go through their exercise, and handle their arms with a force and *impressément* quite startling. A *caporal* in facing about, makes a *pirouette* which carries him round one turn and half back again. We look round for the cause of all this, and find it in the appearance of Marshal Canrobert with his staff. A Marshal among the drill squads! Our thoughts go back to the page of Gibbon, and the

time of the Romans. "It was," he writes, "the policy of the ablest generals, and even of the Emperors themselves, to encourage these military studies by their presence and example, and we are informed that Hadrian, as well as Trajan, frequently condescended to instruct the inexperienced soldiers, to reward the diligent, and sometimes to dispute with them the prize of superior strength and dexterity."

It has been a frequent trait of great captains to individualise the soldier and his instruction.

The squads disperse for the breakfast hour, and we try to gather the lessons of the dull field of this *École du Soldat*. These seemed rather to arise from general principles than practice. There was little in the details of the exercise which struck us as superior to our own, or which would be worth adapting to our system, but in the application of the instruction there was a recognition of the individual man, an earnestness, a disregard of minuteness, and a diligent supervision, which evidently excited emulation and made the drill strict and regular, whilst however it was relieved of the treadmill weariness or monotony. Every man seemed conscious that his own performances were observed and commented on, which gave to the exercises the zest of competition, and the studied variety of the details kept up an excitement in the work. It is a principle of the French system, evidently, that his duties and exercises should have an interest for the soldier, and at the same time appeal to his *amour propre*—a worthy and vital principle of soldiery. Monotony, machine making, loss of individuality, indifference, are deadly influences which act on the soldier's spirit as consumption does on life, debilitating, sapping, and destroying by a day by day death.

The practice had to us many defects. The freedom of movement engendered a freedom of action and demeanour wholly repellant to our ideas of order and steadiness, and, however we might believe that a relaxation of the rigid attitude and the exactitude of movement might be beneficially adopted, these we must

always uphold as essentials of soldier discipline. Nations and ages may differ in their estimate of soldier characteristics, yet these, *order and steadiness*, have been recognised by almost all military systems and great captains as life principles in an army. The great laxity in this respect was no doubt promoted by the individual independence so much encouraged by the French; but it is not necessarily a consequence of it, and the good may undoubtedly be adopted without a dread of a concomitant evil. The great noise too, the talking, the clatter, and the constant clash of arms, was also an objection, though this might rather be an offence against prejudices than essentials.

In the afternoon, the battalion and brigade claimed our attention. There would seem to be considerable alteration in the general organisation since Torrens wrote his Notes on the French Infantry, and that all the battalions have now been modelled on what was then the *théorie spéciale* of the Chasseurs. The three-deep formation is abolished entirely, and the battalions consist now of eight instead of six companies or *pelotons*, which are again formed into four divisions—two *pelotons* composing a division. From the information we gathered, also, there are now four battalions in each regiment, though there were only two at the camp, the remainder being in garrison or at the dépôt. These always work together, and are under one command, though led by different *chefs de bataillon*; they were camped side by side, marched to the same band and under the same *drapeau*, and stood together in brigade. Thus the spirit of comradeship and unity is maintained throughout.

The *pelotons* are divided into sections and demi-sections, are sized from flank to flank, the corporals taking place on the right and left of the demi-sections; the officers and sergeants being posted nearly the same as with us. In the general regulations a sergeant has charge of each demi-section, a corporal of each *escouade* or squad, for the order, equipment, and regularity of which he is held responsible.

The battalion movements did not

partake of the smartness we had witnessed in the company and squad drill. As a rule, the battalions were not cleverly handled, nor were the evolutions performed with any remarkable quickness or precision. Even the famed chasseurs, whom we selected for the comparison, were inferior in these respects to any of our ordinary regiments; and our newly-raised battalions would have stood a very fair comparison with any of the troops of the line. The square, though more simple, from being formed from column of divisions—the *pelotons* of the centre divisions wheeling outwards, and those of the rear one facing about, the companies thus remaining unbroken and undivided—was not so rapidly executed as with us, and besides presented only a two-deep formation in all its faces: a four-deep square is laid down in their exercises, but we never saw it practised. Perhaps it is thought that the extent of fire is a greater object than increase of solidity, especially since the introduction of the rifle has rendered the attack of cavalry less formidable and less probable than heretofore. Doubtless for the future the square will be a less important manœuvre, and the rifleman ought to cause a charge of horsemen to be impossible except in cases of surprise. The French never kneel to resist cavalry—the front rank simply comes to the position of charge.

There are four steps or paces used in the different evolutions: the *pas ordinaire*, 76 in a minute; the *pas accéléré*, 106 English, and the *pas gymnastique*; the *double* and *la course*, which is a run, and would never be practised except in light-infantry movements and on an emergency. In all these paces, however, the step is invariably short and quick—the knees are always bent, and the attitude of the body that which a practised runner would adopt. To make a man move with the stride of a pair of compasses and the stiffness of an automaton, and then expect endurance or celerity from him, is, according to their ideas, the height of absurdity. So they copy the rules which nature prescribes for the development of strength and speed. In

this they give us a lesson, but the only one, we think, in battalion work. The battalion, both in organisation, drill, and discipline, is the strong point of our system—even in the interior economy of it, it is our belief that we far excel our allies both in efficiency and simplicity. This is our strong point, for it is the one on which our energies and attention have been naturally most fixed, as it is an organisation which, under all circumstances, must exist even in the great dispersion of our troops, and it is one which we believe, with some modifications, might be made the most perfect now existing among the armies of the world.

It is when we advance from bodies to masses, when we pass on from battalions to brigades and divisions, that the superior experiences and the greater practice of the French troops show to advantage. Certainly in their brigade movements there is a readiness and aptitude in all the elements which give their exercises the reality of the practice of war. Their mode of taking up alignments—their practice of filing into a new front or position when in column, instead of wheeling—the simplicity of their system of points—make all their processes of formation rapid and service like, though perhaps rather loose and mobbish in appearance. The familiarity also of all the actors and agents with the principles and details of the movements, was an evident cause of the facility, the readiness, with which manoeuvres were performed. This might be rather the result of habit and practice than of system. French troops, from their being so much concentrated in masses, and French officers, from their being constantly in command, and from their experiences being continuous unbroken by intervals of seclusion, are naturally *au fait* at their work, yet, from whatever cause it may proceed, the faculty of moving bodies must be ever a great power in tactics.

It was here we first recognised the mobility of the French army. In equipment and arms the camp, too, had its points of observation. It must be confessed that the dress of the French soldier is not an illus-

tration of the artist's taste claimed by the nation—it is very ugly generally, especially with the infantry—the sappers and artillery being exceptions—though martial enough in effect when seen in the mass. A blue frock coat, long in the skirt, with yellow or green epaulettes, red trousers, very full at the hips, and peg top at the bottom. White gaiters do not seem very consistent with the aesthetic of dress, yet when we turn from the effect to the form and material of the garments, we recognise again the practical talent of our allies in all that concerns the efficiency of the soldier. The tunic is full and easy everywhere, the cloth strong and enduring, the trousers full and short, so as not to press on the limbs or gather mud. One plain black waist-belt also serves all purposes of suspending pouch and bayonet, so that the soldier is spared all the fidget and worry of pipeclay, and saved from the deleterious influences which sanitary commissioners ascribe to the use of it. The knapsack is attached to this by elastic straps, and there is no complication of buckles and bands to make the taking off or putting on accoutrements a work of time—no pressure of straps to numb or fetter the body. Thus the French soldier, whether on the parade or at drill, looks a man ready for the field, and bears his equipment as though it were part of himself, neither oppressed by its weight nor bothered by its novelty. There is, however, one grand defect we see our old enemy, the shako, in its most malignant form, it is a fate to the modern soldier which even the Frenchman has not the courage to avert.

The *Times*, in a late article, said that a soldier would henceforth be a man with a gun, and inferred that he who had the best gun, and handled it best, would be the best soldier. The arm becomes thus of great import, even if this be only partially true. The French in this respect are now experiencing, as we are doing with our war ships, the consequences of being experimentalists. With them began the development of the musket, each stage had its result in some improvement of the arm, and they are now burdened with the pro-

ductions of each experiment. They did not dare the cost of sweeping off all the failures or comparative failures, and adopting generally the last and best invention; and consequently many of their regiments are still armed with the *carbine-à-tige*, altered; some with the "minié" in its first form; and a great number also of the old smooth bores are being converted into rifles. Thus France, until it has used up its old material and its old patterns, will be at a disadvantage in comparison with the armies which have been armed thoroughly with the best and latest weapons. The musket we saw generally at the camp was a very inferior arm, and very much below the present standard of rifle efficiency. It was clumsy in workmanship, the barrel was bright, and lock very coarsely wrought; it had only "one sight," fixed so as to give a convenient point-blank range; and it was laid down in a programme issued by the minister of war for the construction of arms, that it was not necessary that the fire of infantry soldiers should exceed 600 metres. The chasseurs alone have movable sights capable of being adjusted for long distances. The *École du Tir*, the system of musketry instruction, originated also with them; but they seem to have halted at an early stage, and to have refrained from carrying it to its fullest development. The French soldier of the line is only trained to fire up to 400 yards, and instead of using a sight, is taught to making allowance for the different distances by aiming at different points of the target, or different parts in a man's body, and it is evident that they do not consider this method to be of much avail beyond 300 yards. The flank companies of each regiment are named grenadiers and voltigeurs; and whether these have a speciality of arm or not, we did not discover. What the motive may be for thus limiting the use of this new projectile power, and confining its full adaptation to special corps, we know not. The theory that a rifleman, a marksman, should be an institution and a class, and that it was unadvisable or impossible that soldier and sharpshooter should be synonymous

terms, is a theory which has been often broached, but too fallacious a one, we should have thought, to have been adopted by the practical soldiery of France.

At present, in respect of arms and riflemen, England is in advance of the armies of the world. The Enfield rifle, in accuracy, workmanship, and general efficiency, is the best weapon carried by any soldier. Other arms are looming in the distance which will be to it what it was to Brown Bess. Indeed there seems no definite limit to projectile power. Whether the powers of man to use it will keep pace with its progress, will be the next problem. At present, man is up to the mark of the weapon—in fact, trained marksmen show an ability to shoot and hit at distances where, as a rule, the Enfield begins to fail in accuracy.

"It is better to make every soldier in the army a good shot than to assume that most of them will be bad ones, and provide special battalions for compensating the defect. In this respect every battalion should be special, and to such an end our organisation is now tending." This is the principle on which the training of the British army is now based, and it is doubtless a wise one—"When every man carries a firearm as his weapon, there can be no reason why one should not be as well equipped and as well trained as another, why the greatest available efficiency should not be imparted to all." Why the training which brings out and develops the power and merit of each soldier, and determines the place which he should occupy as a skirmisher, should be made exclusive or partial, it is hard to conceive. If the theory be based on the supposition that the knowledge and skill necessary for a marksmen are too abstruse for the average soldier, actual experience condemns it as fallacious. There is no result more evident in the musketry instruction than the handiness in using his arms, and the expertness in arranging the sight and practising the rules for firing, which the soldier acquires after one or two courses of training. Another result has been the extraordinary progressiveness of the soldier

in his capacity as rifleman. The bad shot of one year will be often the good one of the next. The next returns from Hythe will probably show that at least one-half of the army have attained a qualification as first-class shots, that have proved themselves all-efficient at a distance of six hundred yards, and many up to nine hundred. Special corps must be fed, the best qualified men must be selected for them from ordinary regiments, and be put through a special training. Whereas, according to the present system, every man is in process of becoming special; and the whole army made one great school of riflemen.

In the rules for the distribution of prizes for good shooting, it is supposed that the marksmen "soldiers who make good practice at distances betwixt six and nine hundred yards will be in the proportion of ten to every hundred." Even at this rate a body of forty thousand infantry in the field would furnish four thousand riflemen, who, at nine hundred yards, would drop one shot out of every two in the midst of guns, reconnoitring groups of staff or moving columns, and would, out of several shots, be able to pick off single individuals who might be pointed out to them. This even would be a terrible force—a terrible power of war; but marksmen are the product of training, and their numbers will increase in the ratio of the courses of instruction—so that in a few years the proportion would be probably doubled. In addition to these badgemen one-half of the remaining body of foot-soldiers at least would be men who had proved their efficiency as shots up to six hundred yards. So far, then, we are in advance in arms and in the training of arms.

If an English and French army were brought in contact at this present time, either as allies or foes, the superiority would rest with us, if it be true, or even an approximation to truth, that "the most powerful army will henceforth be that which contains the greatest number of riflemen"—as every regiment of the line would be equal in that respect to their special corps of chasseurs.

We are in advance—are we, how-

ever, far enough in advance? We have the arms, and the men to use them, but we have still the same system of drill and manoeuvre that we had in the days of Brown Bess. This seems like getting a steam-engine and then putting it on a coach road. Some adaptation of the system is doubtless necessary, and it would seem to be like putting new wine into old bottles to drill men who can fire up to nine hundred yards by the same rules as were used when skirmishing could not be attempted with any effect beyond two hundred yards, and when every man, in point of merit as a shot, was supposed to be on an equality. A French authority says—"Now that the musket has been rendered capable of striking a group of two or three men six times out of one hundred rounds at a distance of a quarter of a league, and that at two hundred metres every shot takes effect, it is evident that constant firing, and more especially the meeting of line against line, column against column, will become less frequent—that a change will take place in battles and manoeuvres." The French have so far acted upon this that all the regiments are now, we believe, placed under the same system of drill as the Chasseurs. We have developed the arm and the man, they the system of movements under which they are to be used. The nation which shall first unite and adapt the two will obtain an advantage in the field which would probably turn the scale of war.

The military organisation and administration of the French is too vast to be dealt with now; our subjects have been such as the camp suggests, such as the eye and mind could gather from a transient survey; it offers many suggestions of soldier-ship, many lessons of comparison, many contradictions of fallacies.

The camp in itself was a reality—not a huge barracks or agglomeration of men under the name of a camp, but a field of exercise, differing only from a field of battle in there being no effusion of blood. The practical purpose, the object of the camp, was ever patent to the observation. Nothing was allowed to obscure or divert it. The object, the purpose,

were preparation and training for war. It seemed as though at a sound of the trumpet, this mass of men might in a few hours be transferred with all the appurtenances of a campaign to a bivouac or a battlefield. 'Twas a camp of exercise, and a camp of preparation. There was everywhere a recognition of the fact—in the aspect and demeanour of the men, in the general readiness, in the general activity, in the general working of the parts with the whole. It had many comparisons for us—comparisons of men, comparisons of systems. With them the system seemed to be beyond the material; with us the material is far beyond the system. The French soldier—good as he is—is scarcely equal to the standard which the system sets up; and yet we believe that it has brought him to the extreme of his development. The Englishman is as yet but a half-developed type of soldierhood; and there are yet many progressions possible to his future. Except in sobriety—a great point truly—there is no characteristic in which the Englishman is inferior to the French: in natural intelligence, in courage, he is his equal; in physical strength, in endurance, in order, in obedience, in self-devotion, in steadfastness, he is his superior. We assert this confidently even now—now that these faculties and attributes are but half unfolded—we believe that it is in the power of circumstances and influences to present him as the most perfect soldier-type the world has yet known.

The French soldier is a man taken by the State for the purposes of war, to be made the most of at a certain cost, and care is therefore taken to cultivate to the utmost his *physique* and *morale*. He costs the State about £14 a-year in food, pay, dress, lodging, &c., and is certainly cheap at the price. But the State pays him back well in the care and consideration it bestows on him. It demands much from him, and it does much for him. All that careful supervision can do to provide for him his rightful comforts, and to see that all the money granted for him is spent on and for him, is done. His exercises, his pleasures, his duties, are

stationarily varied, that monotony may not press upon him. Every effort is made to inspire him with love for his profession, to associate him with it, by exalting his vocation, by giving him a high place and import in the ranks of his countrymen.

"The Roman peasant or mechanic imbibed the useful prejudice that he received advancement in being permitted to enter the more dignified profession of arms, in which his rank and reputation would depend on his own valour." This with the French is not a prejudice, but a truth and a belief. The chief of the state speaks of the camp as an agent of civilisation, and an official paper argues "that the soldier, when freed from military service, and who returns to civil life with an education acquired in the ranks, with the respect for law and authority which that education inspires, and the self-respect and sense of dignity and of duty which it imposes, will bring with him also the desire of a continuance of the same wholesome condition of mind and feeling, which is indeed unknown to so many of the country people, that he will hence be a permanent cause of social progress, and that the country will gain through him, in the amelioration of its social condition, a compensation for the expenses which are the result of military institutions." Macaulay attributes such influence to the Puritan army, otherwise the idea would be strange to us. The soldier with us, as an abstract idea, is a hero—a fighting man—belauded and be-toasted—whose deeds are sung with excited choruses of *fa-lé-lal* and *row-de-dow*; but as a fact, a social fact walking about our streets, he is a pariah, whose presence, it has been said, would pollute the deep-dyed depravity of Manchester. The ranks in which he should be received decline him, and he is thrust down from grade to grade, until he falls into the midst of Jews, publicans, and harlots, and then he is denounced as a debauched fellow, dissolute and irreclaimable.

Exalt a vocation, and the members of it will exalt themselves. Give the soldier his place in society, and he will make himself worthy of it. This, however, must be the effect of

public feeling, not of a system. The institution of camps we hail as a fact which must and will raise the vocation of the soldier, which must have healthful influences, will remove him from temptation, give him motives of emulation and endeavour, and by making him feel a soldier inspire him with the best attributes of his class.

The camp at Chalons was also for us an exposure of fallacies. There is one especially—one which has been passed from mouth to mouth, and received and quoted as an undeniable fact—it is, that the English officers, as a body, are inferior to the French, and that the discipline of our army is due in great measure to our non-commissioned officers. Our observation would lead us to reverse this theory. We believe that our officers and men are superior material to the French, and that if they excel us at all, it is in the class of non-commissioned officers;—smart, intelligent, zealous, they appear to have more importance than with us, to have more intrusted to them, and, contrary to the received opinion, to do more of the duty properly belonging to officers. The regimental officers certainly did not appear to us to exhibit any particular superiority in the drill-field and in general demeanour; and in that great attribute of an officer, the power of command, they certainly fall below our standard. Their lives and habits, too, have been thrust forward as so praiseworthy and so improving. It must be confessed that, during our residence in a French garrison, there were certain faces which we never missed from the *café*, the *table-d'hôte* or the billiard-room, except for short periods, and we have some difficulty in believing that these haunts have inspirations more elevating than the hunting-field, the cricket-ground, or the boat-race.

Spite of all our national pride, vanity, and prejudices, we are the most credulous and the most eager of people in accepting calumnies and depreciations of classes and institutions belonging to ourselves. The different natures of the two nations must ever render the French and English the representatives of the

"mobility" and "solidity" principles in military organisation. Each has had its advocates in the systems of the world, and each has had its times of preference and pre-eminence. Whether it is better to make men masses or to make masses men, has been often a question of tactics, and it is one which must depend much on the collateral circumstances of time, localities, armaments, and organisation. The French, by nature, are most adapted for, and inclined to, the mobility. Their experiences, too, have all increased the tendency. The campaigns in Algeria were favourable to it, and the army became Africanised. Mobile before, it became more so still in a long contest with semi-barbarous tribes, whose only advantage was rapidity of movement, and in a country where the usual tactics of war were impossible. They ever circulate their experiences; we too often heard ours, as old women used to store their guineas in old stockings. The lessons of the desert were adopted as laws, and the Crimea was the harvest-field of seed sown in African marches and combats. It is with them a creed, that rapidity of movement and velocity of attack are more important elements in tactics than solidity, if it be accompanied by immobility. That quickness and locomotion are more valuable qualities in the soldier than compactness or steadfastness.

Solidity is with us almost a sacred tradition; it is also an experience. The glorious records with which it is associated have induced us to reverence even its outward forms, and led us to forget that solidity is a nature, not a system. The detached companies and groups of men who held their ground, and returned again and again to the charge at Inkerman, showed the solid nature as truly as the impenetrable squares on the field of Waterloo. We are ever thus confounding form and spirit, and hesitate at altering the one through fear of injuring the other. There is no fear, we believe, that systems of drill will make the Saxon soldier less solid. Nor can we think that, in order to maintain his solidity, it is necessary to make him slow and rigid. Solidity is not

a thing begetten of pace-sticks, or pendulums, or drill-sergeants. The time, we believe, is come for a modification; our Indian campaigns have suggested it; the inventions of the time compel it.

The comparisons betwixt mobility and solidity, we have said, depend on eventualities. Mobility would seem most consistent with the war inventions of the present time—most adapted for the tactics demanded by the large range of projectiles. We cannot think that masses and columns will cease to be main elements in the operations of war, any more than that gun-boats, with rifled cannon, will supersede ships of the line; but undoubtedly skirmishers will be more largely employed in modern warfare; the extent of front presented by armies must necessarily be increased; and as troops will now engage at greater distances, all the formations must be made more rapidly and more simply, as every minute of delay under a rifle or artillery fire will be heavily charged with death. Now, then, would seem the time to modify our solidity, to make it more flexible, and to give the infantry a mobility as ready, if not so rapid, as that of cavalry. This, we believe, may be done by merely sweeping away prejudices and fallacies, without touching principles. How it can be done, we shall say when we treat more exclusively of the British soldier. We have one consolation—that we believe the change will be more easy to us than the opposite would be to our allies—that it is more easy to make the English soldier mobile than the Frenchman solid.

The camp has also its political aspect. Armies have again become institutions of power—necessities of state. The politics of the world regard them as the great agencies of order and safety; dynasties recognise them as their protectors. Again,

the resources of nations are applied to their perfection and multiplication; the doctrine of millenniums has yielded for a time to the conviction, that the policies and economies of peoples must be directed and propelled by the prestige of physical force. The world may not be in arms, but it stands in a state of preparation for arms. None could look on the field of Chalons without recognising this. War, either present or future—war in preparation, if not in fact, was prominent everywhere. It was not a camp which peace, confident peace, would have established; it had war in prospect. It had a reading more significant than state pamphlets or speeches—a reading that, if peace is to exist, it will be on a war footing, and that nations must keep it arrayed in the aspect of war. To the people on whose borders hang the eventualities of war, it will be an anxious time—a time when every camp will seem an aggression—every increase of troops a challenge—when armies must balance armies, and the military power be kept at an equilibrium. To those who stand aloof from the hurly-burly of policies—who arm only in defence—who need not the soldier as an aid to order, or a protection to power,—it will be a time when the elements of war may be calmly prepared—when the force which a great nation needs for the support of its dignity may be perfected and developed—when its material may be collected and improved—the vocation of its war-men raised—and war, in its physical and moral influences, be made to follow the progress of the sciences and the advances of civilisation.

If we thus employ this period, so full of alarms and perturbations, we may ere long look on the camp of Chalons with complacency, and hear of Cherbourg without apprehension.

CLOTHING AND SCARECROW.

We marvel that no ingenious writer has yet attempted to write the history of a scarecrow; for assuredly, in able hands, it is a subject affording wide scope for invention and illustration. The coat which now gives shelter only to beetles and earwigs, and which is so infinitely rotten that a sparrow could pick it to pieces—may, for anything we know, in its prouder days, have graced the shoulders of a Brummel, or been buttoned over the breast of a Byron. Beneath its folds, be sure, many an honest heart has beat, besides some that were barely honest, as in the revolution of years it passed from owner to owner with ever-accelerating rapidity, until the last lawful possessor, finding that a garment, one shade better, had been exposed for agricultural protection, effected an exchange with the effigy which is the terror of many rookeries. That bifurcated rag beneath was once a pair of trousers, on the cut and symmetry of which, albeit out of keeping with the parenthetical limbs they enclosed, the original wearer hugged himself as he displayed his terminations in Bond Street, “in those bright days when George the Fourth was king.” The crowning ornament of the pole—felt, not describable—could, were it gifted with utterance, or in the hands of a competent interpreter, reveal many phrenological secrets. Mayhap beneath it worked the busy and prolific brain of Jeremy Bentham—or Lord John Russell may have donned it when he threw aside his boy’s cap, in the full conviction that he was already an anointed statesman—or Hobhouse, in his youthful glory, may have raised it to the electors of Westminster. Certainly the subject is, of all others, the most suggestive; and if any of our literary friends should think proper to avail themselves of the idea, we shall freely absolve them from larceny, provided they acknowledge the obligation. The hint is worth consideration. Of late years we have had many biographies of deceased characters, which, when true, were invariably

tiresome—when false, ridiculously inflated. They want variety; an element of interest which at once would be supplied if the garments and not the men were made the subjects of chronicle. Those who hunt for relics as memorials of the great departed, are, we apprehend, not sufficiently alive to the fact that each suburban field may contain a priceless treasure. If a proper investigation were made into the antecedents of each particular scarecrow, devil’s dust would rise in the market, and rags become more precious than the issue of the Persian loom.

We have been led into this train of thought by an intimation that our tailor’s bill—presented according to custom at Christmas, as if that genial and happy season required a reminder of mortality—has not yet received the formality of a receipt. Although it may be a question how that bill is to be liquidated, we have, at all events, the satisfaction of knowing that we have contributed our full share to the prosperity of the manufacturing interest. We do not mean to insinuate that a sumptuary law is necessary to check our efforts at outward decoration; but we never could, for the life of us, resist the pathetic appeals made by dependents for the reversion of our garments. Saint Martin, who handed over half his cloak to a beggar starving of cold, has received the honours of canonisation for that act of charity; but, if we recollect aright, Saint Martin was a member of a religious brotherhood, whose clothes were furnished at the corporate expense. Therefore his charity consisted merely in submitting, for an hour or so, to the influence of the weather until the termination of his ride, when he was certain to receive, gratis, a new mantle in lieu of that which he had torn in twain. We have not the good-luck to belong to any such clothing society. No man, and no corporation, volunteer to find us in toggery. Economy and Charity seize hold of our garments by the two extremities, as Tragedy and Comedy

are represented laying violent hands upon David Garrick; and the latter generally prevails. So there is an anaxal, or rather perpetual, clearance of our wardrobe, which, considering that it is exorbitantly expensive, does, in our humble opinion, afford at least as good a plea for canonisation as that which was admitted in the case of the bellicose but gentlemanly Saint Martin. We have parted—and we say it in no spirit of self-glorification—with many vestures endeared to us by kindly associations, without a sigh, though we might without blame have worn them longer; feeling no more remorse than does a Methodist when his pastor departs on an endowed mission to the Cannibal Islands. We remember Juliet's phrase:—

“Go, counsellor;

Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain;”

and we signify our approval of the sentiment by making the surrender of a waistcoat.

Of all villanous descriptions of parsimony, we most cordially detest and denounce the nefarious system of selling old clothes. Indeed, it is only one degree less atrocious than the traffic in slaves, and we rather incline to the opinion that it is the meaner abomination of the two. For what man of real sentiment and kindly heart can turn over the contents of his wardrobe without feeling that each particular article has a value in his eyes far beyond its textile worth? Those dove-coloured kerseymeres—which, alas! have been sorely assailed in the rear by a cowardly squadron of moths—were ordered expressly for a fancy-ball, at which poor Jones intended to secure the promise of Matilda's hand. Years have rolled by since then. The hand of Matilda was long ago given to another; and if contributions to the census can be accepted as a proof of patriotism, she has done her duty to the country. Of that once-adored Matilda what memorial remains to Jones? Nothing beyond the breeches which he vainly believed to be irresistible. Shall he dispose of them to a Jew, even were he the Chief of the Rabbis, for the paltry consideration of some four-and-sixpence? Not

though the two tribes of Issachar and Manasseh were clamouring furiously at his door!

Yes—there, in the bottom of the drawer, lies the identical shooting-jacket which you wore on the occasion of the capture of your first salmon. How instantaneously does the sight of that garment recall the whole particulars of the scene! The swirl of the noble river issuing in its might from the jaws of the Brander pass, and sweeping round the skirt of Ben-Cruschan—the broad pool, with its eddies and its foam-flakes—the plunge of the heavy fish, which made your heart leap to your mouth, and convulsed your whole being with a spasm of mingled terror and delight—the frantic rush, which sent your line spinning from the reel—the wild leap of the infuriated creature in its efforts for extrication—the sullen fit that followed, during which the fish lay passively at the bottom, until the awful apprehension arose that you had lost him and hooked a stone. All these things you now remember, as also the expiring effort, the successful stroke with the gaff, and the glory of the salmon on the sward. Angler, spare that jacket! for in it there lies an enchantment more powerful than any which resided in the crystal sphere of Cornelius Agrippa, wherein spiritual visions were discernible. Remember the words of Randal of the Mist—“barter it neither for the rich garment, nor for the stone roof, nor for the covered board, nor for the couch of down,” nor for the sum of eighteenpence, which is all you are likely to extract from the prowling Israelite of the arena. Keep it, therefore, as a memorial of what has been; or if it must needs go the way of all jackets—for it is evident that you can never assume it more—bestow it upon some poor fisherman, who will again carry it to the water-side, and wear it in shower and sunshine until it silently resolves itself into shoddy!

We confess that we always feel an affectionate interest in the fate of our cast-off articles of apparel, and that we should experience considerable perturbation if certiorated that they had fallen into unworthy hands. It is a very fearful thing to reflect

that the innocent surtout which you have so long worn on Sundays, may pass into the possession of a burglar, and cover his nakedness, as he glides, like a malignant fiend, through the invaded House of Sleep. Yet who can doubt that many a time and oft the greatcoat of the philanthropist has been transmogrified into the wrap-rascal of a garotter, or that the handkerchief which once was waved in Exeter Hall has become an implement of strangulation in the hands of a metropolitan Thug? Nor is our feeling on this subject exaggerated or confined to ourselves—it is one common to mankind, and it exhibits itself in a thousand forms. When Madame Tussaud announces that a new wax figure—be it of king, hero, or felon—is added to her collection, the interest and recapt are increased tenfold if the departed proprietrix is able to assert that the effigy is robed in the same garments which its prototype wore while living. When that sanguinary tragedy in which the late Jack Thurtell bore a conspicuous part was adapted for scenic representation, the house was nightly crowded to the ceiling—not because the tragedian who enacted the part of Thurtell inherited the genius of Kemble (on the contrary, he was a broken-winded creature, with the additional disadvantage of a stutter), but because, in the murder scene, the identical horse and gig, which gave respectability to the original performance, were introduced on the stage. Whenever a murder of more than usual atrocity occurs, large prices are given for the body clothes of the assassin. This fact is of itself sufficient to furnish deep subject of reflection to the moralist, for we apprehend that, in the fancy market, a much higher price would be given for an implement connected with crime, than for one which could only recall virtuous associations. The boots which Thistlewood wore on the scaffold would have been greedily bought up at an exorbitant premium any time within six months after his execution, where, as we doubt much whether the most devoted friend of humanity would have offered twopence beyond their actual value for a pair of Bluchers

which had encoased the feet of William Wilberforce. Meditating on these things, we can hardly blame Sardanapalus, who, as Diodorus tells us, made a point of having all his garments heaped around him on the funeral pile, thus ascribing to spiritual investiture amidst the blaze of abandoned toggery, lest the mantle or the sandals of the King of Assyria should have been assumed by Arbaces the robber, or the chief of the propaganda, Belesos.

We must not, however, by indulging too long in this vein of thought, reverse the order of nature, for our purpose in this article is rather to enunciate some wholesome precepts upon the subject of dress, which may be useful to the present generation, than to advise them how to act as executors of their own apparel. And in order that we may not be subjected to the charge of undue curiosity or impertinence, or even sacrilegious meddling with things which pertain not to the province of male observation, we think it right to premise that we shall not say a single word upon any vexed question relating to female adornment. A beautiful face can never lose its attraction, whether it bloom outside one of those infinitely little bonnets which are perched like wrens' nests, on the back of the head, or whether it is shaded by the cavalier hat and plume which is now so conspicuous in the streets. We do not profess to know anything of crinoline, or of barriers of gutta serena. The array of the angels is a subject too sublime for our comprehension—we deal not with such celestial topics. But in an age when the food of man, his social habits, his means of locomotion, his thoughts, actions, desires, and appetites, are largely canvassed and discussed, and when numerous bulky octavos are dedicated to such subjects, are we not entitled to say a word or two regarding his outward appearance? Born in an epoch of dandyism, we have lived to see that pass away. A great reaction has taken place. We now vegetate in an age of slovens, and unless something is done to counteract the prevailing tendency, it seems to us that we are in great danger of returning to the primitive

practices of our Scythian fathers, and of adopting dressed sheepskin as the most convenient and economical raiment. Civilisation, as it is humorously called, is becoming barbarism in another form. Men are such imitative animals, that we verily believe it is in the power of a few individuals, who are supposed, from their rank, to be leaders, to introduce, as convenient and decorous wear, the simple blanket and the skewer. When we behold in our provincial towns eccentric members and scions of the peerage arrayed in shooting-jackets and hobnailed shoes, smoking most vile mundungus from short discoloured pipes, we need not be surprised if a whole phalanx of snobs—the term may be vulgar, but it is expressive—follow their example; and the consequence is that decency is systematically outraged. Not that we have any abstract objections to shooting-jackets or clay-pipes. While in the forest or on the hill, the one may be worn and the other indulged in without reproach; but it is a glaring impertinence and indecency to carry rustic and eccentric habits into the heart of a civilised community. If a peer of the realm chooses to dwell for a year or so among the wigwags of the Red American Indians, he does well to adopt their paint, wampum, and scalp-adorned mocassins; but the instant that he returns to civilised life, he is bound to resume its costume. Nay, it is his duty to be more particular than other men are in outward appearance and carriage. He ought to attire and demean himself in a manner corresponding to his rank and station, instead of deliberately aping the appearance of a cab-driver or a dustman. Louis Philippe, at the commencement of his reign, believed that he would attain immense popularity among the workmen of Paris by appearing in the public streets in an aged coat, baggy trousers, unstarched neckcloth, and venerable hat, with an umbrella like that of the late lamented Mrs Gamp tucked under his arm. That veteran trickster, who bore about the same resemblance to Ulysses that a nymph of the Strand does to Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, evidently thought that he was performing mi-

raculously well the part of the citizen monarch, and that by voluntarily abandoning the outward insignia of royalty, he was, to use a favourite historical metaphor, establishing his throne on the sure foundation of the hearts of his people. A monstrous and insane delusion, which, even without the combination of other causes, must in the end have wrought his overthrow! Equality, not liberty, is the sure republican doctrine and desire; and equality, as every man who thinks for a single moment must allow, can only be attained by the process of levelling what is high. To look for a general and rapid upheaving of the masses, is not so much Utopian or chimerical as preposterous and absurd. Even if such an upheaving did take place, equality would not be the result; for it by no means follows that the rising of the plain must be accompanied by a subsidence of the hills. The effect of those ridiculous movements on the part of Louis Philippe was simply to bring down the monarch to the level of the Parisian grocer. Now, as it is not the habit of mankind to select their sovereigns from that very respectable class who deal in figs and raisins, the son of Egalité did, in fact, prepare the way for his own dethronement. *Facilis descensus*—it is very easy to step down, but remarkably difficult to reascend. Nero went upon the Roman stage, and from that moment it was all up with him. He had wilfully reduced himself to the level of the Widdicombs and Grimaldis of the period; and, in courting the applause due to the contortions of the buffoon, had renounced his claim to that honour and respect which, as emperor, he was entitled to demand. So long as a man takes his stand upon courtesy, never obtruding his rank or superior pretensions upon the notice of others, but never allowing them to be challenged, he is perfectly safe. Affability, which is a more demonstrative kind of courtesy, has its advantages also; but it may be, and often is, carried too far. It tends to promote familiarity, which is usually the forerunner of contempt; and when pushed to the length of good-fellowship is especially dangerous. It is curious to remark that

many men are accused of hauteur and caprice, simply because, in an unguarded moment, they have given way to the impulses of conviviality, and have encouraged a familiarity which they are afterwards compelled to check. A man of rank and of usually decorous habits gets fuddled upon some occasion of accidental excitement in the company of Jinker the horse-couper, joins in the chorus of his songs, guffaws at his somewhat smutty stories, abandons the prestige of his position, and at midnight is on terms of perfect equality with the factions tamer of the steeds. On the following morning poor deluded Jinker, thinking that he has established a capital base of operations, pursues his advance; but by this time the vinous or alcoholic vapours have been dissipated, and his lordship is thoroughly ashamed of his participation in the boisterous orgies. So that Jinker, instead of recovering the right hand of good-fellowship, is barely treated with a frigid nod of recognition, and, in the bitterness of his soul, musters up as much biblical lore as to repeat internally the maxim against putting faith in princes.

Therefore it is that we enter our most decided protest against slovenry in high places; being, moreover, convinced that a reformation there would tend more than anything else to the general discountenancing of slovenry. It is all very well to tell us that real nobility lies in the mind of a man, not in his external appearance, and that a chimney-sweep may be every bit as much a gentleman as the frequenter of a fashionable club. We take leave to doubt that assertion. We never yet met with a gentlemanly chimney-sweep any more than with an accomplished dustman, and to the best of our recollection, we never heard of the discovery of such a phoenix. As to the general probity of sweeps, there can be no manner of doubt. Indeed, they are a body of men in whom we all put remarkable trust; for they are admitted to our houses at untimely hours when none of the domestics are stirring, and might, were they feloniously inclined, make capture of the silver-spoons. They are, however, in that respect unimpeachable; and though much calumniated

in the British nurseries, whereof they are the baggage, are usually mild and placable. Still we deny that they are gentlemen, or that they can be metamorphosed into such by any amount of washing, or the advantages of superior apparel. On May-day the Brummels of the Sooty Society turn out in unwonted splendour in the streets of London, where the lover may be seen pursuing the buxom maiden round Jack-in-the-bush to the enlivening music of the tambourine, but we are not aware that those salutory exhibitions are the cause of numerous elopements. On the other hand, many men of superior birth and advantages are clowns to their dying day. You can make nothing of a thorough-paced Tony Lumpkin, for his innate boorishness is such that he never will abandon his sty. Therefore let him enjoy his pipe and his pot, and any other creature-comfort that pleaseth him, without molestation, for in leading the life of a hog he only obeys the irresistible urgencies of instinct. But we can make no allowances for a dirty man of talent. There are, we know, some entitled to that name from intellectual culture, acquirement, and performance, who seem to take a perverse pleasure in disregarding the outward decencies of society. Some of these are purely literary, but more belong to the scientific section. The literary sloven proceeds upon the assumption that dirt is a proof of genius; or otherwise, that genius is something so exceedingly to be revered that it may be worshipped under veritable rags. Homer, they tell you, was a beggar; and they make that assertion an apology for greasy hats, and habiliments so vile that even their admirers are shy of accosting them on the streets. The mendicacy of Homer, we need hardly say, is a point that rests upon no solid authority. We entirely disbelieve it; and we appeal to the description of Irus in the *Odyssey*, as a proof that Homer regarded outward sordidness with extreme loathing and detestation. But, even were it otherwise, we apprehend that very few of our seedy friends are entitled to avail themselves of the Homeric precedent, for two especial reasons—first, because they have not

the genius of *Mæonides*; and, secondly, because their gains are sufficient to enable them to dress respectably. The pursuits of literature do not now, as in the days of *Savage*, imply starvation as a necessary consequence or concomitant. It is, no doubt, true that amongst the multitude of men who are candidates for literary distinction and public favour there are many who never will succeed, because they are deficient either in power or in application, and have utterly mistaken their calling. But the same thing may be said of every known profession in the world. How many lawyers are there who never held a brief?—how many physicians who never touched a fee? In nine cases out of ten—nay, in ninety-nine out of a hundred—it is not the want of opportunity, but the lack of ability, which leads to discomfiture and disappointment; for there is no barrier whatever that cannot be overcome by valour, skill, and enterprise. We do not speak of literary aspirants—we speak of men who have won a literary position, and whose powers have been recognised and rewarded. By appearing in public as scarecrows or as eccentricities, they are materially lowering the dignity and respectability of their craft, and do, in fact, give countenance to the somewhat prevalent notion, as old as the days of *Festus*, that learning and talent are usually combined with a certain share of insanity. Poets are irritable beings, and they often complain that they do not receive due recognition from society. Why, how can they expect to receive homage, or even ordinary civility, if they will persist in appearing as absolute tatterdemallons? Could they but get rid of their absurd and overwhelming vanity, they would see that the fault lies with themselves alone; for if they desire access to society, they are bound to conform to its rules. Genius is a great gift, no doubt; but the man of genius has no license, any more than the man of rank, to smoke his pipe during the performance of an opera. When he enters into society, it is expected and imperatively required that he shall come arrayed in such guise as is worn by ordinary mortals; and if, in the plenitude of

his intellectual wealth, he neglects this, we can feel no sympathy for him should he receive a significant hint to retire. Just fancy a fellow, on the strength of a successful poem or novel, appearing at a public ball in an unbrushed surtout and muddy boots! Even were he another *Shakespeare*, the stewards would be guilty of a gross dereliction of their duty if they did not order him at once to be ignominiously ejected from the premises.

But, as we have already remarked, literary slovens are rather the exception than the rule. The tendency of the body generally is towards ornament; and they often sin on the side of over-decoration. Accustomed to copiousness of brilliant illustration, they naturally acquire a taste for jewellery, and are more prodigal in the articles of pins and studs than a correct judgment would approve. In waistcoats also they are too efflorescent;—

"Their vests are wrought with pansies
overblown,
And faded violets, white, and pied, and
blue,"

and instead of the simple *Byronic* ribbon, they assume scarfs of azure satin made gaudy with the blossoms of the *fuchsia*.

The scientific sloven is, we fear, an irreclaimable animal. Whether his carelessness arises from habitual absence of mind, from poring over puddles, drains, and all sorts of offensive messes, or from a fine philosophic disregard, such as *Diogenes* professed, of the amenities of society, may sometimes be matter of dispute; but of the existence of such a being there can be no manner of doubt. That the race may hereafter become extinct is possible, though not probable; and yet it is a cheering thing to know that, in our days, science is affecting smugness. But it was not so in the olden time. *Paracelsus* was a dirty dog, "a fellow of a most filthy life," says one of his biographers. *Roger Bacon*, a man of consummate learning and research, was not allowed by his contemporaries to take the wind of them, "for as much as he set but little store on that wholesome element, water;" and it is recorded that, in the last generation,

some profound philosophers gave, in their own persons, the lie to the Vespaianic dogma. Even among those who are not insensible to the manifold advantages of the pump, too much laxity prevails in the selection of dress. Their trousers are baggy at the knees, stained and discoloured by the contact of chemical agents, and not unfrequently defective in the usual quota of buttons. Their shoes are of enormous size and ridiculous platitude, fashioned apparently after the model of the oriental papoosh, and bearing palpable marks of attrition at the heels. The wisp which they tie round their necks resembles more a halter than a cravat, and never was subjected to the graceful influences of starch. To the antique cut of the coat we take no strong objection, but we cannot approve of shiny elbows or greasy collars, of ragged button-holes, or dingy lining peering surreptitiously through the seams. We are bound, however, to declare, and we do so with infinite pleasure, that the members of the medical faculty are, take them all in all, patterns of neatness and accuracy in their dress. They are ten times better clad than the clergy, who, in Scotland at least, exhibit an almost superstitious reverence for the precept of taking no thought as to their raiment. They are more scrupulous in their attire than the lawyers, who seem to consider that the forensic gown was invented to conceal a multitude of faults, and that under its cover they may wear the guise of the late Sir Charles Wetherell, or of the ideal Mr Solomon Pell. And it is well that it should be so; for sickness or the dread of surgical operations do much affect the nerves even of the valiant-hearted; and who shall venture to predict what might be the consequences to a timid female, if, having sent for the doctor, she should behold the apparition of an animated scarerow? Not more awful and appalling could have been the image of the skeleton which, at the marriage of King Alexander, took part in the nuptial dance, shaking its fleshless shanks to the music of a merry measure. A sloven, by the side of a sick-bed, looks like the forerunner

of Asrael; whereas a well-dressed, trim, and gentlemanly medico, entering the chamber like a sunbeam, carries with him a memeric influence, which, better than pill or potion, allays the fever of the patient. From his fingers, as he feels your pulse, seem to flow the powers of life—all trepidation is gone, and in him you can almost believe that you behold a healing angel. In the days of our youth it was a kind of fashion among the Bob Sawyers and Ben Allens to maintain that practitioners of the Abernethy school were much superior to those who formed themselves upon the model of Halford. Roughness was considered a medical virtue; courtesy was branded as hypocrisy. Now, without impugning in the slightest degree the real skill of Abernethy, we venture to think that his gruff example has done a great deal of harm, and has prematurely hastened the departure of many souls. Hope was the sole gift that remained in the casket of Pandora; and it is by retaining it, not by violently shaking it, that multitudes of cures are effected. But upon this topic, which touches the manners rather than the appearance (though these are usually inseparable), we shall not expatiate further. It is interesting to observe that the poets, who have shown themselves from the beginning of time to be the best judges of human propriety, invariably represent eminent medical men as patterns of mundane neatness. Podalirius and Machaon—physicians both—are the only men noticed in the *Iliad* who inspire us with the idea of uniform tidiness and strict propriety of apparel. Paris was an utter fop, got up for extravagant effect—reckless in the expenditure of his vests—a miserable prototype of Brummel. His taste was Lydian, and therefore execrable in the extreme. We all know what became of Hercules, when he tried to make himself a swell by putting on an embroidered shirt. Achilles turned out well for parade, but was a lazy creature, and seldom dressed himself decently until Patroclus was slain, when, as a token of vengeance, and by way of appearing in full fig, he got a brand-new uniform. Ulysses, being of a

saving turn, always wore old clothes, made by the father of his nurse Euryalea, old Ops of Ithaca, who was the sole *schneider* of that celebrated isle. Diomedes—a clever fellow with superior notions—was so hard up that he was glad, when he met with a distant relation on the opposite side, to gammon him, during the pauses of battle, into an exchange of equipments. Nestor, when out of armour, wore duffia. His son Antilochus was undoubtedly a very fine young man, and would have dressed creditably had not his allowance been so small. Hector had a good military, melo-dramatic wardrobe; but Andromache was too much of a nursing-mother and a mawsey to care about her husband's appearance at home, and Hector would not go to balls. Eneas evidently was a fighting Quaker, with something of the bellicose propensities and carping disposition of John Bright. But Machaon and Podalirius, throughout the whole period of the Trojan war, dressed like gentlemen, maintained the dignity of their order, and doubtless, as they were not salaried, picked up an infinity of fees, to which they were most justly entitled.

We have never been able to understand why Jews in general, and stock-jobbers in particular, should be so addicted to radiant and gorgeous apparel. That tendency, which is so notorious as almost to have passed into a proverb, can hardly be attributed to a reaction on the part of the descendants of Abraham, consequent on the abrogation of the harsh laws of the middle ages, which forbade them to appear in public otherwise than in sad-coloured raiment. In the absence of historical evidence to the contrary, we rather incline to the opinion that those laws were expressly framed for the purpose of preventing the Jews from indulging their hereditary propensity for personal decoration. It is impossible to read Sir Walter Scott's description of Rebecca of York, as she appeared in the lists of Ashby-de-la-Zouche, without feeling a conviction that the great artist was merely extending in detail a sketch which he had drawn from personal observation of some particoloured Rose of Sharon. Far

back into the patriarchal ages extends this singular appetite of the Jew. The brethren of Joseph hated him because of his coat of many colours; for envy begets hatred, and it was envy that rankled in their souls. And now, when all restrictions are removed, and every man may dress as seemeth good in his own eyes, the children of the captivity delight to cover themselves with all the hues of the *parterre*. It would almost seem as if they were impelled thereto by some mysterious impulse of nature—as if gorgeous display, and contrasts of colour, were to them physical necessities—so universally do they affect the tints of the tulip, the peacock, and the rainbow. This peculiarity would have been less remarkable had the Jews, along with their oriental faith, retained or reintroduced the oriental costume. But they have voluntarily chosen to give up one-half of their ancient characteristics. Dwelling in the tents of Japhet, they have discarded the raiment of Shem—a compromise which, however advantageous in a worldly point of view, strikes us as being rather antagonistic to their extremely venerable traditions. To us it has always appeared that the adoption by the Jews of the modern European dress, which we must confess to be far less picturesque and even convenient than that of the Orientals, was something very pusillanimous. Shylock, when he walks on the Rialto, has no dignity without the gaberdine. Quakers are respected, not more on account of their general integrity, than because they bear about with them the evident marks of their profession; and we never meet in road or fair with a blue-bonneted West-country Covenanter, without experiencing a certain feeling of reverence for the motive which impels him to continue his open testimony on behalf of his peculiar tenets, albeit we should be sorry to subscribe to the doctrine fulminated by Peden. We are by no means extravagant in our notions, nor would we push national characteristics to an extreme. For example, we can see no propriety in an individual strutting through the streets of London in a kilt and sporrnan, simply because he is of Celtic blood,

and claims the honours of Captain of M'Alcohol. When his foot is on his native heath, let him rejoice, if he so pleases, in the ease and ventilation of the phylabeg, but when he arrives in London, whether for business or pleasure, it would be advisable for him, were it only from considerations of decency, to conform to the ordinary costume of Britain. The tartan has long since ceased to be a symbol of any kind of possible or intelligible opinion. The man who puts on the garb of old Gaul to the south of the Highland line, does not intend thereby to signify that he is an enemy to the House of Hanover, that he desires a repeal of the Union, or that he is an adherent of the Pope. He is simply a blockhead who has transformed himself into a Guy for the kind and charitable purpose of astonishing the natives, and he is invariably laughed at and sometimes hooted for his pains.

Modern civilisation, and enlarged and rapid intercourse, have done a great deal towards establishing uniformity of costume throughout Europe, in the case of the higher classes of society. Coat, waistcoat, trousers, and hat, are common to England, France, Russia, Germany, Italy, and Spain, and even the dogged Turk, as if desirous to obliterate the memory of the fact that he is at best an intruder on this side of the Bosphorus, has made some advances towards the adoption of the standard dress of Europe. Admirers of the picturesque may sigh over this as involving a wholesale sacrifice of the effects produced by contrast of colour and design, but, to our poor thinking, these æsthetic considerations are more than counterbalanced by the decided advantages which accrue to the traveller from that acknowledged uniformity. It is not pleasant to be stared at and almost rabbled in the streets of a foreign town on account of the peculiarity of your costume, or to feel that in a theatre you are made the centre point of attraction for the gaze of a hundred opera glasses. It is something to be assured that neither in Copenhagen nor Madrid will your ordinary dress attract unusual attention, and that you may even glide

through the purlieus of Constantinople and Pera without being openly cursed for a Giaour by the foul-mouthed followers of the Prophet. Not that you are mistaken by the natives for one of themselves. Few of the family of famous John Bull but carry about with them the unmistakable marks of their origin and paternity. A certain bluntness, gruffness, and self-sufficiency betray the Englishman in every part of the globe, for he does not possess that instinctive aptitude, and chameleon dexterity, which enable the Russian to counterfeet with ease the habits and peculiarities of any people among whom he may chance to sojourn. But the general uniformity of costume, if it does not disguise the stranger, at least relieves him from the annoyances of impertinent curiosity, and saves him from the temptation of making himself grossly ridiculous by assuming the dress of the natives.

For it is an undoubted fact, for which it would be difficult to assign a satisfactory psychological reason, that nine people out of ten have a secret hankering after strange dress, and would almost sacrifice their ears for the privilege of exhibiting themselves in a garb widely different from that which they habitually wear. Hence no entertainment is half so popular in the higher circles as a fancy ball, which allows full scope for the indulgence of the exotic, antiquarian, or mediæval tastes of every man—not to say woman, for the ladies (heaven bless them!) have the keys of the wardrobe in their own hands, and may introduce new fashions at will, confident that no change of costume whatever can mar their perfect beauty. But men have not the same great privilege, and therefore they are infinitely more extravagant and grotesque whenever they can avail themselves of a pretext for entering into temporary masquerade. And, in truth, a fancy ball is about as queer a sight as could regale the eyes of a cynic. We wonder if Thomas Carlyle, that intrepid denouncer of shams, was ever present at such an assembly. If not, we would entreat him to avail himself of the very earliest opportunity of witnessing that kind of spectacle,

for it would give him more substantial food for digestion than he has browsed upon for many a year. With what hearty zest would our guide, philosopher, and friend, pitch into the Unveracities and Phantasm Captains who range themselves in fancy quadrilles! A pure Cockney Fergus MacIvor selects Queen Anne Boleyn as his partner. Opposite them stands a Cavalier of the time of Charles the First, whose daily occupation is the transfer of stock, toying with the hand of the White Maid of Avenel. Saladin and a Nun, a Sultane and a Fishwife, complete the motley quadrangle. Now sounds the waltz; and there they go, in a demoniac whirl, which might have turned the brain even of the eccentric Callot, and which would have defied his pencil to represent. No costume, save that of our first parents, seems wanting to the show. A bronzed Pharaoh seizes upon Highland Mary—Marcus Brutus, forgetful of his Portia, lays violent hands upon Marie Antoinette—and Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, whose gyrations are distinguished by their rapid eccentricity, is breathing soft nonsense into the ear of yon Druidess with the wreath of mistletoe. Pluffy Tom Waddell, whose rotundity of carcass has gained for him the endearing *sobriquet* of the "Oyster-barrel," believes that he is personating Romeo; and, in a flaming suit of carnation slashed with blue, rolls through the ball-room as merrily as a porpoise in the tide-way. George M'Whirter, Writer to Her Majesty's Signet, is appallingly ferocious as Alessandro Massaroni, with a devil's dozen of poniards stuck into his belt, and as much particoloured tape swathed around his legs as would girdle Arthur's Seat. And lo! in all the glories of wampum and moccasin complete, with tomahawk and scalping-knife, stalks Quipps the doctor, no unapt representative of Chingachgook, the last of the Mohicans!

If for no other reason than that they furnish a safety-valve for the escape of masquerading vanity, we applaud fancy-balls, and earnestly recommend their multiplication. By affording an occasional opportunity for eccentric display, they mate-

rially lessen the chances of public exposure and ridicule; and moreover, they greatly contribute to the amusements and profits of the tailor. It is fit and proper that certain *artificialities* should be observed, in order that the more exuberant of our race should get rid of their superfluous folly—a maxim well understood and practically carried out by the Continental nations in their celebration of the annual carnival. It is impossible to expect that we, cold-blooded and sanctimonious Northmen, should ever adopt the customs of the sunny south, and dedicate one real holiday, when all classes might meet and mingle, to mirth, merriment, fun, and harmless absurdity. It is not in our nature to do so—the climate forbids it; and even were it otherwise, the denunciations from a thousand pulpits, louder than the thunders of the Vatican, would rebuke us for the act of folly. So that poor Momus, in terror of clerical revilement, and despairing of charitable construction, must needs keep himself within doors, rarely venturing to walk beneath the canopy of heaven, unless disguised as a freemason, or in the garb of a votary of Saint Crispin.

Yet so marvellous is the appetite for strange dress, that even men of talents and education cannot free themselves from its thralldom. Who has forgotten Goldsmith's pride in his peach-coloured coat—that garment on which he set greater store than on the possession of his singularly sweet and most expressive genius? Radiant through the long vision of years shines the form of Jamie Boswell, advocate, and heir-apparent of Auchinleck, moving through the throng at the Stratford Shakespeare jubilee in the guise of a Cornish mountaineer, with the printed legend of "COBBIE BOE-WELL" pasted on his hat, lest haply the spectators might ignore the importance of the inner man. Smile we at that? If we do so smile, let us reserve a broad grin, worthy of exhibition through a horse-collar, for the inexorable idiocy of the men who, in our own day, not only imitate, but even transcend his example. We have spoken, not in flattering or

commendatory terms, of kilts exhibitions made by genuine descendants of the Gael in the streets of London and elsewhere, and we have hinted that, when they come down from their mountains, our inheritors of the fame of Ossian—be they of the tribe of MacShimier, or Caberfae, or Chattan, or Coila—should submit to the bondage of broadcloth, and array their nether man in trousers. That is our deliberate opinion, but we candidly admit that the counter argument may be maintained with plausibility. In favour of their native dress are title and usage, and their abandonment of it in foreign parts is undoubtedly in one sense a concession. But what think you of the Cockney, or the Saxon who is no Cockney, assuming the garb of the Gael? That is a question which demands, if not an immediate answer, at least very deliberate consideration, for it is a singular fact, that in spite of the alleged depopulation of the Highlands, so pathetically bewailed by our excellent and esteemed friend Professor Blackie, and other patriotic opposers of emigration and sheep farming, there never was a time when the rage for tartans in Scotland was so preposterous as now. Clans previously unheard of, families that never showed even so late as 1715 or 1745, lay claim to distinctive patterns—claims which we do not feel ourselves called on to challenge, seeing that they injure no one, and do undoubtedly contribute to the manufacturing welfare of the country. What is it to us if the descendant of old Geordie Tawse, once known as a thriving butter merchant in Dundee, signs himself MacTawse of Gilhecallum, and when asked to be a steward at a county ball, asserts his chieftainship as The MacTawse? Our interests are not affected, nor our tranquillity of mind disturbed, because Davie Mucklewraith, born at the Kirk of Shotts, hath been pleased to certify his somewhat rugged patrym, and to vapour in a philabeg as M'Lareth. But why, in the name of absurdity, should Englishmen, who have as little affinity with the Celts as with the Slavonians—who abominate haggis, and cough at the pungent usquebaugh—deem it necessary

because they have rented a Highland moor, to assume the Highland dress, and expose their poor innocent limbs to the asperities of the northern blasts? We could understand and might excuse that monstrous act of folly, if the unhappy people who practise it could aver that it gave them even the slightest sensation of physical pleasure. But not one of them dares to make such an avowal. If he did, no one would believe him. The knees, curiously mot-tled, and knocking together with cold, betray the awful discomfort of the infatuated Cockney, whilst his hands, debarred from their usual place of refuge, the breeches pocket, keep fumbling among the carngorms as if afflicted by incipient palsy. How can it be otherwise? Look at the real Highlander, and you will see that nature has provided his limbs with a thick felt of short hair, similar to that which adorns the extremities of a bull, so that he cares neither for wind, nor rain, nor sleet, but trots over the muir, in glory, comfort, and in joy, towards the glen where the small still, undescried by the excise man, lends fragrance to the surrounding atmosphere, and refreshment to the hilarious mountaineer. Whereas on the spindles of the Saxon, encased from childhood upwards in broadcloth or kerseymere, with an inner coating of substantial flannel drawers, there groweth no hair at all, or at best a silky down, no more suitable for protection against an ordinary mist than is the coat of a Marmoset monkey to resist the deluge of a waterspout. The cuticle of the Gael, by exposure, has assumed the consistency of leather—that of the Saxon, by coddling, is reduced to the tenacity of gold beaters leaf. A kick from a red deer would hardly wound the one—the mere attrition of the heather would make sanguinary scratches on the other. And then—the judges!

What motive is it, we ask again, that tempts those unhappy people to court exposure and lingering death? For beyond mere discomfort, which is endurable and may pass away, is the ghastly fiend of rheumatism, who has already run his finger over their

fascid sinews, felt their crackling joints, and poked at their houghs, even as a butcher pokes the hind quarters of an ox when he meditates its conversion into beef. Alas for poor Neddy Waverley! Long and sorely will he rue the day when, yielding to the insidious eloquences of that Celtic Stultz, Shemus a Snachad, he consented to be measured for a full suit of the M'Tavish hunting tartan, specially selected on account of the brilliancy of its sulphurous and fiery hues! Many a time, in the weary watches of the night, when writhing in exceeding agony, each nerve being converted into a wire heated in the furnace of Tartarus, will he recall the memory of that hideous day when Ian Dhu, the forester, made him crawl for many hours, in a state of semi-nudity, up the channel of an ice-cold burn in quest of an imaginary deer! What motive, we say, except vanity—vanity of the most pultry and contemptible kind, can lead men, otherwise rational, to endure the shame of so much exposure, and tortures of such exquisite refinement? But we preach to the winds. We have no hope whatever of being able to restrain the Saxon from this deplorable folly. We shall see them next season, as we have seen them a thousand times in the years that are gone by, lounging at inn doors or strutting through the streets of Inverness in the garb of chieftains, to the immense amusement of the grinning hostlers and the ill-disguised scorn of the keepers, who batten upon the plunder of the Sassenach.

Notwithstanding the general uniformity of European costume, which we have already noted with approbation, there are certain differences in style peculiar to the several nations. In Germany, dress, apart from official costume, signifies nothing more than an outward covering for the body, constructed without any regard to symmetry, taste, or elegance. Very rarely, indeed, do you meet with a German, especially of the central and southern states, whose clothes do not appear to have been put on with a pitchfork; in fact, the old remark of Tacitus, that a German pays no attention to the orna-

ment of his person, is even yet applicable. "Near the frontier," says he, "on the borders of the Rhine, the inhabitants wear something resembling clothes, but with an air of neglect that shows them altogether indifferent about the choice." It is right, however, to exempt Berlin and Hamburg from this general censure, for in those cities you do occasionally meet with individuals who have bestowed some attention upon the texture and style of their raiment, which is fashioned rather after the British than the French model. It must also be kept in mind that in all countries where the military service is regarded as the peculiar and appropriate profession of the nobility and gentry, the aesthetics of dress receive very little attention. Those who should take the lead in setting the fashion appear constantly in uniform, and the cultivation of ordinary apparel being left almost entirely to the burgher class, whose taste is seldom refined, it follows as a natural consequence that gross slovenry prevails. On the other hand, the Dutch, a commercial and wealthy people, exhibit considerable taste in dress, being particular as to fit and quality, and never launching into extravagance. The Hollander is not sufficiently understood or appreciated in this country. The absurd idea that he wears an indefinite number of breeches, and resembles a walking talloon, still lingers among us, whereas Counsellor Pleydell was much nearer the mark in his statement to Julia Mannering: "The Dutch are a much more accomplished people in point of gallantry than their volatile neighbours are willing to admit. I can assure you, in spite of your scorn, that if you want to see handsome men you must go to Holland. The prettiest fellow I ever saw was a Dutchman." Of the Swedes we shall not speak. The Frenchman dresses showily, but he does not, to our thinking, dress well. There is always something *outré* and extravagant in his appearance, as if the tailor merely considered his customer as a pin or lay figure on which to display his skill in the art of fabricating garments. There can be no doubt that the Frenchman dresses

rather for display than comfort. He is fond of innovations, new styles of cut, and artificial appliances, so that with him the fashion of his garments is always in a state of change. It is in small things as in great, the French cannot abide either by a coat or a constitution. Their present style, judging from the last human specimens and costume pictures which we have seen may conscientiously be denominated execrable. A pinched waist to a man is simply a deformity, peg top trousers are a distinct abomination. We have observed with considerable disgust, that this French fashion of peg tops has been imported into the British Islands to the great disfigurement of those who have adopted it. The gentleman who dresses thus may truly be styled a fish out of water, for, when in a state of repose, his figure bears a striking resemblance to that of a salmon attempting to stand upon its tail. The truth is, as we have already remarked, that the English are very clumsy imitators, and they should never, on any account, essay to ape the French, who have at all events the talent of carrying out their eccentricities with a jaunty assurance and impudent *bon homie* which is exceedingly amusing and delightful. Whereas the Englishman, though bold as a lion when his blood is up, is in matters of social intercourse a reserved, diffident, and rather awkward being, painfully nervous lest he should be made an object of ridicule, and blushing up to the very eyes if he thinks he can detect a titter. Therefore he ought never, though the temptation should be ever so strong, assume strange garments, which he cannot parade with comfort to himself, from sheer lack of the requisite audacity.

And why should the Englishman condescend to copy any one? We maintain that the present style of dress, though perhaps capable of improvement, a matter to which we shall presently allude, is both comfortable and becoming, easy of wear, suitable to the climate, and, as compared with many other styles, both elegant and refined. It must of course be understood that we speak of pattern men, who are emphatically

gentlemen, not of the genus Titmouse, who are numerically strong, and always painfully conspicuous. We shall attempt an analysis of the well-dressed man. For morning costume he wears a riding coat or cut-away, broad in the skirt, and rather loose in the sleeves, fitting easily on his person, colour, black. Waist-coat rather long, with folding back collar, of a dark or neutral tint, but not necessarily black. The colour of this may be varied, according to the complexion of the wearer. Trousers in winter of a dark or sombre mixture, in spring and summer of lighter hue and texture, cut, like the coat, on the principle of giving ease to the limbs, not confined at the knee, and fitting gracefully, yet not too fully, over the boot, which, as presently constructed by the best artists, is perhaps the perfection of pedal symmetry. A double black tie in winter, and a single black and blue in summer, are the most *recherché* and becoming wear. The linen quite plain, snow white, without studs, which in morning dress should be eschewed as an especial and gross abomination. After this there remains nothing but the consideration of the hat. That is undeniably a stumbling block. No one stands up for the modern hat as becoming in shape, or convenient for use, and yet, as regards urban display, we have not been able to hit upon any happier invention. In the country we acknowledge the discomfort of the prevalent castor, by adopting universally wide awakes, or caps, or Glengarrys, but we associate the hat, as it now exists, with refined society, and never venture to bring our rural comforts into the precincts of the towns. Is it not a strange token of the respect we pay to custom and opinion — that exchanging of light and comfortable head gear for the stiff hat, which takes place in every railway carriage, as it approaches the terminus? We all detest the brimmed flower pot, but we cannot venture on a substitute. For many a long year we have been expecting, but in vain, the advent of a Napoleon to establish a new dynasty of hats, but no regenerator has appeared, and the few feeble efforts which have been made to excite a

revolution have been put down with a strong hand, mainly, we suspect, through the instrumentality of that powerful section of the Municipal Guard, the haters. Being compelled, therefore, to adopt the consuetudinal felt, the man of taste will instinctively select that form which is just perceptibly conical, with a brim of moderate breadth; leaving broad-brims to Quakers, and up-turned brims and sharp cones to counter-jumpers who do especially affect that form.

The evening or full dress costume admits of little variety so long as the present form or shape remains unaltered. There is a close alliance and harmony between shape and colour, which, if broken, or even infringed, produces a disagreeable effect. All the attempts to introduce gay colours for evening wear have failed and been condemned. Blue coats with brass buttons are seen nowhere but on the stage. Snuffy-browns and purples are as extinct as the Peace Society. Silk vests of Joseph's pattern have gone out. Azure ties are regarded as evident marks of the beast. Fawn-coloured kerseymeres provoke an inward shudder. Black, with white waistcoat and tie, is your only gentlemanlike wear; and so it must continue, until some material alteration is made in the shape of the dress. It is worth considering whether we should be gainers or losers by attempting such an alteration; and we feel it to be a debatable question, allowing of cogent argument on either side. Let us see how the matter stands. It is very generally, if not universally allowed, that the present costume is too sombre and funereal. With blackness we naturally associate ideas of gravity and gloom, such as are out of place in assemblies where gaiety should properly prevail. So much is this felt, that a ball-room looks absolutely cheerless without a sprinkling of military uniforms; and even kilts are welcomed, on account of the warmth of the colour. But colour, as we have already said, is incompatible with the present style of evening dress. A gentleman, however naturally elegant or studiously graceful, becomes a Guy if he attempts to experiment with colour. Beyond

black and white he cannot get, without violating the laws of harmony. The sole remedy, therefore, if a change should be thought desirable, must be found in a departure from the present style, against which it may be fairly urged that the style now generally adopted is both convenient and becoming. To a certain extent that may be admitted. Since the skirts of the coat were widened, so as to remove the ludicrous effect of the now antiquated swallow-tail, and since the loose sleeve came into vogue, it is an article of dress by no means ungraceful; and, with a very little more alteration in the same direction, and the substitution of a standing for a folded collar, it would be substantially the same with the court dress-coat, than which nothing can be more gentlemanlike and becoming. Add ruffles, which, now that the sleeve is widened, ought decidedly to be worn, and you have a perfect upper garment. But would that change of shape admit of variety of colour? Not, we think, as regards the coat itself, except that dark purple might be substituted for black; but it certainly would give scope for variety of colour in the waistcoat, which then, following the laws of symmetry, would be made much longer than now, and would be more expansive. The present form of the waistcoat is especially bad, and the tailors, for their own credit, should see it altered. Its contracted dimensions irresistibly suggest the idea that the artist must have cribbed and cabaged some portion of the measured material. The elongation of the waistcoat, however, would necessitate another and more important change, viz., the abolition of the trouser as an article of full evening-dress, and the substitution of knee-breeches and silk stockings. Trousers ought to be reserved entirely for morning and partial undress wear. They may continue to be worn at the opera and dinner-parties, but they never should have been tolerated in the ball-room. In fact, their recognition as an accredited portion of full dress was the greatest triumph which has yet been achieved by democratic slovenry. No doubt they are convenient for men whose legs will not

stand the test of critical examination, but we cannot see why, on that account, the majority of mankind, who are clean limbed, well calved, and decidedly symmetrical, should adopt a habit not invented as an ornamental improvement, but simply as a covering for defect. Every one feels that the trouser is out of place in a ball room. So general is that conviction, that an attempt is being made even now to revive the pantaloons, a garment which we regard with much more disfavour than the trouser. It is neither more nor less than an additional pair of black drawers, in which most men look ineffably absurd, and, moreover, after the first week, it bulges at the knee from perpetual pressure. The breeches, we maintain, should be loose down to the knee, below which they are superseded by the silk stocking, terminating in the shoe and buckle, constituting altogether the most gentleman-like and perfect costume that ever was invented. We do not believe that any will gainsay us as to that—what then hinders its adoption? Simply indolence, which in all matters of taste is the chiefest bane. Men have no objection to perform a toilet before going out to dinner, but they are exceedingly loth to undertake a second one between dinner and a ball. That single consideration stands in the way of a reformation of the evening costume, but single though it be, it is one of exceeding weight, for of all things the *vis inertia* is the most difficult to overcome.

We have made these remarks, not in the spirit of foppery, which we despise, but from a sincere wish that the laws of æsthetical art should be observed in the minutest particular. Those of our readers—we hope they are not many—who care so little for dress that they would have small objection to exchange habiliments with any recently constructed scarecrow so as to enter a ball room with positive advantage, may sneer at our observations, and impudently thank heaven that they were never weak enough to bestow a thought upon their raiment. We acquit them of ever having been vexed by any such cogitations, but, at the same time,

we would ask them to consider whether they would wish to see their wives and sweethearts moving about in the ordinary costume of the kitchen? We apprehend that few of them will question the axiom that a lady ought to dress as a lady, and to preserve an essential distinction between morning and evening attire. Cinderella is a case in point. And if so, ought not a gentleman to dress as a gentleman, and, in doing so, to adopt the style which is best suited to that character? Earnest and large hearted men will, of course, tell us that true gentleness may exist in combination with the smock frock and hob-nailed shoes, and we are entirely of the same opinion. Only, if but for the sake of the floors, we do not covet, in the saloon, the company of individuals in hob-nailed shoes, whatever may be their intrinsic worth. "Moan silk knee-breeched Unveracity Gross plush Flunkeyism, discernible now, but straight to dip to deepest chaos, where tatters are—O ye gods!" huskily remarks a philosopher of these latter days, adding thereunto some quasi satirical remarks from three unsavoury commentators, Messrs Teufelsdröckh, Sauerteig, and Smelungus. But, O Philosopher, say we, hath it escaped your enlightened ken that all societies, knots, coteries, circles, or whatever else they may be styled, are of an exclusive character? If you doubt that, step any evening when you have leisure into a sporting ken where the lads of the fancy are assembled, and before you have uttered six oracular sentences, we predict for you the accident of a couple of black eyes, with instantaneous ejectionment from the premises. Exclusiveness pervades all classes. If a gentleman in disguise goes to a servants' ball, most righteously is he hustled and insulted. He deserves such treatment, because he has no business there, and the ardour of resentment, even though manifested in the most demonstrative form, is perfectly legitimate, and even worthy of approbation.

We affect luxury in all things—in our dwellings, our furniture, our equipages, our meats, our drinks—and such indulgence, on the part of

those who can afford it, is truly the greatest boon and encouragement that can be given to industry. It is the luxury of the rich that maintains millions of the working classes in comfort—a consideration which the Radical would do well to ponder before he indulges in wholesale denunciations of wealth and its possessors. Preachers, also, of the new philanthropic school, should bear this in mind whenever they feel an inward call to hold forth upon the parable of Lazarus and Dives. Do they never reflect upon the fearful amount of pauperism, wretchedness, and crime which would be the immediate and inevitable consequence of any large and general curtailment of expenditure on the part of the rich? Suppose that, by some singular combination the wealthier classes should unanimously adopt the resolution of abstaining for three years—ay, for one year, or even less—from the purchase of anything beyond the mere necessities of life—suppose they should determine to buy no new furnishings, ornaments, utensils, books, pictures, clothes, but to remain satisfied with their present stock, which in most families would be sufficient to last for a very considerable period of time—suppose they should reduce their establishment by dismissing half their servants, by renouncing the use of carriages, and by exercising no hospitality—what would be the result? Universal ruin to tradesmen, stoppage of manufactures, starvation among the operatives, and not improbably a revolution. Pious old women turn up their rheumy eyes in horror at the very mention of the word luxury, and groan grievously if they hear that you have ordered new furniture for your drawing room. With spectacles on nose they survey the existing movables, which they declare to be as perfect as any professing Christian should have, and perhaps savouring even now too much of vanity. They shriek at the announcement of the estimated cost, and implore you, for the sake of your wellbeing hereafter, not to throw away so much money on gewgaws, but to give it to the poor. Respect them for their good intention and

charitable thoughts, for, though their views may be extremely narrow, they are in all probability much more single-hearted, certainly more self-denying, than you. In their own sphere they do incalculable good, which you also would do well to imitate, by visiting the indigent and sick, carrying consolation to deathbeds which otherwise would be desolate, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, reclaiming the outcast, and for these most blessed deeds they will receive an eternal reward. But remember that it is a better thing to prevent people from falling into pauperism, than to maintain them by eleemosynary means after they have so fallen. What is the cry that we invariably hear from the operatives in times of distress? It is not, "Give us alms!"—thank God, the spirit of the Briton has not sunk so low. It is, "Give us work!" and that work it is the duty of every man of us to give to the utmost of our means and capacity. Certainly we do not deprecate thrift or undervalue economy. We know full well that extravagance, which is expenditure beyond means, is not only suicidal, but grievously detrimental to others, and we counsel no man to spend more than he can easily afford. But if he has money, either through succession or as the result of his own exertions, it is his duty to expend no inconsiderable portion of his income in giving employment to those who live by industry alone, which is, after all, the best and most kindly way of extending the right hand of fellowship. It is better to give employment to the working man than to preach to him sedition. Satan has many disguises. Sometimes he assumes the garb of a Quaker, and, being the father of lies, amazes us with his prolific progeny, as impudent and filthy as their sire. Sometimes he mounts the pulpit in the guise of a Communist person, but in that holy place he is rebuked. The eloquence, borrowed from Belial, forsakes him—he is powerless for conviction, he persuades not—he merely blethers. To denounce wealth is a manifest absurdity—nay, a frightful sin. Denounce by all means its misapplication. Denounce gambling, sexual

prodigality, even antique tastes which confer no benefit on the living prodigal, and all good and true men who love their country will signify their approval, but do not denounce that mode of expenditure which gives weekly wages to the workmen in every branch of trade or manufacture, who are the sinews of the commonwealth. Most fortunate it is for the nation at large that we have so many wealthy men among us—that luxury has so many demands to make. By it libraries are established, and publishers and authors maintained. By it architects, gardeners, and capability men flourish. It has reared among us a national school of painting and sculpture which bids fair to rival those of Italy and Greece. It has made the homes, even of our simple citizens, more truly comfortable and far more salubrious than the palaces of Continental nobles. It is unceasing in its demands, and it pays for them with princely prodigality. And so far from being exclusive, it passes from class to class, the first outpourings being conveyed downwards in reticular channels, like a well regulated system of irrigation, giving life to the whole community.

Sordidness and squalor, when self inflicted, excite our abhorrence and disgust. The millionaire dwelling in a den bare of furniture, feeding upon the sparsest diet, waited on by a half starved slattern, and grudging the outlay of a groat, is to us the most revolting spectacle in the universe. The spendthrift, who has brought himself to beggary, really deserves our pity, and will receive it, provided that in the course of his extravagance he has merely ruined himself. He may indeed have thrown away his wealth, but it has been gathered up and used by others. The miser does not ask for pity, but he receives unmitigated contempt. There is, however, a happy medium, well understood, between the black broth of Lycurgus and the inordinate banquets of Lucullus, between the sordidness of Trajan and the sensuality of Sir Epicure Mammon, and that medium we advocate and defend. More especially in the article of dress we hold it indispensable that the gentleman should exhibit the

outward sign of that gentleness which is his boast. No better advice can be given than that of Polonius to his son Laertes

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy, rich not gaudy

For the apparel oft proclaims the man "

And here we think it proper to mark with reprobation the practice of some modern portrait-painters, who, in their anxiety to produce effects by a happy combination of colours, too often sacrifice propriety, and grossly travesty their sitters. Thus pictures of noblemen in the garb of barges or watermen are by no means uncommon in our art exhibitions, a perversion of taste which strikes us as alike degrading and absurd. Would Vandyke, Velasquez, or Titian have treated their subjects so, depicting the nobles of the Netherlands, Spain, and Italy, as fishermen, muleteers, or banditti? Are not old family portraits valued by their possessors principally because they represent remote ancestors in the costume which they wore when alive, thus giving visible proof of their position in society, and recalling at once the memory of the age to which they historically belong? Who would wish to see Raleigh represented as a clown, or Bacon as a horse jockey? Yet that is precisely what some of our fashionable artists are doing for their sitters, who must expect, if their portraits should become ancestral, to be judged of according to their appearance. Let us have no more of such pitiable folly. If it be the opinion of our best artists that the form and colours of our modern dress are unsuited for representation, that is unquestionably a strong argument in favour of a change of costume, but it is no apology for their heinous breaches of propriety in degrading and disguising their customers.

Finally and to conclude, let us exhort all slovens to gird up their loins and repair forthwith to their respective tailors, who will welcome them with smiles, much waving of the ellwand, and a joyful snipping of the shears. Measure for Measure. They will henceforth walk the streets or glide into the saloon, with the happy

consciousness that they are becomingly attired, and may find favour in the eyes of beauty; while their hearts may glow within them with conscious rectitude, because, besides securing these inestimable advantages for themselves, they are doing good to Spitalfields, promoting the manufacture of broad-cloth, and giving bread to the honest sartorial occupants of the attic, at a season of the year when cucumbers are wholly unat-

tainable. As for their old wardrobe, let them dispose of it liberally according to its merits. Many a poor soul, shivering in the cold winds of March, will be thankful even for the worst; and with grateful heart and moistened eye will put on the garment which it were disgraceful for you to wear longer, and yield his own miserable rags to perform their last office, and dangle in the breeze as a scarecrow.

THE TURKS IN KALAFAT, 1854.—PART I.

On the 4th December 1853 I took my first look at the Black Sea from the deck of the Austrian Lloyd's steamer "Bosforo." Black enough it looked. The sky was overcast; one bright gleam still shone over the quarter we were leaving, but all ahead was black as thunder. For a few minutes we were still in smooth water, hemmed in by the channel of the Bosphorus; then suddenly the coasts swept off to the right and left and fell rapidly behind us, black and desolate, with great gushes of white foam springing up against them, and we found ourselves pitching and plunging violently on heavy green rolling swells that caught a dingy tinge from the black sky overhead. An English war-steamer dashed by us at speed, setting her head straight for the black thundery sea in front, rolling on the great swells and cleaving her way straight on into the storm like a sea-bird. As for us, we thought better of it. All at once we found the bows of the ship wheeling round, and pointing straight for Constantinople. "*Nous retournons*," said the captain.

The captain was an Austrian—i.e., an Italian from one of the maritime provinces of Austria; so was the *piloto*, and the crew likewise. They settled amongst them that it was a *tempo cattivo*, so they ran straight into the Bosphorus and anchored.

The Turks are wonderful hands at aping the Continental states in every restriction that can hinder an honest man, and in taking every precaution that can impede those who have no

evil designs. Douanes, passports, guard-ships; in all these they are perfect; and, as I suspect, indemnify themselves for the pains they take in supporting these institutions by perfect negligence as regards all that could possibly prove useful. So on this occasion they had a guard-ship lying in the mouth of the Bosphorus, which, reasonably suspecting that we had picked up traitorous designs or intelligence in our five minutes' tossing on the waves, and meant to incendiarise Constantinople with the same, refused to let us pass her into the calm water; so we anchored just outside her, and spent the night catching the swell of the Black Sea agreeably.

If the steamer "Bosforo" still exists, and is like what she then was, I cannot recommend her. The voyage (from Constantinople to Varna) was avowedly one of only eighteen hours; but the crew had wondrous sharp eyes for a *tempo cattivo* either present or probable, and by dint of remarkable caution and three anchorings on the way, spun the time into nearly three days and nights. This extreme prudence had at all events the merit of showing us passengers (of whom there were only two) more of the Black Sea and the dreary Turkish coast than we could reasonably have expected for the money; and perhaps was not misplaced in other respects, for I recollect that one blowing rough night, when I was lying cold and sea-sick in my nasty little berth, my companion, who had wandered forwards on deck, came back to me with

the report that the engine was broken, and mended with cordage. The interior arrangements of the ship were on a par with her sea-going qualifications. The dinners, in point of grease and filth, were perfect of their kind, the wine to match, the ship's officers, who dined with us, specimens of dirt which we thought unrivalled till we saw the steward, who in his turn faded before the steward's boy, and to crown all, a bill of fare was hung in a conspicuous position, detailing all sorts of fabulous delicacies, and concluding with an appeal to all who laid claim to civilisation to exhibit proper deference to their fellow passengers of the fair sex.

Varna must be relapsing so fast into its original obscurity, that if I waited a few years longer it is possible that any remarks I might have to make upon it might possess all the charm of novelty. As, however, I can scarcely flatter myself that this is yet the case, I shall not expatiate upon the subject. Neither shall I hold forth upon those two inevitable travellers muffled up in sheepskins and attended by *cavass* and *surudja*, who form the invariable introduction to every record of Turkish travel, and at whose reappearance the stoutest reader might feel faint hearted, but shall merely state that on the 9th December 1853, myself and one other Englishman left Varna *en route* for Schoumla, the whole party, attendants and baggage included, mounted on the tough little ponies which in Turkey do duty as post horses.

The day was cold, mists were hanging on the distant hill tops, and small misty flakes of snow began to fall as we rode out of Varna. As long as our road held to the bank of the celebrated fresh water lake which, abutting on the sea close to Varna, winds away far inland between two ranges of hill, so long the scene, although wild and wintry, was not without beauty. The neighbouring hills, covered with a tall and dense growth of brown and leafless brushwood, mingled with trees with the dead leaves still hanging, stood forward

in bold and picturesque headlands crowned with rugged grey crags, the lake, narrowed to the dimensions of a small river, winding its way between. But by and by the country changed in character. Level plains, intersected by a few small water courses, and bounded by belts of low rocky hill, thin thorny brushwood or stubbly withered grass peeping up above the sheet of snow, which grew deeper as we advanced,—these, animated occasionally by a covey of partridges trotting along in the snow with their feathers huddled up, a herd of ponies, or a portly Turk swelled out with furred garments and pistols, jogging along on a little pony, formed the view which, with little variation, lasted as far as Schoumla.

The procrastination inherent in everything Turkish expanded what ought to have been a two into a three days' journey. The intermediate nights were spent in Bulgarian villages, one of the best of which it may be well to describe. It consisted of small roughly built stone houses with great projecting brown thatches, each one, together with its outbuildings, surrounded by a dry thorn fence. As we rode into it, the last faint light of a winter evening just served to show the snow lying under foot or gleaming on the ridges of the surrounding hills, and to afford us a most unpromising prospect. No one was abroad, no door opened, no light gleamed, a huge pack of curs assailed us with loud barking, but their clamour extracted no response from any human voice, and as we sat on our horses, cold, impatient, and disconsolate, anxiously watching our *cavass*,* who was rummaging and hunting amongst the dusky inhospitable enclosures, it seemed as if the whole population was shamming dead, and we felt that we might sit out in the snow all night with the gratified consent of everybody. At length a functionary, whose various duties comprise that of quartering travellers upon the often unwilling inhabitants, was routed out, and by him we were introduced to the interior of a Bulgarian farm.

* Something between an armed guard and the "courier" of civilised Europe.

We had fallen on a favourable specimen, exhibiting a degree of comfort which we did not find as we penetrated more deeply inland. The room into which we were admitted, probably the best in the house, was low and white-washed, with a few rude shelves, a mud floor, and rough ceiling, which barely gave room to stand upright between its supporting beams. At one end was a large fireplace with a great projecting chimney. The whole seemed clean; and to the credit of the establishment (or more likely to the credit of the cold weather), I must state that I only found one flea all night; a perfect phenomenon of cleanliness for Turkey. The owners of the house were an old "Boolghar" or Bulgarian, his wife, and some grown sons; the woman tolerably clean in appearance, but the men foul enough to look at in their sheepskin caps and dingy garments, and, like all Bulgarians, suggesting strongly the idea that they swathed themselves in their clothes as you might wrap a mummy in its cements, and kept them on till they dropped off with time. They were all civil and willing enough; spread mats and rugs for us in one corner of the room, piled up the saddles and baggage in another; prepared a dinner, of which the only intolerable part was the wine (which much resembled a mixture of bad wine and sour beer); and supplied us with some valuable information on the internal economy of the Turkish empire, which in due course of time was communicated to the British public as follows.

My companion was "Own Correspondent" to—let me throw the veil of mystery over the valuable organ of public opinion which he represented, by calling it the *Morning Tweakle*. Like myself, he had been only a few days in the country, and knew about as many words of the language as he had been days in the land. Zealous, however, in the discharge of his duty, he established himself on a bit of carpet in the chimney-corner, and there squatting after the manner of the country, proceeded to distract the old woman of the house, who was cooking our dinner, with questions on polity of state somewhat in this

fashion:—"I say, old lady! do the Turks—Osmanli, you know—do they bully you much? *Chak Kamchout*—plenty of whip! This sort of thing—ch—k, ch—k, swish, swish—"imitating with voice and gesture the process of what Carlyle calls "shamefully fustigating." Old lady, profoundly ignorant of his meaning, waggles her head with a soothing and pacifying air, acquiescent in anything he may please to remark; and in as short a space of time as may serve to carry a letter from Bulgaria to the Strand, the readers of the *Morning Tweakle* are told that "the instances of oppression which have been related to me by females of respectability, as endured at the hands of their brutal masters the Turks, are almost beyond credence."

I give this passage, strong in the faith that my respected companion of that night is now in California, and can't haul me over the coals for the trifling inaccuracy of a word or two.

On the third day of our journey, looking across a snow-covered sweep of plain, we perceived a checkered mass of white and brown patches nestling into a horse-shoe recess which shelved up into an abrupt hill-range rising directly in front of us. These were the snow-covered roofs and the brown walls of the town of Schoumla.

Passing by a loopholed gate through the irregularly-traced and weak intrenchments, we found ourselves amongst wretched little "wattle-and-dab" houses, interspersed with gigantic dung-heaps tenanted by troops of snarling dogs. These were the suburbs. The central portions of the town, as we penetrated into them, were not much more cheerful. Small shabby houses of wattle-and-dab or mud-cemented stone, with dilapidated tiled roofs projecting in great eaves, turned their backs upon us (for Mussulman jealousy forbids their showing a front to the public gaze) from each side of the street, in rows sometimes continuous and sometimes broken by the intervention of courtyards and enclosures. In the commercial streets a roughly-built veran-

dash or rude colonnade covered the footway; beneath this appeared little box-like shops, open to the raw wintry day without intervention of door or window. Carts drawn by oxen or big lumbering buffaloes, and driven by Bulgarian peasants, were crushing the snow in the roadway; while Turkish soldiers in their long coats of white sackcloth, dark Egyptian auxiliaries looking desperately cold, and miscellaneous civilians in the old Turkish dress, crowded round the shops bargaining for dried fish and groceries, or trampled the footway in front into a slush of snow and filth. Occasionally, from the higher streets that wind up the steep slope on which the town stands, a bird's-eye view was gained of an expanse of flat roofs loaded with snow, above which rose small white minarets surmounted each one by what looked like an extinguisher plated with white metal. All was dreary and disconsolate, and promising little of rest, warmth, or comfort.

It could not promise much less than it performed. From a small marketplace, crowded with bullock-carts, soldiers, cavasses with long pistols at their belts, and jackasses bearing huge loads of firewood, we turned off through a small *porte-cochère* into a passage leading steeply down-hill into some lower region. Arrived at the bottom of this, we found ourselves in a small courtyard, surrounded by stabling, with, on one side, a small shabby coffee-house full of soldiers, and on the other, just over the *porte-cochère* by which we had entered, a most remarkable cock-loft, with a shaky balcony in front, and a very cranky wooden staircase leading to it. Some soldiers in the yard were in the act of loading baggage-horses with bags of silver, and the charger of the officer commanding the escort—a rough pony with a big *schabrague* and an old baggy cotton umbrella hung to the saddle-bow—stood waiting for his rider. The cock-loft above mentioned was to be our abode: in compliance with a request for lodgings which we had sent in advance by our *cavass*, it had been told off to our service by the civil governor of the place; and as it will

give an idea of the accommodation to be expected at Turkish inns, I will describe it more particularly.

It was the smallest den that two men could well be packed into. On one side was a broken window, boarded up; on the other, two little windows, still possessed of panes of glass, but in such a rattle-trap state that we did not dare to open them for fear of their dropping to pieces. The floor, composed of small sticks, was full of holes, and gave to the tread so alarmingly that we did not feel at all sure that an incautious step might not send us clean through it, and land us, with all our trunks and baggage, on the heads of the Faithful loitering in the gateway beneath. A raised place like a counter crossed one end of the room. This, according to Turkish ideas, was the bed, and constituted not only the whole of the sleeping accommodation, but the whole of the furniture of any kind whatever. No fireplace existed. For a time we kept up a miserable warmth by means of a *mangal* or charcoal brazier, which gave us the headache; and then as night came on and the charcoal went out, we wrapped ourselves in our coats and cloaks, and, taking possession of the counter, gave ourselves up to be frozen by the cold wind that came in at every chink. A Turk could have endured such an abode. Wrapped in a mass of lousy furs, and with a pipe in his mouth, he would have squatted himself cross-legged in the least windy corner, and being gifted by nature with a perfect indifference to vermin, a strong disinclination to move when he can by any possibility sit still, and a head that defies the fumes of charcoal, he would have lived in patience, if not in content. But to us less highly-gifted beings this was impossible; and somewhere about the expiration of four-and-twenty hours, having failed in all our efforts to find another lodging, we became disconsolate indeed. It appeared—or, at all events, the civil governor chose to give out so—that no lodgings could be assigned without the express order of Omar Pasha, then holding his headquarters in the town. How to get this order

was the difficulty. My companion, with his hair dishevelled and a despairing look, sat on a trunk in a corner, as though life's battle and all its correspondence were over, and nothing remained but to die patiently. But I will not describe the "*grande et déterminée résolution*" by which I pulled out my uniform, and went off to the Pasha in it, further than to state, that unpacking and getting into a brand-new, never-before-worn uniform, in that nasty, dusty, fusty, buggy old cock-loft, with the wintry wind blowing my shirt tails to the four quarters of heaven, was the nastiest thing in the way of toilette I ever performed.

We stayed in Schoumla but a few days. His Highness Omar Pasha wanted, I suspect, to get rid of us, and slightly humbugged us: however this may be, he told us that an attack was daily expected on Kalafat, a village lying on the north bank of the Danube, opposite to Widdin, and which the Turks were then holding against a blockading force of Russians. Upon which we, anxious to "trall a pike" in the great fight, hired post-horses, strapped a minute portion of baggage on to their cruppers, and in company with two new friends whom we had met at Schoumla, hustled off into the wilds of Bulgaria, with an insane idea that we were going to gallop straight up to Widdin in a flash of fire. Insane I call it, for no weaker term can be assigned to a delusion favouring the belief that love or money will hasten men or matters in Turkey.

It would be tedious to give a detailed account of the journey. We pushed straight up the hill-range that lies behind Schoumla, through the tall brushwood jungle that covers its crest, and down again by a narrow and boggy path (where all our saddle-bags took the opportunity of turning one after the other, carrying, of course, the saddles with them) down the far side, looking, as we descended, over an expanse of hilly country, checkered with brushwood

and dotted with trees, with valleys and bottoms swampy from a recent thaw, and with a distant hill-range just showing its dark ridge above a massy line of dense white cloud, and catching the sun-rays which poured in clearly-defined shafts from behind a rift in the grey sky: then over the lower country, till night closed in with such darkness, that, except where a rising ridge presented its fringe of trees and brushwood in relief against the lighter sky, the face of the country seemed a black chaos; and still we followed our *surudji*, who, splashing through water, squashing through mud, smashing through thorn-fences, but always by some curious instinct holding to the little apology for a road, pushed on through the dark at a jog-trot. Then, next day, in the grey light of a winter's dawn, we rode through the gorge behind Eski Juma, where the high broken cliffs and grey rocks hem in the narrow pass and the rushing stream that accompanies it; and then again through large forests, crunching the snow that lay under brown wintry oaks, which might have been beautiful if they had not, by some mania of the Turks, been stunted into ugly pollards; now passing a forest village of a few comfortless huts, now diving into a ravine, and mounting its opposite ascent, from whence we saw line over line of distant hill-ranges, with snow-covered peaks still higher, rising in the extreme distance; or gazed down into a deep valley, where the mist lay in long white lines, as though two hostile armies were cannonading. Sometimes we ate and slept in a dirty little Bulgarian hut, with, oh! such evil-smelling Bulgarian hosts; sometimes in an equally dirty post-house, where we got filth to eat, and a charcoal brazier to poison instead of warming us, and ended with a struggle, more or less noisy and quarrelsome, to get fresh horses betimes and be gone, in which we usually got completely defeated by the mingled insolence and imperturbability of the Turks.

What with snow, sleet, cold fingers and toes, long stages quite beyond the strength of the ponies, and fleas

and flith at night, the journey was not precisely one of luxury to any one concerned. But if none of us liked it, there was one who supremely abhorred it, and that was Spero Flamboyales (I do not vouch for the spelling), our Greek cook. What with mental alarms and bodily raws, this unhappy serving man fell into a sad state, and between his aches and his fears getting into a sort of petrified condition, would hold on to his bridle with such an unyielding grasp, that his beast would stop dead short in the road, and there the pair of them would remain calmly, as if they had made up their minds to stay behind and be lost for good. It was of no use rushing wrathfully at them, and flogging the horse behind, for Spero would only hold the harder in front, gasping out all the time inarticulate exclamations about not being used to horse exercise, and would prevent the animal from executing anything beyond a series of discomfiting wriggles. There was only one remedy to take the reins forcibly out of his hands, and clean over the horse's head, giving the victim the ruin of the mane and pommel in return, and then, with one man hauling on the reins, and another flogging behind, exit Spero in a flash of fire, lamenting, and sometimes even laughing, for the spectacle was so absurd that the sufferer himself could not help being agreeably moved by it.

Then we passed Turnova, perched on its abrupt cliff overhanging the river, and Loetchia, remarkable for a curious long wooden bridge, roofed over and lined on each side with shops, precisely like a covered bazaar. Leaving Loetchia with a surdji inflamed with promises of *bakhtshah*, who took us along at a furious pace (till it broke down), we entered on a wild and barren fell country, with dismal hills and dismal intervening plains, still more dismal in a sharp drizzle, which first wet us, then turned to snow, and then was followed by a sharp frost, which froze our wet coats hard. The snow lay deep as we advanced, night came on, and a mist besides, hiding all but the white sheet immediately beneath us, and the course of a small

river, whose waters, black in contrast with the white snow, we had to ford and re-ford. The road was hard to detect, and Spero Flamboyales, with his peculiar horsemanship, was always swerving wildly off, and making as if to plunge into the wilderness, eliciting wrathful admonitions of "La Strada! La Strada!" from members of the party short of Italian, and, under that trying dispensation, of temper also. On again next day over snowy plains, till we reached the brow of a sharp ravine-like descent, and saw below in the distance a black gloomy stream, with a low line of country, bounded by low heights, lying beyond.

This was the Danube, the Danube of Eugene and Peterwaradin, the high road of Turkish aggression in the old days of Turkish glory, from whose banks, far and wide, "the verdure fled the bloody sod" under the tread of the Spahis horse hoof, even now the scene of war, for, as we looked upon it, the Turkish and Russian sentinels were spying one another with hostile eyes across its stream. Cold and grim, broad, deep, and laden black, wending its slow way through a snow covered country, whose very want of beauty gave it a hard dreary desolation of its own, its aspect was not altogether unworthy of its grim fortunes, past and present. But I do not pretend that I occupied myself at the moment with these subjects of reflection, being absorbed in a great creak in the back got by hard riding, and in speculations upon the probable amount of fleas to be found in the night's resting place.

There are people in the world who say that they are unaffected by fleas, and profess that to them a flea bite is nothing but a flea-bite to the fullest extent of its proverbial insignificance. If such a man is a Catholic, he ought to pass his life in a continual state of offering wax candles to his patron saint, with occasional offerings to the patron saint of his parish (I find, from a Roman Catholic "good book," that such is the order in which the true Christian bestows his reverence). If he is a Protestant, he may transfer his thankfulness to his stars, for he can't form

a conception of what he escapes. I think a night in a flea-ridden Turkish cottage is the liveliest prefiguration of purgatory I know of. You settle yourself under the dirty rugs, which come against your naked hand or cheek all gritty as if filled with the dried dirt trampled into them by the feet of generations of Boolghars, and, with a preparatory and sympathetic itchiness all over, faintly offer to yourself a dim and despairing hope that the torment may not that night be quite so bad as usual. You doze into a half-forgetful state (for the treacherous brutes always let you get that far), which is presently pervaded by a nightmarish sense of tingling and burning discomfort. You start up with a groan, to find a plague-spot blazing on your neck. You scratch and scratch; more you scratch, more it itches. Then it breaks out somewhere under your clothes (for of course undressing before going to bed is out of the question). You tear open your waistcoat, to the annihilation of its buttons, to get at it. Then here, and there, and everywhere, it lights up its fire, till you are in one conflagration of itch; kicking, tumbling, sweating, groaning, swearing, riving buttons off, bursting your small-clothes in efforts to reach impossible places; kicking the rugs off till you are starved with cold, and obliged to pull them on again; and giving yourself to all the devils for your folly in exposing yourself to such torture. What the deuce brought me here! you groan. Why couldn't I stay at home? Why am I shoving my nose at all into the affairs of these cursed Turks and Cossacks, who haven't even the decency to repay my attention by a clean bed? Couldn't I have been a perpetual curate, and slept in a clean bed all my life? Whatever possessed me to take to the hard, kicked-about, break-neck life of a dragoon, and to mend matters by coming dragooning *en amateur* into a filthy hole, where nobody wanted me? Your past life does not present itself in rose colour to your recollection, and you read yourself a lecture upon the follies of a "wild career" that would do honour to the sternest "patient." There are two occasions when I invariably

recur with a feeling of profound sorrow to the foolishly-soured advantages of a calm and peaceful life: one is, when I have just got a smash into a wet ploughed field, just soft enough to save my life, and am getting up with a stunned feel, and a doubt as to how many pieces I am in; the other is when I sleep in foreign parts in a flea-haunted bed.

If I ever travel again for pleasure, I think it shall be in Holland. I have the authority of Disraeli's *Fanshawe* for believing that it is a sound Protestant country, with no vermin in the beds. And if it is not so interesting as it might be, who cares? Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith. Better a Dutch canal and peace, than the Danube and a torment of fleas. I am coming round to the belief that rough adventurous travel is all a humbug; and that, if you travel at all, you can't take it too easy; unless, to be sure, you can combine all advantages, as in India, where you bag your wild bull on a wild mountain's side that has never since the Deluge borne trace of the hand of man, and return to your tent to get into your accustomed tub, and then to sit in your particular arm-chair to your accustomed dinner, and turn in to sleep in your own immaculate bed. Imaginary privation—to fancy that you are undergoing hardships when you are doing no such thing, but are really resting upon the softest substratum of comfort—casts an agreeable romance, a dignifying air of respectability, over a transaction. But once let real hardships poke their ugly noses in upon your line of march, and they become the prominent features, to the exclusion of all that is more agreeable; while, under the influence of the dirty little anxieties that spring from them, romance dies away, and leaves a weary reality behind. No; let me travel in a *calèche* with post-horses, with a courier up behind to fight *douaniers* and save me all imaginable bother, and leave me to the full expansion of my natural fine feeling and sentiment. So let me roll through some fair land with excellent hotels; so let me roll through life, and out of life, to be bothered no more.

What a disgusting animalist ! What a state of mind for a man that has read short of the improving writers of the present day upon freedom and duty ! Disgusting indeed ; I am quite ashamed of myself ; but can't, at the same time, help basinating a wish that Providence had made it my part in life to sit still and—talk. I could have done that very well indeed, I know.

However, Providence has not done anything of the kind. So in go the spurs into the flanks of the weary old Turkish pony, and heroic and dutiful, *malgré nous*, and not wanting to our sublime destiny, we come alithering and scrambling down the broken pathway that leads on to the frozen shore of the Danube, and there plod along to the nightly conflict in a Bulgarian hut.

In this region the smaller Bulgarian villages are subterranean. The body of the house is dug in the ground to a depth about equal to the height of a man ; the sloping roof alone rises above the surface, and this, when covered with snow, is not easily to be distinguished from an accidental rise of ground. In fact, the village is half invisible when you are in the middle of it. An entrance-porch is the only thing which stands at its natural level above the earth ; a covered passage leading from thence sinks rapidly till it lands you on the floor of the first room, through which you pass to the inner apartment. Here you find a big fireplace, with probably very little fuel in it ; an enormous projecting chimney, through which you can see all the stars of heaven ; sheep, poultry, and human beings all pigging together ; a cat capering over the whole, tormenting a half-dead mouse ; plenty of fleas, and a general nastiness of the first water. The inhabitants are filthy and inhospitable ; accustomed, I daresay, to extortions of all kinds, they hide what little they possess from the traveller, and profess absolute destitution until their minds are made easy by prepayment for everything that may be required. Even that process, invest-

ed, as I suspect it is, with all the claims of civility, fails to bring them round to an appearance of courtesy and cordiality ; and, pay them as you will, your Bulgarian hosts are sulky and dissatisfied to the last—as possibly other folk might be if they had travellers quartered on them without either “with your leave” or “by your leave.”

If you take an unfortunate man, and, from his childhood upwards, kick, beat, and bully him, call him a sneak and a coward and a dog, and impress upon him that he has no right to aspire to be anything better, he probably becomes all that you have been pleased to call him. Morally speaking, as we all know, the blame rests with him who caused this moral depravity ; as we practise, the penalties fall on the victim. No matter how he came so, he is a nasty mangy cur now, so hang him as such. Now I do not profess to be wiser than the world ; so shutting my eyes to the fact that the Turks have had a large hand in making their Christian subjects what they are, I shall confine myself to the fact that the latter are about as mangy curs, and as much in want of hanging as any race that I have had the pleasure of meeting. I think it is the author of *Editha* who declares that, in his Eastern travels, his sympathies were with the native Christians, and that he could not help feeling that he had a common cause with them. My feelings were all the other way. What is there in common ? What is the bond of union between an Englishman and these surly, cringing, grasping, sneaking slaves ?—Christianity ! That is the point on which, of all others, I split with them. When I see the Greek Rayah tinkling and jingling, mopping and mowing, in the fooleries of a mas, bowing to tinelled images and ridiculous pictures, and the proud Turk looking on with contempt, thinking him what he is—an idolater—and naturally enough classing in his own mind all Christianity with the superstition which is in process of display before him ;—when, in short, I see the man looking with disgust at the dog, I feel nowise inclined to claim kindred with the

letter, and to beg the Moslem to moderate his contempt for my sake, as I am a bit of a dog too. I spit on the ground, deny all community with the fetish worshipper before me, I refuse to recognise him as a Christian at all, and tell the Turk that if he thinks him a dog and a heathen, I do so no less, and that I come of an other race, and hold another religion

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On the seventh day of our journey we entered on a plain of semicircular form, of which the Danube formed the chord, and distant hills the arc. Far away, at the extreme point of the chord, was a low flat lying town, with the masts of shipping rising close alongside, long trains of ox carts traversed the frozen foreground, and the whole scene, under a clear grey streaky sky, reminded me of a Dutch winter scene in a painting. I am not sure but that (with an acute foreknowledge of the lodging and dinner we were likely to get) I wished that it was a Dutch, in fact anything but a Turkish, winter scene in reality.

This was Widdin, according to Turkish militarists, a perfect gem of fortification. The outer casket, we thought, was scarcely worthy of the precious jewel it contained. A wretched ditch and bank constituted the first entente. Within this, snowy fields, bounded by snow laden thorn fences and sprinkled with a leafless tree or two, were mingled with suburbs of small houses and frozen ponds, over which the Turkish boys—quaint little caricatures of Turkish men—turbaned and fur robed, and exccelling fashionless, were working themselves on little sledges propelled by sticks held one in each hand of the rider. The frost, which covers a multitude of sins in the way of mud and filth, deluded me for a time into the belief that the streets we were traversing were rather cleaner than those of an ordinary Turkish town, but a huge pool of the richest liquid black mud, knee deep, and barring the whole breadth of the road, soon dispelled the illusion, and showed what a thaw might be expected to bring forth. Presently we came to a narrow open space, beyond this, in

a long line just peeping above the surface of the earth, ran the mason-work revetment and earthen parapet of the gem itself, with the cannon looking through the embrasures, the body of the wall being sunk out of sight in a deep and broad moat, and the whole concern in a slightly rickety condition. Some minarets, a few tall chimneys and snow laden roofs, gave indications of the town beyond, and a narrow bridge and high old fashioned gate, guarded by two sentries in most dilapidated coats of white sackcloth, gave entrance into its narrow winding streets, covered with a leaky and terrible roofing, whose chief end seems to be to collect the snow in a frost, and distribute it through its interstices on the passengers heads in a thaw.

We were furnished with a letter of introduction from Omar Pasha to the Pasha of Widdin, and rode straight to the dwelling of the latter to deliver it, not that we had any wish to intrude, dirty and travel stained as we were, upon his presence, but because the procuring of an order from the Pasha is the first step in a Turkish town to obtaining any lodging whatever. Upon hearing of our arrival, however, he sent to request that we would appear before him, and we had no resource but to comply.

I had been in the houses of Turkish grandees in Schoumla, but these were mere temporary quarters, tolerated by their occupants as the best procurable in a town crowded with troops, and consequently were not to be taken as specimens of the ordinary dwellings of men of rank. The building that we now entered was, on the contrary, the regular residence of the Pasha. It was a long range of two-storied buildings surrounding a large court, of which one side was composed of the battlements of Widdin, the Danube flowing just outside. A wide wooden staircase led into a large lobby on the first floor, built of old dusty wood, with the windows of interior apartments looking into it, cold and cheerless, without furniture, and apparently quite uncared for. The Pasha's sitting room was the first place show-

ing any traces of comfort. It was a large light room overlooking the Danube, with a great wood fire, a divan encircling two sides, and a row of high backed brocaded chairs ranged against one of the vacant walls, comfortable as regards light, warmth, and cleanliness, but, with the exceptions already mentioned, bare of furniture, and quite destitute of all indications of life and occupation beyond such as might consist in squatting eternally on a divan, and smoking long pipes.

The Pasha, a thin elderly man with a short white beard, Sami by name (which immediately converted itself, in our imaginations, into Sammy), was in manner and appearance the most gentlemanlike Turk I remember meeting. He had been in both London and Paris, and spoke French fairly, and in that language favoured us with reminiscences of his foreign travels. What was more important, he favoured us likewise with an order on the Greek bishop for lodging, and after a painfully polite interview with the latter, in the course of which we were regaled with spoonfuls of red jelly, we found quarters in the house of a respectable Bulgarian.

Several letters upon which I depended for the record of the occurrences of the earlier part of our stay in Widdin and Kalafat have been lost, some at home, some possibly on their road home, and as I do not wish to give from memory a faint and distorted view of the events of four years ago, I shall omit the mention of all but those things of which I still possess the memoranda. I am sorry for the loss, as it prevents me from describing a scene that struck me forcibly at the time, the field of Cistate, the first battleground I ever saw bearing the traces of recent fight, still strewn with cartridge paper and rags of uniforms, the village standing a mere shell, with gutted houses, bloated and distorted carcasses of horses still lying in strange attitudes as they had fallen, and even the dead peeping up through the shallow covering of earth

which had been insufficiently heaped over them. One, the most dreary of the not few dreary sights which the chances of war have shown me, I shall not easily forget. We had ridden a little way beyond the village to a spot where the battle had been contested with peculiar obstinacy. It was a wild and desolate scene that met the eye. The Wallachian plains, treeless, desert, and saddened by a cold grey sky, stretched into the far distance, where lay the Russian outposts, unseen themselves, but throwing over the line of country they occupied the spell that rests on the ground you know to be held by an enemy. Close at hand were the remains of a number of haystacks, which, whether purposely or accidentally, had been fired in the fight and burned almost level with the ground, and now lay mere beds of smoking and smouldering embers. On one of them, amongst the ashes and the smoke, lay the body of a black Russian horse. I was just felicitating myself upon the beast being happily dead and out of his misery, when, to my horror, he raised his head, and then, with a desperate struggle, in which he very nearly fell over backwards, he rose to his feet, and stood whinnying to our horses. I never saw such a forlorn spectacle. One of his fore feet had been smashed by a round shot, and there he had been starving and dying for days. I wanted to shoot him, but the Turks objected, on the ground that the shot would alarm the outposts. I thought of sticking him with my sword, but my courage failed, and giving way to that selfish horror of a painful action which half the world mistakes for humanity, and piques itself upon mightily, I rode away and left him to his misery.

Widdin lies at the N W point of Turkey, on the bank of the Danube. Almost immediately opposite it lies the Wallachian village of Kalafat, on a slope which, shelving up from the river's bank, breaks at its summit into a series of trifling heights divided by equally trifling depressions, and then protruding on the

opposite or inland slope in small spur, sinks into the level of a plain which, although in a military sense considerably broken by ridges and undulations, may, from a picturesque point of view, be called flat. And along the slope of these spurs the Turks had run a line of intrenchments, enclosing a triangular space, whose base was the river, and whose angle pointed inland. Redans, and other devices for procuring a flanking fire, were disposed at intervals along the line, and a series of small square redoubts occupied the most commanding points of the heights inside,—mounting in all from eighty to ninety guns, most of them heavy ones. In other respects the works were poor and inefficient and, such as they were, not even complete, for at one point a gap existed through which a charge of cavalry might have been made. A large force, rising, at one period of our stay to (as far as we could make out) sixteen or eighteen thousand men, lay here some in the "zemlika," or under ground huts—dreadful abodes of filth and fleas—which composed the village. Others camped, in defiance of the snow, in little bright green bell tents, the outposts of cavalry being pushed out to Poyana, Muglawitz, and other villages at some miles distance in the interior. All the surrounding country was in the hands of the Russian.

We lived quietly in Widdin waiting anxiously for the great fight and frequently crossing over to Kalafat to see that it was not coming off surreptitiously in our absence. This state of tranquillity was undisturbed till, one day, as I was sitting reading in our room, a series of dull sounds broke on the ear, which my mind half roused to a hazy speculation on the phenomenon, dimly likened to the reports of a far off cannonade, but finally attributed to distant doors banging. Upon which conclusion I subsided into a state of serenity, which was presently dispelled by the return of one of our party with the intelligence that the sounds in question were really those of a cannonade, that, in the general belief, an attack on the camp was in process, and finally, that, unlike the Turkish

peasha of the brave days of old, sitting on his divan calm and stern, with his sword in one hand and his Koran in the other, our friend Sammy, doing none of these things, was fidgeting about his room in a state of anxiety, saying, "Je pense que nous avons la guerre." We got a boat and crossed with all speed. By the time we reached the camp the firing had ceased, but unmistakable signs of commotion were still evident. Orderlies were walking horses up and down in all directions, mounted artillerymen rattling about with their horses' harness clattering and jingling, every one was afoot and alert, and tents and quarters were so deserted of their occupants that it was some time before we could stumble on an acquaintance to tell us that the Russians had driven in the Turkish outposts, were supposed to be advancing, and were expected to attack next morning. This promising intelligence determined us to pass the night in Kalafat. Each man quartered himself where he could, my fate took me to the *café* in company with an officer in the Turkish service, a Pole by birth, long in body and facetious in disposition, who, in the confusion of the moment, could get no better quarters.

As we approached the edifice in question, we found that every post, every pillar, every available convenience, had a horse tethered to it, the property of some one of the Bashi Bazouks, who had that morning been driven in by the Russian advance, and had been unable to find stabling. The horsemen themselves, or such few as could wedge themselves in, had carried a reinforcement to the hordes already in hostile occupation of the *café*, for that unhappy place of entertainment had for some time past been inundated by Turkish irregulars, who had calmly established themselves and their pipes there, seldom ordering anything for the good of the house, and, when they did, never paying for it. The house itself was one of the few in Kalafat which were not subterranean. It consisted of a large apartment on the ground floor, used, I imagine, as a government store of some sort, and a big bare room above, containing a

dilapidated billiard table, and, at the moment of our entrance, choked with tobacco smoke. It was crowded with guests, chiefly of the undesired kind I have mentioned. These latter, I must confess — once granting what they seemed to consider a self-evident proposition, viz., that they had a perfect right to the place and every convenience it contained — were, on this occasion at least, more decorous in conduct than might have been expected, each man squelching himself, a baggy heap of breeches, boots, pistols, and beard, in the corner that best pleased him and blowing his cloud imperturbably, while the miserable tavern keeper, one of the most villainous-looking of those long haired, frock coated, semi-Europeanised mongrels, who seem provided for the express purpose of keeping up the Turkish contempt of Franks and Christians, went picking his way amongst them, malignantly but gingerly, as a rat might amongst a cageful of peacefully torpid boar constrictors.

We established a table in one corner and dined — if cold fish, caviare, and a pilau of rice cooked in candle-grease, could be called dinner. We had not yet finished when two officers of our acquaintance, who had been at the outposts during the Russian attack, came in and gave us a history of the day's proceedings. The Turks, it appeared were in Muglitz and Unia, with one regiment of cavalry, and two or three hundred Bashu Bazouks. The Russians appeared with three regiments of cavalry, two batteries, and infantry, whose numbers, by reason of intervening heights, could not be ascertained. Turks retired. Russians followed, opening fire from their guns, Bashu Bazouks bolted, and, dashing in amongst the Turkish regulars, put them to the rout too. Grand finale — all bolted, not, however, without feats of individual heroism, which, even in that disaster, cast a gleam of glory on the Turkish arms, at least, so we were given to understand by one of the heroes in question. This gentleman, by his own account, had merited well of the Ottoman Empire. 'Schabre à la main,' as he was pleased to say,

he had stood by his leader — "mon Basha," calling on the flying horsemen to stop, and had only turned his rein when the peril had so thickened around him that nothing but the stoutness of his good steed (which, by the way, he wanted to sell to us) had saved him. 'Trois fois il m'a sauvé la vie,' says he. "As how?" "Well, he fell down three times." "Eh?" "He fell down three times, if he had failed to get up three times — don't you perceive? — I should have been done for." It was an awfully windy little *blagueur*, a German.

It was fortunate for me that the gentleman in whose company I was, was not only an officer in the Turkish service, but a remarkably cool fish into the bargain, with a talent for calmly having everything his own way. So when he had once settled in his mind that the billiard table (which, in fact, was the only unoccupied spot in the room) was the most eligible sleeping place, he lost no time in bundling off some obstreperous Bashu Bazouks who seemed to covet it for themselves and in establishing two beds of cloaks and rugs on the top of it. As we were turning in, he warned me to look sharp after my watch and other movables. I obeyed, as I fancied, his injunctions pretty closely, but I had not lain long when he pounced upon my boots, which I had placed beside me, and shoved them under the pillow. "What's that for?" said I. "Eh? et demain sans bottes? — Ces Bashu Bazouks. I carefully stowed them and everything I possessed under the pillow and fell asleep, very soon, however to wake, to find that lying with pistol, telescope, boots, and sword in bed with one, with pockets full of powder and ball, and with fleas biting is unpleasant, and to spend the rest of the night in gazing through the dim smoke clouded atmosphere, lighted by a wretched candle, at the sleeping Bashu Bazouks, who, each one hidden under a heap of clothes and rugs, were snoring, grunting, and when they happened to wake, spitting and hawking horribly.

My friend and bed fellow was troubled by none of these things. He slept straight through the night,

and about half-past five next morning was still sleeping when one of our party rushed in with rumours of an approaching engagement. We tried to rouse the long Pole, who would do nothing but enter into sleepy calculations touching the distance from the outposts and the time requisite for the hostile armies to come into collision, always tending to the one conclusion that he might go to sleep again, which he accordingly did, and it was not till 8 A.M. that we were on horseback.

It was a filthy morning. Snow was under foot, a drizzling mixture of rain and snow was pricking into our faces and freezing on our clothes, and it was so bitterly cold that, covered with furs as I was and in motion, I felt as if my fingers were dropping off. Through all this sleet and cold an unhappy line of skirminers stood manning the whole line of the parapet, vainly trying to warm their hands by shoving each up the sleeve of the opposite arm, and huddling up their shoulders with the miserably resigned look of men who know that they are cold, and are not very likely ever to be warm. The gunners stood ready for action by the side of the guns beyond this no troops were visible, the rest being kept under cover till their services might be called for.

But their services never were called for. The day wore on, and no Russians came. So after waiting for them some time in the *café*, swallowing stories of the enemy having burnt divers villages in the course of the night (which all turned out to be untrue), and bayoneted women and children (which I dare say was just as false), we got a boat and returned to Widdin.

We found that living at Widdin, with the constant necessity of crossing to Kalafat, was a terrible nuisance. The streets of Widdin, deep in wet crunching snow (I will suppose, for the greater aggravation of the case, that it is a period of thaw), and barred by sloughs and quagmires of deep black mud, were not pleasant to traverse. Boats were

not always easy to get, nor easy to get into, for that process was not only attended with a scuffle with *Bashi-Bazouks* and all sorts of rabble desirous of crossing, but frequently involved scrambling over the boggy and almost impassable shore on a single plank, and thence over the riny slippery sides and decks of the old-fashioned high sterned ships that crowded the river's edge so closely that your boat was unable to get inside their line, nor were they pleasant when you had got into them, for they were built with an ingenious facility for shipping water, whose like, I think, could only be met with in a snuffer tray set afloat. And considering that the Danube, in some states of the wind, runs a very respectable sea, this last peculiarity is uncomfortable. I remember particularly one occasion, when, the waves being at their highest, a Turkish priest—a regimental chaplain—was instigated by the devil to take the helm, and using it with that fine seamanship which might be expected from a soldier and a parson combined, very nearly sent the whole party to the bottom. Probably would have done it quite, but that, getting the boat's head round one second before (lucky that it was not one second after) we were swamped, we scuttled to shore again. Then, to make things still pleasanter, the Danube all but froze. First of all, detached pieces of ice were seen floating down the stream. Day by day, these increased in number and size, till the whole river's surface was covered by floating masses grinding and shoving one against the other, each one covered with a pile of shattered fragments which daily grew higher, till you might at last have fancied that some one had amused himself by splintering the ice with a hatchet and heaping up the bits, while the intermediate water, on the very verge of freezing, assumed a curious pea soupy thickness, caused, I should fancy, by minute bits of ice floating in it. It was not till after some time that I understood the formation of the piles of splinters I have mentioned. One ice island, jammed against those in its front, gets checked in its course another

comes sweeping down from behind with the full swing of the current, and, smashing against its predecessor, drives the opposing edge of each into shivers, and, still pressing on from the force of its impetus, throws up the fragments in heaps upon both. A like process covered the shores of the river with similar heaps, and created a rumbling crackling sound, which was very audible as you approached the Danube, and which never ceased for a moment. The river became all but impassable: our boatmen carried hatchets to cut their way through, and cold work it was for us and our finger ends. Just as we thought that another day would finish the business, and make the river one sheet of ice, a thaw came. It was a pity. I should have liked to have seen the Danube frozen, I should have liked still better to have seen the countenances of Turkish pashas when the frozen river should have offered a free passage to the Moscovs at any point they might please to select. I believe some of the fat Turks would have perspired themselves thin under the infliction.

To escape these annoyances we were anxious to get quarters in Kalafat, and after a time succeeded. The *café* which I have before mentioned had become the scene of such disorders on the part of the Bashî Bazouks that the military authorities had determined to close it altogether, and offered the empty room to us. We accepted it joyfully, and, still retaining our quarters at Widdin to retire to in case of necessity, crossed with bag and baggage to Kalafat.

A few days after our arrival we were informed that a force was going to reconnoitre Golencza, a village about two miles from Kalafat, up stream of the Danube. At about 11 A.M. I mounted, and rode to the extreme left of the camp, where a comparatively open and level stretch of ground gave room for cavalry to form. It was a beautiful day. The snow was gone, scarcely a cloud was to be seen, and the air was sharp and fresh, with a bright sunshine which counteracted the cold of the weather. I rode up a slight eminence, and looked back over a wide and beautiful landscape. The Danube, calm as

a mill-pond, reflected in long streaks the minarets of the long low lying town of Widdin that stretched along its further bank, and showed the wake of each boat that crossed it in two diverging lines such as you see when a duck swims in a calm pool. Beyond again rose the distant hills of Bulgaria, scarcely visible but for the snow which still lay on their summits and gleamed out against the blue sky. Turning in the other direction, I saw before me a sweep of level stubble covered ground, bright in the sunshine, bounded by the black line of the parapet, and backed by the low hills of Wallachia. A rough road, marked by cart ruts and hoof prints, passing close by me, wound out of the intrenchments, and was occupied by a long string of a hundred or more of Bashî Bazouks. To the left of these stood three squadrons of lancers and one of dragoons in close column, about 240 men. Beyond these again were two battalions of infantry and a company of the Chasseurs whom the Turks have formed upon the model of the Chasseurs de Vincennes. Four horse artillery guns were in rear of the whole.

The march was opened by the Bashî Bazouks and the dragoons, the remainder following at some distance. In accordance with a preconcerted plan, we followed the upward course of the Danube to a small ridge of ground which crossed the road at little more than a mile from camp, and from thence proceeded to push on the irregulars and the dragoons to Golencza, which might be a mile farther on, leaving the rest of the troops hidden behind the ridge to give the Russians a warm reception if they should pursue the advanced horsemen. I and the other Englishmen (most of them "Own Correspondents") went on with the advance. As we crossed the ridge we saw before us a wide stretch of plain beyond this again, crossing the whole of our front at perhaps one thousand yards' distance a ridge so low as scarcely to deserve the name, rising to the left into a round hillock, and then dropping with an almost perpendicular fall nearly into the Danube, which, at the interval only

of a narrow road, flowed beneath. A little more to the right, on the same ridge, were five or six haystacks, the ground dropping between these and the hillock as if to give passage to a road, which, coming in from thence, led under the feet of our horses as we advanced.

On the round hillock to the left were plainly discernible figures, which, when examined through the glass, proved to consist of four horses, some mounted and the others led in hand, and seven men. From the motions of the latter, it was not difficult to guess their quality and purpose. Those on horseback were evidently orderlies in attendance, the others, with leisurely steps (with a slight touch of swagger that, even at that distance, showed me that they were officers) paced backwards and forwards, quietly watching our approach. As we advanced, the whole of our force was thrown out in skirmishing order, the dragoons forming the right of the line, the Bashî Bazouks taking the left, considerably ahead of the regulars, and flanking the whole advance with scattered skirmishers, who extended on the one hand to the scarp which overhung the river, and on the other far away to distant hillocks and rises of the ground which might command a view of the country. As we neared them, the figures on the opposite hill slowly moved off, disappearing down the far side, and in their place four or five horsemen, making their appearance between the hillock and the haystacks, rode with sharp turns backwards and forwards, in skirmishing order. They wore long whitish greatcoats, and caps of uniform appearance, their long lances glistening in the sun, and the long tails of their horses, almost down to the ground, showed them to be Cossacks. A dropping fire was soon opened upon them by the foremost of the regulars, while the left flank of the line, followed by us amateurs, ascended the hillock from which the group of Russians had retired.

From this point we had, as we thought, a clear view of all that surrounded us. Close on our left, but far beneath us, flowed the

Danube, the roofs of the low huts of Golencsa covered the crest of a small ridge that rose against the sky in front of us, and the church of Ostata showed, a mere white speck, in the far distance. The few Cossack skirmishers still held their ground, and a body of perhaps ten horsemen was seen slowly moving towards them from the village. I had dismounted, taken a good look through my telescope, and was fumbling with the buckle of the case in the act of returning it, when a sudden move and exclamation from the cluster of amateurs and Turkish officers that surrounded me, showed me clearly that something had occurred. I did not stop to see *what*, but buckling up my glass with all speed, scrambled on to my horse just in time to join company with my friends as they dashed down the hill side in full gallop for the rear. As I set spurs I turned in my saddle and looked back. As I did so a loud yell broke on the ear, the Bashî Bazouks were seen flying in rout, all their skirmishers on either flank emulating them in speed, while through the pass between the hillock and the haystacks poured a black looking torrent of Cossacks—two hundred, at a guess—in a kind of irregular mass or column, coming on at a rattling gallop. The Bashî Bazouks, who, driven before the Russian charge, were spurring away with admirable industry, accompanying the performance with loud shouts and cries, by common instinct closed from right and left on to the road by which we had advanced, and were now rushing along in a crowd, a riderless horse, with head and tail in the air, showing that one at least was dead or taken. It was a sight at once wild and ludicrous. In the centre of the press fled the *Morning Treadle*, riding as that respectable organ of public opinion is not wont to ride, hard on his heels came the illustrated periodicals, and fleeing, as old Monsieur G. (one of the fugitives) described it, with a "*rapidité sans égal*," pegging away with a unanimity that was really delightful, the whole throng, Turkish horsemen and English correspondents, swept to the rear of the line of dragoons, who, as

I said, were following in skirmishing order at a considerable distance behind, and then, and not till then, consented to pull up and ascertain whether their heads were still on their shoulders. I am not in a position to deny that during the performance of this rapid act I put in the spurs myself as warmly as anybody.

Our valiant irregulars were so infinitely satisfied with what they had just received that they declined to go in for any more, and resolutely refused to advance again, although their commandant, a plucky Pole, dashing at them sword in hand, made fierce attempts to drive them on. The officer in command of the dragoons might now, I think, have formed his men and charged with advantage, he preferred putting them about as they stood, and retreating at a walk, still in skirmishing order, without even taking the precaution of retiring by alternate lines. The Russians, however, who were doubtless pretty well blown in the pursuit, drew up to a walk like wise, and extending right and left in a line of skirmishers, followed us in an order similar to our own. "Whew—whe e e ew" came the Cossack bullets, whistling viciously, then a loud bang from the Russian position, and another—each followed by a most awful whistle, like the screech of a carbine ball magnified by a hundred, and only to be expressed by big letters, 'WH E-E EW'—told us that the enemy had got horse artillery into action.

The pursuit of the Cossacks had somewhat slackened, and our distance from them somewhat increased, when my attention was attracted to a cluster of dismounted horsemen near me, holding their beasts by the bridle, and by the sight of a sabre vigorously brandished in the air. I drew near to investigate, and behold an agreeable spectacle. The commandant of the Bashî-Bazouks, a grim red mounted Pole, Yacoub Agha (or, as the Turks pronounce it, Yacoub Ah) by name, had been naturally ruffled by the behaviour of his men, and had seized the lull in the storm as a fitting opportunity for a ceremony which he would himself have

described as making a Bashî "toucher deux cents coups de bâton," in other words, he was, in defiance of the advancing enemy, administering with his own hand corporal punishment to one of the horsemen who had been the most backward in coming forward. A Bashî Bazouk was extended on the ground on his face, with a soldier holding him down as much as possible of his voluminous trousers had been packed aside to give a fair field for the flat of the culprit's own sabre, which, wielded by the commandant, was being applied to him in a manner which was likely to make horse exercise unpleasant for some time to come. The operation concluded, all remounted, but were scarcely in their saddles when I saw the commandant agun on foot engagingly beckoning to two more to come and be flagellated. The victims, whose natural disinclination to be flogged was much aggravated by their dread of the advancing Cossacks, made pitiful remonstrances, acting forth the approach of the Ghaour as a reason for at least delaying the transaction, but the wrathful Yacoub Ah mercilessly laid them on their faces, and in spite of their shouts of "Aman" and the great agility of their kicks and wriggles, beat them to his heart's content, and as a further punishment deprived them of their horses, and condemned them to make their escape on foot. I do not know whether the Turks in general have lost their soothing faith in predestination, or whether the sufferers in question thought that they were clearly predestined to be spitted on a Cossack lance, and could not restrain a natural agitation at the prospect, but certainly, as they woefully scuttled along in their great clumsy boots and baggy breeches, they did not look so spiritually supported as one might have wished. This penance lasted for some time, at length a more rapid advance on the part of the enemy induced the dragoons who were leading the culprits' horses to restore them, whether through mercy or a desire to be off on their own accounts, I can't say.

By this time we were perhaps half-way back to the concealed infantry

It was plain that, if the Turks meant this ambuscade to do anything, the first step was to keep it quiet. Instead of doing this, they had commenced operations by perching a whole tribe of mounted and dismounted staff officers on the ridge immediately in front of it, as if expressly to hint to the enemy that there was something behind, and now, just as there seemed to be some chance of drawing on the Russians, they opened fire with their artillery. The only explanation of this peculiar move that I have ever heard suggested was, that the Turkish commandant got into a fright at the approaching Cossacks, and, sending his ambuscade to the devil, turned all his faculties towards getting rid of them by the shortest process. So, bang went his first gun, followed by a kind of jiz jiz jiz through the air as though a fiery dragon were rushing along; then another, then the Russians replied, sending in a shrapnel which burst high up in the air, leaving the white smoke hanging in the blue sky in a compact mass like a white cloud, and so on till twelve or fifteen shots had passed on the two sides. By this time our cavalry skirmishers were falling back over the ridge. I followed them, and found the two infantry battalions and the lancers drawn up in close column immediately behind, with the Chasseurs lying on their chests behind a small bank which commanded the downward slope leading towards the Russians. But the latter astute persons declined taking advantage of these little arrangements, and quietly retired, vanishing behind the hillock and small ridge where our flight had commenced and just leaving a few scattered skirmishers to occupy them. Our Bashî Bazouks again advanced, and exchanged shots with them, but the Russians would not show again, so we all went home. The loss on the two sides was one Bashî Bazouk dead or taken, and one Cossack killed—whom the Turks, with a speed and presence of mind, and utter absence of truth that much pleased me, instantly magnified into two.

Things must have changed since the time when Montecuculi wrote that "one ought to avoid engaging

the Turk in great skirmishes, as he has too much the advantage in them," since the days when, as Saxo tells us, the hussars of the Emperor in Hungary "n'osoient pas quitter les grandes gardes de vue" for fear of the Turkish cavalry, and the natural result was "que nous ne marchions qu'à tâtons, que nous n'avions nulles nouvelles des Turcs," and even since the commencement of the present century, when, according to Valentini, the Russian cavalry could never be hazarded away from the protection of its infantry and artillery until the Turks were in flight or at the least half beaten, and when the order of battle in which it could best encounter the Turkish horse consisted of an oblong protected by guns and infantry placed upon two of its diagonal angles so as to sweep every face with fire, an arrangement which it was so undesirable to depart from, that Valentini exhorts it to execute its advances at a slow trot in order that the infantry may be able to run alongside. And what has caused this change? Whence comes this moral degeneracy? Not certainly from physical degeneracy. These very fugitives, running so alacritously before Cossacks whose little value in fight subsequent experience showed in the Crimea, were fine stalwart men, riding with the air of horsemen and soldiers born. Nor could any excuse be found for them on the score of being ill mounted, for their horses, though, according to English ideas, mere ponies in size, were compact, active, high bred, and highly broken. There is something strange in the way in which the military valour of certain races has declined without visible cause. Knowing as one does how much personal courage, as a general rule, holds of personal strength, of familiarity with weapons, and of the self confidence engendered by pride of race and a contempt for all other races, one is puzzled to say why men who in all these respects have so much to induce valour as these Turkish horsemen, should be so deficient in it. Our friend Yaacoub-Ah had a theory of his own on the subject. He used to maintain that no man would ever make the Bashî Bazouks fight till he should

succeed in rousing their religious feelings, and that the first man who, whether fanatic or hypocrite himself, should enter with fanatical zeal into their religious observances, would have a chance of raising an enthusiasm which might lead to great things. Possibly he might, but the question still remains—being that worse men than the Bashu Bazouks frequently fight well without religious enthusiasm, why should *they* be so perfectly inefficient without it?

This was not the only occasion on which I saw the Turkish Irregulars brought into collision with the Cossacks. A few days after, I had the fortune to see the performances repeated, with very slight variation, on the very same ground, the part of enemy being taken by five Cossacks. The Turkish commandant halted his regular cavalry a very long way off the Bashu Bazouks, a hundred or so in number, were instigated to close with the foe. To comply with this request, one or two of the most valiant would every now and then dash forward at a gallop with a shout of 'Allah!' and a look as if they were going to eat every infidel on the face

of the earth, and wheeling in a circle at speed (never approaching the enemy nearer than four hundred yards) would fire, and instantly retire to reload. The Cossacks held their ground, returning the fire and, like the Turks, always putting their horses to speed at the moment of firing, presenting a picturesque appearance enough with their long lances slung at their backs, and the long tails of their horses streaming in the wind. This lasted till a body of about a hundred fresh Cossacks coming up threw out skirmishers in a very leisurely manner and advanced, of course we retired, none the less willingly that two black columns, supposed to consist of several squadrons of Russian cavalry, showed themselves in the distance. The Cossacks quietly followed for a time, and retired just as we came under the lines of Kalafat which we presently entered, driving before us on foot eight Bashu Bazouks who were compelled to make this ignominious entry as a punishment for misbehaviour before the enemy.

(To be continued.)

THE CASTES AND CREEDS OF INDIA

We do not wonder that John Bull is puzzled with India. That peninsular *cul de sac* of Asia—that vast Italy of the East—is the greatest puzzle in the world to those who examine it. It is so full of variety and contradictions. Its religious creeds, especially, are alternately the laughing stock and the admiration of European philosophers,—a mass of absurdities or a fountain of light. All depends on what part is looked at. We are too apt to pick up a fragment, and judge as if that fragment were the vast whole. Every country, alike in its life and in its literature, exhibits many diversities of religious belief. Even in our own islands, where the various parts of the population are as thoroughly fused as anywhere in the world, how many diversities, even opposites, may be found side by side! The Calvinist,

with his bald ritual rigidity of creed, and Christian fatalism,—the Romanist, with his pompous ceremonial, superstitious dogmas, and idol worship,—the Positivist who believes in no Church and the Universalist who believes in all—may be found mingling in the same circles while Mormonism finds converts in the rudest districts and a practical belief in sorcery, witchcraft, spirit rapping, and the "black arts" generally, is very far from being extinct either in our upper or lower classes. Wherever there are diversities of temperament or gradations of intellect, there will be corresponding diversities and gradations of religious belief—gross and materialistic in the ignorant, spiritual in the enlightened, narrow and bigoted, or tolerant and mild, some in which the moving power is Fear, others in which it is Love.

Such diversities are manifested in the life or literature of almost every nation, however homogeneous. But in India such diversity is enhanced to an unusual degree by the unparalleled mixture of races that has occurred within its sea-and mountain girdled area. From the remotest times there has been a ceaseless march of tribes into that vast peninsula from which there is no outlet. Pouring across the Indus, or straggling down through the passes of the Himalaya, each wave of incomers pushed its predecessors farther into the country. The later the settlers, the more powerful,—the earlier the more ignorant and weak. And thus it happened, in this hurdling of race upon race, that some of the earliest almost or entirely disappeared, and others of them were forced into the hills and woody fastnesses of the land, while the better organised peoples of the second great wave of immigration maintained their existence, but took on in part the civilisation of the still superior Aryan nations who followed in turn—at the same time reacting powerfully on the creeds and usages of that gifted dominant race.

Geology shows that the crust of the earth consists of various layers or strata all formed out of the same elementary substance but each presenting different aspects and qualities according to the time of its formation and the influences to which it has been subjected—which strata coexist and intermingle each predominant in certain localities, and often with some of the others cropping through it. The human population of the globe exhibits similar strata, and with diversities quite as marked as any in the geological world. The gigantic clumsy copper coloured Patagonian differs from the rather short square built yellow faced Chinese, and the black pigmy root eating Bushman of Africa differs from the white skinned highly

developed Englishman, as widely and more obviously than do the strata of dead rock from one another, although, owing to their migratory power and capacity for fusion, the races of mankind sometimes pass into one another by gradations more subtle and less easily defined than those which distinguish the inorganic world.

Nowhere are these human strata (if we may so speak) more observable than in the Indian peninsula. There, various remnants of the rude earliest races are seen surrounded by the more numerous after comers, just as the bald bleak peaks of the primary rocks stand out here and there amidst the wide expanse of more recent formations. These barbarous races are to be found chiefly in the hill regions and woody fastnesses of the peninsula also, in lesser degree, in quarters where the configuration of the country is such, that the earliest tribes were hemmed in, without possibility of further retreat, between the later comers and the sea,—in which latter localities they may no longer appear separate and distinct but only as a leaven of darker colour and ruder civilisation in the general population. The immense level region of Hindoostan, the vast plains constituting the basins of the Indus and Ganges, offered no places of refuge from the waves of invasion; hence, with the exception of some who were shut up and absorbed into the population of Lower Bengal, not only did the Tamul and other kindred peoples forming the second great wave of immigration, sweep the earliest races southward into the hills of central and southern India, but the Tamulose and Canarese themselves were forced to migrate in the same direction before the strong flood of the Brahmanical invasion.

From the latitude of the Vindhya chain down to Cape Comorin and the forests of Ceylon, the rude aboriginal *

* It is convenient at times to follow common parlance in the use of the word aborigines but we must say that the furthest research into the past throws no light upon a really aboriginal race. When the curtain of history rises upon the world we see no people which has not already changed, or that is not in process of changing its quarters. Aboriginal may correctly mean 'from the beginning of history,'—but nothing more.

or first-come population of India are still to be met with in detached communities, barbarous, and quite distinct in customs and manners from the general population. Many of them are quite distinct also from one another, evidently belonging to different eras of an indefinitely remote and abysmal past. Like scattered islets, relics of a primeval world appear the uplands tenanted by those aboriginal tribes. Hardly do we cross the lower Indus than we come upon one of those relics of a prehistoric past in the tall and athletic black Koolies of Guzerat—the remains of some early tribe pushed southwards into this corner where the sea prevented further flight, and where the locality allowed of their remaining distinct from the surrounding population. The broad wooded and jungly belt of the Vindhya Hills, extending eastwards from Guzerat across the peninsula to the Bay of Bengal, with offshoot ridges running far up into Central India, is still for the most part in possession of aboriginal tribes. Scattered over the rugged ridges in Malwa, we find the black short Bheels, with thick rugged hair and beards, who (unlike the Hindoos) readily eat flesh even of cows, and are very fond of intoxicating drinks. They are the most numerous of the aboriginal tribes and at Neemuch the Rajpoots virtually acknowledge that many of the cities and fortresses were founded by Bheel chiefs, but it is long since they were driven south by the Rajpoots into their present quarters, where they lead a savage life apart as freebooters or else live amongst their conquerors as cultivators and village watchmen. The same race are found in Guzerat, and also in Candeish. South of the Nerbudda, and almost in the heart of the Vindhya chain we come to Gondwana where, amidst almost inaccessible forests and rocky ravines, we find another of those early and now outcast tribes—the Gonds. Jet black, short, thick lipped with small deep set eyes, they live in miserable huts, surrounded by their swine and poultry, and sometimes buffaloes. They pay no reverence to Brahmans—have no priesthood—and the little religion which they have seemingly consists

in a worship of demons, to whom they are reported to sacrifice children. The vast hilly province of Orissa, verging on Gondwana and comprising the eastern portion of the Vindhya chain, contains no less than three different tribes of rude aborigines,—the Khonds, the Koles, and the Sourahs. Human sacrifices prevail amongst them also. The religion of the Khonds is somewhat remarkable. They regard the Earth Spirit as in rebellion against the Supreme Deity, and as needing to be propitiated by mankind as the most potent influencer of their lot. And as, like all peoples who are unacquainted with astronomy, the Earth is to the Khonds the universe, we have here the dogma, so widely acknowledged or implied elsewhere, of Creation at feud with the Creator—the doctrine of Satan opposed to God—but, at utter variance with the Christian's form of the same creed, this barbarous people direct their worship not to the Supreme, but to the rebel Earth Spirit, their 'prince of this world,' and seek to propitiate her by human sacrifices. Farther south, in the very apex of India, among the hill districts of southern Madras, we find other, and for the most part gentler tribes, belonging to an equally or still more remote past. The Todas of the Nilgherry hills, indeed, although living uncivilised and in complete isolation may be fancied a later intruding tribe, they are so superior in mental and bodily organisation to the (other) earliest tribes,—an idea which obtains countenance from the fact that the Cholas and other Nilgherry tribes look to them as lords and superiors. They are described as a noble race—tall and athletic,—with symmetric features, half way between the Roman and Jewish in type,—large eyed, and with long fine hair falling in natural locks. The comparatively treeless character of the hills where they dwell, appears to indicate that in former times large spaces had been cleared for agriculture. In the same quarter—in the Dendigal and neighbouring Wynnad hills—we find humanity in the lowest and least developed form which is to be met with in India. The Shanars, Ku

rumbas, and other wild tribes in this region, are apparently the oldest of all, and probably tenanted Southern India at a time when the Bheels and Gonds still roved as masters over the then forest-covered plains of Hindostan. They are most poor and miserable. Some of them are clothed, when clothed at all, with the bark of a tree,—using bows and arrows, and living chiefly on roots, honey, and reptiles. They are very short in stature, agile as monkeys, penetrate the jungles with marvellous ease, without habitations, and frequently living in trees. Is it not most likely that these wild tribes, once spread extensively through the forests of the country, were the “monkey race” whom the first Aryan invaders of the Deccan met with, and who figure in the old poems as the allies of Rama in his conquest of Ceylon?

Around these isolated relics of aboriginal population—so diverse from one another that they may be likened to a broken chain of varicoloured islets—flows a wide sea of the secondary races. These appear homogeneous compared to the diversity which marks the aboriginal tribes, but in reality they are distinguishable into several marked divisions. As the Tamul, Telinga, and Canarese nations, they people the whole peninsular portion of India, from Hindostan to the sea. They are civilised and organised in society—therein being as vastly superior to the aboriginal tribes as the organic world of matter is to the inorganic. Between them and the still later come Aryan races the distinction is infinitely less, and a partial amalgamation and complete intermingling has taken place between them, yet a difference is plainly perceptible both in physical and mental aspect when the two populations are compared in the mass. The original diversity between them and the Aryan or Sanskrit-speaking race of Hindostan is further evidenced by the fact that there are still current in Southern India several languages which, although largely intermixed with Sanskrit terms in consequence of Aryan conquest and civilisation, nevertheless belong to distinct fami-

lies of language. The chief of these are the Tamul, Telinga, and Karnatic, each of which implies the former existence as separate nations of the people who speak those dialects. Indeed the Tamul language has a literature of its own, which shows that the Tamul race had achieved an advanced civilisation, independent of (and perhaps before the invasion of) the Sanskrit-speaking Hindoos. The Mahrattas, whose chief seat is in the Deccan, although their power extends far into the plains of Hindostan, likewise appear to belong to those secondary races, rather than to the tertiary or Aryan wave of northern immigration,—although the proximity of the Mahrattas to Hindostan has produced in them a somewhat larger infusion of Aryan blood than is to be found farther south.

Fancy the Tamul and other nations of the secondary wave of immigration, interspersed with savage tribes of still more ancient settlement, in possession of the vast plains of the Ganges and Central India, and spreading southward over the Deccan towards Southern India—the rude aboriginal tribes predominating the farther south we go,—then we shall have a pretty accurate picture of India at the time when the Aryan or Sanskrit speaking race appeared on the scene. The foremost division of this great race was the Brahmanical nation, which led the van of the migration, and whose intellectual superiority still entitles them to rank highest amongst the cognate nations which followed and now live side by side with them. Settling along the line of the Ganges, from Hurdwar down to the eastern frontier of Oude and the Rajmal hills, we see them occupying the great cities of Hastinapura, Indraprastha (Delhi), and Canouge in the Doab—and Ayodhya (Oude), Benares, and Palibothra (Patna), farther down the valley—they concentrated more and more to the east, especially in Oude, as new immigrating tribes arrived in the upper part of the Gangetic valley, but they never passed forward into Lower Bengal,—which region continued to be peopled by earlier tribes, of the secondary wave of immigration, and (as may be seen at this

day) far inferior both in physical and mental qualities to the population of Upper India or Hindostan. The Kshatriyas, or warrior caste, of Menu—who by and by usurped the ruling power in the State, previously held by the Brahmins—appear to have been a small band of king-like warriors, identical in extraction with the Brahminical nation, and by dint of arms and prestige becoming kings, and furnishing a royal race to the many small States into which the country was divided. In fact, the early Aryans in the valley of the Ganges quite resembled the Hellenic race in Greece, in being split up into a number of small States or city-doms, with a servile substratum of earlier population, and the Kshatriyas (though originating in a profession, not in a single family) may be likened to the Heracleids, who became a royal race to the Peloponnese. Like the Heracleids, the Kshatriyas by and by declined and disappeared,—the less distinguished remains of this race being probably absorbed into the numerous and warlike Rajpoot nation, which next arrived from beyond the Indus, and served themselves heirs to the kingdom and warrior profession of the Kshatriyas. The Rajpoots, who arrived on the Ganges long after the Code of Menu, and probably about the era of Alexander's invasion of the Punjab, freely interlarded with their Brahminical kindred, but while the Brahmins congregated chiefly in Oude and the adjoining region to the south, the Rajpoots settled chiefly in Rohilcund, the middle Doab, and Bundelcund. Thus the Bengalees, Brahmins, and Rajpoots formed three more or less distinct zones of population, stretching from the sea up to the head waters of the Jumna and Ganges. Probably about the same time

the Jats, a less distinguished branch of the Rajpoot family, approached the scene, settling on the rivers of the Punjab, and completing the series of the Aryan immigrations. The dominant Aryan population did not confine itself to its first seats, but in course of time, overpassing the limits of Hindostan, spread into the Deccan and Southern India. The Brahmins led off the migration several centuries before Christ, and appear to have founded the *Pandya* kingdom in the south, named from the fair-skinned invaders. The Rajpoots in like manner, with their Jat followers, in due course moved into the same regions, where the *Meenas* see village system (by which a certain body share the land, equals among themselves, but regarding all others as their servants) still bespeaks the presence of the republican tribes of Upper India, here settled as oligarchs amongst an inferior population*. The result of these migrations was an infusion of Aryan blood, and still more of Aryan civilisation, amongst the pre-Aryan peoples of Southern India, although the conquering and dominant immigrants kept themselves very much apart from the general population, alike by social and religious distinctions.

In these facts—in this unusual mingling of distinct races, we find the natural cause of the extraordinary caste-system of India. Every dominant people contains the inferior races with whom it comes in contact, and loves to preserve its own individuality. Caste exists every where *in fact* throughout the world. And the British race, who idolise liberty and equal rights at home, no sooner come into contact with the negroes in Central America than they adopt the principles of caste, just as their far-off relatives the Aryans have done for three thousand

* All races however republican in practice at home tend to develop this *Meenas* system of tenure—this aristocracy of equality—when they settle as conquerors among another race. It is especially characteristic of the Indo-Teutonic nations, into whatever country they have entered as conquerors. The so-called democracy of Athens was in reality a republican aristocracy, resting upon a basis of slavery. In a more diffused, and consequently less intense form, so also were the Franks in Gaul—a fact expressed for centuries in the distinction between *noble* and *roturier*, and which was only terminated by the French Revolution when the expulsion of the noblesse was in reality a throwing off of the stable Teutonic governing caste,—leaving the Government thereafter to the mobile impulses of a Celtic people.

years in India. Caste existed *de facto* in India from the first mingling of the rival races. But soon the Brahmans, to guard the purity of their own high blood and to rivet or magnify their own dominancy, invented the laws of caste, and coined for them a divine authority. They supplied a natural want of that heterogeneous Indian society. Although the dominant race, the Aryan population itself was composed of separate tribes, and moreover, even in Hindostan, they were interlaced with fragments of alien tribes, who have left their haven to the present day in the low caste population of Upper India. Of the four great castes first enacted by Brahmanical law, the three which pertained to the Aryans themselves—(viz Brahmans, Kshatriyas, and the Vaishyas, (the last comprising the common people of the Aryan race)—were not marked by any harsh distinctions, but the Sudra caste, into which the whole non-Aryan peoples were put, was kept apart by a wide gulf and a galling inferiority. Not that the Code of Manu with its unparalleled arrogance and severity towards the Sudras is to be accepted as a true representation of all Indian life. Whether as regards the character and privileges of the Brahmans, or the social bondage of the Sudras, the Code gives rather a picture of what a Brahman wished to be than of what actually was. It is Indian society idealised by an upper caste man. In Brahmanical cities, doubtless, the condition of the Sudras or non Aryans may have been nearly as servile as the Code enacts. But there were in certain parts entire Sudra communities, we read of Sudra kings and Sudra cities, in which cities Brahmans are exhorted not to dwell and in these communities the non Aryans would still hold up their heads, and the distinctions of the Code would be but little respected. We even read of Sudras being invited to the court of the Aryan King Yudhishtira, and treated with the same respect as the other guests and princes, and in the Brahmanas appended to the Vedas, we find them even allowed to be present at the sacrifices. The Sudras appear to have been a people located in

towns in the valley of the Indus, and consequently one of the first subdued by the Aryan immigrants, who afterwards extended the name to all the settled (i.e., non barbarous) tribes of the country—in contrast to the Chandalas and other savage tribes. The system of caste, thus originating in the natural condition of Indian society, when enforced by law and invested with a supposed divine authority, soon ramified all over the country. The Brahmans and Rajpoots carried it with them into Southern India, and partly by necessity, partly by the voluntary action of the people, the original castes, especially that of the Sudras, became split up into endless subdivisions. Adopted at first on natural grounds, as a means towards an end, caste was found amenable of such wide application amidst the heterogeneous population of India, that it became as it were a fashion,—an institution to be adopted in all circumstances, even where no racial diversity existed. It became the grand law of Indian society—the prime point of social honour so that (as usually happens in such circumstances all over the world), losing sight of the natural foundation for the usage, people came to fancy caste a thing desirable of itself, and quite indispensable in every well ordered community. Accordingly, from diversities of race it by and by was extended to diversities of trade and profession. Every one piqued himself upon belonging to some caste. Tinkers, tailors, soldiers, sailors—robbers and murderers included—each man secluded himself within a brotherhood of his own. There was hope for every one, in time and in eternity, who could claim a caste however low, nothing but perdition, both here and hereafter, awaited him who had none. Even the outcasts—those who had fallen or been expelled from castehood—banded themselves together in castes of their own. Castes of outcasts!

Even in the lowest depths a lower stall!

So entirely divorced from its original and substantial cause did this usage become,—and to such extravagant and altogether hyperbolic lengths as it now carried by an un

reflecting people, who, long centuries ago, made the very common mistake of exalting and glorifying the means as an all-important end.¹⁴ Caste had its uses. Unlike the Spaniard in Mexico, who has sunk into a weak hybrid by coupling with the aborigines, the Brahmanical invaders of India, by instituting caste, have preserved the purity and dominance of their race. And this was good for as the height of a crowd is just that of the tallest man in it, so, if the Aryan invaders had become diffused among the non-Aryan population, the hybrid race thence arising would never have originated so high a civilisation and philosophy as was accomplished under the kingly and saintly leadership of the Rajpoots and Brahmanas. Better an aristocracy to rule and enlighten the masses, than a uniform inferior mass of mediocrity which can never rise above itself.

Even with the help of caste, the Aryans in India, as we shall see, did not escape the influence of the inferior populations around them. But first let us behold them, in the childhood of their race, as they emerge from the northern mountains into the plains of the Indus. In the Vedas, one of the very oldest books in the world—older not only than Homer, but than the events which he sings—compiled almost as long ago as the Exodus, and many of its hymns written while the Israelites were still in bondage on the banks of the Nile, we catch sight of this remarkable race emerging from its cradle, becoming vocal in literature, and so coming forth from the shadowy abysses of unrecorded primeval humanity into the Dawn, thenceforth to have its history interwoven with that of the other sections

of mankind, and to give its life and civilisation, its arts and science, its laws and philosophy, as an heirloom to the entire species. Grown restless on the elevated plains of Bactria, overpassing the snowy defiles of the lofty Hindoo Kooch, and descending, through cold and barren Afghanistan into the plains of the Indus, we seem to find them at first located on the eastern side of that river, chiefly in Sindh and Guzerat, and spread in independent detachments over the Punjab. They do not enter this new land of promise as the Hebrews entered Palestine, in a serried mass, organized as a whole, and homogeneous in everything, but rather in detached wavelets, spreading at will over the country—each more or less under leadership of its own, and not all conforming to the same religious ritual. Treeless as are the plains of the Punjab, Sirhind, and the lower valley of the Indus now, they were covered then with primeval forests, and the bare and arid plains which British rule is endeavouring to reclothe, then waved with the perennial foliage of lofty woods, tenanted by wild beasts or by thinly-scattered aboriginal tribes. Like the Anglo-Saxons in Northern America, the Aryans sometimes fired the woods before them, for their early hymns tell of dense forests, through which a path is cleared by the "fierce blazing Agni (god of fire), who leaves behind a blackened track." "Breeze-excited and flame weaponed, Agni penetrates amongst the timber. Attacking the unexhaled moisture of the trees, he rushes triumphant like a bull. He traverses the woods, and shears the hairs of the earth. All are

* "Caste," said Dr Duff, at a recent missionary meeting at Calcutta "has, like a cedar, struck its roots deep into every crevice of the soil of Hindu nature—wound itself, like the ivy, round every stem and branch of Hindu intellect—and tinged, as with a scarlet dye, every feeling and emotion of the Hindu heart. It reaches to the unborn child—it directs the nursing of the infant. It shapes the training of youth—it regulates the actions of manhood—it settles the attributes of old age. It enters into and modifies every relationship of life—it moulds and gives complexion to every department of society. Food, and raiment, and exercise, and the very functions of nature, must obey its sovereign voice. With every personal habit, every domestic usage, every social custom, it is inseparably interwoven. From the cradle to the funeral pile, it sits like a presiding genius at the helm, guiding, directing, and determining every movement of the inner and outer man. Beyond the ashes of the funeral pile, it follows the disembodied spirit to 'the world of shades,' and fixes its destiny there."

afraid of him as he flies along." Prince Bavya "dwells upon the banks of the Sindhu" or Indus; and the prominent notice given to horses in the hymns—where we read of "long-maned glossy-backed coursers," "prancing steeds, rapid as hawks," and where even the actions of the gods are likened at times to those of horses—indicates the location of the Aryans in the level plains of Sindh and Kattiwar, where the horse is a far superior animal to that found on the Ganges, which latter could never have furnished the illustrations of the Vedas. Or, probably, in their migration, they brought herds of horses with them from the great stud-bearing steppes of Upper Asia. But they were spreading also by the base of the Himalayas and Aravalli Hills; for we read of mountain-peaks seen shining afar—of caves and waterfalls, and "graceful spotted deer." And so they passed north-eastwards into the Punjab and Sirhind; other bands of kindred race doubtless passing thither more directly by the passes of the Khyber or Cashmere. They carry all before them, yet not unopposed; for in those old hymns we see them perpetually in dread of a race (or rather we should say many diverse tribes) unlike their own, whom they call robbers, spider-like, and black—who are not mere savages, for they have cities and kings—and who worship a goddess, "Nirriti, with unfriendly looks," whom even the bold Aryans regard with considerable fear and trembling. Nevertheless the gods of the Aryans prevail over those of their black adversaries; and we read how in due time Indra, after destroying or subduing the indigenous barbarians, bestowed the fields on his "white-complexioned friends."

If the Aryans do not speak much of their own cities, it is not because they were mere nomads when they entered India, but because they were a nation on the move. They had numerous flocks and herds, indeed, but they also cultivated the soil and laid it out into fields. They "measure the land with a rod"—they "plough the earth for barley," and they "bring home the produce of their fields in carts." They have

towns, and practise many of the arts of civilised life. Weaving is an ordinary occupation, and furnishes the poetic imagination of the people with fine and effective similes. "Cares consume me," cries one, "as a rat gnaws a weaver's threads." "Night," says another, "envelops the extended world like a woman weaving a garment;" and in another place day and night are likened to "two famous female weavers, interweaving their threads." They worked in iron, and also in gold; they forged armour and weapons of steel; they had chariots, and carts, and harness, hundred-oared ships, and jars of wine. Merchants are amongst them, "covetous of gain," and whose ships are said, in hyperbole, to "crowd the sea," although no foreign products appear to have been in use. Tradesmen—or shopmen, as they would be now—were already up to the tricks of trade; so that the god Indra is besought not to "take advantage" of his worshippers "like a dealer." They had not yet coined money, but gold was esteemed wealth, and would be used as money by weight; and they used to keep their riches in a chest, or, as now, hide them in a hill or a well. Gambling, for which the natives of India have still a passion, was in vogue even then, and cowries were used as dice. We read of debts and debtors, and reverses of fortune,—and of course there are thieves. Medical science, though unarrayed in the pretentious complexity of modern times, was probably tolerably effective. At all events, they anticipated by more than three thousand years our hydropathic doctrine,—one of their maxims being that "all healing power is in the waters." They were also acquainted with the virtue of herbs; and one exclaims in prayer, "nourished by the sanitary herbs, may I live a hundred winters." Gold, horses, and bulls are given as presents, and golden rings and earrings are used as ornaments. Horses, indeed, appear to have been very plentiful; and "a hundred vigorous steeds" is not an unusual gift from a prince to a holy man. Chiefs go on forays, have plenty of chariots, sometimes with golden wheels and yokes,

and with golden trappings for their horses, and there are processions in which the chief at times has a thousand followers. Chariots and horsemen figure in war. Finally, as regards the female sex, their condition appears to have been free and natural. They are spoken of as "the light of the dwelling," and some of the Vedic hymns are ascribed to female authors. The chiefs some times had a plurality of wives, they were splendidly attired, and rode in chariots, "ten chariots drawn by bay steeds carrying my wives," figure in a chief's procession, and we read also of female heroism, and of the wife of a chief accompanying him on a midnight foray. There were also eunuchs and courtesans and the latter, as is still the case in India, were not regarded in a very disagreeable light.

Such are fragmentary facts of their social existence, as we catch glimpses of it in the ancient hymns and prayers of the Vedas. But what of their religion at that early time? A species of Sun worship—rather, we should say, a worship of Light, alike in its orbs and its phenomena—came with them from their home land beyond the mountains, afterwards to be spiritualised into a far nobler worship by the Brahmans on the Ganges. Can we wonder at the worship of Light by those early nations? Carry our thoughts back to their remote times, and our only wonder would be if they did not so adore it. The Sun is life as well as light to all that is on the earth—as we of the present day now even better than they of old, loving in dazzling radiance or brilliant hued pageantry through the sky, scanning in calm royalty all that passes below, it seems the very god of this fair world, which lives and blooms but in his smile. The Seasons are the ebbing and flowing of Earth's life beneath the variance of his presence. All day he fills the eye and gladdens the heart, but when he withdraws, and night comes, all droops, existence stops, the world disappears. A mysterious power then goes forth over the earth, causing all things to sink into a trance—a suspension of being. Sleep does not come upon man at night merely

because his body is wearied, or because he can no more see to work, but because a drowsy spirit is then abroad, the very opposite of the exciting influence of the solar rays. Chemists cannot catch and analyse that influence, but it is there. Flowers fold up their petals—plants droop their leaves—and the life-spirit of man, folding in upon itself, withdraws from the surface, and centres in the brain and ganglia to rest and dream. The world, too, sinks out of sight in the darkness; it almost ceases to be. Fancy those primitive Aryans in their upland homes, where they counted time by winters, or journeying under tents in their now-found Indian clime. There are none of those appliances by which modern science enables us to turn night into day, a fire smouldering lightless in its ashes is all that lingers with one through the darkness. If he wake up restless from his couch during the night, or rise before the dawn, what are the feelings and thoughts which fill his mind? The world is gone from him. Instead of the many coloured earth and brilliant sky, blank darkness fills his eye, and from out the blackness things knock against him—objects which he cannot see, perhaps cannot comprehend—very ghosts of a dead world which once smiled around him. The natural or accidental sounds of night come upon him with weirdlike influence. Perhaps, too, he is cold, and shivers in the night wind as he stands at the door of his hut. But lo! in the far east a beaming radiance streams up, from behind the black curtain of the horizon, sky reappears, and earth begins to tremble into renewed being beneath the quivering light. A few minutes more, and the Sun, his god and benefactor of yesterday—ay, and of all the yesterdays of his life—shoots up grandly and in dazzling splendour into the sky. The uplands first leap into view, like islets of light above a sea of night. And down, down the heights comes the sunny tide of returning day, till it overspreads the whole plains below,—till woods and streams and rocks and verdant meads start into perceived existence, and one by one the long shadows shrink up and dis-

appear, till the world stands clear and shadowless beneath the tropic noonday sun. River and cascade flash and sparkle—the green masses of the woods wave like leafy seas—birds awake and sing—the bounding deer and the bleating herds are again in motion. man's world is back again, and elate with the sunny joy he resumes the labours of life. No wonder, then, that Sabaism, the worship of Light, prevailed amongst all the leading nations of the early world. By the rivers of India, on the mountains of Persia, in the plains of Assyria, early mankind thus adored, the higher spirits in each country rising in spiritual thought from the solar orb up to Him whose vicegerent it seems—to the Sun of all being whose divine light irradiates and purifies the world of soul as the solar radiance does the world of sense. Egypt too, though its faith be but dimly known to us, joined in this worship. Syria raised her grand temples to the Sun, the joyous Greeks sported with the thought while feeling it, almost hiding it under the mythic individuality which their lively fancy superimposed upon it. Even prosaic China makes offerings to the yellow orb of day, the wandering Celts and Leutons held feasts to it amidst the primeval forests of northern Europe, and with a savagery characteristic of the American aborigines, the sun temples of Mexico streamed with human blood in honour of the beneficent orb!

With the primitive Hindoos as with the Persians this religion took the form of a worship of Light, rather than of the sun itself. Although Surya (the sun) is not forgotten, it is to Indra and Agni, respectively personifications of the bright firmament and of fire, that their hymns and prayers are most frequently addressed. The Dawn, the Winds, are invoked as spirits, while the freak doing Aswins, and demons (noxious powers) of the atmosphere, may be said to complete the simple supernaturalism of the Rig Veda. "In the Veda," says a native commentator, "there are only three deities. Surya in heaven—Indra in the sky—and Agni on the earth." LIGHT,

in its various manifestations,—such was the object of that early worship. Bright-haired and golden handed, the Sun is the giver of abundance, his ray is called "life-bestowing," coming from afar, he is said to remove all sins, and to have power to chase away sickness of the heart and yellowness of the body. Golden haired Agni, however—as light, heat, and fire—calls forth their best affections. In allusion to the waking up of the household fire in the morning, he is said to give "happiness in a dwelling like a newly born son," and "men sit in his presence like sons in the dwelling of a parent." Both Agni and the Sun are emblems of purity. Of Ushas, the Dawn—who is called beloved and many tinted—we read "Born in the eastern quarter of the firmament, she displays a banner of rays of light,"—"rising from darkness, she brings health to human habitations,"—"she opens our doors, and makes our riches manifest,—she 'gives back all regions,—she wakens the birds,—she 'causes the sacred fire to be kindled, and men to prepare for sacrifice." Indra is a deity of strictly Indian origin—a personification of the Indian firmament. He is represented as young and handsome, with a beautiful nose or chin, wearing golden earrings, everjoyous, and delighting in exhilarating draughts of the soma-juice. He is invoked to strike the demon Vritra, who withholds the periodical rains, upon which the fertility and vegetation of the country depend. Before the rains, the clouds gather in gradually darkening and enlarging masses, but no rain comes till a rattling thunderstorm rends the clouds, amidst which the forked lightning plays vividly, and lets loose the impetuous showers. "This," says the Veda, "is Indra, who comes loud shouting in his car, and hurls his thunderbolt at the demon Vritra. He strikes off the head of the earth-shaking Vritra with his rain causing hundred spiked bolt." The rattling of the storm, the trembling of the earth, and the darting of the lightnings, are all graphically indicated in this supposed combat between the beneficent Indra and the obstinate

cession These storms are always preceded by sudden gusts, rushing sounds, and whirlwinds of dust, which are Indra's attendant allies the Maruts, or Winds, "at whose roaring every dweller upon earth trembles."

The hymns and prayers of the Vedas are the psalms of the Hindoos, and the earliest ones—some of those in the Rig Veda—are older than the Song of Miriam They are the oldest extant hymns in the world, and in them the Hindoo nation appears lisping adoration from its cradle Thus the earliest literature, the first recorded and compiled utterances of humanity, is the language of devotion Let us see some of those hymns of the early Aryans Here is part of a morning hymn to Ushas, the Dawn —

"Morning! chill of heaven appear!
Dawn with wealth our hearts to cheer
Then that spreadst out the light,
Dawn with food and glad our sight
Gracious goddess! hear our words—
Dawn with increase of our herds!"

She hath dwelt in heaven of old,
May we now her light behold
Which, dawning brightly from afar,
Stirreth up the harness of war

Morning comes the nurse of all—
Like a matron, at whose call
All that dwell the house within
Their appointed task begin

Morning, shine with joyful ray!
Drive the darkness far away!
Bring us blessings every day! *

Here is part of a hymn to the Sun —

"Pisen in majestic blaze
Lo! the universe eyes
Vast and wondrous host of rays
Shineth brightly in the sky
Soul of all that is with in,
Soul of all that moves below
Lighteth he Earth's gloomiest spot
And the heavens are all aglow!"

See! he followeth the Dawn
Brilliant in her path above
As a youth by beauty drawn,
Seeks the maiden of his love!

Hear us, O ye Gods! this day,
Hear us graciously, we pray!
As the Sun his state begins,
Free us from all heinous sins
Mitra, Varun, Aditi!
Hear, O hear us graciously!
Powers of ocean, earth, and air,
Listen, listen to our prayer! †

Here is part of a hymn to Agni —

"Brilliant Agni! lo to thee
Pour we offerings of ghee
Oh! for this consume our foes,
Who on demons aid repose!
Praise him in the sacrifice
Agni ever young and wise!
Glorious in his light is he
Healer of all malady!
Purifying brilliant Fire!
Hear great Agni! our desire—
Be thy care the Gods to bring
Hither to our offering! ‡

The Aryans were never great temple builders, — inclining, like their cousins the Persians, and the Teutons of Europe, to worship in the temple of the Universe, and nearly all the magnificent temples for which India is famous are to be found in the peninsular portion of the country, where the population chiefly belongs to the pre-Aryan Tamil race In the Vedic period the Aryans had no temples or idols of any kind With the exception of the public Soma festivals, which took place in a large shed constructed for the purpose — and of the prayers offered up and rites performed on the eve of battle — the worship appears to have been entirely domestic, carried on in the house of the worshipper There were priests and *rishis* or holy men, who officiated on public or special occasions, and whose descendants swelled into the caste of the Brahmins, but the domestic worship appears to have been conducted on the patriarchal principle, by the head of the family At sunrise the first act was to kindle the fire on the altar (which was commonly their hearth also), or rather to awaken it from the ashes in which it had slumbered through the night for in those days obtaining fire anew was a troublesome process, achieved by the friction of one piece of wood inserted in another An offering of

ghee or clarified butter, apparently dropped into the fire or embers (a rite as useful as devotional), then took place, accompanied by an invoking of the particular deity to whom the offering was made. The ritual introduced towards the close of this Vedic period prescribes hymns to the gods, to be chanted by priests at these morning offerings, but doubtless the simple and quickly-performed offering of butter was all that was thought of by the people at large. In the prayers and hymns of the Vedas, as in the psalms of the Hebrews, we find petitions for protection from enemies, for victory over them, and sometimes for their destruction, particularly when they profess a different faith. But, unlike the effusions of the Royal singer of Israel, although abhorrence of sin is in some instances expressed, and deliverance from sin desired, there is little demand for such spiritual blessings. The benefits sought are for the most part of a temporal and personal kind—for wealth, food, life, children, cattle, &c., and believing, as those old Aryans did, that we hold all things of God, it was very natural and right to make such petitions. It at least showed they were in earnest in their belief. In fact, their faith appears to have been of the liveliest kind, for the tone of these prayers generally indicates a quiet confidence that they will be granted, as a return for the gratification which the gods are supposed to derive from the offerings and praises. The Horse sacrifice—evidently brought by them from their former home on the Steppes—was a rite which they in course of time came to regard with peculiar awe, and which was only performed on rare and important occasions. But the most characteristic feature of their religious observances at this time was the Soma-festival, which appears frequently to have been a

sort of ~~the~~ ceremonial in honour of Indra, given at the expense of some holy man or raja, who acted on the occasion as invoker of the gods. The soma or moon plant is a round smooth twining plant, peculiar to the Aravalli Hills, to the desert north of Delhi, and to the mountains of the Bolan Pass. The plants were gathered on the hills by moon light, and brought home in carts drawn by rams. The stalks were bruised between stones, and placed, along with the juice, in a strainer of goat's hair, and were further squeezed by the priests' fingers, ornamented by rings of flattened gold. The juice, mixed with barley and clarified butter, fermented, forming the soma wine, and lastly, it was drawn off in a scoop for the gods, and a ladle for the priests, while the residue was drunk by the company present. Evidently they thought that the god should be as happy on the occasion as themselves, for in all their hymns Indra is said to rejoice in the soma wine, and in one hymn they say to him, "Thine inebriety is most intense, nevertheless thy acts are most beneficent." As a general sample, thus they sing—

"Rejoice Indra! open thy jaws; set wide thy throat, be pleased with our oblations! Drinker of the soma-juice! wielder of the thunderbolt! bestow upon us abundance of cows with projecting jaws!"

"Thy swift horses Indra! have uttered a loud sound announcing rain, the level earth anxiously expects its fall. The mighty Indra has shattered the gudeful Vritra reposing in the cloud, heaven and earth shook, alarmed at the thundering bolt of the showerer. Drinking the soma juice he (Indra) baffled the devices of the gudeful demon."

"Drink, hero, Indra! drink the soma! India, hero! exulting in the solemn rites, quaff the soma juice, and, repeatedly shaking it from thy beard, repair to the drinking of the libation poured forth to thee!"*

Hindooes affirm that the Vedas

* In regard to these early customs of the Brahmanical section of the Aryan race in India, see Wilson's translation of the 'Rig Veda,' and Mrs Spens' *Life in Ancient India*—an admirable and most agreeable work. See also Dr Muir's *Sanskrit Texts*, of which only the first part has been published, but which, when completed promises to throw novel and important light upon the religious and social history of India. Since this article was in type, an elaborate essay on this Vedic period of Indian history has also been published by Dr Wilson of Bombay, entitled "India Three Thousand Years Ago."

were compiled 3000, but European critics say at most 1400 years before Christ, and some assign a much later date. That was the period at which the sacred hymns and prayers of the nation were compiled and arranged in their present shape. All of the hymns therefore must be of older, some of them of much older, date, probably ranging from 2000 B.C. downwards to the date of their compilation, such hymns only having been preserved as rooted themselves in the hearts of the community, and floated for generations on the stream of memory, till an organised priesthood arose to consecrate, and a literature to record them. There were no fixed creeds or cast metal formulas of religion in those early times. The Vedic hymns are the free effusion of the élite of the nation—priests, holy men, and princes, who sang to the gods each in his own way. Unconsciously they were making creeds for the future time, but there is no consistency observed in the hymns, save in their general complexion. They savour of different minds and different ages. Not only is there the diversity arising from a free effusion of the thoughts, fancies, and desires of variously constituted minds, but they exhibit that gradual evolution of higher thought which marks the light of time over a nation. For example, Agni is in one place regarded as simple fire, and is addressed as "thou to whom the wood gives birth," in another, as the messenger of the gods—the *re*, as the medium through which the deities are invoked, and induced to be present at the sac-

rifices, and in another, as the great god who sustains the earth, and studs the sky with constellations. In like manner Indra is represented in some hymns simply as a joyous quaffer of the soma-wine, and as a cloud-compelling deity, who by his lightning sets loose the showers from the storm-clouds, while in other hymns, and sometimes even in the same one, he is recognised as the creator of the universe,—as "he who fixed firm the moving earth, and spread the spacious firmament." At other times it is the Sun who is regarded as the maker or soul of all. But by and-by, out of those mental groupings and incongruous beliefs, a theistic unity evolves itself. Rising beyond Agni and Indra and the Sun, the sacred thinkers of the nation begin to catch sight of ONE of whom their former deities, the phenomena of the universe, are but separate manifestations, and who looms behind them vaguely, sublimely, incomprehensibly. The *Gāyatri*, that pre-eminently holy text from the Vedas still murmured daily with profound reverence in the orisons of Brahmans, says, "Let us meditate on the sacred light of that Divine Sun, that it may illuminate our minds." A prayer for spiritual light addressed to Sun of all Being. They have turned the eye inwards, and HE dwells upon them, not through the senses, but through the soul. This is Brahm, the universal Soul,—personified in his phenomenal creatures, impersonal in himself. Even to say *He* is wrong. They spoke of him as "That," and as *Brahm* or Thought. In a hymn of the Yajur Veda we read —

"Fire is THAT the Sun is THAT
The air, the moon such too is that pure Brahmo
He, prior to whom nothing was born,
And who became all beings
To what God should we offer oblations
But to Him who made the fluid sky and solid earth,
Who fixed the solar orb and framed the drops of rain?
To what God should we offer oblations,
But to Him whom heaven and earth mentally contemplate?
The wise man views that mysterious Being
In whom the universe perpetually exists,
Resting upon that sole support
In Him is this world absorbed,
From Him it issues
In creatures is He tamed and wove in various forms of being
Let the wise man, conversant with holy writ,
Promptly celebrate that immortal Being,
The mysteriously existing and various abode."

Well does Dr Müller observe that "there are hymns in the Vedas so full of thought and speculation, that at this early period no poet of any other nation could have conceived them." In addition to these verses, take the following hymn, in which the sacred bard rises in imaginative conception to picture what was, before even Creation took place, and when the *One* was alone in existence that was hardly existence, because without His thoughts, which are the worlds. "The gods," it will be observed, are spoken of as quite distinct from this great Supreme, and evidently as powers of the universe, the highest forms of created being, acting as regents over the rest of creation. Describing that abysmal past, before time began or the worlds were created, the Vedic bard thus sings —

Then there was no entity nor non entity
No world nor sky nor aught above it
Nothing anywhere
Death was not

Nor then was immortality
Nor distinction of the day or night
But *HAT* breathed without affliction
Who knows and shall declare whence and why

This creation took place?
The Gods are silent to the production
Of this world!

Who then can know whence it proceeded
Or whence this varied world sprang?

He who in the highest heaven is ruler
Knows indeed

But not another can possess that knowledge.

No nation but the Hindoos has ever thus ascended in thought beyond the epoch of creation, or has essayed to form a conception of the Deity when existing alone with Himself. But the Hindoos do this frequently. "In the beginning," says another Veda, '*That* (*i. e.* God) was SOUL only nothing else existed. And then comes as sublime a conception of Creation as ever entered into the mind of man. "The thought came to HIM, *I wish to create worlds*' and the worlds were created."

Such was the Vedic period, as seen in the Vedas. So primitive is the language of these Indian Scriptures that very few even of the Brahmins now understand it, and, strange marvel! the best attempt to lay open its contents has been made, not beside the sacred waters of the Ganges, but in England on the banks of the Isis. It is like the uncovering of a long-buried city. Literature is almost the sole light of history. And when that light—after a chasm of darkness—again breaks on the Aryans, a thousand years and more have passed since their earliest hymns first rose on the Indian air, and four or five centuries have elapsed since the true Vedic period closed. In the interval mighty changes have occurred. The Aryans have overspread the entire plains of the Ganges and Jumna, they have met the sea again in the Bay of Bengal, they have even penetrated in adventurous hands into Southern India. They are separated into little states like the Greeks in ancient, and the Germans in modern Europe, and they have two broad divisions, the Solar and Lunar races, between whom there has been a great and disastrous war, which figures as prominently in their poetic annals as does the Trojan war (between the Ionian and European Hellenes) in the poetry of Greece. The Aryans are now a dominant race, envied by and intermingled with the alien population of the country, and, in consequence, the principle of caste (unknown in the Vedic period) has been adopted, expanded into laws, and invested with a divine sanction. The Aryans themselves are becoming a composite body. The Kshatriyas—at first only the *de facto* rulers and military chiefs, but now become a hereditary caste—have won for themselves a secular supremacy among the general Aryan population, constituting a royal tribe, somewhat resembling the *Paragades*

* COLERIDGE'S *Essays*, p. 17. 18. Another translation gives a different reading of the concluding words of this hymn, and one which though appearing very strange to a European, is quite in consonance with the tenets of some of the Indian schools of theosophy —

He from whom all this great creation came
Whether His will created or was mute,
The Most High Seer, that is in highest heaven
He knows it,—or perchance even He knows not

among the ancient Persians. On the other hand, the descendants of the early priests and hymn composers of the Vedic period have gradually risen to an intellectual and sacerdotal supremacy, styling themselves Brahmins—students and worshippers of *Brahma*, the Supreme Being regarded as Thought. These Brahmins are not simply a caste of priests, they are a Levitical tribe on a large scale, engaging in secular pursuits, and even war, but specially distinguished for their intellect and sanctity. They are the learned classes of the nation,—sending forth from their ranks priests and devotees, filling the learned professions, acting as counsellors or prime ministers to kings, and as readers and expounders of the Vedas to the people. A hereditary noblesse of intellect—a secular priesthood of Mind, more revered than any other which ever existed. By this time, too, the Vedas—the ancient hymns of the nation, intermingled with liturgies of later date—have become so invested with that veneration which ever attends antiquity, that they are now regarded as sacred scriptures inspired (in fact, “created”) by the Deity. Originally composed by rajahs and rishis, chiefs and holy men, around whom time has gathered a veil of mystery, and who loom in vague and exaggerated shape through the mists of the past, these hymns, for long the sole literature of the nation, have become honoured with the title of the “fountains of light” or “knowledge,” and are regarded as the recondite source of all religion and theology. Profound meanings are now attached to the simplest phrases, and material desires or expressions are invested with a spiritual import. Just as a preacher of present times, indulging his fancy, will select for text the wells of Babel, or the palm trees of Elam,—“the gold of that land is good,” or suchlike—and therefrom deduce high spiritual lessons, so the Brahmins in earnest came to see divinest truth in the most commonplace passages of their “inspired” book. In this way authority was found (we believe without any intention to deceive) for social and theological doctrines of later development, and of which the Vedic writers never dreamt

The Code of Manu is the lamp by which we see this second period. The man or body of men who drew it up withdrew themselves from view, and sought to invest it with supreme authority by attributing its authorship to a mythic saint of superhuman nature. Proceeding from the learned or Brahmanical class, the Code seeks to exalt that class above all the others, and almost entirely to exempt it from the rule of the civil power. It is the work of one who was probably as much of a practical legislator as could be found in those times and among that people. It is a code of theology and morality as well as of law. Its theology is popular—representing the general creed of the educated and middle classes, without quite soaring into the subtle and sublime speculations of the select few. It shows us Monotheism, and it grapples with Cosmogony. An impersonal God—a belief not uncommon with philosophers—is no God at all to the masses, who, when offered this belief, either give no heed to any Supreme, or conceive a personal deity or deities for themselves. Accordingly, in the Code of Manu, the impersonal Brahman recedes into the background, and the personal Brahman comes forward as the active agent in creation. Brahman is deity individualised. From the quiescent impersonal Thought, the deity of the abstract philosophy, emerges the active and personal Thinker. As yet there is little mythology among the Aryans, but here it comes into play. The self-existent and eternal Lord, says the Code, “soul of all beings, whom the spirit alone can perceive, visible in parts, yet whom no one comprehends,” having resolved on the work of creation, “produced first the waters, and deposited therein a germ, which became an egg brilliant like gold sparkling with a thousand rays, and in which the Supreme caused himself to be born as Brahman,” the *Logos* or active principle of Deity, by whom in due time was formed the world, gods (*devas*), spirits, and men. The deities inferior to Brahman are nearly the same as those worshipped in the Vedic period. They are the souls or regents of the elements and heavenly bodies,—as Indra, the firmament, Agni, fire, Varuna, the waters,

Prithvi, the earth, Surya, the sun, Ohandra, the moon, Vrihaspati, and other planets: or impersonations of principles,—as Dharma, god of justice, Yama, death, Dhanwantara, god of medicine, &c. These duties are not eternal, neither is the universe, and “the gods,” created by Brahma as the higher powers of this universe, will come to an end when it does.* At intervals of 4½ billions of years, called a “day of Brahma,” (says the Code), the universe is dissolved—Creation vanishes—Brahma himself, the active power of the Supreme, relapses into non-existence, and nought remains but the impersonal Brahman—alone, in the silence, without even his thoughts, which are the worlds. This is the Sleep of Brahma. Judging of the Supreme by His works—taking creation, so far as they could see it, as the exponent of His nature—and seeing that action and rest, day and night, waking and sleep, are but varied symptoms of a grand principle pervading the whole universe of existence, they conceived that this principle belongs to the nature of the Supreme himself, and that, as man finds comfort in rest and sleep, so, but in a transcendently grander form, the Supreme finds happiness in resting at intervals from his thoughts (i.e. creation), and relapsing into a state of perfect quiescence, neither existence nor non-existence, of which human sleep is a feeble emblem. Again awaking, after an equally immense interval of time—called the night of Brahma—the Supreme Mind gradually crystallises into Thought simultaneously creation recommences—as his thoughts grow, the worlds are developed—and another universe exists. The present world, according to the Code, has four *Yugs*, or ages, to pass through—varying in length from 1,728,000 years for

the earliest to 432,000 years for the latest; in which latest mankind live at present, and of which 5000 years have already flown. It is strange how widespread among mankind is the dream of a Golden Age in the far past, and of a progressive deterioration of things ever since. The four ages of Grecian mythology—of Gold, Silver, Brass, and Iron—have a perfect parallel in the Code of Manu, although in the latter the idea takes a vaster shape than the merely pretty fable of Greece. In consequence of the “illicit acquirement of riches and knowledge,” mankind, who were at first “exempt from maladies, and obtained the accomplishment of all their desires,” lost their regard for truth and justice, and with it their “honourable advantages,” which decreased by a fourth part every Age, so that the limit of human life, which was 400 years in the first Age, is now only 100—and other blessings have diminished in like proportion.

The morality inculcated by the Code is substantially the same as that of other civilised nations. It pays regard not only to overt actions, but also to the thoughts of the heart. “Every thought, word, or act bears good or bad fruit, and by them is determined each one’s different condition.” The immortality of the soul was more thoroughly believed among the Hindoos than in any other contemporaneous nation, and even at the present day, there is no country in the world where the undying nature of the soul is more fully realised, or imparts to the people such a superb calm in the prospect of death,—as has been frequently evidenced during the present war. After death, says the Code, the good go to Swarga or paradise, and the wicked to hell, where their enjoyments or sufferings correspond both

* This remarkable tenet of Brahmanical faith is unparalleled we believe, in the religions of the world, save in that of the old Norsemen of Europe, who believed that Odin and his dozen subordinate gods ruled only for an appointed time, and would be overtaken at last by that dread day, called “the Twilight of the Gods,” when all things were to come to an end. Is not this “twilight of the gods” just the Brahman’s “night of Brahma?” Observe also, as another striking indication of the relationship between the Scandinavians and the Indian Aryans, that, just as the latter had their sacred Mount Meru in the middle of the earth, with the sea surrounding all, and other worlds lying concentric around it, so the Norse had their Mount Asgard (the abode of Odin and the Æsir) in the midst of Midgard, or the “middle earth,” while round that earth flows the great sea, in a ring, with various outlying worlds arranged concentrically around.

in kind and in degree to the peculiar virtues or vices of each individual. After having thus suffered or enjoyed, the souls again enter earthly existence as plants, animals, men, or spirits—mean or noble, evil or good, according to the condition of each particular soul, and they continue to migrate from one form of existence to another—rising, as life brings its lessons of wisdom and virtue,—till the topmost round of earthly existence is reached, by the long wandering soul being born in the caste of the Brahmans—the highest form of that new birth being in the person of a *rishi*, or holy man of that caste. What next! it may be asked. Swarga, or “Heaven,” as we should call it, is not the last stage of happiness in the estimation of the Hindoo. The practice of virtue and the religious rites takes men to Swarga—*i.e.*, confers happiness in the other world,—but it needs something else before the saint can attain to that perfect union with God, that absorption into the Divine Essence, which is the grand aim and end of Hindoo life and religion. “To do no ill, to study and comprehend the Vedas, to practise devotional austerity, to subdue the senses, to *know God*,” are the chief means for attaining final beatitude.” But the chiefest of these is a knowledge of the supreme Soul, through meditation thereon. “Beholding the supreme Soul in all beings, and all beings in the supreme Soul, and offering up one’s own soul as if in sacrifice, man becomes identified with the glorious self existing One—his individuality merging into and losing itself in the Divine Essence.” “Thus the man”—such are the concluding words of the Code—“who in his own soul recognises the Soul Supreme present throughout all creation, obtains the happiest lot of all, to be at last absorbed into Brahme.”

Thus the grand question of Hindoo religion was, as it still is, How may Man become God? And its grand object was, to make man more than man,—a most aspiring, and in some respects noble aim, but one very apt to lead its votaries to something lower instead of higher than the level of humanity. Ill-contented with human life—indeed regarding it simply as a burden of sorrow, despising the

pleasures of the senses, and hating them as the seductive bonds which keep the soul individualised and apart from that divine ocean of being and happiness, the Great ONE, the disciples of truth are enjoined to practise self-denial and austerities until they wholly free themselves from the natural feelings of humanity, so that nothing they see or hear, touch or taste or mentally experience, can excite in them either joy or sorrow. In the school of asceticism and contemplation, pleasure and pain are to become meaningless words, ere the soul can escape from its finite individualised form of existence, and merge, like a drop reunited to the ocean, in the abysses of the Divine Essence. Hence, in this second stage of Indian history presented to us in the Code, we see holy men studying with intense meditation the Vedas—sometimes withdrawn into the woods and lonely places, where they lead a hermit life of hardship and contemplation, or impose upon themselves ascetic practices of intensest rigour. Anything to mortify the body, and still the mind into eddyless meditation upon the Supreme—that all-present and ever joyous Soul of being, of which they are like severed rays longing to be reunited to the parent Sun. It is only a small portion of any community that can become devotees, the mass of men have neither the high thoughts which invite to such self sacrifice, nor the strength to practise it. Even of the Brahmans we must not think that many practised this terribly austere life, yet it behoves us to say that, as even modern India shows, the amount and terrible nature of the ascetic life and penance imposed on themselves by numbers of the Hindoos, at the prompting of their religious belief, exceeds anything of the kind which has been seen elsewhere in the long life of the world.

In the Code of Manu, as in the Koran, ablutions and personal cleanliness are so much regarded that they are made parts of religion, and it also forbids many things, on purely arbitrary grounds, as producing ceremonial defilement. In later times these ceremonial requirements be-

came greatly increased in number, as is also the severity of the penalties attached to their violation : so that Hindoos defiled by contact with " impure objects " nowadays lose their caste, and are expelled from the community of their fellows, sometimes even being held in danger of hell. The very shadow of an Englishman falling on a Brahman's cooking vessel is enough to make the latter throw away his meal ! But we find no authority for such severity in the Code of Manu. Contact with pig's fat in a cartridge was thought by our Sepoys to cost them both caste and heaven, whereas the Code only enjoins that " a Brahman who shall have *purposely* eaten pork shall be degraded " if he has eaten it involuntarily, a penance sufficing for full atonement, and it is added, " for other things, let him [merely] fast a day. Indeed, although the Code abounds in semi-religious prohibitions as frivolous and more so than those of the Pharisees in regard to cups and platters, yet it is to be observed that these prohibitions are exclusively addressed to the "twice born" class (a very small section of the entire Indian population, forming perhaps hardly a majority even in the districts peculiarly their own) whose conduct was to be the beau-ideal of the national life, and also that the expiation enjoined for the transgression of those prohibitions is in most cases so exceedingly easy and simple as to be merely nominal. So that those parts of the Code where the injunctions are most minute, and appear to us most arbitrary and unreasonable, apparently were designed to carry no graver weight with them than the rules of good breeding do amongst ourselves. But in course of time the original object of institutions and observances frequently becomes forgotten, and the halo of antiquity suffices to glorify into an end that which at first was only a means. The world all over at this hour is full of such things. And in India, by this process, the prohibitions of caste have not only been preserved in apparently undiminished rigour, but unquestionably have been multiplied exceedingly beyond the requirements

of the Code of Manu. In truth, those who desire to overthrow the caste system in India, may do so most effectually, and without offending the prejudices of the natives, by quoting against it not only the Vedas, which lend no countenance to caste as a religious ordinance, but also the Code of Manu, which prescribes no such complex development of the system as that which has grown up in the aftertimes.

Two or three centuries after Brahmanism and Caste had been thus authoritatively established in the Code—that is, in the sixth century before Christ—there arose a new religion, which totally ignored the old one, and actually for a time supplanted it as the State religion of India. This was Buddhism, founded by Gotama, otherwise called Sakya Muni, a Kshatriya prince of Oude. A high priest of the Abstract, and believing that the only possible revelation from the Supreme is that which comes from within, Gotama paid no regard to the customs or beliefs of his countrymen, and deduced a new faith from the luminous depths of his own soul. It is as a social revolution that Buddhism is most remarkable. In India, as often happens in a lesser degree elsewhere, a good deal of what was venerated as religion was merely social usage, for the better establishment of which a Divine sanction had been feigned or imagined. Gotama rejected all this, and a good deal more. He denied the inspiration and authority of the Vedas, and with it the popular gods and mythology; he entirely repudiated caste; he denied the spiritual supremacy of the Brahmans; and he offered his religion to all men alike, Brahman and Sudra, bond and free,—whereas, for a Sudra even to look on the Vedas or be taught their contents, was forbidden by the Brahmanical system. Gotama entirely ignored, too, the endless prohibitions and formalism of the old faith, and enjoined simply an observance of the fundamental points of morality, along with a prohibition of animal food and the use of intoxicating liquors. He knocked off the social and spiritual shackles of the people, and directed their attention to the

simple and weightier matters of religion. This was the strong point of Buddhism, and hence the popularity it so quickly attained, spreading among the non Aryan (i.e. low caste) population as well as amongst the Aryans, until it became the dominant faith from the Himalayas to Ceylon. In its theology it so far agreed with Brahmanism, that it regarded Mind as the great attribute of the Deity, but it reduced the conscious god of Vedantism into an unconscious Supreme Intelligence (*Adi Budha*), in whom the worlds exist, yet are evolved at first without his consciousness and proceed without his care. Perhaps the best way in which we can make intelligible to the European reader the difference in the fundamental ideas of Vedantic and Buddhist theology, is to say, that in the former the worlds are the projected thoughts of a waking and in the latter of a sleeping Deity. Buddhism held that the Supreme One, unconscious in his unity only awakes to consciousness in the person of his creatures—all of whom (according to Indian philosophy) are fractional emanations of Himself and the grand characters who appear at intervals to revolutionise the world were regarded as the highest manifestations of the Supreme with whom we have to do and therefore as the natural and rightful objects of human worship. These grand and saintly persons were called Budhas, earthly representatives of the *Adi Budha* and the last of these was held to have been this Gotama, who founded or at least for the first time definitely and authoritatively promulgated, this creed within the limits of India.

Although Brahmanism, by its principle of spiritual pantheism implies that all men, and beings of every kind, are emanations or parts of the

Deity—differing in qualities, and therefore in honour,—it is not till we come to Buddhism that we find the doctrine of divine incarnations made the basis of religious law and worship. The Brahmana, though each believing himself a part of the Supreme, worshipped chiefly that Supreme in his transcendent and invisible unity,—giving a mere minor worship or devotional respect to those elements of nature and principles of mind in which Divinity seemed to them pre-eminently present. The Budhists, on the other hand, paid no reverence to sun or moon, or to the powers of earth and air, neither did they reverence as gods any personifications of mental qualities,—indeed they seem to have held pantheism in its general aspect (that is to say, the worship of God in *Nature*) very loosely, but they exalted into exclusive supremacy the doctrine of the Supreme becoming incarnate at long intervals in the person of certain men to whom in consequence was due the worship of the rest of mankind. The Budhas are represented in sculpture sometimes as standing upright but more generally as seated cross-legged always in an attitude of deep meditation (impassive abstraction being the Hindoo beau ideal of happiness) with a placid countenance and curled hair. The *Adi Budha*, or Supreme Intelligence, they held, was an unconscious being, who therefore could or did pay no regard to the ongoings of creation, it was only in his conscious state as incarnate in those rare men called Budhas, that he became an object of worship. Buddhism is therefore a worship of deified saints—a religious hero worship, and the Divinity in man is regarded as the sole and true object of reverence and worship to mankind*. Out of this worship of "divine men" grew a veneration

* Agreeing in this respect, and this only with M. Comte, Gotama appears to have held that as humanity is the highest manifestation of Being of which we have any cognizance therefore it is to the chiefs or representative men of the human race that our worship is due. But a mighty difference between the Indian and French philosopher is this—that while the former derived everything from God as the supreme mind or soul, the latter ignored both God and soul, and whereas Comte held that great men were to be worshipped simply as the highest forms of humanity, Gotama held that they were to be worshipped for their peculiar divinity as special incarnations of the Supreme. With the Hindoo sage the first thought was God—with the French philosopher the sole thought was Man.

tion for the relics of such saints—a feeling unknown to the Brahmanical faith, and over those relics (a few hairs, a bone, or a tooth) were erected those solid cupolas or bell-shaped monuments, often of stupendous size, which are exclusively associated with the Buddhist religion. In Buddhism, too, there arose monastic orders and monasteries, at a period antecedent to the establishment of the same system in Europe. As caste was not acknowledged, these monastic orders were open to all classes of the Indian population, but the monks or priests were strictly bound to celibacy, and to the renunciation of nearly all the pleasures of sense. They had temples and monasteries, of which we have still models in those ones so wonderfully hewn out in rock in various parts of the Bombay Presidency, and in those monasteries the Buddhist monks lived together, eating together in one hall, slept sitting in a prescribed posture, and apparently only quitted the monastery for the purpose of receiving alms, which they did for a part of every day, or once a-week to march in a body to bathe. They went barefoot, with shaven heads and chins, wearing a yellow dress, and they had a daily routine of services in their chapels and processions in which there were chanting incense, and tapers. In fact, in most respects they closely resembled the monastic orders of Europe.

A religion which recognised no social or racial distinctions had a good chance of being popular in a country like India, where the bulk of the population was still non Aryan, and where caste reserved its choicest privileges for the few. Buddhism became triumphant even in Hindostan, the chief seat of Brahmanical power, during the reign of Asoka, in the third century before Christ, and by the end of that century it had not only spread over Southern India but had been introduced into Ceylon. Little is known of its subsequent history but seven hundred years afterwards—in the beginning of the fifth century after Christ—we find it on the decline in the Punjab, and languishing in the last stage of decay in the provinces on the Jumna and Ganges

Capila, the birthplace of Gotama, was ruined and deserted—"a wilder-ness untenanted by man," but his religion was in full vigour in Ceylon, in which island it still flourishes to this day. Again the veil of obscurity covers India and its religious history. We know there were religious disputes and contests between the Brahmanical and Buddhist parties, that the latter suffered considerable persecution, that they were expelled from the Deccan in the eighth or ninth century, but still possessed considerable power in Hindostan, and that in Southern India and in Guzerat they flourished as late as the twelfth century of our era. In its later stages, Buddhism in India merged in to Jainism—a form of religion which appears to have originated in the sixth or seventh century, to have become conspicuous in the eighth or ninth century, reached its highest prosperity in the eleventh, and declined after the twelfth. The chief seats of Jainism were the southern portion of the peninsula Guzerat, and western Hindostan—that is to say, in the very localities where Buddhism longest held its ground—a circumstance which, taken in conjunction with the fact that there are still Jains in India but no Buddhists confirms us in our opinion that Buddhism died away into Jainism, and that the latter is not a rival religion, but simply the last form which Buddhism took ere it disappeared from the Indian soil. The character of the religion points to the same conclusion, for it is just a mixture or compromise between Buddhism and the popular creeds of India, and shows how the latter were gaining ground upon the simpler but more abstract creed of Gotama. In its essence Jainism agrees with Buddhism, only its chief objects of worship are called not Budhas but Tirtankaras—these being a limited number of saints who have raised themselves by austerities to a superiority over the rest of creation, but who remain in a state of apathetic beatitude, insensible to the goings of the world. In fact, in Jainism as in Buddhism, the higher one rises above humanity and approaches the divine, the more nearly does his condition approach to a vir-

tual or real nonentity' Like the Buddhists, the Jains reject the divine character of the Vedas, and have no sacrifices or respect for fire, also they have monastic orders who subsist on alms. But, on the other hand, they admit the whole of the Hindoo gods, and worship some of them, although quite subordinate to their own deified saints they respect the Vedas in all points not at variance with their own creed, and, in direct contrariety to Buddhism, they recognise the principle and rules of caste. Let it be noted, therefore, that Polytheism and Caste were the two powers which vanquished Buddhism in India, and became incorporated in the mixed religion into which Buddhism sank in its downward course to extinction.

We have now come down to the thirteenth or fourteenth century of our era,—we have reached the beginning of the modern period of Hindoo religion. What do we find? People talk of the stationary character of Hindoo religion, just as they talk of the unchanging institutions of China, or as they figure to themselves all Africa an expanse of sandy desert. At a distance mountains appear monotonous in surface all over, but variety appears as we approach. In the same manner, and no otherwise, does the history of a country appear monotonous when we know little of it, but closer inspection always reveals the truth, that there is no such thing as a stand still in the life of nations. In history, as in the material universe, everything is moving on. While one system or belief is in the ascendant, its predecessor is just dying, and its destined successor is being born. So when, after an ascendancy of probably half a dozen centuries, and an existence thrice as long, the cognate faiths of Buddhism and Jainism expired or sank out of sight in the Indian world, what came next? Brahmanism again. But not the Brahmanism of the Vedas or of the Code of Manu. Brahmanism had triumphed, and thrown off the Buddhist heresy. It had lived side by side with it in various alternations of fortune, until at length India once more acknowledged the Brahmins as

its spiritual leaders and social lords. But Brahmanism, too, had changed. It had gradually spread over the non-Aryan peoples of India, and in doing so had become overlaid or encrusted with the beliefs and superstitions of the general population. It had also borrowed from, or been affected by, Buddhism. In the Vedic period, animal food was in unquestioned use among the Aryans, horses and cows were offered in sacrifices, and their flesh was common diet, we even find a great saint, Vamadeva, dining off nothing less polluted than the entrails of a dog. In the period of the Code, again, we find numerous regulations in force as to what should be eaten or not eaten, but the general principle that man is an omnivorous animal was fully acknowledged. "It is for the maintenance of the vital spirit that Brahma has made this world all that exists, whether mobile or immobile (i.e. animal or vegetable), serves as food for living beings. The immobile beings (i.e. plants) are the prey of those who move (i.e. animals), those who have not teeth are the prey of those who have teeth, those without hands, of those who have hands, the cowardly of the brave. The man who, even every day, lives on the flesh of not-forbidden animals, commits no fault, for Brahma has created certain living beings to be eaten, and others to eat them." Buddhism, however—doubtless giving expression to a tendency already existing in some quarters—forbade the use of animal food entirely, and made it a sin to hurt any sentient being. And when, two thousand years after the Code, we again catch sight of Brahmanism in the ascendant, we find that it likewise has entirely proscribed the use of animal food. We find, too, that it has agreed with conquered Buddhism in having orders of devotees, not monastic, but some of them still more ascetic than even the Buddhist monks. Idols, also, have won their way into the Brahmanical or Aryan religion. In the time of the Vedas there were neither temples nor idols, and at the later period of the Code, although in one or two places, "the

sacred images" are mentioned with respect, idol worship was certainly not recognised, and even temples appear to have been unthought of, or held unnecessary. Buddhism, however, introduced both of those adjuncts of worship—though apparently without any sanction from the founder of that religion, and Brahmanism, when it reappears in the ascendant, is found to have given its countenance to idols to a still greater extent than its defunct rival, and to have taken in a moderate degree to temple building.

Whence those changes? Whence this gradually increasing tendency towards idolatry, and to a less spiritual or abstract form of worship? The religious philosophy of the Brahmans had been refining and expanding in the interval, why then this degradation in the general worship of the people? Because that spiritual Aryan nation, enveloped by and extending its rule over large masses of an earlier polytheistic and idolatrous population, had, partly from policy, and partly by natural contagion, allowed their religion to sink towards that of the great bulk of the population. It could not be otherwise. In every nation there are different grades of mind, and while the grosser more grandiose and (on the whole) gayer worship of the Tamulæse and other pre-Aryan peoples would have its attractions for the *αἰσχυροὶ* of the Aryan nation, the educated and more elevated classes of the Aryans would seek to raise the religious beliefs of the inferior peoples to the level of their own. The unavoidable result was a compromise. In seeking to elevate the ruder faiths of the other Indian races, the Brahmans had, at least externally, to lower their own. And manifestly the manner in which

they proceeded was this. As they held the doctrine that the Supreme is present in all his creatures, the animating Soul of all creation—of whom all objects, sun, moon, and stars, men, genu, plants, animals, are but the variously individualised parts—it was easy for the Brahmans to reconcile their faith in the One God with the polytheism of the pre-Aryan peoples, by regarding the many gods of the latter as simply incarnations or manifestations of the One. In this way, by one stroke, the multitude of fantastic gods of (what might be called) the heathen were attached as an outer fringe to the pantheistic monotheism of the Brahmans, and the two systems, although so dissimilar, became thenceforth united without any visible chasm. Sometimes from policy, oftener doubtless in perfect good faith, the Brahmans taught the inferior peoples that each of their local deities was simply their grand god under one of his endless manifestations. In this way to Brahma were added at different times, Siva, Vishnoo, Kalée, and the other deities which now fill the Indian Pantheon*. Of these deities Siva appears to have been the earliest adopted by the Brahmans who have continued to the present day to accord to that deity their special faith and favour. About 320 B.C., as Alexander was descending the Indus we are told that the cattle of the tribes dwelling between that river and the Belooch hills were all stamped with the symbol of Siva, and about twenty years afterwards, the ambassador of Seleucus at Patna, on the Ganges, describes Siva worship as being the popular religion in the hills, celebrated in tumultuous festivals, the worshippers anointing their bodies,

* Siva and Vishnoo are mentioned, or are said to be mentioned, in a passage of the Code which is as follows:—"The Soul is the assemblage of the Gods. Let the Brahman contemplate Indou (the moon) in his heart, the Genu of the eight regions (or cardinal points) in his organs of hearing, Vishnoo in his walk, Hara in his muscular force, Agni in his speech, &c. In the native commentaries on this passage Vishnoo is called one of the twelve Roodras or demi-gods, and Hara, one of the twelve spirits or deities who preside over the months, and is said to be a synonym of Siva—though evidently this is a mere after-thought, adopted for the sake of getting Siva mentioned by the 'divine lawgiver'. In any case, it is to be observed that both Vishnoo and Hara are mentioned only thus once, and in this incidental way, in the lengthy Code—mere names, or indeed mere *nomen nuda*—and that neither of them corresponds in any way with the character and position of the Siva and Vishnoo of later times.

wearing crowns of flowers, and sound ing bells and cymbals. The generative principle of nature is the power over which Siva specially presides, and the bull (like the Apis of Egypt) is the animal sacred to him and in this circumstance, we believe, will be found the origin of that veneration for the ox which, for probably two thousand years, has prevailed amongst the Brahmans, but of which not a vestige is to be found either in the Vedas or in the Laws of Manu. In the Indian poems Siva is represented as the god of the Himalaya, his *lailas* or paradise is placed in these mountains, and very ancient temples to him have been found in the same region, as also in Cashmere. Manifestly he belongs originally to northern India—a pre Aryan deity of the hills and hill tribes which border and intersect Aryavart, “the land of the Aryans,” now called Hindostan. Vishnool, on the other hand, though in the time of Seleucus an object of worship to the general population in the plains of Hindostan (the majority of whom would be Sudras), has had his stronghold in southern India where probably he was worshipped by the Tamul races before the Aryans settled on the Ganges, or whither they

retired before the powerful invaders carrying their worship with them. At this day it is only in southern India that Vishnool is worshipped in his proper character,—being adored by the Tamulæ as Jagannath, or Lord of the Universe, whereas in Hindostan his worship has been entirely supplanted by that of Rama and Crishna, two heroes of the Aryan race, whom the Brahmans very politically represented as incarnations of the popular Vishnool. In like manner the pre Aryan Mahrattas were taught to consider that their great divinity Candoba (represented as an armed horseman) was an incarnation of Siva, that deity being the one whom the Brahmans had earliest and specially adopted. Both Siva and Vishnool have temples and idols in abundance, but Brahma, the other of the three great gods of India, has none. Why is this? Precisely because the two former were gods of the temple building idol worshipping Tamul and other pre Aryan peoples, whereas Brâhma is the god of the Aryans, who—like the ancient Persians, or the Pontons as described by Tacitus—preferred to worship the Supreme and Invisible One without either temples or idols.* The more this point is investigated and

* The old and still prevalent explanation of the singular fact that Brâhma has no idols or temples is that as Creation is a *fact accompli* no one need trouble himself about the Creator (Brâhma) whereas the case is very different with respect to the Preserver and Destroyer—as they term Vishnool and Siva. To the philosophical historian or ethnologist this appears a *posteri* a very weak explanation compared with that which is advanced in the text. And it is easy to show that this so called explanation is not only a lame theory but rests upon entirely mistaken facts. However fierce Siva is sometimes represented and whatever ill may be said of him by the sect of Vishnool he is regarded by his followers as a beneficent deity. So far from being worshipped as the Destroyer it is for the very opposite quality and functions that he receives the homage of his votaries. His symbol is the *lingam* the animal sacred to him is the bull and at his festivals, barren women strive to catch the fruits and flowers thrown down by his whirling devotees in the belief that if they catch these they will become prolific. Thus it is not as the destroying, but as the generative principle that he is worshipped. Neither is Brâhma a mere defunct god of Creation nor is Vishnool's godship confined to the simple preservation,—it extends (*et q. vide* the Bhagavat gita) to the entire lordship of the universe. What has led European writers wrong on the subject is the notion that these three chief gods of India are related to each other in a Divine Triad, some what resembling the Christian Trinity. This is a mistake. Brâhma, Vishnool, and Siva stand in no harmonious or complementary relations to one another. They are independent, and indeed rival gods, the followers of each extol their particular deity as the supreme, and disparage or entirely ignore the other two,—as might be shown at length from the Puranas and other works, as well as in the everyday life of the people. The real cause, we repeat, for the absence of idols and temples to Brâhma is because he was the god of the non idolatrous Aryans, who preferred to worship in the spirit, whereas Siva and Vishnool along with Kales, are the great deities of the idolatrous and pre Aryan nations, who were peculiarly given to religious

considered, the more clearly, we believe, will this original distinction, yet gradual intermingling, of the Aryan and pre Aryan faiths become visible and acknowledged, even though it is unsuspected at present by the Brahmans themselves.

The existence of these different layers of population, and their partial intermingling, we maintain, is the true key to the many enigmas and incongruities in the social, and especially in the religious, history and condition of India. More than a year ago, in an article on the "Religions of India" (Dec 1857), we first propounded this view, applying it to the externals of Indian religion, as we now apply it to the creeds and to the castes. Once stated and illustrated, as we have attempted to do, we feel confident it will commend itself to every intelligent and independent investigator of Indian history and civilisation.

The fruit of this change, the gospel of the new conglomerate religion which thus arose, is the Puranas (a series of writings, eighteen in number, beginning about 800 A.D., and successively added to till about the fifteenth century), in which the grotesque popular legends, and the extravagant fancies of the poets, have been brought together, and which in general estimation are respected as much as the Vedas or the Code. In fact, just as the Code is erroneously held to be based entirely on the Vedas, so these Puranas are likewise imagined to be in entire accordance with the spirit and text of the Vedic Scriptures. Nothing can be further from the truth. The Puranas contain theogonies, cosmogonies, mythologies, legends, and fragments of history, philosophical speculations, and instructions for religious ceremonies, and are not only quite inconsistent with the Hindoo Scriptures, but are entirely at variance with one another. Some are written by worshippers of Siva, others by followers of Vishnoo, and others still by the upholders of the old faith in Brahma. In these Puranas the grand grotesqueness and incongruity of the Indian mind appear at every turn. Never elsewhere did mythology revel in such extravagance

"The churning of the ocean by the gods and Asuras, for the purpose of procuring the nectar of immortality, and the subsequent stratagem by which the gods defrauded their coadjutors of the prize obtained,—the descent of the Ganges from heaven on the invocation of a saint, and its falling with violence on the head of Siva, wandering for years amidst his matted locks, and tumbling at last in a mighty stream upon the earth with all its train of fishes, snakes, turtles, and crocodiles,—the production of Ganesa, without a father, by the intense wishes of Devesh—his temporary slaughter by Siva, who cut off his head and afterwards replaced it with that of an elephant, the first that came to hand in the emergency,—such narratives," says Elphinstone, "with the quarrels of the gods, their occasional loves and jealousies, their wars with men and demons, their defeats, flights, and captivity, their penances and austerities for the accomplishment of their wishes, their speaking weapons, the numerous forms they have assumed, and the delusions with which they have deceived the senses of those whom they wished to injure" all this would be necessary to show fully the religious beliefs of the general population of India. As we see them in the Puranas, the Indian gods are often enraged without a cause, and reconciled without a motive. "The same deity is sometimes powerful enough to destroy his enemies with a glance, or to subdue them with a wish and at other times is obliged to assemble numerous armies to accomplish his purpose and is very near failing after all."

Amidst all this religious absurdity and spiritual grossness, pure Brahmanism has never become extinct. Down the long and ever broadening stream of Indian history, growing darker and more jumbled as one after another the many cross currents have blended together, Brahmanism—with its high faith in the One Supreme and the soul's immortality—has floated steadily above the troubled abysses, even like those votive lamps of light which one sees by night on the broad bosom of the Ganges, launched by

peous hands, and glimmering on with ruddy flame amidst the shadows of darkness. In India, above all countries of the world, we must learn to discriminate. Even in Europe, do we not behold the worship of images and of pictures—the adoration of relics—the institution of vain rites, from the observance of which the people are taught to expect salvation—an infallible Pontiff, like a Lama or Budha, by whose lips the Deity is supposed to speak,—Christ obscured by the worship of the Virgin and saints, and God the Father as removed from the thoughts of the people as any Indian God of the Void!—while witchcraft, miracles, saintly apparitions, divination, and a hundred follies, disport themselves amongst the masses? And yet amidst all this rubbish and unintentional profanity, pure Christianity lives on and grows more spiritual still. Even so, it is but just to say, have the high faiths

which belong to Brahmanism lived on, and live still, amongst the select minds of that race, above all the filth, folly, and spiritual darkness which pervade the bulk of the population. Turn to the Bhagavat gita, a poem written in the seventh or eighth century of our era, and see in what lofty emphatic language the soul's nature and immortality are described. The passage is addressed to the brave chief Arjuna, who hesitates to engage in battle because his kinsmen are in the hostile ranks, but to whom his divine counsellor Krishna makes reply, that, as a Kshatriya, it is his duty to fight,—that duty requires men to act without concern for the result,—and, moreover, that he need not grieve at the thought of death, "because the soul neither killeth nor is killed, it is without birth, and cannot be destroyed in this its mortal frame"—

' And be thou sure the mighty boundless Soul
The Eternal Essence that pervades this Whole,
Can never perish, never waste away
Thy indestructible nor knows decay
Up, then and conquer in thy might arise '
Fear not to slay It, for It never dies
As men throw off their garments worn and old,
And newer raiment round their bodies fold
The ethereal spirit leaves its mortal shell,
And finds another form wherein to dwell
Essence of Life!—It lives, undimmed its ray
Though fiercest fire or keen dart seek to slay
Viewless immutable unshaken still
It rests secure yet wanders where It will
Incomprehensible!—It knows not change,
Boundless in being limitless in range
This is the nature of the Soul great Chief!
It lives for ever therefore spare thy grief
All that is born must die,—that dies, be born again

We have shown the idea of God which the Aryans held in the periods of the Vedas and of the Code of Manu. Sixteen hundred years

after the latter of these periods, the Bhagavat gita represents the Deity thus speaking of himself—

' Life of all life—Prop of this earthly frame—
Whither all beings go from whence they came,
I am the Best from Me all beings spring
And rest on me like pearls on a string .
I am the Father and the fostering Nurse,
Grand sire and Mother of the Universe,
I am the Vedas and the Mystic Word
The Way, Support the Witness, and the Lord +

And in the lines which immediately follow, we find (though somewhat more strongly expressed than in the original), the doctrine

* GRIFFITH'S *Specimens of Old Indian Poetry*, p. 645

+ *Ibid.* P. 667

that Faith alone is a sufficient and the best means of attaining salvation and happiness, carried to the eminently pernicious extent (not unknown even in the Christian Churches) of holding that this *bhakti* or "faith" will save whether one's works be "worthy or evil" And by this faith also, it is stated in

the two last lines, believers attain to union with God—He being in them, and they in Him—a doctrine held, in one form or other, by nearly all the educated classes in India, and which forms a peculiar feature also of the Christian religion. The lines in question are as follows—

"Do all thine acts to Me through all thy days—
Thy food thy gifts, thy sacrifice, thy praise,—
Then will the bonds of actions done by thee,
Worthy or evil, leave thy spirit free
And thy pure soul renouncing earthly care,
Will come unshackled and My *Embrace* share
Though equal looks on all things I bestow,
Not enmity nor partial fondness know,*
Yet happy they who love Me faithfully
I dwell within them ever,—they in Me +

"The worship of Almighty God in His unity is the fundamental principle of the ancient Hindoo religion," wrote a Brahman lately in a letter addressed to the English press, "and the errors and misconceptions of ages have encrusted thereon pantheism and polytheism, idolatry and superstition, which, I grieve to say, are now received and believed by the mass of the people as the tenets of their creed." For, he adds, "there are very few, even among the Brahmans, who comprehend their ancient faith." The Brahmans, he goes on to say, "believe that to love God and His creatures is the chiefest of virtues, and some of them carry this doctrine of kindness so far, that they reckon it an unpardonable sin to hurt any sentient being whatsoever. As to Toleration, they are ever ready to listen to what any one has to say who proposes to communicate any knowledge, whether sacred or profane, and to hate any person for entertaining sentiments contrary to their own, is altogether foreign to their nature."† We believe this to be a perfectly fair and honest statement of the matter. The great mass of the Indian population are grossly superstitious, polytheistic, and idolatrous, they were so before

the Aryans entered India, and the Brahmans, though effecting some improvements, have not been able to raise them much above their old habits and beliefs. The reaction of this immense mass of non Aryan population upon the Brahmans themselves has been most pernicious, and to this powerful influence of contagion must be added the fact that the Vedas, the Aryan Scriptures, being written in a dialect more than 3000 years old, have become unintelligible to the Brahmans themselves, with a very few exceptions.

So matters stand, but a new era is beginning. The arrival of the British in India seems destined by Providence to arouse the educated classes of the Hindoos from their lethargy, and to launch them on a new course of inquiry. Of late years, since British supremacy was established, and the upper classes of the natives have been forced to rely for estimation with their conquerors upon intrinsic worth, a movement has begun which, we doubt not, will lead to important results. In their intercourse with the British, the better class of Brahmans have been galled to find themselves charged with the gross superstitions and idolatry of the masses, and, in consequence,

* This couplet will remind the reader of Pope's lines, in his *Essay on Man*—

'Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall.'

† GRIFITH'S *Specimens of Old Indian Poetry*, p. 68.

‡ Letter of Dukinarunjun Mookerjee, which appeared in many of the newspapers of this country in August last.

they have been stirred up to reassert their own more spiritual doctrines, and, discarding the Puranas, to revert to their early standards of faith. The movement is as yet but a tendency, but it will gather strength. The publication of the pure text of the Vedas, with a translation, now being made at the expense of the Indian Government, and a more careful study of the Code of Manu, will by and by suffice to show the Brahmans that, as a body, they have grossly and shamefully declined from their old faith.* Perhaps, too, they will come to see how, in the last two thousand years, they have been entrammelled by the usages and leavened by the spirit of a population distinct from and inferior to their own, and pride of nation will thus co-operate with other influences in producing a spiritual revival amongst the Brahmanical Aryans. And they are the hereditary leaders of India. Where they go, the rest of the population, to the extent of their faculties and opportunities, will be willing to follow.

As the Brahmans, in ages long past, accommodated or toned down their religious beliefs to suit the non-Aryan population, so did the Roman Catholic missionaries, in their day, seek converts among the natives by making a compromise between Hindooism and Christianity. Had they been better versed in the religions of the country, they probably would not have hesitated to preach Christ as another Budha to the Buddhists of Ceylon,—to the people of Southern India, as an incarnation of Vishnoo,—and to the Brahmans as the holiest of all *rishis* or saints, and as the highest manifestation of the Supreme in this world. We Protestants, on the other hand, repudiate all such compromise as blasphemous and profane. We will not consent, by such means, to purchase the quick

triumphs of the Romanists, but, content to wait, we look for a purer and nobler triumph in the end. But we must bear our souls in patience. One false step may do more to retard the work, than ten or twenty years of labour will do to advance it. Christianity must grow upon the Hindoos. Anything like persecution would be as impolitic as it would be unrighteous. Persecution only hardens and makes fanatics. And under its pressure men go to the stake, glorying in their faith, who, if left to think over their opinions quietly, would in due time have abandoned them as unrighteous or absurd. Let missionary work go on as it is doing. But the best way to evangelise India is to promote the work of evangelisation at home. There is no preaching like that of personal example. We are the ruling class in India,—we are looked up to by the natives,—our officers are in every district, and every officer or judge or revenue collector is a centre of influence. Let these men do their duty, and we shall have an agency far more powerful than any possible development which we can give to missions. Let them, to use the admirable words of Lord Stanley, ever “remember that for an European in India there is, strictly speaking, no private life: he is one of the ruling race—the few among the many—one of a population some 10,000 strong among more than one hundred millions. There are, little as he may know or care about it, quick eyes to watch his conduct, and envious tongues ready enough to disparage his nation and his race. This is not merely a personal matter. A single officer who forgets that he is an officer and a gentleman, does more harm to the moral influence of this country than ten men of blameless life can do good.”

* Among the awakening and stimulating influences of late years brought to bear upon the Brahmanical mind we cannot neglect to mention the labours of Dr Ballantyne, Principal of Benares College, whose teaching and publications are calculated to produce excellent effects upon the intellect and beliefs of the educated classes of the natives.

THE LUCK OF LADYSMEDE.

PART I.—CHAPTER I.

THE VISIT AND THE VISITOR.

It wanted yet an hour to compine, when there came a low knock at Abbot Martin's chamber door. The good abbot was not asleep, yet he started at the sound. There lay a parchment bound volume on the table, within reach, but it had formed no part of his studies that afternoon. Nevertheless, the abbot had been studying hard, and his brow had lines of care upon it, such as did not often show themselves on that open and good humoured face. In fact, he had been engaged for some time before this interruption in that idlest of all studies,—thinking of his debts. Not that Abbot Martin had any special extravagance with which to charge himself, or that either his own private liabilities, or those of his house, were very formidable in amount; but he had succeeded to a revenue dilapidated by the negligence and waste of a long misrule of nearly forty years under Abbot Aldred, of whom the best thing that could be said was, that he had been an excellent son, brother, uncle, cousin, and, in short, had done all that a man could do for his family in the way of patronage. The best lands of the abbey were held on the most favourable terms by such of his relations as had any turn for agriculture: the richest churches in the abbots' patronage were filled by secular priests who had the good fortune to be his nephews or brothers-in-law, and some of the best paid offices within the abbey walls were served by those humble members of the clan, who, remembering that they had an abbot of Havelaby to claim kin with, had felt a decided vocation for the cloister. The late abbot had sunk his family surname, if there was one, in his monastic title, so that there was no tell tale evidence of that kind to remind every one of their little family arrangements, but when Brother Martin had first come as a stranger from the pleasant meadows

of Evesham to take possession of his new dignities, he had been constrained to express frequent surprise at the fruitful ramifications of his predecessors' family tree, and the wonderful adaptation of its members to all the good things at the abbey's disposal. "Well! peace be with him!" was the worst that Abbot Martin had ever been heard to say, but it was generally considered as a charitable formula to express a very hearty feeling that the abbey, at any rate, was well rid of him, and that he was much better where he was.

For indeed, what with paying the debts of one spendthrift nephew, and alienating the richest farm of the abbey for a mere nominal fine to another, and a very negligent management of his own and the general revenues he had left a difficult task for his successor—difficult even to a man of shrewd business habits and stern economy, and Abbot Martin was hardly this. He liked the state and dignity of his office, and had that pardonable but mischievous pride in its old customs and hospitalities, which made him shrink from any real attempt at retrenchment. The tenants of the abbey had taken advantage, too, of the late abbot's mingled extravagance and carelessness, to commute for some small pecuniary assistance, when he most wanted money, the yearly rents and services of their holdings, and just when a strong will and a clear head were required, to reform abuses, reclaim lost rights, and break illegal leases, into the vacant abbacy, by royal writ, came excellent brother Martin, who could lay claim to no qualities of the kind, and was perfectly conscious of his deficiencies.

It was merely vexing himself to no purpose, therefore, when he sat down, as he had often done of late, to try to worm a way out of his difficulties: it was a sort of duty he set himself to discharge, as it were, without much

hope of any practical result, and those with whom he might best have taken counsel—his prior Robert, and Hugh the seneschal—were kinsmen of Abbot Aldred, of blessed (and insolvent) memory, and having been appointed to their present positions through his influence, were not likely to take a very business-like view of the case. Though the good abbot started, then, when the summons at his door disturbed his cogitations, the interruption was rather a relief than otherwise. There is always a satisfaction in being interrupted in disagreeable duties, and being able to complain of it to ourselves as an interruption, conscience is satisfied, and indolence rejoices. “*Aperi,*” said Abbot Martin, “*in nomine*”——

But there is no need to go on with the abbot’s Latin, which was none of the best at any time. It was one of his chaplains who entered, and made his reverence at the door.

“A messenger, my lord, from Sir Godfrey de Burgh, letters for your self and for the house.”

“Read mine for me, Wolfert,” said the abbot, after breaking the seal and glancing at the contents. “Sir Godfrey’s penmanship is none of the fairest, and my eyes are not as good as they were at your age.”

“It is a penalty we all pay for study, my lord,” said the young chaplain.

“Faith, wood smoke and night bivouacs may take most blame in my case,” returned the abbot, bluntly, “I was no clerk at your years, those were times when it was hardly worth while to fill a man’s brains full over night, when he might have them scattered next morning. Not but what I always took what snatches a soldier could at the humanities—always, he added with emphasis, he could not afford quite to play the dunce to his chaplains.”

“*Pacem duello in seculis,*” said the chaplain, who was somewhat of a flatterer, the quotation full indistinctly upon his superior’s ear, but he understood, and but for his good nature would have despised the bow of deference which accompanied it. The knight’s letter had meanwhile been opened, and he made only a sign to the other to read.

“This is none of Sir Godfrey’s hand,” said the young monk before he began, “’tis that rascally priest of his, who can write fair and smooth enough, as he speaks. I wish his meaning were as fair as his characters.”

The misgave bore, however, the signature of Sir Godfrey, and was a well worded and courteous invitation to the abbot and such of the abbey officers as would so far honour “his poor house of Ladymede” as to dine with him on the coming feast of St Crispin. Another letter, no doubt to the same purport, was addressed to the prior and sub-officers, and the chaplain was at once despatched to convey it to the proper hands, and to request their presence, when the invitation had been read, in the abbot’s chamber. He made no remark on the contents of Sir Godfrey’s letter to his young companion.

But when the authorities who had been summoned made their appearance, and the contents of the letters had been compared, the abbot proceeded in some degree to unburden his mind.

“He owes me near a hundred marks,” he began.

“He denies our right to the tithes of Lowcote,” said the prior.

“His men threatened William the warrener only last week,” said the sub prior, “that if he came on Boscot Heath, where we have undoubted right of warren, he should never go home with whole bones.”

“I mistrust the man’s civilities,” said the abbot.

“I hate him,” said the prior, “my brother Alwyne had the promise of Lowcote chapelry, and he refused him his dues, and hired this Italian Levite.”

“I think, for the dignity of the house, we ought to decline,” said the sub prior, but rather faintly.

“Perhaps ’tis as well to keep on Christian terms with him,” said the sacrist, who generally made a point of differing with his brethren, and was always exercising Christian forgiveness towards some one.

“He is a very pagan at paying his debts,” said the abbot, feelingly.

“He is worse than a heretic,” said the prior, “he robs the Church.”

"He is always right hospitable in his own house," said the sub-prior, reluctantly.

"And has excellent wine," said the sacrist, looking at the last speaker with a sneer. When he did agree with his brother officials, it was always with a meaning. Sub-prior Simon's voice was said to be never so loud or so clear in choir as on feast days.

"I may speak to him about the hundred marks, if we go to Ladysmede," said the abbot, "there used to be an invitation sent to the abbey every year, till those differences began, and I hardly see how matters can be worse than they are now. What think you, prior?"

"If you go, of course we go," said the prior, deferentially. He was very glad to wash his hands of any responsibility. So it was settled that letters should be written, accepting the offered hospitality in the name of the abbot and six of the superior brethren.

Sir Godfrey de Burgh's "poor house of Ladysmede" lay about five miles from the abbey gates of Rivelshy. But the road between them, in those days, was all but impassable for six months in the year. The river which flowed through both domains was a far preferable highway for travellers, and in the days of Abbot Martin's predecessors, the abbey barge had made the passage often to and fro. True, this made the distance two miles longer, but in point of time nothing would be lost, and in point of safety and comfort the gain was everything. Orders therefore were duly given to the abbey fishermen, who acted as rowers on such occasions, and early in the forenoon of a fine October morning, the abbot and his company, escorted by a due number of serving men, in consideration of their own rank and their host's, went down to the water gate of the abbey garden, and there took boat for Ladysmede.

For the first four miles the deep and sluggish river wound through the rich flats of the abbey domain. The abbot would have marked with more pleasure the substantial granges, and goodly corn lands, from which the latest crops were being carried,

and meadows where kine stood fetlock deep in aftermath, if he had not been troubled with the thought that so little of this wealth came in to the owners of the soil. The fat miller of Swinford came out to see them pass, and made low and reverent obeisance to his landlord. But the mill had been leased away for three lives under the seal of Abbot Aldred, and nothing came in therefrom to the present abbot's coffers but a beggarly quarter of three measures of best meal. The miller was a richer and a happier man than the abbot, for all the brave show which the gilded barge and the crimson liveries made. His wife and three rosy children did not cost him as much as the poor abbot's serving-men who were more for state than comfort, and if any one could have made out the debtor and creditor accounts of both, the balance in the miller's favour on the one hand, though tolerably large, would hardly have equalled that against the churchman on the other. It was almost a relief when, after near an hour's stout rowing, they passed the Rivelshy boundary stone, and got into Sir Godfrey's water.

The old Manor house of Ladysmede, which now opened from its deep woods that overhung the river, had for some generations kept up a friendly connection with the fraternity of Rivelshy. More than one of its owners stood upon the abbey's roll of benefactors. All, save the last, who left his bones in Palestine, lay buried within its precincts. One younger son of the family had taken the monastic vows there. In the troublous reign of Stephen, Rainald de Burgh had held the neighbouring town six months against Henry, and though the then abbot was well known as no friend to King Stephen's cause, the abbey had never suffered, either in or outside its walls, from the near neighbourhood of a hostile force, and indeed had much more reason to complain of its friends, who made very free with the abbot's hospitality, than of its enemies, who never entered its gates. And when Henry came to the crown, and the de Burghs were in danger of suffering for their loyalty to the cause they had espoused, it was the abbot

of Rivalsby who made a purpose journey to Westminster, and made their peace with the new king. But little did the present Sir Godfrey, cousin to Sir Miles who died in the Holy Land, care for old family connection or traditional kindnesses. He was well content to be on civil terms with his neighbours of the abbey so long as it suited his own interests or convenience, and there had never been any actual quarrel between them, but he was a selfish and unprincipled man, lavishing a considerable income on his own indulgences, and for the last two years had neglected, in spite of all applications, to pay his rents for the lands which he held under the abbot. He had also usurped, owing to some negligence of the late abbot, the right of presenting a clerk to the benefice of Lowcote, which Rivalsby had always claimed, and had placed in possession an Italian priest, who lived in his house in the nominal office of chaplain, and bore no very reputable character in the neighbourhood. There were two reasons which made the monks of Rivalsby unwilling at this time to come to any open rupture with their neighbour of Ladysmede: one was the unsettled state of the kingdom and difficulty of obtaining justice during King Richard's absence in Palestine, and the other the fact that Sir Godfrey held at present the shrievalty of the county, and in that character had very considerable powers either for good or evil.

"Shame," said Abbot Martin as they passed a meadow of their own domain, which formed part of Sir Godfrey's holding, "that I have never seen a penny from those lands since Sir Miles's death! I wish the king were home again, I would see if justice were to be had in England."

"'Tis a pity," said the prior, "that this last de Burgh should ever have had the lands at all, we knew what he was long ago. Well, it was not for me to interfere, but my cousin John de Lakes would have given a good round sum for the lease, and paid to the day."

The abbot made no reply, but thought himself that the revenues of the abbacy had not hitherto profited

much by the prior's relations. "Has Sir Godfrey any guests with him now?" he asked of one of the fishermen who were rowing the barge, and who lived close under the Manor-house.

"There's a stranger of quality there, lately come from beyond sea," said the fisherman, "there's none there but he and Father Jackimo, as they call him, but there's feasting enough, they tell me, for a dozen."

"Sinful waste and riot," said the abbot, "I doubt if we ought to encourage it by our presence." Though no ascetic, luxury was not a fault of Abbot Martin's: he was always well content, as he said, with "soldiers' fare."

"There is moderation in all things," said the sub-prior.

"We shall hear news from the army," said the seneschal, who was the quid nunc of the party, and would have longed in spirit if he could have foreseen them, for the days of morning newspapers. "It is long since a soul has crossed the abbey bridge that could answer a question, except Joseph the pedlar, and you remember the false account he brought us that the Holy City had been taken."

"Yes," said the sacrist, "and got lodged and feasted like a prince in return for such good tidings, rightly serving you all (saving my Lord Abbot's presence, who knew nought of your doings) for having dealings with a Jew."

"He swears he has been baptised," said the seneschal.

"He swore that wine you bought of him was genuine Hungary," returned the sacrist, "and ask Brother Simon there what he thinks about it, he knows what Hungary wine is."

"Peace, my sons," said Abbot Martin, for the conversation was audible to those in the bow of the barge, and scarcely tended to their edification. In a few minutes they were at the landing place below the Manor.

The knight of Ladysmede had not been wanting in courtesy to his clerkly guests. Though the distance to the house was scarce a quarter of a mile, a palfrey was in waiting for the abbot's use, and an aged domestic, a sort of house-steward, who

represented perhaps in his own person all of gravity and respectability that was left in Ladysmede, was ready, at the head of some half dozen inferiors, to escort the party by the short meadow path that led into the main avenue. At the hall door, Father Giacomo came forth at the first summons with lowly greeting to hold the abbot's bridle, and help him to dismount, and he had scarcely crossed the threshold when the tall figure of Sir Godfrey himself strode forward to bid him welcome. He caught the hand of his guest with that hearty grasp which always seems so cordial, though in lower natures like his it only speaks the selfish good fellowship of the moment. Then he stepped back, and bent his head and knee in an obeisance which was half a jest.

Pardon me, my good Lord Abbot, for the moment I forgot you were a churchman, and greeted you only as a brother soldier.

Intentional or not, it was the highest compliment the abbot could have received. He was much prouder, after all, of the short campaign which he had served in his youth, than of the honours which family influence, and that safe reputation which keeps well with all parties, had procured for him in later life. Those who sought to find favour in the sight of Abbot Martin of Rivelaby, had need to forget for the time that any such personage existed, and remember only the squire of gentle birth who had served the king in Brittany. The first meeting, then, was auspicious. After a few words with the abbot, the host turned to the other monks, and with a blunt but not unfriendly greeting welcomed them to Ladysmede. Gliding about from one to the other, the Italian, English by his mother's side, and speaking that language perfectly, and, as he declared, in preference to his own, addressed to each some well worded remark, either in jest or earnest, in a low musical voice, and seemed to be most anxious to make his own and his patron's peace with a community who regarded him, at least, he well knew, as an intruder. In the banqueting room they found the stranger of whom

the fisherman had spoken, a knight better known than loved in a neighbouring county, with whose family the abbot had some slight acquaintance. He had but lately, as he said, crossed the sea from Joppa with letters from the king. He was a man of middle age, of tall stature, and soldier like bearing, with a countenance which would have had a sort of stern beauty, if it had not been for an indefinable but unpleasant expression about the mouth. He spoke to none but the abbot, and regarded the other churchmen with a rude and careless stare.

There was no stint of good cheer, however, nor lack of lively conversation, at the feast that afternoon. Sir Godfrey maintained his character as a right liberal and jovial host. If his jests smacked now and then of the rudeness of the camp, the ears of the monastic guests were scarce so nice upon such points as our more civilised generation would insist upon. Brother Simon pronounced the wines to be of the true vintage, and won his host's favour by the confident accuracy with which he recognised the flavour of a certain ancient liquor, which he well remembered, having helped to empty sundry flasks of it in good Sir Miles's time. The sacrist told sundry stories with a quantum of humour, none the less agreeable to the two knights because they now and then bore rather hardly upon some of the brethren of Rivelaby. The Italian Giacomo had conversation for all, stores of clerical learning, lightly touched upon, and so skilfully held in hand as not to draw the good abbot out of his depth, with abundance of everyday worldly knowledge, which showed the priest to have dealt as much with men as with books. It was on the Crusader's lips, however, when he deigned to open them, that the brethren of the monastery hung with rapt attention — all the more, perhaps, because he gave them little encouragement to ask the questions which would naturally have risen to their lips, and treated lightly and as matters of course the stirring events in which he had so lately borne a share, and which, interesting as they were to all Englishmen whose hearts were

with their king and their fellows in the Holy War, had even a double attraction for the peaceful tenant of the cloister. If ever a monk would have confessed regret for the vow that bound him, it was when he heard that King Richard had need of every stout lance before Jerusalem. Abbot Martin, naturally unreserved, and more independent of the world's opinion than his officials, and growing more and more enthusiastic as the strange knight's tales and the good wine warmed his heart, declared loudly, with as near an approach to an oath as might become his calling, that had he known what was to come, he would never have changed the steel cap even for the abbot's mitre.

"Well spoke, and loyally," said the Crusader, with more heartiness than he had shown hitherto, "fifty good lances, to my thinking, were worth all the monks in England now."

The Italian hastened to cover this uncourteous speech.

"The church in the cloister," he said in his silver voice, "strengthens King Richard's hands by prayers and fasting without these, no force of arms could win the Holy Sepulchre. None feels it more, to my own poor knowledge, than the king's own gracious majesty. My brothers of Rivelesby, Sir Knight, are as good soldiers of the cross as any who carry lance before the Holy City. Cold and hunger and watching they gladly share, as all men know, and more than share, with those who fight in the body, it is only the glory which they do not share. The poor churchman's name will never be heard like that of Sir Nicholas le Hardi."

He bowed low as he spoke, and the knight seemed to appreciate the compliment, but there was an almost imperceptible mockery in the Italian's smile, as he turned round to his neighbour the sacrist to see how his defence of the order was relished. That shrewd monk alone of all the company detected it, and disliked the foreign priest more than ever, in spite of his having come so gallantly to the rescue.

"Sir Nicholas has won his spurs well, then?" said he, looking inquir-

ingly into the unreadable face of the chaplain.

"Yes," replied Father Giacomo, after a short pause, returning the sacrist's look—"Yes, well and honourably, he paid for them in good money."

"Can such things be done amongst knights and nobles?" said the monk, looking at him distrustfully.

"Yea, good brother, even as readily as in the cloister. Do men fancy that only the churchman loves gold?"

"I doubt me the wiles of the evil one are everywhere," replied the sacrist, "but I thought the snares he set for men of war were of another make."

"We foreigners have a saying, that money is the Englishman's god," continued the other, with a smile, but not a pleasant one.

"And the Italians?"

"Is revenge, they say. They wrong us, as perhaps we do you. Still, even so, it might perhaps seem a nobler worship."

The monk made him no reply, but wisely shook his head, and applied himself to the flagon. Perhaps unconsciously, he moved himself at the same time rather farther from his strange neighbour, and addressed his conversation to Brother Simon, who had found the good things before him requiring all his attention hitherto. The sacrist, in truth, winced under the Italian's keen glance and mocking tone. Besides the natural jealousy felt by the brotherhood against the secular priest who had been intruded into their church of Lowcote, there were strange reports abroad as to the Italian's real character and past history. Some said confidently that he was no priest at all—a mere adventurer, learned, as all agreed, some said he knew more than either clerk or layman ought to seek to learn, some had a story how he had been unfrocked by the bishops of his own church abroad, and certain it was, that to be a constant inmate of Ladysmode for the last two years, and the bosom friend and counsellor of the knight who was now master there—and such Father Giacomo was well known to be—bespoke, to say the very least, an

elastic and compliant morality scarce becoming even the vow of secular priesthood

The feast went on, and to do Sir Godfrey justice, though he urged his reverend guests to pledge him again and again, and reminded them how rare a privilege it was for him to have their company, he refrained himself from those coarse jests and uproarious exhibitions of good fellowship for which his board was but too notorious. The presence of Sir Nicholas, perhaps, saved the monks some annoyance in these respects. Rather silent himself than otherwise, he never gave encouragement, even by a smile, to any of the host's ruder attempts at mirth. Haughtily courteous to the abbot, he still treated him with a more formal respect than he showed towards his entertainer. Sprung from a family as ancient as his own, he recognised the gentleman where he cared little for the monk. And his long foreign travel had given his manners and language an outward grace and courtesy which contrasted well, as all felt—and none knew it better than himself—with the somewhat boorish speech and coarser bearing of Sir Godfrey. Twice had the abbot moved to take leave, and the preliminary step of awaking the sub-prior had been partly taken and twice had he resumed his seat—not so much in obedience to the loud protest of the host, as in deference to the new subject of interest slightly started by the Crusader and skilfully followed out by the ever ready Italian. It was but seldom the superior of Rivelaby had found himself in such pleasant company. Not learned himself he had no sympathy with his young chaplains' pedantic honesty and plain dealing; he disliked the priors' greed and selfishness and what with the weight of unaccomplished reforms, and the burden of the petty complaints and jealousies unavoidable in such close societies, he led, in fact, a somewhat lonely and cheerless life in the dignified retirement of the abbot's chamber. The air of this outer world came fresh and cheering upon him after the heaviness of the cloister. Sir Nicholas le Hardi might not be a spotless knight, the

Italian might have as little claim to sanctity as he had to the church of Lowmote, but at least they were men of the world, and had something else to converse upon than the misdeeds of the novices, and the petty cheats of the abbey tenants. He was loth to go, and the sub-prior had woke up again to a new bowl of spiced wine of Cyprus.

The barge had waited an hour already at the Lady's steps, and a second supply of liquor (there was no lack of that, for all corners, at the Manor) had been sent down to the boatmen by Sir Godfrey's orders, and there seemed a doubt whether the waning autumn daylight would not fail the party on their return, and still Abbot Martin sat at table. In truth he had been trying to nerve his courage for a most unpleasant parting speech after such a joyous evening; he was planning how to ask Sir Godfrey to favour him with a few words in private in order to remind him, in as soft words as might be, of the need, now grown so pressing, of the payment in part, at all events, of his just demands. Great, then, was his astonishment, and greater, if possible, his delight, when the Italian rose from his seat, and in a low and respectful tone whispered a few words in his ear. It was to ask the abbot "of his grace and courtesy to be pleased to step aside with him for a few minutes into a private cabinet hard by, where he had it in charge, he said, from his good patron, to request a full acquittance before some of these present witnesses—the abbot's seal might be had hereafter—of certain moneys due for Sir Godfrey's holdings under Rivelaby. Beckoning young Wolfert his chaplain to follow him, Abbot Martin passed through a side door, which Giacomo held reverently open, into the smaller chamber of which he spoke. There, after begging the superior to be seated, the priest counted out before his delighted eyes, in full tale, the rents which he had begun almost to despair of ever handling. Wolfert assisted in the counting, not a coin was short, but once there shot such a curious glance from those dark southern eyes, that the chaplain almost dropped the gold piece he had

in his fingers. It seemed to him, as he afterwards averred, that the coin was hot, he felt sure it came from no earthly banker's hands, and he almost expected, as he looked round that ill-lighted chamber, to see the head of the unholy firm, in his usual costume of tail and horns, looking on out of some corner in person. No such misgivings, however, seemed to enter the abbot's mind, and certainly no such appearance presented itself.

"You find it correct, I think," said the Italian, blandly.

Wolfert bowed, and hardly trusted his lips to answer. Had he dared, he would have liked to have made the sign of the cross as a sort of additional security.

"You will perhaps then kindly request Sir Nicholas to favour us with his presence for an instant, to witness with yourself the acquaintance which I have here shortly drawn up, in acknowledgment of the payment. Meanwhile, I will read it over to my lord abbot. Between friends," he added, with another bland smile, "few words are necessary in such documents."

"The fewer the better," said the honest abbot, "do not trouble yourself to read it, there lies the money, and if the acquaintance is worded to the satisfaction of the good knight of Lady Medley, all I need do is to sign it."

"Your pardon, humbly, my lord, we priests of Holy Cross are half lawyers, only we take no fees, never let your sacred hand be set to any deed without a knowledge of its contents. I have known a man unwittingly sign an acknowledgment of his own treason." The Italian's smile was darker than usual, and there was even a cloud upon the calm, smooth brow—but for an instant only.

"I had proposed to read it," he resumed, "rather you will be graciously pleased to read it for yourself."

The abbot took the parchment, for he was loth to seem careless in such matters. The document was brief, as Father Giacomo had said, yet the few moments' hasty glance which the other bestowed upon it would hardly have sufficed to master its contents. The young chaplain had now returned with Sir Nicholas,

and after the abbot's signature, the hands of all the others were set in testimony of the payment, the soldier's was but a plain cross with the initials of his name, Wolfert's a legible and clerkly formula, but the Italian beat him out of the field in cunning penmanship and inimitable flourishes. The host himself had never left the table, and was pressing his guests to one more parting cup, which the sacrist prudently filled with water for the almost unconscious Simon.

The party were about to leave the cabinet, when a door on the other side opened, and a bright fair haired boy rushed in. He had some name half uttered on his lips, when he saw the strangers, and stopped short. Recovering himself in an instant, he ran to Father Giacomo, keeping his eyes fixed at the same time on the abbot.

The Italian took his hand, and glanced hastily towards the half closed door which led into the banquetting room.

"Go," said he, in a low suppressed voice, which might have betokened anger, but that he laid his head on the child's flowing curls at the same time almost caressingly—"Go, these are visitors."

Again the child's eyes sought the abbot's face. Children are ready physiognomists, and he saw in that open kindly countenance an unmistakable token of encouragement. He did not stir, but glanced admiringly on the churchman's rich vestments, and again up to the smiling face. "Go, I say!" repeated Father Giacomo more sternly than before, but still in a suppressed tone—"did you not hear me?"

But the abbot had held out his hand, and the boy had caught sight of the jewel on the finger. Timidly, with the blue eyes still seeking the kind face, he left his protector's side, and touched the rug which had attracted him. The abbot's other hand was laid upon the chestnut curls, when Sir Godfrey, with a somewhat unsteady gait, threw open the door. "Lord Abbot!" he shouted hoarsely, "your sheep won't drink without the shepherd." He stopped, and his flushed face became almost pale.

The Italian had moved forward at the first sound of his voice, and was standing so as almost to hide the boy from his view. But he had caught sight of him, and his next words were almost choked with passion.

"What does he here?" he demanded with an oath, "what means it?" And he turned his fiery glance from Giacomo to the abbot with such a threatening gesture, that the latter reddened, and withdrawing his hand from the child, gave him back a look as defiant as his own.

"What brings him here, I ask?" he demanded again fiercely of Giacomo, "can ye not speak? have ye never a lie ready?"

"It is mere accident, Sir Godfrey, he thought I was alone. Go," he whispered once more to the frightened boy, as he led him to the small side door. "My Lord Abbot will pardon the intrusion," continued the Italian, fixing his eyes calmly on Sir Godfrey's face.

"Take him away," said the knight in a somewhat calmer tone, but still under great excitement. "this is no time or place for such folly." Father Giacomo had led the child out, and returned immediately. His eyes seemed never to have left his patron's face, which wore an expression in which the most furious anger was struggling with embarrassment of some other kind. The abbot was mute with surprise and disgust. Le Hardi was watching Giacomo's countenance, if he read any explanation there, he must have possessed powers of divination more than human. His own calm self-possession had not failed him for a moment, and his were the first words that recalled all parties to themselves.

"We had finished our business, de Burgh, just as the child came in. But my Lord Abbot had not taken up his money—he means to leave it for me, no doubt, to bestow in charity upon poor pilgrims, or for ransoming Christian maidens from captivity, or to buy medicines for our poor wounded knaves who are rotting by hundreds in the East. Shall I be your lordship's almoner?" He lifted one of the heavy bags jestingly.

"Pardon me," said Abbot Martin,

not yet recovered from the strange scene he had just witnessed, "I fear we are so ill-provided at home just now that we can spare little even for such worthy objects. Two years last winter we had a heavy time of it. What with scant harvests and a sickly autumn, the poor at our gates alone cost us more than this in meal."

"Heaven will increase your store," said the Italian.

His patron threw a scowl of contempt towards him. If he saw it, it seemed to pass unheeded.

Wolfert took charge of the money, and the guests returned to the table. But their host made no further effort to detain them, and the abbot's face had not yet recovered its usual frank expression. With somewhat graver courtesy than he would have used a short half hour ago, he returned thanks for the hospitality of Ladysmede, and, escorted as before, the party reached the Lady's steps, where their barge lay waiting in the twilight.

The awning which covered in the stern and which the fineness of the morning had induced them to discard on their passage to Ladysmede, had been now drawn close by the boatmen, for the mist was fast rising on the river, and in these low grounds the autumn evening was damp and chill. Thus comfortably sheltered from the river breeze, and in some degree secure from being overheard by their followers, the abbot and his brethren began to discuss in low tones, after the wont of guests in all days, ancient or modern, their host, their company, and their entertainment. The abbot himself, indeed, took little share in the conversation. The sudden payment in full, without solicitation on his part, of a claim which he had so long been vainly pressing, and the strange excitement of the knight during the scene in the cabinet, were matters which, though they could not but give rise to much surprise and speculation in his own mind, he had no wish to discuss with the brethren. Indeed, none of them, except Wolfert, had been witness to what had passed, though they had marked Sir Godfrey's loud and angry tone, and his evident wrath and discomposure when he returned to the

table. But the haughty and distant bearing of the stranger knight had nettled their self-esteem, and they were jealous of the intellectual superiority and ill-concealed sneers of the Italian, Giacomo.

"Yet he spoke well for Holy Church," said the prior.

"His words were smoother than oil, yet were they very swords," replied the sacrist "he is a good master of his weapon, but I reckon he can turn it against his friends as well as his enemies. I marked that he seemed to take satisfaction in an argument with Sir Nicholas, and seldom let a loose word of his pass unchallenged."

"He had but little to say on the question of Lowcote," said the prior, "all his outlandish learning was no match for a plain tale."

"He was no match for you, brother, I doubt," returned the sacrist, "*paras cum paribus* he kept his thrusts for the Crusader." It was too dark to see the speaker's smile, but he condescended to nudge young Wolfert, who sat next him. The prior had some dim notion that Brother Andrew bantered him, but wisely judged his dignity best consulted by not appearing aware of it.

"Who or what is the man?" interrupted Wolfert, who had never seen the Italian before that day, but had regarded him with an uncontrollable horror ever since he had caught that eye in the cabinet, and had marked the looks which had passed between him and his patron after the entrance of the child. He was not sure that either of his brother monks had even seen the innocent cause of Sir Godfrey's wrath (as indeed they had not), and he had too keen an appreciation of the important and confidential position which he held as abbot's chaplain—let it be said also, too strong a sense of duty—to open his lips upon a subject upon which his superior seemed to have remained purposely silent. The boy was no heir of the house of Ladyemede, for Sir Godfrey was unmarried; whoever he was, it was plain that his presence that evening had been undesired and unwelcome, and what ever might be the young churchman's natural curiosity, he had sense enough

to know that his office, while it made free demands on most of his faculties, imposed considerable restraint upon the tongue. As to Father Giacomo, however, there need surely be no mystery, and he was impatient to know something of his history. "Who is this man," said he, "and where did Sir Godfrey meet with him?"

"Shall I answer your question?" said a deep whisper, almost close, as it seemed, to his ear. Wolfert was sitting at the further end of the enclosed space, where the curtains met across the barge, leaving some few feet between his seat and the old fisherman, who stood upright in the stern and used his long oar as a rudder. None of his companions sat on the side from which the voice proceeded. But it was not this which made the young monk start up and cross himself hurriedly with a faint ejaculation. The seneschal, who sat opposite, started likewise, suddenly dislodging from its resting place on his shoulder Brother Simon's head, which had gradually sunk there as he dozed and pitching him forward heavily against the sacrist. Both had recognised the tones of the Italian.

"Sweet St Mary! who spoke?" cried Wolfert.

"*Mea culpa, mea culpa!*" cried the sub-prior, scarce half awake, and considerably affected by his potations, he thought that he had been caught asleep in the choir, and was receiving discipline. In this latter impression he was not so far wrong, for Brother Andrew, upon whose person he had made so unceremonious descent, was indeed administering sundry vicious digs and pinches in order to get rid of him.

The stern curtains were gently unclosed, and a muffled figure stood in the opening.

"I have not willingly played the listener, believe me," said Giacomo, for he it was, "and my Lord Abbot knows his monks' discretion too well to care for eavesdroppers, yet I know that I have need to crave pardon humbly of all for my presence here. I have but waited till we were well clear of yonder bank to cast myself on your forgiveness." He spoke low,

and in Latin, pure and melodious, but with something of a foreign intonation.

"What means this intrusion? how came you on board?" The prior was the first to reply, with very natural indignation; not the less, perhaps, because he had not found it easy to keep peace mentally with the stranger's fluent Latinity.

"Speak English," said the abbot, when he had somewhat recovered his first surprise; "none will overhear us." The boatmen had struck up a low chant, and the dash of the oars and the intervention of the awning allowed few words of the conversation to reach the bows of the barge. Old Hubert, the steersman, was too deaf to count as one of the audience. "But how has this been suffered? our knaves"—

"Had found Sir Godfrey's good liquor, and their long waiting, tend to drowsiness; they were asleep; and if a silver piece overcame the scruples of this poor old man, who was keeping watch,—you, reverend fathers, who have armed yourselves against all such temptations, will not deal too hardly with those who are weak." If there was a trace of his habitual tone of mockery in the words, it vanished as he went on. "But one among you asked, I think, who or what I am. Good father abbot, I am a stranger: I have no friend in this broad land of England; and I have enemies—it may be many, some might bid me look for them even in the cloisters of Rivelaby; but if it be so, I will show more trust in them, perhaps, than they would in me. As a stranger, I beseech of you charity. I have a great boon to ask."

"Speak out," said Abbot Martin; "these are but riddles. To say the least, you have chosen to make your request in strange fashion."

"I have not chosen," said Giacomo, "I am compelled. You are right, reverend father; only the extremest need could warrant me in what I do; and for myself, I know of no need so pressing as could force me to ask your favour. But I ask you for another. This child"—(he opened the folds of his cloak as he said the last words, and showed the boy clinging to him, pale but composed),

"I ask, I have a right to ask for him a shelter within the arms of the Mother of God."

"The boy!" said the astonished abbot; "what mean you? Who is he?"

"His life is in danger."

"But who is he? by what right do you take it on yourself to dispose of him? Has he not those who are his natural guardians and protectors? Does Sir Godfrey commission you to ask this for him?"

"I have told you he stands in danger of his life."

"We cannot take upon ourselves unknown responsibilities," said the prior; "tell us who the child is, and we will judge whether we may safely and lawfully give you any help in this matter."

"Is that the rule of you Benedictines?" exclaimed the Italian, in his bitterest tone; "is it so ye read, reverend father? Will ye give your help if a man be your friend, if he be your kinsman, if he be well known to you, if ye be told his birth, his parentage, his history? I had thought the holy text were written otherwise, '*hospes, et collegatus me.*'"

"But we have no certainty that you are not rather carrying the child away from those who have nearer and juster claims upon him. How can we tell whether you are his friend or his enemy?"

The Italian drew the child's head forward, and lifted his face with his hand. There was a smile on the pale features, and his eyes were fixed closely on his protector's countenance. "Am I your enemy, *caro mio*?" he asked, the tones sweet and low as a woman's.

"No, no!" said the child very softly, but there was a world of love and confidence in the tone.

"Tell us at once," said the abbot, "or if you prefer it, tell me alone in private who this boy is; and if we be satisfied of your right to ask a home for him in Rivelaby, he shall have it."

The Italian made no answer; he seemed to be still caressing the child.

"What my Lord Abbot asks, you must allow, is but fair and reasonable," said the prior. "You bring this child out of Sir Godfrey de

Burgh's house by stealth, as it would seem, and demand of us to take the charge of him, we only ask to be assured that you have the right to do so."

"Suppose I were to say he is my own child?" said the Italian, still bending over him.

"It were a shame and scandal for you to say so," said the prior.

"Pardon me, good father, the shame and the scandal, if it be one, lie in the sin, not in the confession. For these things I care little, and were I minded to tell a falsehood, the Church would give me easy absolution in so good a cause. But enough—let me crave of you to put me ashore here by Swinford Mill, and we will relieve you of our presence. There are Christian men who will give us a night's shelter, if only for the boy's sake, and there must be other cloisters within reach less cautious in their charity than St Mary's of Rivelby. Fare-you well, holy fathers, go your ways home, fast and pray, be zealous for Holy Church's dues, sing masses for the dead, by whom ye have your wealth, and spurn from your doors the living who claim your charity. Even so did they of Jerusalem who knew not the day of their visitation. Let us go—we will trouble you no more."

But while he spoke, the boy, whether frightened at something in his language, which, calm as it was, conveyed even to his childish comprehension the idea of anger and bitterness—or understanding enough of the conversation to know that it concerned the disposal of himself—had caught the abbot's dress with one hand, and as the Italian drew back hastily towards the stern of the boat, the little tight-clenched grasp became plainly perceptible to both. Though staggered by the sudden jerk, he only clung the tighter to support himself. Abbot Martin was struck by the silent and it might be unintentional appeal. Kind hearted as he was, and with a mind not slightly influenced by the superstitious feelings of the age, which was ready to trace in what we call the commonest accidents of life the tokens of supernatural encouragement or warning, this sudden claim

of sanctuary made by an infant hand had more force with him than all the priest's bitter and impatient pleading.

"Stay," said he, "Father Giacomo, your words are rude, yet it may be that you mean honestly by the child. We have but little cause—pity it is that I must say so—to trust those amongst whom we find him. If he be near of kin to Sir Godfrey—still more, if he be his son, as we may well suspect—we know the risk which we incur in meddling in this matter. But were I well assured that it were a question of harm coming to the little lad," and here the abbot's hand had found that of the boy, and clasped it in his own—"had I any pledge that what you say is true, my life for his, but I would keep him safe in Rivelby."

"You cannot know," said the Italian, "that he is either Sir Godfrey's child or kinsman, I tell you I have full right to ask and to act in his behalf as I see cause, and that I see urgent and pressing cause, else had I never asked favour at your hands, to place him for a while in safe and honest keeping. More than this I cannot and will not tell. Your house thinks evil of me, Lord Abbot, I do them and you more justice, it may be, than you do me. Not all the wealth nor all the prayers of your brotherhood were worth to me one of his smiles." There was still a bitterness in his tone, but it was the bitterness of humbled pride. Even the prior was somewhat touched, there was a human feeling locked up even in his selfish heart, but caution had strict charge of the key.

"What pledge can you offer us of your sincerity?" he asked.

"I have offered you all I have," replied the Italian, "and you have refused it, shall I put myself in ward at Rivelby as a hostage for my good faith?"

"Saint Mary forbid!" said the prior.

"Anathema!" added Brother Simon, who had awakened to some comprehension of this last proposal.

"I feared I might be harshly welcome among you, even as a prisoner," said the priest in his blandest tone. "But I have neither lands nor gold to put in trust, nor friends to answer for

me; and it would be presumptuous to offer you my prayers."

"Swear that you, having the lawful custody of this child, seek now to place him, for his own safety, in the cloister of St Mary."

"Swear!" said the priest: "when ye mistrust a man's deeds, will his oath serve to assure you? But I will swear; what oath soever may be most binding in your eyes, holy monks, I will take most readily. Shall I swear by the tears of St Mary Magdalene, of which one drop, as I have heard, miraculously extinguished the fire which once broke out in your infirmary? or by the sacred bones of St Quintin, which your abbot Oscar, of pious memory, in spite of all the precautions of the good brothers of Michamstede, succeeded in carrying off from"—

"Peace, scoffer!" said the prior; "I well believe all oaths were alike easy from such lips."

But the Italian threw off his mocking tone, and, as if suddenly recollecting himself, said, "Pardon, my fathers; perhaps we hardly think alike on all such matters: let there be no fresh offence between us on that score. The oath which I take I will keep at least in this matter; and it happens that I bethink me of one which, if it might be even less sacred in your eyes than, as you are pleased to judge, some of your cloister language is in mine, nevertheless my Lord Abbot here, by his leave, will hold to have some weight even on the lips of such as me." He leaned forward, and drawing the abbot a little apart from the rest, whispered in his ear, as it seemed, scarce more than a word; then raised his hand, and with a low calm voice, in which at least there was neither jest nor mockery, said, so that all might hear him, "I swear!"

Abbot Martin started as though it had been the word of doom. An exclamation half burst from his lips, and he made a movement as if he would have grasped the priest by the arm. But he was not a man of violent emotions, and he recovered his usual calm and unpretending dignity of manner.

"Enough," said he to the astonished monks, addressing them, as it seemed,

rather than Giacomo; "I am satisfied with his word; I take the charge of this boy so long as need require."

"It seems scarcely well counselled, my good lord," began the prior.

"I take it upon myself; if anything herein bring blame or loss, I hereby declare it done of my own sole act and deed, and I will do all that in me lies to bear the brotherhood harmless."

The monks were silent. Jealousy, astonishment, curiosity, were all too strong for words. Seldom had their present superior shown himself so independent of their counsel or their wishes; never, on so seemingly slight a cause, had they seen him so moved. The Italian bowed his head. "In good time," he said, "for here is Swinford Mill; here, if it please you, let us part." And while the abbot gave the necessary order, he drew the child close to him, and whispered with him for a few moments in the stern of the barge. The parting was very calm and quiet on both sides. If there were tears in the child's eyes, the increasing darkness hid them, and he made no outward complaint or lamentation at being left alone among strangers. His companion had prepared him, doubtless, beforehand for this termination of the interview; and when, after a close embrace, he led him back and placed his hand again in that of the abbot, he did not tremble as he had done in the chamber at Lady Meda. When the barge was brought to the mill-bank, and the Italian, with a few words of courteous farewell, which the monks returned but shortly, prepared to land, the abbot rose, and seemed half inclined to follow him. Leaning over the side of the barge as the other stepped ashore, he spoke a few words low and earnestly, which to the rest of the party were inaudible.

"Addio!" said the Italian; "the boy will be safe with you." He turned, and was soon lost to sight in the thickening mists of evening.

The barge continued its way. Abbot Martin had made room for the child beside him, and after a few words of kind encouragement, asked him his name.

"My name is Giulio," he answered.

"Giulio de Burgh!"

"Giulio is my name," the boy repeated, without seeming to understand the second question.

The abbot made no further inquiries, but wrapped his little charge safe from the night air in a warm furred cloak which the priest had left for him. The child leaned his head confidently against the shoulder of his new friend, and remained perfectly still and silent, as though he slept. The rest of the party preserved for some time the same embarrassed silence which had prevailed since their superior's sudden compliance with the Italian's proposal, and nothing was heard but the measured chant of the fishermen, the dash and ripple of the water, and the groaning of the oars in the rowlocks as the barge swung heavily against the stream round the many bends of the river as they neared the abbey.

They were in the last reach, and the lights from the long row of conventual buildings were gleaming cheerily in the water before them, when the prior broke the silence.

"If Sir Godfrey hears, as he surely will, that we have this boy here among us, he will be sorely wroth, if he have any claim to the disposing of him, right or wrong—which I do not care to ask—he will spare neither force nor fraud to make it good. Far be it from me to question our reverend father's judgment, but I would we knew where this will end."

"There need be little fear, good brother," returned the abbot, "of its coming to Sir Godfrey's ears, so we but keep our own counsel wisely. Old Hubert's silence may easily be bought as to Roger and the rest, they will have enough to marvel at in the priest's having been on board at all, and will never dream that he had any companion. It is easy enough for us, if we will, to take the child with us when we land, without their knowledge. Good brother," he continued, addressing himself to the sacrist, "you are reported to have a stout arm at quarter staff, a kind heart I know you have, it needs but to throw this cloak over your shoulder, and you may carry him up through the gate at this hour, and none be the wiser."

The weight of Andrew the sacrist's cudgel had been felt by more than one misdemineant amongst the dependents of Rivelaby, and was an argument which he was said to have used with some success in settling with a refractory forester who had long objected to pay the church her dues. His kindness of heart, however, was a virtue which he certainly was not wont to parade, and to which his brother monks would scarcely have been so ready to bear testimony. The abbot's compliment on this point fell, therefore, upon the more willing ears. He accepted the proposed office with a wonderfully good grace, and proceeded at once—for they were now close to the water-gate—to make the needful arrangements.

"Art asleep, little one?" he asked, lowering his voice to a kindly whisper, as he prepared to move the boy from the abbot's side, where he was still closely nestled.

Giulio did not answer, but felt for his new guardian's hand, and slightly pressed it, in token that he might be trusted to be silent and discreet, and when his slender form had been raised to the proper position and wrapped so cunningly as to add but very little to the outline of his bearer's stout proportions, even had there been light enough to have distinguished them, he joined his arms round the monk's neck to support himself with such a loving clasp, as to make him give the abbot credit, from that time forth, for very remarkable penetration, in having detected a weakness in his character on the point of tender heartedness of which he had been wholly unconscious himself. Those little human fingers, with their strange touch, had a wonderful power of feeling into the secrets of these men's hearts.

"Why, what a morsel it is!" said the sacrist, "he is scarce as heavy as the mass-book. I feared I might have been asked to carry the excellent sub prior. Do you see to him, Master Wolfert, that he steps ashore as becomes his dignity, if he plump into the river hereabouts, it may cost us some pains to get him out of the mud."

Following carefully the abbot's

steps, and with one of the brethren walking close at his side, so as in some degree to conceal his figure, the monk carried his novel burden safe and undiscovered up the river walk, and through the arched gateway which led into the court of the monastery. Thence he was led up into the abbot's chamber, where, for the first time, the brethren found light and leisure to examine more closely the little stranger who had been so suddenly thrown upon their protection. He might be about seven years old—a slight fair boy, whose large blue eyes had more than a child's intelligence, with a grave and thoughtful sadness which might have been their natural character, or might have seemed to tell a tale of early suffering, and it was an expression of the same kind about the lines of the mouth, always painful in so young a face, which alone would have prevented the well-cut features from being pronounced beautiful. He bore the curious gaze with which his new protectors scrutinised him with wonderful self-possession, and only a very slight flush rose into the thin pale cheek. Much as they might long to know some thing of his history, all felt it would be unkind to question him then. There hardly needed even the few kind words with which the abbot sought to gain the boy's confidence to assure him that he had fallen into kindly hands. Their very curiosity was in his favour. Be he who or what he might, and whatever trouble his strange coming might bring with it, it was an event in the life of the cloister. There was an unconscious sympathy between the child and the recluse. The one was as ready to welcome the object of a novel and pleasing excitement, as the other had been to find in every new face a friend. It might be, too, that in both the tendrils of the heart had found as yet but few natural props to cling to, and were striking wildly out, it mattered not in what direction, to seize on any chance support that offered. The prior, indeed, was not among them, he had taken his leave of the party at the gate, protesting, as far as reserve and silence could protest, that he washed his hands altogether of a proceeding in

which his own opinion had been so little consulted. Brother Simon had wisely found his way to bed, but the rest still stood round the little Giulio with looks of eager yet kindly interest, until the superior gave him in charge to his chaplain, with instructions to the master of the novices for the refreshment and rest which he needed.

"And bid the good father place him for this night, if it may be, in some chamber apart, to-morrow, say that I will see to his lodging myself." And with a kindly spoken blessing he dismissed his little guest, and the monks withdrew.

He was still pacing his chamber slowly when Wolfert returned from his errand. After ascertaining that his orders had been duly executed, he took up his breviary and sat down. Either he was engrossed with his devotions, or at least he was indisposed for conversation. Once or twice he rose, and, walking to one of the windows, looked out into the starlight over the long low flats. The student chaplain had opened his ponderous volume, and, partly because it was his habit, partly because he would gladly have been favoured with somewhat more of his companion's confidence, sat late into the night. The bell went for midnight lauds, but Abbot Martin's seat in choir, contrary to his wont, was vacant. Wolfert found him still sitting, breviary in hand, when he returned, and when, after scarcely venturing to bid his superior a reverent good night, he laid himself down at last on his own pallet, which, according to custom, was set in one corner of the abbot's chamber, it seemed long to his weary eyes before the light which burned there was extinguished. Not even curiosity could keep the young monk from sleeping, but twice, before the day broke, he started from his rest, as he thought he heard first the Italian's voice, and then the abbot's, calling him. The last time he felt sure his ears had not deceived him. It was Abbot Martin's voice, and he was calling but not on Wolfert. Whether the name which broke from his lips were that of holy saint or sinful mortal, it was one never heard before within the walls of Ravelby.

ITALY HER NATIONALITY OR DEPENDENCE.

AN Empire which is peace has threatened Italy with war. An Emperor who has allied himself to despotism in France, seeks the sympathy of liberty abroad. The boasted champion of law and order is ready to throw Europe into confusion. The man whose armies crushed the Roman Republic in 1849, is now, in 1859, eager, at the call of national independence, to overthrow the Austrians in Lombardy. We shall not attempt to reconcile these anomalies with honesty of purpose, we shall not stop to inquire whether Louis Napoleon be the fitting instrument for the execution of these pretentious designs. Our object is simply to expound the difficulties of the Italian question, to show how little the Italian people are fitted for free institutions, and how greatly corrupt governments are the natural product of decaying nationalities.

It were indeed fortunate were the difficulties of Italy merely Austrian. But from north to furthest south, continued and hitherto unallayed troubles have ever rendered Italian politics proverbially perplexed. We need scarcely say that in Naples, between Ferdinand the King, and the *Lasaroni* his subjects, constitutional liberty has found a natural issue in despotism of the lowest form. In the States of the Church the Pope is notoriously insecure in the Chair of St Peter, the exchequer is little better than bankrupt, France and Austria are openly contending for the prey, while the gates of Rome itself are beset with malaria and bandits. Tuscany was for some years subsequent to 1848 in occupation of foreign troops, while some minor states, nominally Italian, would seem to enjoy, as incident to their weakness, a doubtful compromise between despotism, anarchy, and foreign intervention. Coming to Sardinia, of late years deservedly the new born hope of national independence, we are met by fresh perplexities. The constitution does not pay its way, the people find that it costs too much, that it is a luxury beyond their means. The priests, moreover, are plotting against

a progressive power which threatens their Church with innovation. Rome and Turin are at open variance. Reaction is thus pending on the one hand, while from the side of the lower but still potent populace is raised the clamour of republic and revolution. It were a sign of strength were the King, the Constitution, and the Ministers willing calmly to await the success which reasonably might reward so noble an experiment. But impatiently, as at the present moment, to rush into unprovoked antagonism, to call in a neighbouring power to aid in an enterprise otherwise obviously hopeless, would seem as the last struggle of a man who feels there is little to lose, and that his only chance remains in wreckless venture. Again, we repeat, it were well for Italy were Austria her only difficulty. When France shall have crossed the Alps, it were indeed fortunate were Austria the only foreign conqueror holding Italy in subjection. The perplexities of Italian politics are already sufficiently great, but when the power of France shall be felt from the plains of Lombardy to the Campagna of Rome, then the complexity of French politics, the insecurity of French dynasties, will be added to those of Italy. When the despotism which rules in Paris shall be extended to Venice and Milan, then may the Italians once again arm for a war of independence. Thus, then, the admitted difficulties besetting Italian politics, if not insuperable, are certainly little likely to be lessened or removed by French intervention.

We know not by what title the Emperor of France, the destroyer of the Roman Republic, would set up his self constituted mission for Italian regeneration. If he seek the amelioration of existing Italian governments, so do we. If, in the cause of European order, he insist on the necessity of urgent reforms, so do we. But if, still further, he threaten great or organic changes, if he presume to promise to Italy nationality, unity, and the return of past greatness, we do not hesitate to say that he ceases

to be a reformer in becoming a charlatan. If these be his designs, he has wholly mistaken the capacity of the people, entirely misconceived their true interests, and rashly adopted schemes which the wisest statesmen in England and other countries abandoned ten years ago. In the following pages we propose to show the reasons why we deem Italian nationality, unity, or indeed, political independence, to be among those wild chimeras and alluring phantoms which have long formed the stock in trade of certain noisy politicians.

On repeated visits to Italy, we have ourselves found that the spell which she holds on the visionary imagination is more potent than the tangible empire which she occupies on the actual earth. Her sway over the mind of man is greater than her power in the world of matter. In imagination she is always victorious, in reality ever enslaved. But Italy of the imagination vanishes in the presence of Italy as she is. The clear blue sky of the painter is clouded, instead of the balmy and perfumed air, the wind bites shrewdly, the peasant is not so picturesque as romance had painted him, the liquid language is not always the fluent vehicle of truth, the fair seeming not necessarily the show of truthful dealing. Thus English statesmen have for some years been content to deal with Italy as she is, regretting that they do not find her better, but striving that at least they shall not leave her worse.

Italy then, of the present day, is the wreck and ruin of a great nation, and nothing more. While Gibbon sat musing among the ruins of the Capitol, the monks singing vespers in the church of Ara Coeli, the idea was first suggested of his *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*—and the decline and fall not only of the Roman Empire, but of all subsequent Italian greatness, of its middle age wealth, commerce, and art, are now suggested not only by the sleepy vespers of snuffy monks, but are engraven on the deserted and decayed palace, and marked in the demoralisation of the people. We believe, too, it were just as easy to build up again the former greatness of the Roman Empire, as to revive the

glory of the Italian republics. In a former article we have shown that Italy was of Art at once the cradle and the grave, and in like manner the grave has now closed over the genius, the wealth, and the liberty, of which the arts were but the flower and the fruit. Surely there is something fatal in this land and chime. The soil which in the spring time of the nation's growth was prolific in verdure, now in the autumn of its decline begets only malaria. The people who were once heroes are now but slaves, and the open fight for liberty is in these days the assassin's stab in the back. It would seem, as we have said, that the land so fertile in glory is equally fatal to enduring empire, and that Italy rears up greatness only to mourn over its decay. Thus the Emperor Augustus visited the Greek colony of Paestum, and found its temples in ruins. The Roman Empire itself rose out of the decay of Etruscan civilisation. And we all know that the splendour of the middle ages was built from the spoils of classic times: churches were constructed out of temples, the Coliseum was dismantled for the building of palaces, the Castle of St Angelo itself is the mausoleum of an emperor turned into a fortress.

Often when in Italy have we questioned whence all this fatality of resource, whence this fatality of decay. Can it be that this civilisation of the South, as contrasted with the slow calculation of the North, is spontaneous and intuitive as impulse, hot as passion but that in its origin and essence, thus headlong and reckless, its energy becomes enervated through intemperate excess, till empire is at length overthrown by faction and revolution? As an example of this southern decay through debauch, we need scarcely refer to the saturnalia under the later Roman emperors, a carnival of the passions to which there is no parallel in the colder climates of the North. We need scarcely appeal to the well known conflicts of the Italian republics, in which liberty itself was excess, and genius often but the higher phase of passion. Thus we have frequently thought that the repeated reversals of Italian empire

resolve themselves into a question of physical geography—of soil, latitude, and climate, that the soil and the sun which first stimulate to growth at length stagnate in decay—that the stock and the race which, first transplanted from a less genial land, attain unwonted vigour and blossom in luxuriant beauty, at last languish into southern lassitude, and become extinct in the fever of excess. Thus the climate of Italy, it would seem, acts upon the various races by which she has been invaded and occupied, first as a stimulus and then as an enervation. Race after race, ambitious of conquest or of greatness, have eagerly flocked to Italy as to a land of promise. The Etruscans, coming from some far but unknown country, here became illustrious, even the Greeks flocked to Italy, bringing their arts and enterprise, the Romans, in their turn of wolf-like origin and nurture, made of that land, which was the cradle to their weakness, at length the throne of empire, and lastly, fresh races, pouring in from the more sterile North, took root in the fertile South, and through commerce, science, art, again made Italy the mistress of the world. No marvel, then, that a land in which power, wealth, and genius are thus of native and spontaneous growth, should fire all generous minds with ardour and aspiration. They deem it to be impossible that a land and a people whose greatness and glory may indeed have suffered a passing interregnum, but never a lasting overthrow, should be now and for ever doomed to the degradation of servitude and the decadence of decay. Now, we readily admit that a survey of the past stimulates to ambition, but a knowledge of the present, we regret to say, fills only with despair. We have already seen that each successive race, after attaining to a climax of power, has sunk into irretrievable weakness. A Capuan luxury has corrupted energy and virtue, or the climate which at first stimulated to effort at length with malaria-stroke paralysed with disease. People fall, states decay, the thrones of empire change their seat. Pharaoh can no more reign in the palace at Memphis, Pericles no more

sway democratic liberty in Athens, neither can the Cæsars govern from the Palatine, nor the Medici reign over genius in Florence.

It is natural that politicians seeking to make political capital out of Italian aspirations, should propitiate for themselves a favourable hearing through the common art of skilful flattery. Louis Napoleon is of course too well trained as a tactician to neglect this easy trick. The recently published pamphlet, under the title, "Napoleon III and Italy"—the acknowledged programme of the Emperor's projects—accordingly opens with an appeal to national sympathies and vanities, with which our own O'Connell, in his notorious addresses to Irish mobs, might have well been satisfied. We are, of course, told of "imperishable principles," "glorious examples," of "genius" and "conquests," of "arts" and "eloquence," of "martyrs" and "popes." And then comes, as a fitting climax, the sentence—"For Europe to forget Italy would be ingratitude, for Italy to forget the past would be abnegation." It is understood that this production may claim the advantage of "direct inspiration" from his Imperial Majesty. Surely when an Emperor descends to pamphleteering he might have commanded a style of thought and treatment ranging above the most hackneyed commonplace. Why, out of materials such as these, stump orators have for years past manufactured set speeches suited equally well to all the oppressed nationalities, Grecian, Italian, Hungarian, or Polish. "For Europe to forget Italy would be ingratitude." We add, without fear of contradiction, for "Europe to forget Greece would be basest ingratitude." "Gratitude," a word unknown to statesmen, has at length found a refuge in the Tuileries! But what shall we say should Italy herself forget? Surely, "for Italy to forget past glory would be abnegation." But forget it, we can assure the Emperor, she cannot and will not. The whole nation is singing the song of the dying swan, hanging up harps in picturesque pose upon weeping willows, extemporising tears and lachrymous sonnets among tombs and tottering temples. And thus

making a poetic show, a political programme, of their country's misery, the people call on the world for help, having themselves expended their already exhausted energies in hysterical sighs over the past, and visionary aspirations for the future. Surely ambition should be made of sterner stuff, and, to quote well worn out words, "who would be free themselves must strike the blow."

The present Italian races, we fear, are themselves well nigh worn out. Centuries of oppression, and, what was not less fatal, bygone ages of liberty abused to license, have extinguished, we need not say all the vigour of Roman valour, but even well nigh blotted out those Christian virtues, in which the more modern civilisation takes its origin. The present Roman citizen is but the wreck of that race which once conquered the world, the pestilence-stricken stragglers who haunt the ruins of Pæstum are something lower than the Egyptian fellah, who builds his mud hut in the temple portico. Man has become emasculated, and is a hero only in the imagination of his own romance. Woman alone adorns the race, and is the true heroine of Italian nationality. The national characteristics which render man effeminate, give indeed to woman fascination and delicacy. Imagination and fancy which in the man are sufficiently flighty to misguide, not of intensity sufficient for inspiration, when thrown into the character of woman serve well to decorate discourse and to strew the path of life with flowers. The woman of the South is content to be the heroine of romance, not the amazon of the battle field, she makes life seductive through the graces, rather than commanding by the virtues, she is intense in emotion, but not strong minded, and the only rights of woman, of which she is jealous, is the right of loving and of being loved. She receives flattery with a grateful smile, and repays it with the well turned compliment, she can fence off banter by skilful repartee, laugh lightly or weep passionately, win hearts or break them, and all with that sleight of hand which makes her mistress of her game. It is not

our purpose to decide whether or not woman has "a higher mission in the world," certain it is, however, that this witchery, fatal in its excess perhaps, both in man and woman, to national greatness, has ever enlisted for the Italian race an interest, and aroused in the foreign traveller a generous ardour.

Still, when the practical question arises, as at present, What political position Italy is entitled to assume on the map of Europe? sterner qualities than manners and etiquette must decide. For strength there must be unity, for successful effort, patient determination, for political position, wisdom, foresight, caution. The weakness of a child, the witchery of a woman, however beautiful and charming may win hearts, but cannot gain battles. The Italian mind is playful, toyish and fanciful but for practical results, inoperative. In the Italian imagination, constitutions and republics are easily created, and Italy already basks in the sunshine of fancy, but, stumbling against the first hard fact, imagination trips and falls, and the fairy fabric melts into thin air. Yet even this visionary vapouring when not pressed into conflict with actual reality, often arouses in the traveller a kindred enthusiasm. It is interesting to trace how the very absence of knowledge endows the imagination with a license to paint the unknown in proportions the most vast, in colours the most vivid. Freed from the burden of facts, unfettered by the curb of reason, an Italian sportively gambols with every subject, content if he can dress it in the glittering garb of rhetoric, or give to airy nothing the sparkle of vivacious manner. From the prattle of the nursery to the eloquence of the *café* the transition is easy, for the distance is not long. In both alike storms are brewed in a teacup, and the petulance which troubles the nurse or defies the governess, grows naturally into the restless turbulence which rails against government authority. Such a people must be ruled as children of larger growth—kindly, but firmly, giving them their way in small matters, but in great judging for them, acting for them, and sup-

plying their weakness by a manly strength. The Austrians have done this in Lombardy, and France must at least do the same. Austria maintains law and order with a strong, perhaps, indeed, with too harsh a hand, but she has at least given to the country a government which, to the eye of the English traveller, has more of business promptitude and decision—more of honesty, and less of shameless Italian bribery, than any other government in Italy. Practical politics are questions of circumstance and detail. Practically, we take it that by all statesmen it is now well understood that Italy must be, by some one, kindly cared for. Whether by the Austrians, or by the French, or whether by the hired arms of Swiss guards, are matters of circumstance and detail, doubtless well worthy the special attention of all political adventurers. Louis Napoleon, we think, may play in the peninsula a telling game. He may buy for himself, at least for a time, cheap popularity. He may even introduce reforms which England was yet urging when he himself was an exile walking the streets of London. Details, and by no means small or unimportant details in administration, admit of amelioration. But while Napoleon wins his way, as we have seen, to the heart of Italian patriots by flattery, and words sounding of liberty and nationality, he will treat them as children still. The monarch who holds his own people in tutelage, will not grant the freedom which is the heritage of men to a nation whose plea to pity is its weakness.

Yet it is a weakness which, while it tempts to ambition, excites to ardent sympathy. The casual traveller along the Lombard plain, looking upon the freedom inspiring Alps, feels it a sad anomaly that the people dwelling in such a land should be enthralled. Or gazing into the clear sky of the farther south—sailing on the blue waters of the Mediterranean, as they break into the Bay of Naples—looking round on the encircling hills, ranged as a vast amphitheatre for the enacting of the world's historic drama—the generous traveller is indignant when he turns to the people of the spot, as discordant and

pitiable contrasts to the beauty, the purity, and the blessedness of earth, sea, and sky. The student in Rome wanders in the Forum—walks beneath the arches of Rome's former triumphs—repeats the lines, "while stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand"—and then, in indignant disgust, thinks of the French occupation. The visionary politician, who seeks to plant in every soil his model republic, of course looks to Italy as to his promised land. Imagination, as usual, supplies him with the facts—enthusiasm, with the needful means. The sky is so clear, the sun so bright, the land so fertile, the people so well spoken, that were it not for Austrian bayonets and the French occupation, surely all the romance of political dreamers might forthwith be made a sunny reality. Now we once again repeat, that the visions of the politician, the indignation of the traveller, and the disgust of the sensitive student, however noble as sentiments, are false when taken as the basis of practical conclusions. They originate, indeed, in an ignorance of the present state of the people—of their present inability to fulfil the hopes which their past history inspires, or to attain the happiness and greatness which their land would seem to promise. And this proved inability, when contrasted with former achievements, is but another symptom of a race worn out—an exhaustion which is the true and efficient cause of existing evils and anomalies, making self government impracticable, and tyranny easy, if not inevitable. To reanimate an expiring race, again to elevate a fallen nation, is of all tasks the most difficult. You cannot restore greatness to Egypt, because the race is worn out. It is vain, for the same reason, to give liberty to Greece—because she is living Greece no more. And in like manner, the sceptre of power and the torch of genius have departed from the land of Italy. You may frame constitutions, you may reform laws, but a worn out race is beyond your restoration. The spring tide of civilisation has successively borne the nations of Egypt, Assyria, Greece, and Italy upon its onward wave, and now that the ebb has come, we see but the ruins of

temples and palaces lying on the shore. To rebuild the ruin is but to adorn a sepulchre, which indeed may long remain a shrine of pilgrimage—ashes and dust giving the sanctity of death to the tomb of a once great people.

Italian patriots and English sympathisers invariably assume that the malady afflicting the Italian races is functional, and not organic, and that to remove the fatal causes would remedy the effect. If the people are servile, it is only because they are by governments enslaved, if turbulent, because their oppressors gall them to revolt, if superstitious, it is the fault of priests, and if in art, literature, and science, there is little progress, vigour, or vitality, what can you expect, it is urged, with such a government and such a Church? Thus is it always assumed that the Italian oppressed nationalities have suffered no organic deterioration, that the derangement is merely functional, that the errors and the vices of the people are but their misfortune, not their fault. Now we readily admit that the Italian people are made worse than they really are, that the tyranny of governments has, at least in part, to answer for the degradation of their subjects. We fear, however, that tyranny has endured so long, that the protracted servitude has begotten so much both of servility, treachery, and debasement, that remedy now comes all but too late. It were vain to ask who is to blame for this calamitous consummation. It is not our present purpose to inquire into the causes which have conspired to this result. We do not presume to determine how much of this final condition may be due to centuries of oppression, how much to liberties abused, how much to internal dissension, disunion, and party strife, how much to the enervating climate of a fever sun and a malarial shade, how much to the effeminacy engendered by an overwrought civilisation of wealth, art, and luxury, or how much, finally, to a sensuous religion, which panders to the imagination and emotions, clouding the clear reason, and beguiling the sternness of virtue. All these causes may, indeed, in measure have co-operat-

ed to the present calamitous result. Once more, however, we assert that it is existing facts, not these anterior causes, with which we are now concerned.

We could have wished that the sick man, stretching forth his hand for remedy, had not been stricken so vitally. We could have wished that the present governments had been wholly answerable for the malady, instead of the people themselves responsible as the immediate cause of the bad governments. We could have desired to make of Italy an exception to the rule, that the character of a people determines the nature of its government, and that each people and nation merits, for the most part, the fate it suffers. Such considerations are sufficient, we believe, to account for things as they are, they are enough, moreover, to preclude the hope of Italy again rising to the position of a great nation. They are certainly, however, not sufficient to justify the prolonged existence of abuses which may yet admit of remedy. They are adequate reasons why calm and dispassionate politicians do not and cannot countenance the wild romance of visionary patriots, but assuredly they do not constitute sufficient grounds why Austria should refuse all reform, why the governments of Italy should deny to the Italian people, we do not say national liberties, but at least the advantages of wise and just administration. We rejoice to think that the existing governments of Italy admit of amelioration, though, for the reasons already stated, we believe that both governments and peoples must still be kindly cared for by foreign powers. The occupation of Rome, and the present intervention of France, are sufficient evidence that at least Napoleon is of this conviction.

For Italy, however, the greatest of all difficulties is not perhaps the presence of the Austrians in Lombardy, not the stolid tyranny of Ferdinand in Naples, not the inveterate designs of revolutionary patriots plotting assassination and revolt, not the restless ambition of a French Emperor impatient for a new career, but the necessity of maintaining in

Rome, the centre and political capital of the peninsula, a sovereign pontiff, whose primary duty is not to rule his people well, but safely to guard the interests of his Church. That a man should be a good pope and an enlightened temporal sovereign, we deem to be impracticable. That he should live after the traditions of his Church, and govern according to the modern usages of nations, that he should himself be the representative of an infallibility which knows no change, and yet ally himself to progression that he should deny the world and live the life of a recluse, and yet suit himself and his temporal administration to the actual condition and daily wants of his people, we hold to be in human nature things impossible. The history of modern Europe sufficiently shows the incompatibility of papal and priestly domination with civil rights and political progress. Sovereigns have wrested from the See of Rome, for themselves and for their people, the powers and the privileges which they now enjoy. But unhappily for Rome itself, and for the entire States of the Church, the Pope the cardinals, and the priests have still been able to preserve their own ideal of a Christian community, have, in the wisdom which pertains to sacerdotal infallibility, granted to their people the just need of temporal welfare compatible with due allegiance to the Church, have, in short, ruled their children as a father who chastises because he loves. We wish that for these evils we could see any very efficient remedy. The Pope is for Europe still a spiritual, and therefore a political necessity. To Louis Napoleon it was scarcely of less vital importance to secure the countenance of priests and Pope, than to obtain the support of the French army. For this end he laid siege to Rome as a material guarantee, and in accordance with this same design, under the pretext of respectful devotion, he still tenderly guards the Pope, less as his father in God than as his prisoner. "At Rome the Pope," says Napoleon III. in the pamphlet already quoted—"at Rome the Pope is under the respectful and devoted guardianship of the arms of France!"

Thus the monarchs of Europe crave of the Pope spiritual sanction to their dynasty, and in return promise him their temporal support. Hence it is that Rome is still governed by Pius IX., whom the people would gladly expel, by cardinals whose lives require armed protection—hence it is that the grand church ceremonies are maintained by ambassadors and all the ministers of state, who manifestly perform an imposed duty rather than a willing worship, who, having first by their troops well secured the gates and keys of Rome, then hurry to the Pope to guard for him the gates of heaven and safely keep the keys committed by St Peter.

That the Emperor of the French should now insist upon the adoption of reforms in the papal administration, which have been long projected and desired, the secularisation of the ministers of state, and the constitution of a native army, we deem to be a course probably wise and practicable. But for reasons already stated, and for considerations hereafter to be adduced, we believe that the hierarchy of the Romish Church, the Pope, the seventy cardinals, the several thousand monks and priests, will ever constitute insuperable obstacles to the efficient government of the papal dominions, that they will endeavour systematically to thwart reform in neighbouring Italian states, will rise as an antagonism to the true national party which seeks constitutional liberties, and in the sown seeds of discord prevent even the semblance of unity. Is it not a fact that the enlightened and constitutional career pursued by Sardinia has met from Rome with inveterate opposition? Can it be forgotten that a bishop refused to a minister of state upon his deathbed the last offices of the Church, because in early life he had served his country in defiance of the See of Rome? Do not the clergy still plot against the constitution, seeking a reaction in favour of themselves? Is it not a fact that one of the difficulties which the Emperor of the French would seek to remove is the still prolonged alienation of Turin from Rome? an alienation which he states must otherwise end in open schism. These things assuredly show

that the hierarchy assembled in Rome would still perpetuate in other Italian states that paternal government only found in pristine purity in the Eternal City, and that the Romish Church, in its centre of temporal power, will resist to the uttermost those modern innovations, to which the rest of Europe has given the name of civilisation.

We should consider this condition much less desperate, could we assign the entire censure to the priests and little to the people. But if it were ever true that a nation is responsible for its government, it is assuredly still more indisputable that the Italian people are responsible for the acts and sins of the Romish Church. Advocates of Italian nationality, believers in Italian fitness for independence, maintain that if you remove the incubus of the Romish Church, you open to the Italian people the possibility of freedom. But remove it you cannot, because it is self imposed. The governments, with some reason it may be urged, are the infliction of foreign invasion or intervention, but the national Church is as we have seen, essentially a home product. Even were the religion the creation of priests, the priests themselves are assuredly the offspring of the people. They know, at least, what clients they have to please, what constituency to represent. Essentially a portion of the people, they are one in birth, alike in education, or at least are bound together by one common ignorance. Taken from among the people, it cannot be objected that the constituency is narrow, or the representatives few. Scarcely a family throughout the peninsula, however humble or however noble that does not contribute some member towards this universal clerical representation. Of a college of seventy cardinals the majority are Italians. For several centuries it has been a law of the Church that only an Italian can be elected Pope, and his ministers and legates are themselves, with few exceptions, likewise natives of the country. Thus other Catholic nations might perhaps murmur against spiritual usurpation and foreign oppression—the Italian, at least, can

not. Other nations might complain that an Italian Bishop of Rome is Christ's sole viceroy for the whole earth—that the centre of ecclesiastical government is seated in Italy, they might object that the spiritual court should be held exclusively in Rome, and its dignitaries chiefly chosen from Italian families. Other nations, we say, may complain, but Italy cannot. In civil government, Frederic Barbarossa was a German, and Charles of Anjou a Frenchman, but among spiritual powers, the Borgias with Alexander VI, the Medicis with Leo X, were, like the Church herself, of Italian birth and nurture. If the Church of Italy be a tyranny, it is because the Italian people, however turbulent, are essentially servile and inert, if a superstition, it is because the Italian people love not the light of reason, but the obscurity of mystery, if corrupt, it is because the Italian people are themselves socially and mentally corrupted—too debauched for the reception of simple truth, too mercenous for the love of pure beauty, too licentious for that true liberty with which Christ would make them free. The Italian Church, then, is just what the Italian people have made it, and were it more pure, it would be to them less palatable.

Of the Romish Church we write with no prejudice or asperity. She obtains indeed, our respect as one of the great religions of the world. Her history is adorned by lives the most illustrious, her temples and her ritual still awe by grandeur unparalleled, and the millions who die in her faith, or live by her guidance, attest that, though corrupt, she is yet not unsuited to the manifold wants of humanity. This testimony we can bear after watching her with suspicion in three quarters of the world, and therefore we are the more entitled to a hearing when we speak of the degradation she now suffers in Italy. We believe that the large majority of travellers will confirm our statement, that the popular religion of Italy has fallen relatively with the nationality of Italy, that the people are superstitious just in proportion as they are enslaved, and that the priests are spiritual despots just as the princes

are political tyrants. Let it not be supposed that our purpose is the abuse of the Romish Church, our object is merely to delineate the actual condition of Italy, of which that Church is a marked manifestation. The Roman Catholic religion, adapting itself to the varying requirements of age and country, becomes, in its changing phases—in its greater purity, on the one hand, or, on the other, in the demoralisation of its priesthood and the corruption of its public functions—a sure index of a people's rise or fall. Thus in free, sober, and rational England, we have no miracles, few images, the ceremonies are earnest and decorous, and the priests well conducted. Even in France and Germany, for the most part, we find a temperate and seemly moderation. And it is only when we cross the Pyrenees to enter Spain, or the Alps to descend into Italy, that we find the Roman Catholic religion sunk into the lowest depths, in order to conform itself to the ignorance and fanaticism of the people. The Church in both these countries panders to the passions, ranks poverty and mendicancy among the virtues, in the indolence of the monastic orders, sets the example of universal idleness, and by an uneducated priesthood, gives sanction to ignorance in the people. Thus the dominant feelings and faculties in the Italian mind find justification and excitement in the Italian religion. Imagination wanders through the fancy fable of legendary creation, or wings its flight to the heavenly hierarchy of saints and angels. The sensuous faculties delight in a religion reduced to pictorial form, in tense in colour, dramatic in effect. Architecture inspires to worship, sculpture carves fitting images, and music, which is the speaking tongue to her mute sister arts, bears the believers prayer to heaven. Now it cannot be doubted that this ornate and sensuous ritual is consonant with the wants and impulses of the Italian character—a character pre eminently imaginative, passionate, and artistic. If indeed the Italian religion were content to make merely this high appeal to the poetry and ardour of the southern mind, we should see in

the Church no indecorous condescension, and in the people no degrading prostration. But the accommodation to human weakness does not stop here. The arts, we regret to say, are employed not so much to raise the soul to heaven, as to bring down heaven to the low level of earth. A "Holy Family" by Raphael is found to exert less spell upon the multitude, than an image doll decked in embroidered silks and satins, with gewgaw ornaments dazzling round head and neck. The miraculous pictures and images of the churches are not the miracles of art and of genius, but some Byzantine Madonna daubed by St Luke, some deformed abortion too disgraceful to be owned by any painter on earth, and therefore said to have fallen from heaven. Thus is art perverted and religion corrupted to that level where both find themselves suited to the depraved palate of an Italian multitude. Religious competition of course leads to still grosser excess, the desire to propitiate and gain over the masses urges each church to outbid its rival neighbour by the *exalt* of some new miracle, the efficacy of some gifted relic-cure. Thus rival saints, as jealous theatre stars, compete for favour by programmes of unparalleled attractions, and thus the Italian heaven is readily peopled as the pit of an Italian theatre by the riff raff, who in other countries would simply be consigned to jail. What wonder, then, that the Italian Church, appealing to such prospective saints, should march them heavenwards to the tramp of noisy dramatic and dogmatic music, drive them to paradise by the fear of penal fires and that the house of God, the symbol of the New Jerusalem, should be gaudily decorated as a ball room or casino? All this, it would appear, is needful, in order that an Italian may be saved in his own way, and thus after running riot in this world, find in the next a knave's paradise open to receive him. These things, though to minds enlightened intolerable, it would seem, must still be tolerated. sweep them away, the foundations of all things are shaken—you may be drowned in a deluge or swallowed by an earthquake call in question the

miracle of San Januarius, and the Lazarum will be let loose. And not only this, but worse still, "our craft is in danger to be set at naught," and "the temple of the great goddess Diana," "the image which fell down from Jupiter," will be despised, and her magnificence destroyed, "whom all Asia and the world worshippeth." Touch these things, then, at your peril. Our ritual and Church ceremonies may be but a cunningly devised fable, but we are wise in our generation, we know too well what the Italian people require—we but give them what they call for. To the populace of Naples the liquefaction of the blood of San Januarius is of more vital concern than the granting or the withdrawal of a political constitution. The king can take away with impunity the rights and the liberties of his subjects, but at least their superstitions must remain sacred and intact. Governors and conquerors of this people have found it wise to call to their aid these tricks of the priests and thus the miracle has obtained not only tacit respect, but incoming generals wishing to add spiritual sanction to military power, have demanded of the saint the intervention of a special liquefaction. Priests and governors know but too well when and how to pander to the superstition of the people. Punchinello and San Januarius are equally popular pets—the multitude love the one as they laugh at the other and thus, while feasts are performed in the theatres and miracles enacted in the churches the populace rejoice in their most sacred rights, and enjoy their dearest privileges.

As already said our purpose is not to condemn the Roman Church as a system of theology, this is beyond our office. Moreover, whatever may be its corruptions, we know from personal experience that minds of the highest culture and aspiration find in the purer aspects of its faith the means for spiritual development. We therefore, in contrast, lay the greater stress on that spiritual prostitution which, in Italy, satiates its vicious passion by vulgar miracles disgraceful to the priesthood, and showing in the people the last stage of spiritual decay. We need scarcely

say that the liquefaction of the blood is no solitary example. It is well known that the nations in the south of Europe are mentally so far sunk, that even Christianity, the means of salvation to man, is stamped with special degradation. God is banished from the world, or thrown so far into obscure distance as to become practically unknown. Christ, the image of the Godhead revealed to man, being of purer eyes than to behold the iniquity enacted on the earth, is not sufficiently human for the approach of sinning frailty. And thus a people shunning, instead of seeking access to the Divine, choose rather to pray to the Virgin, as to a woman who may be loved, to talk to their saint as to a brother whose kindness may be taxed, or to confess to a priest whose own infirmities would suggest leniency towards the sins of others.

Accordingly we find that the religion of Italy is not the healthful and truthful aspiration of strong and manly minds towards heaven, but a mendicant's importunity for charity, a last refuge for destitution, the whimpering of prayers and the wailings of lamentations, instead of the performance of life's duties, the trusting to miracle, or supernatural intervention, rather than wrestle resolutely with the world's difficulties. Nations, on the other hand, which have the earnestness and energy of a national existence live out their religion in their individual and collective lives. But the national life of Italy being virtually extinct, no great or valorous enterprises stirring the energies of the people, prayers to saints take the place of public prowess and instead of *feles* commemorative of national liberty, *festas* are instituted to the Madonna. In a national community hollow and untrue, where not art but artifice has usurped the place of nature, individual religion no less than national is severed from the life. Worship, as we have said, does not grow out from work, and works are practically severed from faith. The Italian life is generally a lie, and corresponds only with the worship when the worshipper, as usual, attempts to secure heaven by spiritual fraud. It is a life out of which only a false re-

higion can proceed. Truth has long been murdered, honesty trampled under foot, chastity openly violated. And yet the men who have conspired to deceive you through falsehood, were all at mass in the morning. The boatman on the Italian lake, or the gondolier on the canals of Venice, picks your pocket, then moors his boat, and forthwith falls upon his knees to render to Heaven thanks. And the woman who has just violated her marriage vow sighs away her soul in prayers, in the words, "*Mater purissima, Mater castissima*." We have said that in Italy religion in its purity is severed from the life, but, on the other hand, we equally see that religion, as now corrupted, is part of the common corruption of Italian manners. It is frequently, as we have already said, asserted that the degeneracy of the Italian people results from the tyranny of the governments and the oppression and superstition of the priests. We have, however, already shown that the governments of Italy are but the natural concomitants to the people of Italy, and the reader will now, we think, be prepared for the conclusion already anticipated, that Romanism, in all its rank corruptions and rampant extravagance, is indigenous to the soil, while Protestantism, of foreign nurture, may possibly be transplanted as an exotic or thrust in as an alien, but can never in that land take deep root or find an abiding home. What charm can the boasted truth of Protestantism possess to an Italian who deems truth, even in its course, prosaic and slow, and in life an impediment to success? What sway can Protestant reason hold over a people uncontrolled by reason, just in proportion as they are guided by imagination and misled by passion? What authority can the enthroned conscience of the Protestant exert over a people who have already de-throned conscience, and now, in lieu thereof, rejoice in a confession granted freedom, which the priest gives and himself enjoys. What bribe is the Protestant Bible to minds which love rather the fiction and romance of legends? What spell can Protestant simplicity exert over imaginations which revel in ornate decoration, the vestment of priests, the instru-

mental clash of an operatic orchestra, and the theatric pomp of an imposing ritual? The religion of the north is suited to northern sternness, and the chill of a northern climate, but can not pass the southern boundaries of the Alps and the Pyrenees. The lands of the olive and of the vine, of Ceres and of Bacchus, are doomed, we fear, to revel in a religion of *festas* and of orgies.

These are the grounds why we distrust any radical projects which pretend to make the Papacy in Rome conformable to the enlightened system of modern government. The secular ministers will find themselves thwarted by the ecclesiastical. The Pope can always put his veto upon reforms which may possibly threaten his position, compromise his Church, or involve what might seem for him self or his order a perilous progress. In such opposition he need not stand alone. His cardinals, and indeed all the dignitaries of the Church, would readily offer him a willing support. The cry that the Church was in danger, would raise throughout Italy horror among the faithful. Every parish priest would evoke all spiritual power to oppose the innovation of the secular authorities. The pulpit, the confessional, and the right of extreme unction, would become instruments for the continued maintenance of abuses and political iniquities which had long been wedded as inseparable from the theological dogmas and practice of the Church. Thus is it that we hold that even the reforms in the papal administration which may be found practicable, will be but an unhappy compromise between elements in themselves incompatible, and that, in fine, the papal government must ever remain as an obstinate resistance to the innovations and appliances of modern civilization.

If our knowledge of Italy make us sceptical of religious reformation, intercourse with the people has benally destroyed our faith in their capacity for political administration or national union. The times are inimical to the political existence of which Italy during the middle ages was the great example. The isolated and rival freedom of individual cities, walled in to withstand the ambitious

or marauding attack either of emperor or predatory bands, has, in the existing state of Europe, become either unnecessary or impossible. The bandit type of freedom, the prowling about in quest of adventure, the free-booting kind of commerce which was content to pay with money only for that which could not be taken by the sword, is now, in the more consolidated state of Europe, no longer recognised nor reputable. The days in which one city republic armed itself against its neighbour city, when a noble family sought to crush a rival house in open battle, when faction raged in the public streets, and liberty was a tumultuous struggle—these days, associated with the greatness, the freedom, and the genius of Italy, are ended. Days illumined by lightning, yet black with the thunder cloud, are now for Europe succeeded by serene light, and for Italy by obscurity. In those ancient days, political creation was contending against chaos, the free governments of the middle ages were framing themselves out of the anarchy and wreck of the Roman Empire. These periods of tumultuous excess, of spasmodic effort, and passionate struggle, have now, for the rest of Europe, reached the more settled season of mature development, but for Italy their glory is still remembered, and their tumult still heaves in the unallayed troubles of the nation. The remembrance of these days of now departed greatness we have often deemed a present curse upon the people. Impotent to imitate or emulate what they so fondly dote on, their lives are wasted in vague and visionary aspirations their energies directed towards futile and ambitious efforts. Fired by their past history, this people deem themselves endowed by perennial genius, national independence, if not universal empire, they think their due, and thus aspiring to a height far above their reach, they despise the humble virtues lying at their feet, and neglect those ameliorating means which yet might save them. Thus doting so fondly on the glory of their historic past, and filled with the visions of an impossible future, they dwell either in memory or imagination, and neglect the duties of the present

hour. The recollection of their prior state of glory would seem to give the assuring intimation, as the remembered brighter life faded by some philosophers, of their national immortality. Greatness, they would seem to say, is our birthright and inheritance, from which, through the jealousy of rival powers, we have been unjustly ousted. Thus laden with all the most taking topics of eloquence—thus incited by injury, despair, and yet hope—these people hold forth in the endless talk of exhaustless extempore with a Lamartine faculty of words, while, with a Lamartine frailty in action, a stronger arm wields the sword—a sterner hand bears the sceptre.

The existing state of Europe, and the present aspect of civilisation, are, as we have said, undoubtedly adverse to the genius, no less than to the frailty of Italy. Words even the most eloquent have now comparatively little sway. Even in England, where liberty of parliamentary speech has found safe asylum, eloquence, it is well known, has become subordinate to mere business statements, clear, close facts supplanting rhetorical display. In the rest of Europe, liberty of the press and freedom of speech being suppressed, eloquence of course becomes a useless instrument in governments reduced to simple administration and military command. The times, we say, are unfortunate for Italy. Statesmen who can write a sonnet—politicians who are favourably known by a volume of romances—dilettante dabblers who can paint an ambitious yet indifferent picture, or write a graceful criticism on church architecture or church music, are not the men to take the helm in difficult times—to avenge a people's wrongs, to throw off despotic yoke, or curb the passions of a turbulent democracy. In the present state of Europe power falls into sterner hands. Cavaignac as a Cromwell, supplanted Lamartine the poet and orator, and Napoleon, both uncle and nephew, with firm hand put a summary end to the promise and ambition of revolutionary genius, swept away with bayonet and shot the theorists and litterateurs who, with accustomed fatal facility, could indite

with equal ease a literary leader or a political constitution, but were impotent to govern and control the very liberty whose genius they had invoked. In the present aspect of Europe the executive power has almost annihilated constitutional elements. The executive soldier has well nigh supplanted even the deliberative statesman, and the political schemer and patriotic aspirant obtain no hearing. Dearly bought experience has overthrown baseless and visionary theories, facts are stronger than political fiction, the enactors of plain prose have conquered the mere dreamers of poetry. And therefore, as we have said, the times are hostile to the special genius of Italy. Europe is willing to receive from Italy opera singers and ballet dancers, and in return supplies her with governors and military troops.

The greatness and the glory of Italian history, which patriots and even an Emperor invoke, we again repeat, have descended upon the present day as an actual curse. The former genius of the Italian people, even in art has now degenerated to the painting of pictures, unbecome just in proportion as they are ambitious, to sculpture without fire or force, more suited to the softness of wax than to the severity of marble, and to music noisy and empty, a luxury to the senses, a fit accompaniment to the dance or to flirtation in the boxes of the opera. Thus their present art is the enfeebled and dying pulse of the genius which once beat so strongly, even as their present patriot thirst for liberty is the last ebbing of that tumultuous tide which broke in so grandly up on the rugged shores of the middle ages. The degraded and disorganised state of Italy in the present must be read through the history of Italy in the past. Existing anomalies can only be reconciled by the fact, that Italy in her actual fall manifests her former characteristics in that last stage of decay which borders on extinction. Thus, as we have seen, the arts, though still true to their former land of birth, are now pitifully gasping between life and death, and the very characteristics of former genius have now degen-

erated into pretentious defects. So likewise is it with Italy politically. The present is a transcript of the past, but only as a parody or burlesque. The conflicts between the rival republics of the middle ages, which were signs of earnest active life, survive now only as petty jealousies. The historic virtues have died out—the national vices only are immortal. The traveller finds no longer the energy and heroism, but only the ancient hatred and former rivalry. An Italian from Piedmont will say, "Oh, such a one is a Milanese what better can you expect?" A man from Modena will thank God that he does not dwell in Bologna, that den of assassins and rebels. And the Italian from the north, when he visits the south, inveighs against the roguery of the Neapolitan. Thus discordant disunion, verging even upon social dissolution, is found only in Italy—certainly not in England, France, or in any other nation worthy or capable of a united government. Thus Italy, true to her past history, is a country divided against herself—a country of opposing factions, rival townships, hostile interests, and warring prejudices. Often have we heard it said, by men resident among the people, were Italy to conquer her independence, a civil war only could decide which state or family should govern, and which city should be capital of the newly enfranchised nation. And yet, by an anomaly and contradiction somewhat startling, even when coming from Italy, just in proportion as one patriot is ready to betray or stab his brother, do the great apostles and leaders insist on the unity of their party and the oneness of their cause. Thus Mazzini, the firebrand of Italy, the fomentor of deadly feud between his own "national party" and the party of the constitution in Piedmont, speaks as follows—"The future Italy, the one nation, is a fact inevitable, and not long to be delayed." Yet this same Mazzini stabs the political reputation of the patriot Daniel Mann, heaps opprobrium upon the reigning house and King of Sardinia, and then in turn falls himself under the castigation of the assassin Orsini. Such feuds among

patriots aspiring to be leaders are sufficient comment upon Italian nationality, and disprove but too forcibly the fitness of the people for either "absolute" or "federal unity."

We once more repeat, the existing state of Europe is hostile to the genius of Italy. Concentration of forces and centralisation of government are the tendency, as they constitute the power, of the European nationalities. Even revolutions which have commenced by threatening disorganisation, seem to end in this same result—concentration of power in one central focus. The centralisation of France in Paris is proverbial. Spain, on the completion of projected railways all converging upon the capital, will in like manner consolidate her government by uniting her forces in Madrid. Germany, after the revolutionary disunion of 48, in which each kingdom or duchy, breaking loose in popular revolt, demanded a local government, became at length subject to this same European law of concentration each minor state marshalling itself either under the leadership of Prussia or of her rival Austria. If to this existing European status—to this subordination of local authority in one central and controlling government—if to this power of concentrating forces on any given focus, we contrast the disunion of Italy either during past periods of liberty or existing times of servitude, we discover at once the cause of her irretrievable weakness. Even the geographical configuration of Italy, as seen upon the map of Europe, is hostile to centralisation either in civil government or military command. France, Spain, Prussia, even Austria, have each a central capital to which all minor cities are naturally subject, from which all roads of empire seem to radiate, and towards which all interests and forces tend. Italy, on the other hand, since the breaking up of the Roman Empire, has been severed into hostile states, each with its separate city—Naples, Rome, Siena, Florence, Pisa, Genoa, Turin, Milan, or Venice—as a distinct centre of action or agitation. Thus, we say, is not only a political fact, but in great measure a geographical result. The narrow peninsula of Italy is ren-

dered again still more narrow by the chain of the Apennines cutting it from north to south, dividing the land into innumerable plains and valleys, the abode of isolated peoples, each bounded and separated by mountain barriers—thus, as we have said, severing Italy geographically as she has for centuries been disunited politically. It is obvious that a country thus distributed, we may even say thus scattered, cannot easily be concentrated. And not only for the centralisation of civil governments, but not less for the co-operation of military forces and operations, its position is manifestly most calamitous. An army, to escape from being cut or pent up among the Apennines is in danger of rushing down precipitously into the sea. A fresh danger here threatens. Hostile fleets commanding the coasts may almost dictate terms to the army on the land. The French, in possession of Civita Vecchia, are of course masters of Rome. In the same manner Livorno commands Florence, while Naples, Genoa, and Venice, washed by the waters of the Mediterranean, are directly open to sea attack. A hostile naval force might indeed almost cut this narrow peninsula in two at any point, and thus harass an army both in front and rear. Thus the causes which, as we have seen, sever the national territory into sections, and disunite the people into parties equally scatter the national army, and break up the military operations into mere guerilla warfare. It is not one capital but many which require guard and garrison—not one leader but many who trouble the camp with jealousy and aspire to command. Thus that petty rivalry, that distrust and suspicion, that conflict of divided interests, so unfavourable to united civil government, are absolutely fatal to military command and concentrated action. Many may deliberate or even legislate, but one head alone must execute and govern, and republics, whether federal or simple, may possibly possess virtue in intention, but in the executive, whether civil or military, they are proverbially fickle and misfire. All this were true even were Italy independent, governed by native princes

instead of by foreigners. It were true even if she possessed a national army instead of an army of occupation. But when Italian liberty is not merely to be preserved but actually acquired—when the task is not how to concentrate but how to create a national military force, and even a national party—these difficulties become fatally aggravated. They are indeed in their very nature so insuperable as to reduce all attempts for their removal, through revolution or conspiracy, into the recklessness and madness of a forlorn hope. The closing act of Orsini's life seems indeed to have been the last desperate effort of despair. From his youth he had ever conspired against government authority; he had been thrown time after time into prison, sentenced to the galleys, his life forfeited, and at length he finds his cause so utterly hopeless, through legitimate revolution and revolt, that he makes a last desperate venture, which even an Italian patriot or assassin would find difficult to excuse—so hopeless in fact, is the cause of Italian nationality and unity. Even Louis Napoleon, the newly self constituted champion of Italian independence, in the pamphlet already quoted dictates to his amanuensis as follows—

In fact revolutions produce enthusiasts but seldom practised warriors or a solid military organization or that immense *materiel* requisite to struggle with a great power like Austria. Italy alone could not defend her independence unless capable of bringing 200 000 disciplined men into the field of which 20 000 should be cavalry, 700 field pieces and 200 siege guns, which implies at least 50 000 draught horses. This simple statement shows that it would require at least ten years of a strong and energetic government to produce such a military power.

And yet will it be credited that in face of all these military difficulties, in spite of all the political and civil confusion and discord which we have seen is tearing the peninsula asunder—will it be believed, we say, that the Emperor in this same pamphlet has seen fit to espouse the cause of "federal unity?" In defiance of notorious facts he ventures to assert that "in Italy confederations seem to arise like the natural produce of the earth." We would venture to

ask, By what natural process is the schism now waging between the dark despotism of the Papacy and the enlightened liberty of Sardinia to be reconciled with a federation united in one common bond of aim and purpose? By what natural growth will Ferdinand, in the south, foster a federal union with the turbulent patriots in Milan? And even should France, in the cause of oppressed nationalities, march across the Alps the "two hundred thousand disciplined men" demanded for the war of liberation, by what natural process, we would ask, might the imperial regime of France found a confederation with the grateful patriots eager to fraternise with their brave deliverers? Too late might it then be discovered that the only unity remaining to Italy, the only "confederation" possible for now discovered and discordant nationalities, must "arise like the natural produce," not "of the earth" but of that armed imperialism which in France herself has betrayed the hopes of liberty for the sake of that unity and centralization of which despotism is proud to boast.

On reading the Napoleon pamphlet, we naturally ask why is so little mention found of that most deadly of Italian difficulties, the party of systematic and reckless revolution? It is well known that in Italy exists a secret and yet avowed party of mis-called patriots, but rather of unscrupulous murderers, who take Sicilian Vespers and the massacre of St Bartholomew for their historic models. It is well known that, to attain a national end which wise men look upon with misgiving, this same revolutionary party scruple not to employ means to which wicked men only can stoop that to them innocence is no protection, widespread death and suffering no hindrance in their march to seize the blood stained crown of liberty. Mob riot, pillage by *lazzaroni*, intoxicated debauch as a reward to hungry and needy adventurers, a universal orgie of the passions—these are the ministers of vengeance which the heralds of liberty would invoke and unloose. Accordingly we find that Mazzini and Orsini issued instructions for assassination of Austrian officers to eighty "Brothers" in Milan. "Orzanise."

they say, "a company of death" Let eighty young men, robust and decided, "vow with a terrible oath," "let them promise silence, prudence, dissimulation," "manage to arm them with daggers" "Some safe man," the document proceeds—"some safe man amongst you should consecrate himself to study and observe the habitation of the general and of the principal officers, heads of the staff, commandant of the artillery, &c, and their habits—especially at the hours when the greater part of the officers are thoughtlessly out, and the operation might happen simultaneously Two or three important men should serve for each of these important officers" "When the Austrian army has lost its officers, it is lost" "The people should be cared for, maintained well, kept in good humour" "It would suffice that the good part of the populace should be made aware that at one toll of the bell, or at any other concerted signal, they should go into the square with weapons of their trade or any others that they could procure The Vespers completed, the eighty would become the insurrectionary staff Why, we again ask, does the Emperor of the French forget the desperate and deadly designs of this republican party of revolution? We reply, for this one sufficient reason—because he remembers but too well the Orsini attack made upon his own life in the streets of Paris We believe, moreover, that he abstains from speaking openly of this revolutionary party, because his recently assumed policy has for its express purpose, if not to propitiate the favour of this party, at least to mitigate its personal hostility Orsini sought to assassinate the Emperor because his life and rule were deemed an insuperable impediment to Italian independence, and so called Italian patriots, it is understood, have not ceased to plot his destruction as the surest means of accomplishing their designs We must say we think it rather hard upon a ruler, who, with many errors, has yet done great service to the cause of law and order, that he should thus be specially chosen as the victim of Italian patriots and assassins We can well

understand why he should seek in the championship of Italian nationality a diversion of the dagger and the grenade from his own person to the lives of Austrian officers in Milan as more legitimate victims. Yet when this passing purpose shall have been answered, and when the ulterior question of the final adjustment of Italian complications must be met by constitutional reforms, then this same revolutionary party, which like bandits and malaria rise as the natural product of the soil, will once more threaten even their new deliverer with conspiracy and revolt They plot against the constitution in Piedmont, we see that they are ready for assassination in Milan And surely it cannot be forgotten that they stabbed in the open streets of Rome the Pope's minister Rossi, even as he was entering the chambers to propose further concessions to the people Napoleon III would soon find in Italy, as indeed had been already proved in France, that the established law of revolutions knows no exception, that the people, once clamorous for change, know no moderation, that their appetite, once pandered to, is satiated only by recurring excess, and that thus authority is subjected to successive catastrophes, power at length falls into the hands of the most desperate and worthless To stay the downward career of such a course, history teaches but one remedy,—the iron hand of military rule That such a remedy is within the reach of the man who boasts that he can send 600,000 soldiers into the field, who can question? And thus may fitly end the dreams of "Italian independence," and thus may well be vindicated the claims of the elect of France to the gratitude of Italian patriots.

In conclusion, we have adduced abundant reasons why our Government should give no support to a utopian war of independence The nationality of Italy, we have seen, is but the baseless phantom of political romance "Nationality," "Independence," "Republicanism," are words not of deliverance, but of delusion And thus Italy, for past centuries, and even to present times, has remained a dependant nation—dependent, because incapable of asserting or maintaining her individual existence.

DASENT'S TALES FROM THE NORSE

SOME years ago there was much reason for apprehending that the encyclopedists, in their frantic zeal for the diffusion of useful knowledge, would lay violent hands on the ancient and established literature of the nursery and schoolroom, and ruthlessly consign it to the fate which befell the Alexandrian library at the hands of Amrou, General of the Caliph Omar. Certainly it was not owing to any compunctious visitings of conscience or tender suggestions of mercy, that those heavy-headed, hard-hearted, and cold-blooded utilitarians did not succeed in making one general bonfire of the fairy tales and legends which have so long delighted the youth of Christendom, and which have contributed largely to the intellectual training of the greatest masters of poetry and romance. More cruel even than her own sisters, they thoroughly hated *Cinderella*—they could see no gallantry in the achievements of Jack, that renowned queller of the giants—they demanded historical evidence for the authenticity of *Valentine and Orson*—and, wilful and obstinate heathens, they even dared to enunciate a doubt that such a being as *Tom Thumb* had ever been swallowed by the red cow, or had sat in a horse's ear! We are not persecutors, but we frankly own that such frightful infidelity as this seemed to us to warrant the infliction, if not of the pile and gibbet, at least of the thumbkin and boot. It was the deliberate intention of those fiends in human shape to sow the seeds of scepticism in the cradle, and by making a heretic of the suckling, to develop atheism in the man. Most fortunately their base, malicious, and diabolical attempts were utterly defeated by the vigilance and high feeling of that meritorious class of persons who constitute the body-guard of our infants. The whole regiment of nurses—let us also in justice say, of governesses—rose in

wild wrath at the first mention of the monstrous project, and drove the miscreants, compared with whom *Tom Paine* was an angel of light, and *Voltaire* an innocent cherub, from their premises, under a pelting shower of *Babes' Enlighteners*, *Infantine Instructors*, *Child's Mental Philosophies*, *Boys' Mathematical Recreations*, and *Good Girls' Pretty Problems*, which, with whole stacks of such pernicious stuff had been manufactured expressly for the deterioration of the youthful mind. Well and bravely did the nurses do their duty by routing the enemy of infant kind in that headlong charge, which more than any other event, we rejoice to say, has confirmed the faith of our youngsters in their favourite traditions, it being now currently believed throughout the nurseries, that some years ago the ogres of Britain attempted a general onslaught, with designs similar to those of *King Herod*, but were repulsed and slain by the nurses under the leadership of that kind fairy (known to mortals by the name of *Maga the Mumificent*), who has been the godmamma of so many princesses, and also has always been the guardian of good and confiding children.

We doubt whether the earth can afford, or the mind of man conceive, an enjoyment more exquisite than that which is afforded to the child by the recitation of a fairy tale. As years advance and the intellect becomes matured, our faith in marvels woefully diminishes. The mention of a giant, whilome so tremendous a phantom to the imagination, suggests no picture save that of a crazy, knock-kneed, lubberly animal of the human species, measuring some two yards and a half in altitude, and cooped up in a yellow caravan. When we saunter in the summer gloaming by a haunted hillock, we no longer expect to hear sweet sounds of subterranean music, or to see a smart little dwarf, with a three

cornered hat, start up from behind a stone, and offer us a draught of elfin home-brewed from a horn of gold and ivory. The only dwarfs that we know of are waspish little creatures, exhibited by way of contrast to the aforesaid giants, and usually associated with a sickly and dyspeptic alligator. But no such doubts, no such idle questionings or obtrusive realities, obscure the imagination of the child. For him, Beauty and the Beast are actual shapes—no dim allegories they! Sister Lizzie, now merging upon sweet sixteen, whose cares are scarce less sweet than the sugar candy which she buys for her dear little brother, is Beauty, as a matter of course, and Beast is a kind of composite of Triton the old Newfoundland, and Haco the Shetland pony. There sits—oh, bliss of blisses!—most favoured of creation he!—the Yellow Dwarf, in a great big orange-tree, doing positively nothing from morning to night save devouring the juicy St. Michael's! Then there's that wondrous enchanted palace, with the thick hedge of thorns round it, the tops of the turrets only being visible above the screen, where in, for a hundred years—oh, what a terrible long time—has lain the bonnie princess in a deep sleep, with her cat, which is as like our own pussy as can be, lying curled up beside her. Won't little Billy, when he grows bigger, try to get into that palace? Sooner than you think, brave Billy, shall you achieve that adventure, for this very night, so soon as sweet sleep has breathed upon your eyelids, shall you burst through the barrier of thorns, thread the long corridor where the guards lie sleeping, and awaken both Puss and Princess from their century of unbroken repose. Talk, forsooth, of the enjoyment which a man derives from the perusal of the Waverley novels! What is that compared with the beatific ecstasy of a child while listening to a fairy tale?

We are aware that our excellent parochial pastor, Mr Gideon Kettledrummle, who is president of a society for the dissemination of infantine tracts under the specious name of *Manna* (a title which we must consider unfortunate, seeing that manna

is only known to children as an ingredient in the decoction of nauseous senna-tea), disapproves of such tales, on the ground that they are not true. That was precisely what Solon the grim old snuffy lawgiver of Athens said to Thespis the tragedian, abusing him for the propagation of what he deemed to be palpable falsehood. But we submit that there is a vast difference between the cases. Thespis might not believe in what he represented, but a good, or, rather, first-rate nurse, judiciously selected from a rural district where the popular mythology still lingers, believes quite as firmly in the existence of fairies as Kettledrummle does in the articles of the Westminster Confession. Nor let the reverend Gideon turn up his eyes in horror at the thought that so much degrading superstition yet lingers in the land. Can he aver that even he is quite free from all tinge of superstition? Would he venture, even for an additional chandler of stipend, to spend a night alone in that old dreary kirk of his, the window of which looks directly on the Witches' Knowe, whereon, about two hundred years ago, his predecessor, who assisted at the Westminster Assembly, saw with approval three old women committed to the flames? Not he. It is firmly believed throughout the parish that the ghosts of the three murdered crones prowl nightly round the kirk in search of the cruel minister through whose evidence they were condemned, and if they should chance to light upon his successor, who shall insure Kettledrummle against receiving, not only the punishment originally designed, but the enormous accumulated interest which has since accrued? He knows that legend, and would not personally attempt to ascertain its truth for any augmentation in the power of the Teind Court to allocate. Moreover, if he regards superstition as a thing positively sinful, why, we may ask, did he set down his name as a member of the Wodrow Society? Wodrow was a firm believer in all manner of ghosts, apparitions, signs, tokens, and spiritualities, therein lies the whole merit, excellence, and raciness of his works. If Mr Kettledrummle loathes and despises these

things, why did he become a subscriber? or, at all events, how can he with any degree of consistency proscribe the fairy tale? and, lastly, what evidence can he adduce of the falsity of these tales? Has it not occurred to him that they may be quite as true as Lord Macaulay's *History*? Many of them—we have the authority of Mr Dasent for saying so—are as old as the story of the Trojan war, which also has its complement of marvels. Will Mr Kettledrummy venture to assert that there never was such a place as Troy, or such an expedition as that of the Argonauts? Most assuredly he will not, for he well remembers that he was specially examined regarding the details of these events when he went up for his degree of M.A., and was very nearly plucked for confounding Pollux and Castor with the brethren Menelaus and Agamemnon. What better ground has he for challenging the reality of Jack of Cornwall, or the story of "Puss in Boots"? If the horse of Achilles could speak, what was to prevent the feline ambassador from proclaiming the Marquis of Carrabas?

Having disposed of Kettledrummy in this satisfactory manner, which must have earned conviction to the heart of every attentive reader, let us now make our apology to Mr Dasent for having so long detained him on the threshold. The loss is ours, for we do not often meet with a more pleasant companion. Indeed so pleasant is he, that we would rather choose to keep him in the parlour than allow him to wander upwards to the nursery, for once there, we should be apprehensive that his grammar might alienate the affections of the bairns from their true-begotten father. His are not indeed exclusively children's tales, for they are the stories of the Norsemen, the modern Sagas, which are told round many a Scandinavian hearth in the long winter nights, intermingled with those noble and romantic old ballads which are second only, if second they be, to the popular poetry of Scotland, to which they bear a marked affinity. We shall quote his own vivid description of

the land to which those tales are indigenous —

"Some of their tenderness and beauty may, it is hoped, be found in this English translation but to those who have never been in the country where they are current, and who are not familiar with that hearty simple people, no words can tell the freshness and truth of the originals. It is not that the idioms of the two languages are different, for they are more nearly allied, both in vocabulary and construction, than any other two tongues but it is the face of nature herself and the character of the race that looks up to her, that fail to the mind's eye. The west coast of Scotland is something like that nature in a general way, except that it is infinitely smaller and less grand," (excuse us, Mr Dasent, for asking parenthetically whether you ever saw Lochs Broom or Torridon, or the scenery of the west of Sutherland, or the Cullin range in Skye?) 'but that constant, bright blue sky, those deeply indented, annuous, gleaming friths those headstrong rivers and headlong falls those steep hill sides those long ridges of fells those peaks and needles rising sharp above them, those hanging glaciers and wreaths of everlasting snow, those towering endless pine forests relieved by slender stems of silver birch those green spots in the midst of the forest those winding dales and upland lakes those various shapes of buds and beasts the mighty crashing elk the fleet rounder the fearless bear, the numble lynx, the shy wolf, those eagles and swans, and sea-birds those many tones and notes of Nature's voice making distant music through the twilight summer night, those brilliant flashing northern lights when days grow short those dawning blinding showers of autumn snow that cheerful winter frost and cold that joy of sledging over the smooth ice, when the sharp shod horse careers at full speed with the light sledge or rushes down the steep pitches over the crackling snow through the green spruce wood—all these form a Nature of their own. These particular features belong in their fulness and combination to no other land. When in the midst of this natural scenery we find an honest manly race not the race of the towns and cities, but of the dales and fells, free and unsubdued, holding its own in a country where there are neither lords nor ladies but simple men and women. Brave men and fair women, who cling to the traditions of their forefathers, and whose memory reflects as from the faithful mirror of their native

steel the whole history and progress of their race. When all these natural features, and such a manly race meet, then we have the stuff out of which these tales are made, the living rock out of which these sharp cut national forms are hewn.

There is a deeper meaning in these observations of Mr Dasent than may at once be conveyed to the mind even of the intelligent reader, who is only partially acquainted with the peculiarities of the Norsemen and their history. They are now the most interesting and attractive race of primitive people in Europe, quite within the boundary of civilisation, and yet untainted by its grosser vices. They are better educated and instructed than the peasantry of England, and are likewise more courteous and communicative. They are strictly and jealously national, proud of their country, and attached to their venerable institutions. They are kind, honest, hospitable, and believing, and therein, we think, lies the peculiarity of their popular tales and traditions. For be it remembered that the dark cloud of Paganism rested over Scandinavia long after the light of Christianity was shining on every other country of Europe. It was not until the close of the eleventh century that the Norsemen finally renounced the worship and the rites of Odin, and therefore we find in their oral and traditional literature many traces and indications of that grand imaginative mythology once common to the Northern nations. As Mr Dasent well observes in his fine introductory Essay—

"As a matter of fact it is far easier to change a form of religion than to extirpate a faith. The first indeed, is no easy matter, as those students of history well know who are acquainted with the tenacity with which a large portion of the English nation clung to the Church of Rome, long after the State had declared for the Reformation. But to change the faith of a whole nation in block and bulk on the instant, was a thing contrary to the ordinary working of Providence and unknown even in the days of miracles, though the days of miracles had long ceased when Rome advanced against the North. There it was more politic to raise a cross in the grove where the

Sacred Tree had once stood, and to point to the sacred emblem which had supplanted the old object of national adoration, when the populace came at certain seasons with songs and dances to perform their heathen rites. Near the cross soon rose a church, and both were girt by a cemetery, the soil of which was doubly sacred as a heathen fane and a Christian sanctuary and where alone the bodies of the faithful could repose in peace. But the songs and dances and processions in the churchyard round the cross, continued long after Christianity had become dominant. So also the worship of wells and springs was christianised when it was found impossible to prevent it. Great churches arose over or near them, as at Walsingham, where an abbey, the holiest place in England after the shrine of St Thomas at Canterbury, threw its majestic shade over the heathen washing well, and the worshippers of Odin and the Normans were gradually converted into votaries of the Virgin Mary. Such practices form a subject of constant remonstrance and reproof in the treatises and penitential epistles of mediæval divines and in some few places and churches, even in England, such rites are still yearly celebrated."

In corroboration of the above, and as further evidence of the tenacity of tradition and local custom, we may remark, that not many years have elapsed since a rite, essentially heathen, was practised in the Orkney islands. On a peninsula jutting into the considerable lake of Stennis, on the mainland of Orkney, stands a magnificent Druidical circle, only inferior in size to the massive monuments of Stonehenge. Until recently, one of the stones, supposed to be that on which the sacrifices were offered, might be seen, exhibiting a perforation, through which lovers of the humbler classes were wont to join their hands, and plight their troth—a ceremony which was called the promise of Odin, and regarded as peculiarly binding. In all probability the custom would have been in observance at the present day, but for the utilitarian zeal of an agriculturist who rented a neighbouring farm. This man, as hairy a Celt as ever pranced round a couple of crossed claymores, having occasion to put up some enclosures, cast a covetous eye upon the Druidical

circle, which appeared to him peculiarly well suited for his purpose, and, before the authorities could interfere, blew the sacrificial stone into shivers with gunpowder, and so effectually exploded the last remnant of that ancient superstition.

The tales selected by Mr Dasent do not, however, bear directly upon the Scandinavian mythology, nor are they even local legends of Trolls, Necks, Weerwolves, apparitions, and witchcraft, which abound in every district of Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Schleswig, Holstein, and Lauenburg. We refer those of our readers who may be curious on such subjects to Thorpes *Northern Mythology*, which is a complete and most entertaining repertory of that sort of supernatural lore. Mr Dasent has confined his collection to that kind of story or fairy tale, the proper exordium of which is "Once upon a time," which, in the great majority of cases, belongs to no locality, has no limits to its enchantment, and professes to take us, if need be, beyond the actual surface of the globe, to the caverns of the wind, or the mysterious region which lies to the east of the sun and the west of the moon, so far away from this earth that even witches have doubts as to its existence. These tales, therefore, as we shall have occasion to show, are not to be regarded exclusively as the product or property of the Norsemen. They are simply Norse versions of stories which are and have been floating all over Europe for many ages, the origin of which it is now difficult if not impossible to determine. Mr Dasent, who has evidently bestowed much pains upon the subject, thinks that he can trace them to the East, the common mother of the European nations, and his theory seems to be, that many of those tales, nay, many of the local legends which pass current among us for historical facts, are mere echoes of the long ago, from the banks of the Ganges or the gloomy ravines of the Caucasus. This is not only Mr Dasent's theory but his favourite hobby, and he can tell away upon it in a most reckless manner, clean across the flower beds of tradition, smashing tulips, and breaking carnations, on his way to

an eastern goal. For example, he would have us believe that William Tell did *not* shoot the arrow from the head of his son, because "this story of the bold archer who saves his life by shooting an apple from the head of his child at the command of a tyrant, is common to the whole Aryan race!" And then he gives us instances of the same kind of feat from Saxo Grammaticus, the Sagas, the Malleus Maleficorum, and the old English ballad of Adam Bell and his comrades. Having thus brought together a stock of precedents, he thus calmly extinguishes William Tell. "What shall we say then, but that the story of this bold master shot was primeval among many tribes and races and that it only crystallised itself round the great name of Tell by that process of attraction which invariably leads a grateful people to throw such mythic wreaths, such garlands of bold deeds of precious memory, round the brow of its darling champion." This is certainly the queerest kind of logic we ever met with. The story of Tell we are desired to regard as mythical, because there are older stories of archers who performed the same feat. Very well—let us fall back on the next story in point of date. Was it true or false? "False clearly, Mr Dasent must in consistency reply, "because there are yet older legends. So with the next, and the next, until we have exhausted all the legends, and receded to a primitive period when apples were no better than crabs. Apply the same rule, and the assassination of the Red Comyn by Bruce before the altar at Dunfries becomes a myth, because Brutus stabbed Caesar in the senate-house before the statue of Pompey, and that deed also may be proved to be a myth from many antecedents, as unfortunately there are many stories before Caesar's time of assassinations before altars and statues. Hear him again. "Nor let any pious Welshman be shocked if we venture to assert that Gellert, that famous hound upon whose last resting place the traveller comes as he passes down the lovely vale of Gwynant, is a mythical dog, and never snuffed the fresh breeze in the forest of Snow-

don, nor saved his master's child from ravaging wolf. This, too, is a primeval story, told with many variations. Sometimes the foe is a wolf; sometimes a bear, sometimes a snake. It, too, came from the East." Mr Dasent may rest assured that his reasoning will bring no conviction to a single descendant of Cadwallader. It just amounts to this, that no remarkable circumstance can have occurred, or remarkable deed have been performed twice, since this round world began. That a dog should attack a wolf is natural; that a father, seeing the cradle overturned, and the dog's jaws bloody, should suppose that it had worried the child, is natural also; and that the same accident should have occurred repeatedly in countries where wolves were numerous, houses unprotected by the inventions of Chubb, and hounds kept for family defence, is not, we think, any special subject of wonder. Not long ago, in a book purporting to be sketches of life at the court of a native Indian prince, we read an account of a man-eating horse, a frightful brute, which was the terror of the whole neighbourhood. Had that book been written three hundred years ago, Mr Dasent, if true to this principle of his, would have treated it as a myth, and referred us to the horses of Diomedæ. There are numerous stories extant in all countries of children being carried off by eagles, a thing more unlikely to occur than the combat of a dog with a prowling wolf—must we consider each story as the resetting of some legend, which only has occurred once, perhaps to the eldest born of Japhet, when the eagles, emancipated from the ark, began to build in the cliffs of Ararat?

As we are dealing with the work of a highly accomplished scholar, we consider ourselves entitled to look out for the chinks in his armour, and this is the vulnerable point. Adoration of remote antiquity has led Mr Dasent astray. We do not believe that any of these Norse tales, unconnected with the peculiar mythology of the people, are their old inheritance from the east, or that they are nearly so ancient as he thinks them to be. We are at one with him in his ap-

preciation and high estimate of the Norsemen. With many of us of the east coast of Scotland that is an ancestral feeling; for the oldest families there are of Scandinavian, rather than of Saxon or Celtic blood. But the earlier Scandinavians, though a splendid race of reavers, pirates, and discoverers, were of all others the least likely to perpetuate tales of oriental fancy. We know positively nothing from sure historical sources regarding their early origin; and even tradition, usually so garrulous and confident, in this instance gives us little aid. We cannot with confidence assert that the terrible Cimbri and Teutones, who, about the year B.C. 108, commenced a war with imperial Rome and maintained it for eight years, were ancestors of the Norsemen. There can be no doubt, however, that the Cimbri then occupied Denmark and Jutland, but whether or not they were leagued with the Suiones, who appear to have been the ancient possessors of Sweden, cannot now be determined. Plutarch, who was very scrupulous as to his authorities, thus speaks of them in his life of Caius Marius:

"The account of Jugurtha's defeat and captivity had hardly reached Rome, when news was brought of the invasion of the Teutones and Cimbri. At first it exceeded all credit as to the number and strength of the approaching army; but at length that report proved much inferior to the truth, for they were three hundred thousand fighting men, besides a far greater number of women and children. Their pretence was the seeking new countries to sustain their great multitudes, and cities where they might settle and inhabit; as they had heard that the Celts before them had expelled the Etrurians, and possessed themselves of the best part of Italy. These having no commerce with the southern nations, and coming from countries far remote, no man knew what people they were, or whence they came, who thus like a cloud, lowered over Gaul and Italy; yet, by their grey eyes, and the largeness of their stature, they were thought to be some of those Germans that dwell by the northern sea; besides, the Germans in their language call robbers Cimbri.

"There are some who say that such is the vast extent of the country of the Celts, that it reaches from the western ocean and northern climes to the Lake

Miscos southward, and to that part of Scythia which borders upon the Euxine Sea, that there the two nations mingle together, that they make regular draughts out of their country not all at once nor continually but at the spring season every year, that by means of these annual supplies they have gradually swarmed over the greatest part of the European continent and that though they are separately distinguished by different names according to the different clans of which they are compounded yet their whole army is comprehended under the general name of Cato Scythæ.

This formidable band marched southward in spite of all opposition "They were," says Plutarch, "of an invincible strength and fierceness in battle, and came on with the same irresistible violence as a devouring flame, nor could any withstand their fury in their march, but all that came in their way were trodden down or driven before them, like so many sheep, of whom they had made a prey. Many Roman armies, and many officers of great reputation, who had the care of the Transalpine Gaul committed to their charge, were defeated, or fled ignominiously before them. And indeed the faint resistance these barbarians met with in their first efforts, chiefly encouraged them to bend their march towards Rome. For having vanquished all they set upon, and being well laden with plunder, they resolved to settle themselves nowhere till they should have razed the city, and wasted all Italy."

Had the Cimbri and Teutons adhered to this resolution, it is very probable that they might have entered Rome as conquerors, for there were few troops at that time in Italy and the consternation of the citizens amounted to a positive panic. But, by one of those sudden changes of purpose which are so often exhibited by hordes of invading barbarians, the Northmen turned towards Spain, thereby giving time to Marius to transport his legions from Africa, and to complete his military preparations. When, therefore, first the Teutons and then the Cimbri entered Italy, they found themselves opposed by the flower of the Roman army, and after three bloody and desperate

engagements were almost entirely annihilated.

The worship of Odin could not then have been in existence, for Odin the leader, if the voice of tradition be true (and we have no other testimony on the point), was not heard of in the north of Europe until about thirty years afterwards. He is said to have made a league with Gylf or Gylfe, the first king of Sweden, B.C. 57, and to have settled his son Skjold as king in Denmark. What he was or whence he came, it is difficult to determine. Saxo Grammaticus represents him as a leader and priest, from Asia, who with twelve other priests came through Germany to Scandinavia, flying before the victorious arms of the Romans. From the near proximity of dates, it might plausibly be conjectured that Odin was one of the chiefs who led back the remnants of the Cimbrian and Teutonic forces after their defeats in Italy, and established his rule in Denmark, in which country his memory was regarded with most especial veneration. We know from the authority of Tacitus, who wrote two centuries after the time of Marius that the Cimbri were then still in possession of Denmark, though no longer an object of terror or apprehension to Rome. As he speaks very pointedly with regard to them, we shall take leave to quote his words —

"In the same northern part of Germany we find the Cimbrians on the margin of the ocean — a people at present of small consideration though their glory can never die. Monuments of their former strength and importance are still to be seen on either shore. Their camps and lines of circumvallation are not yet erased. From the extent of ground which they occupied you may even now form an estimate of the force and resources of the state, and the account of their grand army, which consisted of such prodigious numbers seems to be verified. It was in the year of Rome 640, in the consulship of Cæcilius Metellus and Papirius Carbo, that the arms of the Cimbrians first alarmed the world."

These are no doubt scanty materials from which to extract an hypothesis, but we have, at all events, the

reliable testimony of two historians that the Cimbri were located in Denmark a hundred years before and a hundred years after the Christian era. Odin, therefore, who, according to tradition, appeared in the interval, did not displace them, as the leader of an overwhelming host of invaders certainly would have done. He must either have been a native chief, which we think is the more probable conjecture, or an artful impostor, like Mahomet, belonging to some neighbouring tribe. This does not in any way invalidate the claim of the Norse men to an eastern descent, for Plutarch seems to have been of opinion that all the tribes then located in the north of Europe were of the same blood, reaching from the German Ocean to the Sea of Azoff, and as the tide of population must have rolled from the east to the west, their origin was no doubt Asiatic. That Odin invented or introduced the Scandinavian mythology, is, we think, very unlikely, for it bears internal evidence of a much older date. He had the address, however, or his followers did it for him, to claim a prominent place in that mythology, in which attempt he succeeded better than Romulus, who, though he vehemently desired to be worshipped as a deity, received barely that secondary honour of heathen canonisation, the questionable rank of a demigod.

We do not believe that any of these tales which Mr Dasent has given us from the Norse, came through Scandinavia from the east. If they are oriental—which may well be, for some of them appear too light and airy to have been hatched in the rugged north—we think it most probable that they were brought into Europe by the Saracens who came into Spain in the year 713. This store may have been increased about the time of the Crusades, and as trade was opened with the Levant, and the subsequent wide dissemination of the tales throughout Europe is very easily accounted for. Besides the Troubadours of Provence, and the Trouveres of France, who took rank as original poets—besides the minstrels, jongleurs, and others who itinerated Europe during the middle ages as dispensers of song and music—there

was a numerous class of men who earned their livelihood simply by the recounting of tales. As in a ruder age the appetite for the marvellous is always strongly developed, these narrators, for so we must style them rather than reciters, were obliged to tax their powers of invention to the uttermost, and as the priesthood was jealous of allowing legends of the saints to be promulgated other wise than from the pulpit, these caterers for the popular taste took possession of fairyland, conjured up whole armies of giants, dwarfs, mermaids, enchanters, and the like, were most deft at metamorphoses, and made the services of the animal kingdom available by endowing birds, beasts, and even fishes, with human intelligence and speech. A good tale, therefore, whether newly invented or borrowed from an eastern apologue, was passed rapidly from mouth to mouth, and translated from speech to speech undergoing no other variation than such as was necessary to recommend it to a new locality. That we conceive to be the true explanation of the universality of the European tales, which, in the middle ages, welled up in France as a common centre spring, and thence diffused themselves to the remotest nooks and regions, where they are still cherished and recited by the peasantry, whose taste for traditional lore has not been superseded by the efforts of an industrious press. It is curious to remark that, while these tales have floated all over the Continent, the ballads or rhyming traditions of each people, except where the languages are cognate, are national and apart. The reason is simply this. A prose story, once comprehended, can be retailed without difficulty in another tongue. The substance is all in all. But a ballad is a much more artistic performance. Its excellence does not depend so much upon the subject as upon the expression, and in times when written copies of popular recited ballads could not be procured, there was, of course, a serious obstacle in the way of translation. In a few instances we find some resemblance between Danish and Scottish ballads—so much, indeed, as to warrant the conclusion

that one or other of the writers must have heard them chanted in a foreign tongue, but these are exceptional cases. The general rule is that the popular ballad poetry of each country is indigenous, but that the popular prose legends are common European property.

Accordingly, in reading Mr Daseut's collection, we recognise, with great delight, many of our oldest friends, a little disguised, no doubt, in the Norwegian garb, as was to be expected, seeing that they have tarried so long among the firds, but as easily detected by us as is a deserter from one of her Majesty's regiments by a lynx-eyed recruiting sergeant. We can, however, take little credit to ourselves for clairvoyance, as Mr Daseut has been most candid as to the personality and antecedents of his legendary contingent. In "Lord Peter" we recognise at once our favourite "Puss in Boots," the story of 'Boots who ate a match with the Troll' is an episode from "Jack the Giantkiller," and "The Husband who was to mind the House," is a wonderfully accurate prose version of the very old Scottish ballad of "The Wife of Auchtermuchty." But perhaps the most curious story in the whole collection is that entitled, "East o the Sun and West o the Moon," which appears to us, beyond a doubt, to have been founded upon the very beautiful legend of Cupid and Psyche, as told by Apuleius of Madaura. We perceive at once that it is an original form of the tale of "Beauty and the Beast," but here alone, so far as we are aware, can it be distinctly traced to the classic source, and, what is still more remarkable, the Scottish popular version of that tradition has been derived from the Norse. Mr Robert Chambers, in his *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, has given us two prose versions of the same story, collected from tradition, as the "Red," and "Black Bull of Norro-way," which obviously must have come to us from Scandinavia, so that diluted Apuleius, after having undergone the probation of many Norwegian croons, seems to have passed into Scotland, where unfortunate Cupid, not visible in the ancient legend, appears as the

"Red Ekin," a monster so frightful, that no mythologist has dared to give a sketch of his appearance. It is curious also to remark that the well-known German story of Bumpelstuckin is current in Scotland under the name of "Whuppity Stoorie," the heroine being called the Guldwife of Kittlerumpit, a coincidence in sound which we can hardly regard as fortuitous.

As no review that does not furnish a specimen of the author's matter can be altogether satisfactory, we shall extract one short story, premising that it is by no means the best in the volume. Want of space compels us to pass over the longer tales, of which "Hacon Grizzlebeard," "The Master Thief" (originally published in the *Magazine*), "Rich Peter the Pedlar," "Dapplegrim," and "The Twelve Wild Ducks," are, besides those which we have already mentioned, the most lively and characteristic, and we prefer giving a story which is clearly of Norse invention, not the echo, however pleasantly repeated, of some old European tradition.

' THE CAT ON THE DOVREFELL

' Once on a time there was a man up in Finnmark who had caught a great white bear which he was going to take to the King of Denmark. Now it so fell out that he came to the Dovrefell just about Christmas Eve, and there he turned into a cottage where a man lived whose name was Halvor, and asked the man if he could get house room there for his bear and himself.

"Heaven never help me if what I say isn't true," said the man, 'but we can't give any one house room just now, for every Christmas eve such a pack of Trolls come down upon us, that we are forced to flit, and haven't so much as a house over our own heads, to say nothing of lending one to any one else.'

'Oh! said the man, if that's all, you can very well lend me your house, my bear can lie under the stove yonder, and I can sleep in the side-room.

"Well, he begged so hard, that at last he got leave to stay there, so the people of the house flitted out, and before they went, everything was got ready for the Trolls; the tables were laid, and there was rice porridge, and fish boiled in lye, and sausages, and all else that was good, just as for any other grand feast.

"So when everything was ready, down came the Trolls. Some were great, and some were small; some had long tails, and some had no tails at all; some, too, had long, long noses; and they ate and drank, and tasted everything. Just then, one of the little Trolls caught sight of the white bear, who lay under the stove; so he took a piece of sausage and stuck it on a fork, and went and poked it up against the bear's nose, screaming out—

"Pussy, will you have some sausage?"

"Then the white bear rose up and growled, and hunted the whole pack of them out of doors, both great and small.

"Next year Halvor was out in the wood, on the afternoon of Christmas eve, cutting wood before the holidays, for he thought the Trolls would come again; and just as he was hard at work, he heard a voice in the wood calling out—

"Halvor, Halvor!"

"Well," said Halvor, "here I am."

"Have you got your big cat with you still?"

"Yes, that I have," said Halvor, "she's lying at home under the stove, and what's more, she has now got seven kittens, far bigger and fiercer than she is herself."

"O, then, we'll never come to see you again," bawled out the Troll away in the wood, and he kept his word; for since that time the Trolls have never eaten their Christmas brose with Halvor on the Dovrefell."

We shall now take leave of Mr Dasent, hoping to meet with him

again in the character of a Norse interpreter. In these days of literary activity every novelty has a charm; and there is one field open to legendary research which, so far as we know, remains still unexplored. We allude to Iceland, the mother country of the Sagas, which has provided and preserved the historical materials that throw so much light on the early movements of the northern nations, their vast enterprise and activity, and the extent of their conquests and explorations. Iceland, discovered and colonised so early as the ninth century, never disturbed by war, and never implicated in any European strife, has long enjoyed, especially among the other Scandinavians, a high literary reputation. In olden times it was peculiarly the country of the poet and the historian; the most famous of the Skalds were natives of Iceland; and it was the sole repository of Runic lore. Even now the acquirements and accomplishments of the people are much greater than could be expected from their isolation and apparent scantiness of means; and as they still adhere to their old customs and pastimes, cheering the long arctic nights with tale and song, we are entitled to believe that a rich legendary treasure would reward the efforts of an adventurous and competent collector.

NAPOLEON III. AND EUROPE.

THE session of Parliament has opened under circumstances which are momentous, and may prove memorable. The present is a Reform Parliament. The successive pledges of the last half-dozen years are at last about to be redeemed, and by men unbound by pledges. What the Whigs promised, and promised again, yet never did more than promise, the Conservatives are about to fulfil. The question of Parliamentary Reform, which, ever since his fall in the beginning of 1852, Lord John Russell has attempted to trade on as a means of regaining his lost popularity, and which Lord Palmerston took up only that he might shirk it, Lord Derby

is resolved to deal with, that it may be settled. Was it this that gave to the opening of Parliament its unusual interest? Mr Bright had been doing his best to get up an agitation—holding meetings in half-a-dozen of the larger towns best affected to Radicalism—denouncing everything as wrong—exhorting the working classes to remember 1832, and warning them that unless they carried the agitation to "the brink of civil war," they need not even yet hope to obtain their "rightful heritage!" So that a stormy session may by some have been looked for, in which the very bases of the constitution would be shaken by the surges of Radical-

ism, the House of Lords put an end to, and even our gracious Sovereign reduced to a tenure of good behaviour, or what might appear so in the eyes of Mr Bright. Notwithstanding all this, however, it was not Reform—it was not the pacific work of domestic improvement, that excited most attention in the Royal Address, or gave the tone to the debates which followed. It was the rumour of war coming thick and fast from the Continent, and the note of defensive preparation contained in the royal statement that it had become necessary “to reconstruct the British fleet.” When had such an announcement been made before? What did it point to? What were the urgent circumstances which called it forth now?

The year had opened ominously. For some weeks before the old year expired rumours of unusual disaffection and incipient revolt had reached us from the Italian possessions of Austria—rumours, it was remarked, which were always magnified as they passed through Turin, and which were reproduced in their gravest form in the Parisian journals. At the same time Sardinia had been keeping up a larger army than needful, and at a review the King had brusquely exhorted the troops to maintain their efficiency as they would be needed in spring. Sardinia seemed bent on exciting troubles, yet her power was so incommensurate with her obvious wish, that little uneasiness was created in the public mind, as it was felt that peace could not be broken so long as the great Powers were resolved to maintain it. And that view was a true one. But on New Year's Day a report suddenly flashed abroad that the French Emperor, while greeting cordially the representatives of all the other Powers, had addressed angry words to the ambassador of Austria—a report which at once embodied itself at Paris in a panic, and the sight of the French Funds dropping down five per cent was, like the sudden fall of mercury in a barometer, received by the European public as indicative of coming storms. The words actually spoken by the Emperor (and doubtless used by him with most perfect premeditation) might mean nothing

or everything, and the fact that they were immediately understood in the latter sense in Paris, seems to imply that this was the view adopted by those who were partially admitted to the secret thoughts of the Imperial mind. Days passed, and the panic continued, and every journal in Europe was commenting on this unexpected portent of troubles, yet the *Moniteur* was silent. Had the Emperor not been known to have been revolving in his mind the expediency of a quarrel with Austria, no such warlike meaning would have been attached to his words by those who were present and spread the report, or if the Emperor had felt himself misunderstood, and had desired to remove the warlike impression, the *Moniteur* would have spoken out immediately. But it kept silence. The Imperial ear wished to hear distinctly the echoes which his words awakened. And when at length a “note” did appear in the official journal, its language was not very reassuring—it seemed little else than the voice of one who, whatever his designs, wished to preserve the courtesies of imperial intercommunication. The facts, too, now began to corroborate the warlike meaning attached to the Emperor's words. The din of preparation became loud in every arsenal of France. The cannon foundries were actively at work, whole regiments of soldiers were drafted from their ordinary duties to assist in the manufacture of cartridges, stores of biscuit, wine, and other commissariat supplies, began daily to arrive at Toulon and Marseilles, some batteries of the Emperor's new cannon, of which such marvels are reported, were placed ready for the field in the same arsenals, floating batteries on a new model were ordered to be constructed, transports were largely contracted for, the spare troops were ordered home from Algeria, and the men of war were summoned to return from all quarters of the sea. Sardinia had been long engaged in similar preparations. And, to add to the fast-increasing disquietude, it was suddenly announced that a matrimonial alliance between the French and Sardinian Courts was about to be formed,

by the marriage of Prince Napoleon to the eldest daughter of King Victor Emmanuel. Hardly was the union announced ere it was consummated. The contracting parties were quite unknown to each other, yet so hurriedly was the affair carried through, that the Prince, who arrived in Turin on one Sunday, left it on the Sunday following with the young Princess as his wife. And on embarking at Genoa, Prince Napoleon assured the authorities who waited to pay their homage, that, "in evil fortune or in good, the two nations were now allied as well as the dynasties. Meanwhile General Niel, the first military engineer of France, and who had accompanied Prince Napoleon, paid visits of inspection to Alessandria and other Sardinian strong places, manifestly with a view to help with his advice the Sardinian generals, as well as be able to report precisely to his Imperial master as to the military resources of the Court of Turin. Very express rumours at the same time began to circulate, to the effect that a treaty had been concluded between France and Sardinia, the contents of which had, by these Powers, been communicated to, and approved of by Russia. "On the next day but one to that on which Prince Napoleon had his first interview with the Princess Clotilde says the *Independance Belge* (a journal especially well informed in Russian diplomacy), "a secret treaty was signed by M. de Cavour, Minister for Foreign Affairs in Sardinia on the one hand and by General Niel, on behalf of the Emperor Napoleon on the other." A statement which we believe, will be found to be correct. Austria, of course, by this time had taken the alarm. She also was now busy with warlike preparations, hurrying fresh troops into Italy, reinforcing the garrisons of Ancona and other menaced points—erecting defences for the seaward front of Venice—placing troops in all her seaports of Istria—and summoning her few ships of war to return immediately to the Adriatic, in evident anticipation of being attacked in that quarter by the French fleet. She also came into the money market to raise a loan of £6,000,000, while

Sardinia was known to be about to adopt a similar course with a view to providing herself with the means of war.

Such was the aspect of affairs when the British Parliament opened on the 3d of February. A crisis so serious was too delicate a matter to be handled by the movers and seconders of the Address in either House, but no sooner was this comparatively routine portion of the proceedings gone through, than the chiefs of the Opposition rose to require from the Government information as to the exact position of affairs, and as to the line of policy which they were pursuing in regard to it. The subject is a momentous one—the question is only at its beginning, and it is important to note the views expressed on this occasion by the parliamentary leaders. Earl Granville, who introduced the subject, began by describing the state of Italy. "Your lordships, he said, "are all aware of the kind of government that exists in Naples. But with regard to that kingdom the case presents no complication, because it depends solely on a change of opinion in the ruler, who may yet call to his counsels some wise and influential minister, or may, in the natural course of events, be succeeded by his son, when it is quite possible that that which is now a bad government may be converted into a good one. With respect to Central Italy the question is very different. I have lately come from the capital of the Papal States, and it is undoubtedly the fact that the entire lay population of these States are, almost to a man, hostile to the polity under which they now live. Coming to Lombardo Venetian provinces of Austria, he said that the evils of a rigorous rule which they experienced were "common to the majority of the Continental nations," that some of the evils complained of by the Lombards were, "he would not say sentimental, but hardly of a very practical nature," and that "their internal government is certainly better cared for than that of any part of Southern Italy. But," he continued, "it is not for us to discuss whether Lombardy might or might not be better governed," for "these provinces belong to Austria under treaties

which have by long continuance become a portion of the public law of Europe." Coming next to Sardinia, he said—"It appears that, partly from motives of sympathy with the Italian cause, and partly—it is vain to deny it—from an ambition for territorial aggrandisement, Sardinia is now arming herself far beyond her resources, and language is held by her which leads to a well founded apprehension that she is about to engage in war. At this moment rumours of such a war are rife, and, as far as can be ascertained, these rumours are rendered possible by the attitude taken by Sardinia, and a report of certain words said to have been addressed by the Emperor of the French to the Ambassador of Austria." On so momentous a question, the Earl said, he felt justified in demanding of the Government, if not an opinion on the future course of events, at least a clear statement of their past policy. And he added—

"If they can say that during the course of these events they have spoken equally to Austria to Sardinia and to France in the firm, candid, and friendly manner in which they were entitled to speak, avoiding any unnecessary or irritating notice on the one hand but on the other declaring their steady conviction that the maintenance of existing treaties is necessary to the peace and tranquillity of the future, and if in addition they have entered into no engagements whatever binding this country to take any course at any time other than the honour of England and the welfare of Europe may demand—in that case I am sure that Her Majesty's Government will receive the hearty support of the people, a support that will enable them to speak with greater force and influence in any difficult circumstances that may hereafter arise."

Nothing could be more clear and masterly than the reply which this appeal drew forth from the Premier Lord Derby, when at the helm of affairs, has always shown a remarkably keen perception and sound judgment in foreign affairs, and in his speech on this occasion the statesman was visible in every sentence. The principles of foreign policy which he so eloquently enunciated in his memorable speech on taking office in

1852, and which he reiterated on his return to office a year ago, he had now been called to act upon in circumstances of unusual gravity and delicacy. Nor had he been found wanting in the crisis. He commenced his statement by saying that he cordially subscribed to the doctrine of his noble friend, "that with the internal government of Lombardy, be it wise or unwise, be it mild or severe, we have nothing to do. By inheritance, by long continued possession, by the faith of treaties which, if once broken through, must cause incalculable mischief to the tranquillity of Europe, by all these ties Austria has acquired a hold over her Italian provinces, of which neither we, nor any nation, under any plea or upon any pretext, has a right to deprive her. He likewise concurred with Lord Granville that it is not in Lombardy nor in Naples that the main danger exists, but in the Papal States, which he styled "the plague spot of Italy." "It is notorious to all the world," said the Premier, "that if public feeling there were not kept down by the presence of two foreign armies, all the respect and veneration which are paid to the Sovereign Pontiff in his spiritual capacity, would not prevent the overthrow of his tottering throne." "It is from the presence of these two armies—not placed there in either case to uphold the liberties of Italy, but only to maintain by their joint efforts an incompetent government, it is from the mutual jealousy of these two Powers that the real danger of serious disturbance in Italy is to be apprehended. Now, upon both of those Powers her Majesty's Government have pressed, with all the earnestness of friendship, the necessity of coming to some understanding with regard to the advice they shall tender to the Papal Government for diminishing the grounds of dangerous discontent which, under the present system, cannot but exist there. It would be idle for any Protestant country to proffer advice, but we have assured both Austria and France, that if they will combine to give salutary counsel, our best endeavours will not be wanting to second their efforts for the amelioration of the internal adminis-

tration of the Papal States." Turning next to Sardinia, "that small but heroic State, which has hitherto been a bright spot among the surrounding gloom," he said, that "the policy which ought clearly to have been pursued by such a State, was to busy itself with internal improvements,—not to maintain an army disproportionate to its finances and ruinous to its credit,—not to trust to the efforts of its army, however valiant, but to rely on the sympathies of the world at large, and on the faith of the treaties which secure its dominions—treaties precisely the same as those under which Austria holds her Italian provinces. . . . It is therefore in a spirit of the sincerest friendship for Sardinia, that we look with anxiety upon the attitude which of late she appears disposed to take,—an attitude inconsistent alike with her interests, with her duty to society at large, and with the maintenance of that sympathy and regard which her previous conduct has obtained for her throughout the civilised world. This advice and those opinions, not once, but over and over again, have we pressed on Sardinia." Finally, coming to that most delicate and most momentous part of his subject—the policy of France,—he said there was "a great danger," for Sardinia evidently looked to France for support in her aggressive policy. To meet this danger, said Lord Derby, "we have represented to the Emperor of the French, in friendly and earnest terms, the importance of exercising the utmost forbearance in any differences he may have with Austria,—and, above all, of abstaining from holding out the idea to Sardinia that any assistance would proceed from France in case of an aggressive and unprovoked war with Austria; and we have received assurances that, so long as Austria confines herself to her own limits, Sardinia must not expect from France any assistance in an aggressive war." Having thus reviewed the field of troubles, the noble Premier concluded his admirable speech by giving not only the "clear statement of their past policy," which Lord Granville had required from the Government, but also by announcing with equal clearness and frankness the spirit in

which he was prepared to meet the future course of events. He said:—

"I do earnestly trust that the Emperor of the French will still persist in that wise and prudent and loyal course which he has hitherto pursued. . . . But if, unfortunately, the Emperor should depart from such a course, and should induce the people of Europe to believe that those sentiments were altered, and that the new Empire is again returning to the lust of universal dominion—if Europe should have any reason to suspect that he has any design of placing on different thrones in Italy subordinate sovereigns connected with himself by alliance, and of thereby reproducing that dangerous system, the introduction of which ultimately led to the fall of the great Napoleon, he will shake the confidence of Europe in the intentions and dispositions of France, and, by awakening suspicion from without, he will destroy credit at home. . . . And if, notwithstanding the friendly efforts of this Government made in respect to France, Austria, and Sardinia, war should ultimately be the result, it would be a satisfaction to the Government, though a melancholy one, that they had done all in their power by friendly remonstrances to prevent so formidable a calamity; and such is their position, that they are bound by no secret obligations, treaties, or understandings, but are perfectly ready to take in any contingency the course which their duty and the honour of this country might appear to require."

We do not wonder that so admirable an exposition of policy—a policy at once steady, untrammelled, and most conducive to peace—should have met with nothing but approval and support. Earl Grey, captious as he is apt at times to be, expressed his entire concurrence in the Ministerial policy; and the veteran Lord Brougham refused to keep silence lest his silence might possibly be misconstrued by his friends across the Channel. Forty years have nearly passed since, in the prime of manhood, he launched the thunders of his impassioned oratory against the Holy Alliance, for interfering to put down popular movements in Spain and other countries; and it behoved him, he said, to come forward again now, when a similar unlawful intervention, though on a different pretext, seemed about to be perpetrated. If any voice of reason

could weigh with the Court of Turin, assuredly it would be the language of this veteran champion of liberty, who, despite all his sympathies with freedom, felt bound to condemn the conduct of Sardinia in pretending to come forward as the disinterested champion of Italian freedom, when her real motive was her own aggrandisement. In the Lower House the unanimity, and concurrence in the policy of Ministers, were equally marked. 'Austria,' said Lord Palmerston, "possesses her Italian provinces by virtue of that general treaty of 1815, which is the title deed of many other territories in Europe possessed by other Powers. That treaty was the great settlement of Europe, and I humbly submit that no Power could justly violate that treaty by attempting, without reason or cause, to dispossess Austria of that which the treaty gives her. Treaties ought to be respected. If any theoretical preference were to set aside the stipulations in any treaty, all the affairs of Europe would be at sea, and it would be impossible to tell the conclusion to which such a principle would lead. Lord John Russell—we presume for the sake of making a distinction between himself and the rival leader of the Opposition—did not enunciate his views with the frank explicitness of the ex Premier, but if he did not join in the general express approval of the policy of the Government, he at least did not on any point take exception to it.

Never, on the eve of probable war, did greater unanimity pervade the councils of the British Parliament. And it is well it was so. The British Government had been pressing most urgently upon France and Sardinia the unjustifiable nature of the aggressive policy they appeared resolved to engage in, and these two Powers, in reply, (as may be inferred from what has since transpired), had tried every means to persuade the British Government to countenance their designs, by representing that, as England had always hitherto been foremost in sympathy for the Italians, she could not now draw back and object when a blow was really about to be struck on behalf of Italian independence. Because England has always done her

best for the Italians within the limits of treaties, she was now asked to interfere on their behalf in defiance of treaties! Because England would be happy to see the Italians peacefully established as their own masters, it was now demanded of her that she should be equally satisfied by a course of events which would rupture the peace of Europe, and merely give Italy a new master instead of the old one! On accepting the crown, Napoleon III proclaimed to Europe (in his address to the French Senate and Legislative Corps) "that he did not make his reign date from 1815, and that he accepted all which history for the last fifty years transmits to us with its inflexible authority. Again, when taking arms against Russia, it was to existing treaties that Napoleon III appealed, and it was as illegal aggression that he denounced the intervention of the Czar in Turkey. Again in 1858, it was as the upholder of treaties that he took so strong, indeed tyrannical, a part against the Swiss Government in the affair of Neuchâtel—siding with the King of Prussia in entire opposition to the liberties and desires of the Neuchâtelese. Now, from motives which we shall by and by explain, the French Emperor wishes to take a precisely opposite course. What he has repeatedly condemned in others, he now wishes to be allowed to do himself. The illegal intervention which he refused to Russia with respect to Turkey, he longs to perpetrate himself with respect to Italy. In those circumstances it was surely well that the British Government refused to be cajoled into approval of any kind, and that the British Parliament, supporting the steady and honest policy of Ministers, should have unanimously proclaimed through its chiefs that "Treaties must be respected."

What was the reply from the other side of the Channel? The Emperor of the French had long been apprised of the deliberate disapproval with which the British Government would regard a French intervention in Italy, yet on the very day that Parliament thus opened in London, a pamphlet was issued in Paris, partly from the pen and expressly with the sanction

of the Emperor, the object of which was to prove that it had now become imperative upon France to intervene against Austria in Italy. Previous to the meeting of Parliament, the only assurance that the British Government had been able to extract from the French Emperor was, "that so long as Austria confines herself to her own limits, Sardinia must not expect from France any assistance in an aggressive war." An assurance of the very weakest and vaguest kind. For (1) it virtually requires that Austria shall withdraw her troops from the Papal territories, and her influence from all southern Italy, and confine herself wholly and exclusively to Lombardy. (2) an insurrectionary movement in Lombardy, easily excited, would doubtless be held at the Tuileries to take from Sardinia's attack upon Austria the character of an aggressive war. and (3) besides all this, the Imperial assurance only says that Sardinia "must not expect" not that France will not give assistance. In fact, it was an assurance that assured nothing. And when the Imperial pamphlet, entitled "Napoleon III and Italy," came out it became sufficiently obvious why the Emperor had been so chary of pledging himself to the maintenance of peace. In that official pamphlet the Emperor attacks Austria in the most thorough going and premeditated style — declaring that her expulsion from Italy is absolutely necessary and can no longer be delayed, and that the sole hope of Italy lies in the intervention of France. There is no attempt made to conciliate Austria. on the contrary, pains is taken to demonstrate that the 'reforms' which France must demand from her it is impossible for her to grant. The pamphlet says —

To ask Austria to exercise a milder and more liberal rule in Lombardy would be simply to ask her to commit suicide. It is evident she cannot maintain her rule in Upper Italy except by the strong hand every atom of liberty conceded by her to that conquered country would be made use of as a weapon towards enfranchisement. But this is not all and this was well understood by M. de Metternich in 1815. Place the Roman States, Naples and Tuscany

under a better system of government, and the first effect of this change would necessarily be to create a bond between those States and Lombardy, the pressure of which would immediately be felt by Austria. Thus Austria would not be menaced only by the reforms she might introduce into her own provinces, but also by those introduced into these independent States. She is condemned to oppose a firm resistance to every innovation, immobility is the absolute condition of her power. It is, therefore, impossible to obtain her co-operation, and without that nothing can be done at Rome, at Naples in the Duchies, wherever her power is feared and her impulses obeyed.

And farther on, after declaring that the creation of an Italian Confederation is the only possible solution of the Italian question, the Imperial pamphleteer again takes pains to show that Austria is the supreme mar plot and universal obstacle. To this Confederation he says —

There exists an obstacle beyond Italian and beyond European interests. It is Austria's position in Lombardy. Opposition is the basis of Austrian policy as Austria opposes reforms so will she oppose everything else. What is to be done? Are we to bow to the veto of Vienna? Are we to discard it? Are we to appeal to force or to public opinion to overcome this resistance?

Finally, having thus fastened a quarrel of the most unenviable kind upon Austria, the pamphleteer proceeds to show that the supreme interests of France demand that she should engage in this struggle, and displace Austrian power in Italy in order to make room for her own. History is also appealed to, to prove that what Napoleon III now meditates is only what Henri IV, the chiefs of the Republic, and Napoleon I, made a prime object of their warlike policy —

French policy has traditions which it never can abandon, because they respond to the permanency of its influence. One of those traditions is, that the Alps, which are for her a bulwark, shall not become an armed fortress against her power. Our former kings understood this, as it was afterwards understood by the Republic and the first Empire. In that national idea Henri IV only anticipated Napoleon I. That great king, who was as practi-

cal as he was chivalrous knew that between France and Austria Italy ought to extend freely, and belong only to her self.

Thus, the same ideas are maintained throughout the space of time when they respond to permanent interests, and to a policy as national as it is European.

This is very polished, yet very plain speaking. The sensation produced by the pamphlet was profound and disquieting. It was issued, we have said, on the same day that the British Parliament opened in four days afterwards (Feb 7) the French Legislature was likewise to commence its sittings and the speech of the Emperor was eagerly waited for, in the ingenuous expectation that it would reveal definitely and explicitly the intentions of its author. That it did not fulfil these expectations was just what might have been anticipated. And yet it showed Napoleon III in a new aspect. In sentiment it was fundamentally different from the character in which the Emperor had hitherto chosen to appear. It is no longer, as at Bordeaux, 'the Empire is peace,—that France only wants rest—and that the only triumphs he desires are the triumphs of peaceful industry. It is no longer, as during the Russian war, that treaties must be respected, and that he who violates the peace of Europe must be put *hors la loi*. The Emperor speaks openly of his quarrel with Austria and for the first time we hear that France has a mission to perform in putting to rights all the rest of the world! It is now for the first time announced that one of the principles of the Emperor's rule is 'to restore France to her true rank among nations,—a vague but ominous phrase. He says that although the heir of Napoleon I he will not recommence an era of conquests and that peace will not be disturbed "except for the defence of great national interests—religion philosophy, and civilisation. A wider reservation he could hardly have made for an emperor who is ready to go to war whenever his own ideas of religion, philosophy, and civilisation are not acted upon elsewhere need never be long out of the smoke of battle. And, lastly—as if to show

how very extensive is the championship thus assumed—it is proclaimed that "the interest of France is everywhere where there is a just cause, and where civilisation ought to be made to prevail." What is to be held "civilisation?"—and who is to decide where it "ought to be made to prevail? Napoleon III, of course, is the only possible answer. What are we to think of all this? Such language—we say it deliberately—has not been heard from the chief of a nation since the days of Robespierre and the revolutionary propagandism of 1792. Napoleon III, we feel assured has no intention to attempt to dominate in the same fashion as his uncle, nor to convulse Europe like the Republicans of 1792, yet the above quoted words would justify any amount of intermeddling and coercion both by policy and by arms, in the affairs of other States. And we are very much mistaken if Napoleon III has not resolved upon a policy which will disregard all treaties and aim at wholesale intervention for the sake of putting the affairs of Europe on a basis which will best comport with his own interests and those of France.

We shall not do injustice to the Emperor of the French. He is placed in a trying position and revolutionary elements are now at work in Europe which if he does not anticipate their explosion, are likely to prove his ruin. This is the secret motive for his meditated intervention in Italy. But it is clear also that, in his desire to "restore France to her true place among nations" he aims to obtain for her the position of despotic arbiter in the affairs of Europe. And we feel confident—sagacious, far seeing monarch as he is—that he will seek to accomplish this grand triumph for himself and for France by addressing himself to one object at a time, and by an adroit successive shifting of his alliances in such a manner that he may always have a preponderance of power on his side, and so carry his point with each State in turn. It is Austria's turn at present. He has her fixed in the vice of his dread and subtle policy. But it may be England's turn by-and-by so it

becomes us to look ahead, and comprehend the novel phase, the new influence, that is coming over European politics.

The policy of Napoleon III is too subtle and too powerful to be safely watched with indifference. He has made Paris the centre, and himself has become the prime moving power of diplomatic Europe. Rarely gifted with a prescient power of calculation, cool, and secret, he covers the map of the future with his plans, and slowly, steadily, and unflinchingly he works onwards towards the accomplishment of each in its turn,—ever thinking of the others while carrying out the one in hand, so as to make each pave the way for its successor. Like all strong natures—and never in this respect was there a nature stronger than his—he bides his time, while his marvellous reticence and self control shroud even from his privy councilors the ultimate ends which he keeps in view. The acts of his policy appear one by one, but the plan of which they are fragments he keeps to himself. Neither is he the man to run his head against a wall from a too obstinate pursuit of any particular plan. Sagacious and self possessed, he bows to the might of Circumstance, and when the tide of event runs strongly against any of his projects, he lets it drop—sometimes replacing it by another, sometimes only postponing it till a more convenient season. Napoleon III never engages in any policy without holding himself ready to stop whenever circumstances make it his interest to do so. No feature of his character has so puzzled onlookers as this. They see him enter warmly upon a certain project, then all at once stop short as if in mid career, and back out. Probably from the outset, in his secret thoughts he had never intended to go further, or else the strange ceaseless flux of circumstance, which one may watch but no one can control, took such a shape as showed he could obtain better results by stopping half way, than by carrying out the enterprise to the end. Witness the war with Russia. And let us do him justice again. Much has been said about his aims being dynastic and personal, not national,

that he follows his own interests, as opposed to those of France. This idea is founded on a mistake. In public as in private life, selfishness is a folly. It is only fools who are beguiled by its promptings. Napoleon III is too wise ever to dissociate his policy from the fundamental interests of France. He will give effect to those interests in the manner most advantageous for himself, but he will never disregard them. Deriving his throne from universal suffrage, and centring in himself the whole powers of Government, he seeks in his policy to give expression to the most fundamental interests and desires of the French nation. He pays regard, not to a clique in the capital, nor to the coteries of self seeking parliamentary chiefs, which his immediate predecessors were too apt to mistake for entire France, but to those enduring aims and interests which lie at the bottom of the national character of Frenchmen. His genius consists in correctly discerning to its very depths the heart of the French nation, and his remarkable self control enables him to keep down any impulses of his own which might lead him to act contrary to the quiet deep tide of national feeling. He has often disregarded and repressed the superficial fret and fume of the nation, for he knows that the nation itself will thank him for so doing. He nobly withstands the *ardor civium prava jumentum*, for he knows it will hurt himself as well as them if he becomes their leader in a race that starts from folly. But he will ever join with the tide—nay, he anticipates its rising and leads it—in cases where he knows the national feelings are truly implicated, and where he sees he can conduct them to a prosperous result. His personal interests, so far from being opposed to such a line of conduct, constitute his strongest motive for adopting it. Doubtless he has many ideas he would like to indulge, or personal affronts (of which he met not a few during the first years of his rule) which most people would like to avenge, but he has the wisdom and self control to subordinate these to his main motives of self interest—namely, to keep himself on the throne, and to leave a dynasty behind him

This he can only hope to accomplish by ruling France as France wishes to be ruled,—by conducting the imperial policy in accordance with the national interests, and with so much vigour and ability as to carry the policy successfully to its goal. Hence, in seeking for the motives of the successive projects in which he engages, we must not think to find his personal interests indulged in opposition to the national, but only as determining the particular line or manner in which at any particular time he should give effect to those interests.

During the first years of his rule, Louis Napoleon had to play a subordinate part in the general politics of Europe. Abroad he was universally distrusted and disliked, at home he had enough to do to keep in check the factions in the Assembly and the Socialists in the country. The Czar Nicholas hated him, Prussia looked on him coldly and with mistrust, and even after he was Emperor, the little German States refused to furnish him with a bride. Of the Continental powers Austria was the first to show any friendliness towards him, and with the chivalrous young Kaiser, and his impetuous strong-handed Minister, Napoleon established a relationship which might possibly have ripened into an active alliance but for the premature death of Prince Schwartzberg. But it was the English alliance which first enabled Napoleon III to assume his due place amongst the sovereignties of Europe. He saw it was his true policy for the time, and he stood by us firmly, as we stood by him. But for that alliance—such was the suspicion and antipathy of the other great powers towards a revival of Napoleonic imperialism—France, under Louis Napoleon, would have been isolated and snubbed. But the war with Russia (the Power which had most condemned him) enabled him to take his place in the front rank of European potentates, and at the close of that war he played his cards so well, and so adroitly took up an intermediate position between his ally and his adversary, that he at once conciliated the latter and forced the former to go along with him. Thus he turned the English alliance

to good account. It not only enabled him greatly to augment his prestige and gratify the martial pride of his nation by waging a successful war, but he made it the means of gaining for himself new friends at the close of the war, especially in the very Power which previously had been most opposed to him. These new friends, thus obtained by means of the English alliance, thenceforth rendered him less dependent upon that alliance. Indeed, it was partially by sacrificing that alliance that he succeeded in obtaining the friendship of Russia. Does it sufficiently occur to us that in due time he may veer round entirely, and join an alliance against us, as he once joined an alliance with us?

In exile and adversity Louis Napoleon had time to reflect upon the politics of Europe and the interests and desires of the French nation, and from these to deduce the leading objects which should shape his own policy. His personal susceptibilities we put out of view, he is too great and sagacious to let his policy be influenced by a desire to avenge affronts directed against himself as an individual. But Russia had beaten his uncle, and, in conjunction with other Powers, had conquered France. The retreat from Moscow and the taking of Paris are memories which will sting as long as they endure. Accordingly, to defeat and humble Russia in turn was a point of ambition both to Napoleon III and to the French people. Yet it is notorious that, during the negotiations which preceded and followed the close of the Crimean struggle, the French Emperor showed every desire to let Russia off easily. How was this? Because he has no passions but those of the intellect, and never prosecutes an animosity a step further than is demanded by the interests which he represents. Having once humbled Russia, it was enough thenceforth it was his interest to obtain her friendship as a means of carrying out other schemes which he had in reserve, and in which England was little likely to support him. In this way does the profound calculator of the Tuileries play his game. Already he has avenged the Moscow retreat and the first taking of Paris.

By-and-by, if we do not take care, he may as adroitly avenge Waterloo and the exile of St Helena.

At present it is another of his uncle's foes—Austria—whom he has fixed in the cleft stick of his subtle policy. In the outset of his career, as we have said, Austria and he were on good terms, and at the time when we were drifting into the Russian war, it will be remembered that there was issued at Paris a "Revised Map of Europe, which embodied Napoleon I's project of checking the advance of Russia upon Constantinople by giving the Danubian Principalities to Austria, and thereby in terjecting a great military Power between the northern Colossus and its prey. Probably Napoleon III at first took to this plan—a plan which, besides securing to Germany its natural outlet by the line of the Danube, has many advantages as respects the general balance of power in Europe, and doubtless if Austria had been willing to make room for France in Italy, by resigning Lombardy in exchange for the Danubian provinces, it was a project which it would have been well worth while for Napoleon III to have supported. But Austria showed no desire to give up her old provinces in Italy for the sake of new possessions, which would be contested by Russia in the valley of the Danube, and moreover, the virtual neutrality maintained by Austria prevented the anti-Russian Alliance assuming such a magnitude as would have induced Russia to accept so great a revision of the territorial boundaries of eastern Europe. To have checked Russia's advance upon Turkey, by the same plan that would have opened Italy to France, would probably have been the best arrangement for the French Emperor. But there was about as much to be gained by the opposite course of propitiating Russia and assailing Austria, for this latter course would afford him the means not only of humbling Austria in Italy, but also perhaps of forming a naval confederacy sufficiently powerful to dictate terms even to Great Britain. Napoleon shifts his policy according to the changes in overruling circumstance—carrying out now one Napoleonic idea, now another, according to their suitability

to the time, but, for the present, the tendency of his policy unquestionably is, to let Russia extend herself on the side of Turkey, in return for countenancing France's policy in Italy, and also for co-operation in other matters which may more nearly affect us, if the Russo-Gallic alliance acquire stability.

The Russian war was no sooner closed than Napoleon III began to lay his trains for an assault upon Austria in Italy. At the Congress of Paris, the state of Italy was interjected into the discussions by Count Cavour on the part of Sardinia, seconded by Count Walewski on the part of France, the British Minister expressed a wish to see certain reforms adopted in the internal administration of the peninsula, the Russian Minister, though doubtless enjoying the dilemma of Austria, contented himself with saying that he had "no instructions" on the subject while the representative of Austria very wisely declined to discuss the question. So the game began. The next step in its progress was the demand made by England and France that the Neapolitan Government should reform its administration, and the consequent diplomatic rupture with that Power, —a rupture very idle and unseemly on our part, but by no means useless to the plans of Napoleon III. He continued quietly to work towards his unsuspected end. Orsini was executed, but the French Government published his "testament, which inveighed strongly against the Austrian rule in Italy, and blamed Napoleon for playing a similar part at Rome. This publication naturally gave great offence at Vienna, —and it certainly appeared very ingenious on the part of the French Emperor, but, as we now see, he had his reasons for it. In the June previous, it appears, he had made a formal proposal to the Cabinet of Vienna to join him in pressing upon the Papal Government the following sweeping changes, —namely (1), to strip the Pope of his secular character, changing the Papal territories into a self-managing popular State, in the midst of which the Pope would reside, but not rule, save in that sacerdotal manner in which he rules equally all Papal Christen-

dem; and (3), in lieu of the present Papal regime, to introduce a popular Assembly, with provincial and municipal councils, a new code of laws, a new revenue system, &c. Not unnaturally, the Cabinet of Vienna declined to join in demanding of the Papal Government so entire a revolution, and so high handed a subversion of the immemorial status of the Supreme Pontiff. But it was ready to join France in urging upon the Papal Government some specified changes of a less sweeping kind. Napoleon III would not consent to modify his demands: indeed, he was probably well pleased to get an opportunity for ranging himself on this point in direct opposition to Austria. The game progressed. Last July, when the Emperor was at Plombières, Count Cavour (of course by previous arrangement) came to visit him, and doubtless gave satisfactory assurances as to the policy which Sardinia would follow in the event of an Italian war, and *after it*. The nature of the understanding then come to between the Sardinian Prime Minister and the French Emperor may be seen in the warlike and provocative attitude hereafter assumed by Sardinia, as well as by the extraordinary armaments at present going on in the French arsenals, and the great concentration of troops at Lyons, close to the passes of the Alps. In this manner have Napoleon's designs upon Italy been gradually progressing for the last three years: and now the curtain is apparently about to rise on the last act.

It is needless to say that the Sardinian Government is ardently on the side of the French Emperor in this matter. Victor Emmanuel and his prime minister are both devoured by the desire to emancipate Italy from the rule of the Austrians, and to form all Northern Italy into a united monarchy, of which Victor Emmanuel shall be king. With a view to this she has for several years burdened herself with a greater military establishment than her revenue is able to support, and her journals have never ceased to excite hatred to Austria. "Count Cavour wishes for war," said the Marquis de Beauregard in the Sardinian Chamber of Deputies during the debate on the loan

"and he will do his utmost to provoke it. In the perilous situation in which his policy has placed us, war presents itself to his mind as the only possible chance of honourable liberation from the alarming debt that crushes us, and of fulfilling the engagements he has undertaken." "To speak candidly," said the Count della Margherita on the same occasion (Feb 9), "if, since 1849, we had quietly attended to the development of our institutions, if we had made it our chief care to promote science, art, and commerce within our own limits, if we had not extraordinarily increased the taxes, if we had not held out all lures to the factions in all parts of Italy, and evoked hopes which for eight centuries have been nourished in vain, if we had thought more of improving our own lot than of censuring and causing anxiety to other Governments, we should not have the name of agitators, nor should we see the plains of Lombardy inundated with Austrian bands, rumours of war would not arise on the shores of the Ticino. As Count Cavour, in his circular to the European Governments, pretends to regard Austria as the aggressor, and alleges that the military preparations of Sardinia have been forced upon her, and are purely of a defensive kind, we may quote one more passage from this interesting debate. Count Revel, who voted for the loan on the ground that "Austria has assumed an attitude which I will not call hostile, but which is very suspicious, nevertheless felt constrained to add that "this was the consequence, if not of the public acts of the Government, at least of the generality of the press, of the generality of the menaces, of the generality of uncoined proposals, with which it was wished that Austria might be attacked by us." Count Cavour is a man of the highest ability, of indefatigable energy, and of most fearless determination. In answer to the recriminations of the Opposition, he proclaimed to the Chambers that the speech of the Emperor of the French "gave to the policy of Piedmont a solemn and complete approbation." And beyond doubt in his mind the die is already cast. The Court of Turin has made every sacrifice in order to induce a

war and to be ready for it. The king has given his daughter, a girl of fifteen, in marriage to a French Prince whom she had never seen, and of whom she could have heard nothing so very favourable as to compensate for the want of personal acquaintance. And now it is reported that the King intends to sacrifice himself also in a similar way. Having made a family alliance with Napoleon III., he meditates a similar alliance with the Czar. At first it was said that the object of his choice was the Grand duchess Maria of Russia, eldest daughter of the late Czar, and widow of Prince Leuchtenberg, who is now in Italy, and who is a few months older than the King, but as this princess has formed a morganatic marriage with a Count Stroganoff, such a union was impossible. But the Grand duchess has a daughter, likewise named Maria, now in her eighteenth year and it is to her that the royal widower of Turin has made his matrimonial proposals, through the Marquis of Alfieri. It is confidently stated that these proposals have been accepted and that the apartments of the late Queen are already undergoing repair and embellishment preparatory to the marriage. It is clear that whatever can be done will be done by Count Cavour and his royal master in order to advance the aggressive enterprise upon which they have set their mind. Sardinia, they know, even if supported by the Italians, is not strong enough to wrest Lombardy from the Austrians and hence they seize every means to obtain the aid of powerful allies.

Russia hardly requires the enticements of a family alliance to make her regard with complacency the projects of Sardinia. She has ends of her own which will be served by this attack upon Austria. At the close of the late war, the Russian Government vowed in its wrath that it would annihilate the empire of the Hapsburgs on the first opportunity, in order that such an obstacle might no longer stand in the way of Russia's ambitious designs upon Turkey. The late Czar had reckoned that he could entirely rely upon the co-operation of Austria in his attack upon the "sick man"—that co-

operation being expected on the understanding that Austria would be aggrandised by the annexation of the north-western provinces of Turkey, as Russia would be by appropriating the north-eastern region, including Constantinople. Austria, however, when it came to the push, listened to the counsels of England, and thought it wiser to forego her own share of the spoil rather than allow her colossal neighbour to get in his paw. For this "desertion" at so critical a time, the Russians vowed direct vengeance. But notwithstanding these vows of profound irritation, we question whether Russia, even if an opportunity present itself, will seek to carry out her threat of destruction to Austria. Were the Austrian Empire dissolved into its heterogeneous component parts, a state of matters would arise which might prove very embarrassing to Russia, and which at present she is quite unprepared to face. Russia's true policy, it seems to us, is not to seek the destruction of Austria, but to weaken her just so far as to render her a pliant tool in the hands of the czar,—to strip her of territory to such an extent as to make her unable any longer to match herself against Russia, and willing to recover her strength by joining in the spoliation of Turkey. Thus to weaken Austria will be enough for Russia, and this is just what France and Sardinia propose to do by wresting from her Lombardy. Russia accordingly seems disposed to countenance this project. Indeed the Peace of Paris was hardly signed before Russia showed signs of wishing to annoy Austria on the side of Italy. Sardinia, for the sake of associating herself with the great allied Powers, in grandiose contrast to the neutrality of Austria, had fought against Russia without any very obvious interest in the contest herself, yet so entirely passionless are great diplomatists, attending simply to self interest, that, finding a common bond of union in hatred of Austria the Court of St Petersburg quite overlooked the recent hostility of Sardinia, and made it one of the objects of Russian policy to come to a good understanding with the Court of Turin. Accordingly one after another, members of the imperial

family of Russia betook themselves to the Sardinian territories "on account of their health," and by the interviews and courtesies interchanged between them and the Court of Turin, an *entente cordiale* was established, which speedily showed itself by Sardinia taking the part of Russia in the Bolgrad difficulty of the boundary question, and more recently in assigning to her use the important Sardinian harbour of Villafranca. What sentiments of policy were interchanged at Paris between the Grand duke Constantine and the Emperor Napoleon, in the visit paid by the former on his return from Sardinia, cannot be known. But from all the indications that Russia has yet given of her leanings, it may be inferred that she is not disposed to take the opposite side from France in this formidable Italian question.

As regards France, it is unquestionable that the commercial classes are entirely opposed to any rupture of the existing tranquillity; yet it is equally certain that the army would hail with joy the advent of hostilities. And considering that the French Government, though founded by universal suffrage, is actually a military despotism, the wishes of the army, at least in the present question, may be regarded as quite as influential with the Emperor as that of the trading community. More than once the public feeling has been against contemplated acts of the Emperor,—but the acts took place. He is now too firmly seated on the throne to be unseated by a passing breath of unpopularity; and, confident in the wisdom of his policy, he can afford to wait till the public is convinced by the good result. Hitherto the good result has always come, and he has risen steadily, more and more, in the opinion of the nation. He is resolved to take the same course now, and, relying on his calculations, to let the public be converted to his side by the irresistible logic of events. Of all possible wars, one like the present is best calculated to enlist the suffrages of Frenchmen. To extend French influence over Italy has always been part of the "traditional policy" of France, and to wage a war for the "liberation" of Italy is

a more captivating way of doing the thing than any other that could be devised. Such an enterprise would persuade France that she is still the champion of freedom, although she takes so little of it to herself. And if this war with Austria be successful, what glory to revive the memories of Marengo and Castiglione, and see the white uniforms of Austria once more resplendent before the eagles of a Napoleon! Indeed, we should not be surprised to see the Emperor himself take the field in such a war. Of all men in Europe, not soldiers, there is no one who has so assiduously studied the art of war as the French Emperor; indeed, we question whether any of his marshals ever pondered the history and science of their profession with more profound thought. Any one in his position would gladly have his brows encircled by martial laurels, but, in addition to this, his whole nature is such as to make him burn to distinguish himself in that arena where genius and power are developed in their grandest and most terrible form—in the strategy of the campaign, and the disciplined rush of the battle field. It has been remarked that, in unison with the altered tone of the Imperial speeches, there has occurred a change in the Imperial costume. Napoleon III. now imitates, as far as modern fashion permits, the dress of his uncle, and, contemporaneously with the dropping of "*L'empire c'est la paix*," he has begun to ride about daily in the streets of Paris attired in the grey *redingote*, the war dress of his uncle. Does the Emperor indeed contemplate trying in person the fortunes of war, and on the same fields which witnessed the first victories of Napoleon the Great?

But, let it be observed, it is not from personal inclination, nor even from the ordinary motives which impel monarchs to warlike aggression, that Napoleon III. is now bent upon carrying this Italian question to a violent solution. A necessity drives him on. He foresees a great danger ahead, and he is resolved to evade by anticipating it. Italy cannot remain long in its present condition without a revolutionary outbreak taking place, and it would be the ruin of Napoleon III. if such

a revolution were to surprise him in his present position. It was French troops which annihilated the Roman Republic, it is French troops which have kept down "Italian liberty" in Rome ever since. And if a revolutionary movement like that of 1848 were again to extend over the peninsula, Napoleon III and his troops at Rome would have no alternative but to act against it. If the revolution were for a moment successful, it would almost to a certainty excite similar movements in other countries—probably in France itself, and Napoleon III, "the elect of the people," would be ruined by being forced to play the despot *pur et simple*. Even if the revolutionary movement were confined to Italy, and were to find the Napoleonic legions supporting the Papal despotism in Rome, the issue would be most disastrous to the prestige, and most obstructive to the future projects of the French Emperor. Hence his resolute desire to free himself from this embarrassing position. Hence his anxiety now to get his troops withdrawn from Rome,—or at least to assume an attitude which may free him from the charge of being the supporter of despotism and a foe to the liberties of Italy. His dread is, to be surprised by another 1848 and observe how his present policy is designed to extricate him from the difficulty. After having for ten years played the despot at Rome, he now comes forward to champion the cause of Italian freedom. He declares that he is most anxious to withdraw his troops from the Italian soil, he demands that Austria shall equally evacuate the Papal territories, and also demands that Austria shall agree to force upon the Papal Government the adoption of "reforms of so sweeping a nature as of themselves to amount to a revolution. This is the ground upon which he founds his quarrel with Austria. But, as regards these proposals of reforms, the French Emperor has not only made them such as Austria can hardly accept, but in his pamphlet he has studiously endeavoured to make it impossible for her to accept them. He desires a war, in which he would appear as the liberator of Italy. For, such a war, if successful, would

not only greatly gratify the pride and extend the influence of France, but it would entirely obviate the outburst of that new revolution which the Emperor dreads, and of which the elements already exist in other quarters besides Italy. The whole Italian nation would regard Napoleon III as their champion, the party of Mazzini would disappear,—or, if they dared to raise their head, would instantly be struck down by the mailed hand of France and Sardinia. In short, the French Emperor is going to war in order to avert revolution. As he "discounted" the intended Socialist revolt in France in 1852 by the *coup-d'état* of December 1851, so he proposes to discount the Italian revolution by an immediate Italian war. Adopting the principle of Dr Jenner, he proposes to avert a peril by bringing on the disease which he dreads at his own time and in a (to him) less dangerous form.

It is a masterly conception. Supposing even that there be no war, and even that Austria successfully resists the adoption of the reforms which he has proposed—still, Napoleon III will at least have freed himself from the odium of the Italians, and will have paved the way for siding with, and thereby controlling, any revolutionary movement that may take place. Again, if the pressure of the other European Powers make Austria accede to reforms, the triumph will be entirely his,—for he has taken pains to proclaim to the world the demands which he has made. Or if, as is more likely, the issue be war, the chances are again very much in his favour, and the consequences of success to him would be incalculable. In addition to the popular movement throughout Italy by which his enterprise would be seconded, there is available to him a strategical operation which was never in the power of his uncle. During the wars of the first Revolution, the seas were wholly in possession of the British fleet, and Napoleon I had to confine his strategy entirely to the land, whereas now (England standing neutral) Napoleon III may transport his legions to any part of the Italian coast. And if the immense fleet and flotilla of

war which he is preparing be able to effect the landing of an army at the head of the Adriatic, such a manœuvre would take in rear all the formidable fortresses and river lines of Lombardy, and if successful, would cause the Austrian forces to evacuate the entire valley of the Po and retire to the Passes of the Alps. Napoleon III will not seek to push Austria to extremities (his policy is never to push any Power to extremities), and Sardinia and the Italians may rely upon it that he will stop short in the enterprise whenever it suits himself, and compel them also to do the same. Just as he refused to go along with England and Turkey in the war with Russia, after the French arms had been "covered with glory" by the capture of Sebastopol, so assuredly will the Italians find him resolved to stop short in the 'liberation of Italy,' as soon as he thinks best for himself. Triumphs by short wars and diplomacy are the means upon which he relies to aggrandize himself.

If Napoleon III plunge into this war, he will aim at making it a short one, and it will also be one of the first requisites in his eyes that it be not allowed to overpass the limits of Italy and assume a European character, giving rise to unforeseeable conjunctures. He must wish it to be an Italian war confined to Italy, and he will seek to insure this by a previous understanding with Russia, the influence of which great Power, if exerted in unison with the objects of France, will wholly neutralise the influence of Great Britain and Prussia on the other side. If he have come to an understanding with Russia, to the effect that Russia will have no objection to the French army assisting Sardinia, provided the war be not allowed to assume a revolutionary character,—and if Russia be not disinclined to see her hated neighbour weakened by the loss of Lombardy, then Napoleon has a clear field before him, and may reckon upon being able to follow it up without any material opposition from the other Powers. Great Britain and Prussia will send protocols but no troops, and the French Emperor, coolly assuring them that he is fighting merely to "consolidate the peace of Europe," by removing one

of the disturbing conditions, will prosecute his game to its close. At present the available strength of our fleet is no more than equal to that of France, and far below that of the fleets of France and Russia united. The British fleet could most seriously obstruct the military plans of the French Emperor with it against him, indeed, we do not believe that he could ever force his way through the bristling fortresses and river-lines of Lombardy to the Carinthian Alps. And probably it is on the threat of a naval alliance between France and Russia against us, if we venture to interfere that he reckons most confidently to secure our non-intervention. This war with Austria he regards as a neat little enterprise that can be carried on while the rest of Europe is at peace, and now is the time when it might be executed most successfully. Once the disintegration of the Turkish empire fairly begins—and it cannot be delayed above a few years—the alliances of the European Powers will probably undergo another change, and in any case France will then have important work on her hands of another kind. Now when Russia is willing to see Austria weakened, and when none of the other Powers can well interfere, is the time for the French Emperor to win brilliant renown for himself as the "Liberator of Italy," and also to gain a powerful position in the Italian peninsula such as may be turned to good account in the farther and grander strife that is likely to ensue when the Ottoman empire falls to pieces, and the Powers of Christendom quarrel as to the distribution of the spoil.

In the threatening aspect of the hour, the British Government has a difficult and momentous part to play. Great Britain has long befriended Italy. For the last half century—ever since the Battle of Maida shook the tyrannous domination of Napoleon I in Southern Italy, and first taught his army the terrors of a charge of British bayonets, it is to England that the Italians have looked for sympathy and support in their yearnings after internal reforms. England has literally been the only Power in the world that has cared for them and moved on their behalf. France

has never started in the matter save in the most openly selfish manner, to advantage herself. Ever since 1814, when her tyrannising legions were flung routed over the Alps, France has intervened but twice in the affairs of Italy, and what like were those interventions? The first time, she seized upon Ancona, which she held for several years, the second time, she sent an army to put down the free government which the Romans had won and established for themselves, and to seize the Eternal City, which she has held by the strong hand ever since. In both of those interventions, the French Government did not interfere for the sake of the Italians, but undisguisedly to extend her own power. It was not to oppose Austria, but simply to keep pace with her in extending over Italy a foreign yoke. The French Government took not a single step to loosen the chains or ameliorate the condition of the Italians, but she gave them one tyrant more. Louis Napoleon acted just like his predecessors. For eight years of his rule he kept military possession of the Papal territory, without ever saying a single word about reforms. All that time Napoleon held sway in the part of Italy which is notoriously the worst governed, and where the people are most eager to be free, (and where they would be free in a week if the French bayonets were removed) without doing anything but shoot or bayonet those who rebelled against the double tyranny of Pope and Frenchmen. Not till the Congress of Paris did Napoleon begin to do what England had long been doing. And now, when he demands that Austria shall evacuate the eastern portion of the Papal territories, while he does the same for the western, what figure does he cut? Overlooking the fact that Austria is where she is by the special invitation of the Papal Government, while France grasped at Rome unasked, is it not plain that Austria might now reply to the French Emperor, "By your ten years' occupation of Rome, you have recognised and acted upon the very same principle as we have done, and against which you now protest. And if you

now find that you have got yourself into a difficulty by your occupation of Rome, and for your own purposes wish to withdraw, that is certainly no ground for your demanding us also to withdraw from our positions, which do not embarrass us in the least.' We question whether Napoleon III even yet wishes to withdraw his troops from Rome,—he so dreads any uprising of the revolution in Italy. It suits him much better to make impossible demands—demands for changes which he knows cannot be carried out at Rome save by force—in order to fasten a quarrel upon Austria, and thereby create a war which may suffice to avert his *bête noir*, another Revolution.

England helps and befriends Italy, within the limits prescribed by treaty and the principles of international law. But she cannot take part in—she must entirely condemn—an enterprise which is based upon an utter disregard of treaties, and which is undertaken, not for the sake of Italy, but for the advantage of the French Government. She will not violate treaties for the sake of extending the boundaries of Sardinia, or merely to give Italy a change of masters. This is not a war of the Italians against Austria—it is not a natural movement coming from the heart of Italy,—it is a war forced on by France and Sardinia. It is not an impulse of patriotism, it is an act of mature and selfish calculation. A Necessity urges on both of the aggressive Powers. Sardinia, by persisting in keeping up an excessive military establishment, has all but strangled herself with debt, and seeks to free herself by rushing to war and acquiring the rich provinces of Lombardy and Venice. Napoleon III. is a military despot at home, and, by engaging in this Italian war, he calculates alike upon aggrandising the power of France, and upon obviating the outburst of that smouldering revolution which he dreads, and which, were it again to leap forth, would probably engage the French as well as other peoples in a struggle against their despotic Governments. These are potent reasons of self interest for the French and Sardinian Governments taking the course they medi-

tate; but they deserve nothing but censure at the bar of international law and justice.

Such are the moral grounds upon which Great Britain must refuse her countenance to the warlike projects which the French and Sardinian Governments appear to have in view in Italy. Our material interests point to the same conclusion. Austria is the least aggressive Power in Europe, and the balance of power and the cause of peace would not be advantaged if she were weakened to the strengthening of either France or Russia. Neither have we any desire to see the process of converting the Mediterranean into "a French lake" carried out by adding to France's growing power in Algeria a Gallic domination in the Italian peninsula. Besides, where is this new policy of Napoleon III.'s to lead? That policy is based upon an entire disregard of the Treaty of 1815, and of the existing territorial settlement of Europe; consequently it disorganises all international relations, and places Europe once more in the crucible. The way is opened for every enterprise which Force may be able to carry through. What was unlawful in 1854 is declared lawful now. Turkey is evidently a doomed Power, and France, which never did a hand's turn in the good work herself, is doubtless now ready, in concert with Russia, to cut short the work of internal improvement in Turkey, which England has been labouring at for thirty years, by a military attack and a new partition. Once Lombardy is in the hands of Sardinia, French troops may march right through northern Italy to the very frontiers of Turkey, or be securely landed and form depots on the east side of the Adriatic. And what, then, about the Ionian Islands? Are they, too, to be made the objects of the sympathetic liberalism of the French Emperor? The policy of his imperial majesty of France, we are officially apprised, "is ready to manifest itself wherever the cause of justice and civilisation is to be assisted." Who is to determine where justice and civilisation call for extraordinary aid? Was Hungary less de-

serving of sympathy and support than Italy!—and yet Napoleon refused to allow Kossuth set foot in France when on his way to our shores! Some people think that Napoleon III. should begin at home, and that France herself might not be the worse of a little help to wring some amount of internal freedom from the military despotism enthroned in the Tuileries. Whatever be the actual development Napoleon III. intends to give to his ideas, Europe may well look at him askance, and ask, What next?

We have spoken of England's interests, alike moral and material. But there is something superior to individual interests—namely, the common law of Europe, which declares that treaties must be observed, and that he who breaks them is an enemy to the common weal of Europe. It was for violating the law of nations that the late Czar saw Europe band itself against him. And no one then proclaimed the necessity of observing treaties as did the potentate who now would fain discard the whole treaty-arrangements of Europe. All that Napoleon III., in his pamphlet, says in favour of his intervening against the Austrians in Italy, might quite as well have been said by the Czar Nicholas on behalf of his intervention against the Ottomans in Turkey. France, who would not listen to those pleas when put forward five years ago by Russia, cannot expect that they should now be received as satisfactory from herself. The British Government, we rejoice to know, has taken up its ground on the side of peace and international law. It stands firm and unassailable on the ground that treaties must be observed. And it has kept itself free, unpledged, and untrammelled,—reserving for itself full power of free action whenever circumstances may render a decided policy necessary. Meanwhile let us look to our defences. There is no fear of our losing our independence, but there is a risk of our experiencing a humiliation. Napoleon III. is waiting for the melting of the snows on Mont Cenis,—he may be waiting also for the melting of the ice in the Baltic.

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CONTENTS

| | |
|---|-----|
| A CRUISE IN JAPANESE WATERS —PART IV, | 394 |
| THE LUCK OF LADYSMEDE —PART II, | 413 |
| A WINTER JOURNEY, | 429 |
| THE TURKS IN KALAFAT, 1854 —PART II, | 449 |
| CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA, | 462 |
| A DISSOLVING VIEW OF MONEY AND THE FRANCHISE, | 481 |
| ADAM BEDE, | 490 |
| THE CRY FOR REFORM, | 503 |
| THE NEW REFORM BILL, | 506 |

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A CRUISE IN JAPANESE WATERS—PART IV

CHAPTER IX

THE Japanese authorities were evidently determined, if official obstructiveness could stop us, to leave no effort untried to do so. Even in the open sea between Vries Volcano and the entrance of Yedo Gulf, two guard boats succeeded in throwing themselves in our track. At first the officer of the watch innocently believed them to be fishermen, and, dreaming of turbot and mackerel, edged towards the boats, favouring the Japanese manœuvre. When almost under the ship's bows, up went the little square flags, and out popped upon the deck of each boat a two sworded official, who, steadying himself against the excessive motion by placing his legs wide apart, waved frantically for the "Furious to stop. The officer of the watch had directions to be perfectly deaf and blind for the next five minutes. The ship gave a sheer, and went clear of the boats by a few yards: they might as well have requested the Volcano behind them to cease smoking, as to yell for us to stop. Stop indeed!—why, the old ship knew as well as we did that the wind was fair, and Yedo right ahead, and this accounts for her incivility to Japanese guard boats, and her playful kick-up of the heels as

she flung herself through the water at a nine-knot speed. The last we saw of the two officers was that one poor man performed a somersault, as his boat dived into a sea, and a somersault with two swords by his side, a queer cut hat tied on *literally* to his nose, a shirt as stiff as if cut out of paper, and very bagging trousers, must be a feat not voluntarily gone through, while the other officer, who wisely had himself supported by two boatmen, continued to wave his arms, like an insane semaphore, so long as we looked at him. Poor fellows! we too knew what it was to suffer in performance of orders, and giving them our hearty sympathy, we left these worthies to find their way back to their shores. By nine o'clock we were fairly entering the limits of the Gulf of Yedo, and the freshening gale rendered our speed little short of ten miles an hour. It was a glorious panorama past which we were rapidly sailing, and the exhilarating effect of its influence upon all of us, combined with a delicious climate and invigorating breeze, was clearly visible in the glistening eyes and cheerful looks of the officers and men, who crowded to gaze upon the picture that unrolled itself. The scenery was

northern Indian nor Chinese, and presented more of the features of a land within the temperate, than of one touching the torrid zone. The lower and nearer portions of the shores of the Gulf resembled strongly some of the most picturesque spots in our own dear islands, yet we have no gulf in Britain upon such a scale as that of Yedo. Take the fairest portion of the coast of Devonshire, and all the shores of the Isle of Wight, form with their combined beauty a gulf forty five miles long, and varying in width from ten to thirty. In every nook and valley, as well as along every sandy bay, place pretty towns and villages, cut out all brick and plaster villas with Corinthian porticoes, and introduce the neatest *chalets* Switzerland ever produced—strew the bright sea with quaint vessels and picturesque boats, and you will have the foreground of the picture. For background, scatter to the eastward the finest scenery our Highlands of Scotland can afford—leave the blue and purple tints untouched, as well as the pine tree and mountain ash. Far back, fifty miles off, on the western side of the Gulf, amidst masses of snowy clouds and streams of golden mist, let a lofty mountain range be seen, and at its centre rear a magnificent cone, the beautiful Fusi yama, the “Matchless Mountain” of Japan. And then, perhaps, the reader can in some way picture to his mind’s eye the beauties of the Gulf of Yedo, in the loveliness of that bright day when it first gladdened our sight.

The freshening gale drove the ships, like sea gulls, past the noble bluffs between Capes Sagami and Kamisaki. The latter, to which we approached within a thousand yards, was bristling with batteries, and swarming with guard boats, of which several, with officers and linguists on board, pushed off, and tried their best, by signals, to induce us to stop. We only gave ourselves time to note that the promising little port of Uraga was full of native vessels, and that here shelter might be very likely found, if the anchorage in the Gulf proved insecure. Guided by the excellent map and chart of Commodore Perry, we hauled in for

the western shore to avoid a dangerous shoal called by the Americans Saratoga Spit, and then bore away north. We sighted rapidly, one after the other, the various points and headlands mentioned by Perry, and recognised Treaty Point, near which the American treaty of March 31, 1854, was negotiated.

In the bay of Kanagawa, an extremely pretty indentation upon the west coast, just beyond Treaty Bluff, we saw at anchor the Russian frigate “Escolt,” and a despatch gun boat. The former we knew had on board his Excellency Count Pontiatine, the Russian plenipotentiary, and he was doubtless busily labouring, on behalf of his imperial master, amongst the treaty bewildered Japanese.

The “Furious” was in ten fathoms water, and it seemed quite unreasonable to haul out of the high road to the capital and anchor, because other people had done so, at Kanagawa. With the sanction of Lord Elgin, the “Furious” and “Retribution” bore away for Yedo. Mr Hewakin, the interpreter, had, whilst accompanying Mr Harris in his last visit to Yedo been carried on one occasion in a small Japanese steamer from Kanagawa to the capital, but from his observations upon that occasion, he was led to believe that extensive mud banks barred the approach to the city. Yet he suggested, what we found to have been the case, that the Japanese officers had taken the vessel by a very shallow route expressly to mislead the new comers.

Rattling along amongst fleets of native boats of all sizes round the shallows of Beacon Point, we went off the American chart, on to really unknown ground, beyond the maps of Siebold and Kamper, which alone gave us the coast line, and guided us to the north west corner of the Gulf, as the site of Yedo. On a very clear day from Beacon Point the southern suburb of Yedo, named Sinagawa, may doubtless be visible, as well as the hills situated within the limits of the city itself, but the strong gale before which we were blown, had caused a haze that hid all from us, except the outline of some low hills to the north west. Directly we were clear of the shoals,

and that the land appeared to recede from us, we hauled in for it, and presently we saw four square-rigged vessels riding at anchor under the land. When they bore NW by compass, we steered for them. The soundings commenced to diminish steadily, but it mattered not, for where there was water for those vessels there must be very nearly enough for us, and at any rate the bottom was a nice soft unctuous mud if we did happen to stick our keel in it. Our hopes were not doomed to be disappointed, for up out of the sea, and out of the mist, rose one startling novelty after another. Huge batteries, big enough to delight the Czar Nicholas—temples—the Imperial palace—Yedo itself curving round the Bay—all for the first time looked upon from the decks of a foreign man of war! The four square rigged vessels proved to be Japanese men of war, and when we brought them, as well as the batteries, thoroughly under command of our guns, the "Furious" and the "Retribution" anchored in twenty four feet water, as well as the little yacht "Emperor" that under a press of sail and steam had been fruitlessly trying to overtake the larger vessels, since we entered the gulf.

Shade of Will Adams! at last the prayer of the earnest old sailor that his countrymen might reap wealth and advantage from commercial relations with Japan, was about to be fulfilled! Two hundred and fifty eight years had elapsed since he, and his half wrecked ship had lain nigh the very spot in which we were, and now his countrymen had come in earnest. They held the empire of the East, and had won the wealth of all the Indies, and the arms of England, and the skill of her ambassador, had thrown down all the barriers set up by China against foreign trade or intercourse. Great Britain, in those two hundred and twenty five years which had intervened since her cessation of commerce with Japan, had carefully paved the way up to the point at which it was no longer possible to tolerate the exclusiveness of an important and wealthy empire, and an English squadron and an English ambassador were now off the

capital of Japan, the bearers, it is true, of a message of good will, but yet to show, in a way not to be mistaken, that the hour had arrived for Japan to yield to reason, or to be prepared to suffer, as the Court of Peking had done, for its obstinacy.

A strong gale blowing direct upon the shore prevented all communication during the afternoon, and gave us ample time to consider the four Japanese vessels which rode at anchor close to us. Could one of them be the "Erasmus," the "tall shippe" of stout Admiral Jacques Mayhay? Impossible! but then this ship must have been built on the model of that, or possibly on that of the craft of eighty tons which Will Adams tells us he had to construct during his detention in Yedo—he, poor fellow, being neither ship builder nor carpenter! To add to the grotesqueness of this ghost of a ship of ancient days, it was painted of a lively red throughout. We afterwards learnt that this quaint argosy, as well as another one painted black, which seemed to have a strong tendency to float on her broadside—were objects of great pride and self complacency with some very high Japanese authorities, as proofs to what perfection native ship-building had arrived, though there were some who thought that the sum of money thus wasted would have paid for two line of battle ships in Europe. The other two vessels under Japanese colours had been purchased from the Dutch—one was a paddle-wheel steamer, the other a screw, both tolerably armed, and looking efficient, and entirely manned, officered, and commanded by natives.

Towards evening the breeze was still so fresh that only one Japanese boat had left us for the shore, with a communication from Lord Elgin to the authorities. A cloud of government boats were seen coming up the bay, and we learnt, as they each boarded and worried us to death with questions, that they were the guard boats that ought to have boarded and reported upon us at the many stations in the Gulf. They had had a long sail, and had a long way to go back, yet they were rather inclined to laugh than be cross at the wicked trick we had practised upon them. Among

the first to board us was Yenoake, a linguist of inferior rank, who had some knowledge of the English language, and had been stationed a long way down the Gulf to intercept us. He had had nearly a thirty miles chase after us, yet laughed heartily after he got on board at the joke, and spoke of our proceedings as in the highest degree original, gently suggesting at the same time that, in our haste, we had made a mistake, which would of course be rectified on the morrow by our going back to Kanagawa! It was our turn to laugh now, but Yenoake still smiled, no doubt determined to think it very improbable we should remain where we were, and so we left him to collect answers to all the questions his report upon our ship required.

Mr Hewakin came on deck, and Yenoake's bright eyes glittered with delight as he recognised an old acquaintance. The puzzled physiognomies of many guard boat officials brightened up as they hailed the well-known figure of the only European that had been seen in the city of Yedo who could speak Japanese, and with all of them it seemed to unravel the perplexity they were in as to why we came beyond Kanagawa. It was clearly Hewakin who had brought on them this visitation. One of these mates' nest seekers lighted upon the strange shaped palanquin in which Mr Harris had been seen in Yedo. A posse of them walked round it, measured it, examined it, peered into it, assured themselves by argument that it was the same, and then one old gentleman, who must have been a fac-simile of the one who unravelled the Gunpowder Plot, called Yenoake aside, and, pointing at the mysterious chair, looked most ominous things. Yenoake returned to us, surrounded by the reporters, to suggest in blindest tones in Dutch that no doubt Mr Harris was below No! Well, then he was somewhere on board! No, was still the reply, but we laughed so immoderately, and Yenoake joined so heartily, that we feel sure every one entered in their notebooks that Mr Harris was secreted somewhere on board the "Furious," and possibly they found relief in the supposition. Yenoake

left us soon after, with some message for the city authorities. He proved to be an excellent little man, very civil and obliging, and, as the medium of intercourse between the Embassy and the English officers and the natives, showed wonderful tact and zeal, as well as great aptitude in improving his knowledge of our language.

Long after it was dark, and just as all were retiring to rest, a large boat, carrying handsome lanterns, was reported to be approaching. To the hail of our sentry came the ready response, "a government boat!" She came alongside, and when the occupants were invited on board, a person walked up, bowed and introduced himself in very correct English, as "Mori hama," then turning to Hewakin, shook him warmly by the hand. We remembered the name as that of the able interpreter spoken of by Perry. On accosting him, a fear was slyly expressed that our arrival must have put them to much inconvenience to occasion him to be about at so late an hour. Mori hama acknowledged that it was so, for that we had rushed up the bay "like the wind." He had been despatched to Kanagawa to meet us when our entry in the bay was signaled, but before he got there we had passed, and he had but just returned to be sent off upon his present mission. Mori hama then threw in some alarming hints as to the insecurity of our present anchorage—the shallowness of the water—the want of supplies—in fact, many things that should start us back again. After this, he began talking Dutch to Mr Hewakin in a very abrupt manner. We ventured to remark, that now that he was dealing with Englishmen, it would be better to adhere to their language, which he spoke so fluently. "Ah! of course," said he, laughing, "and I always desire to converse in English, but Hewakin will speak Dutch,"—a quick reply, but more quick than veracious. After pretending to be utterly surprised at this sudden arrival of the ambassador, he betrayed incidentally that a much exaggerated report of the size of the British squadron likely to visit Japan had come up from Nangasacki, and he

left the ship, leaving behind him a very favourable impression of his address and ability. We have been thus prolix in describing our first interview with these two Japanese interpreters, in order to show how well, in Mori hama and Yenoake, the Japanese government was prepared to hold intercourse with England, and with what advantage to themselves.

Early next day, August the 13th, we weighed and moved to an anchorage between the Japanese men-of-war and their own batteries, where we had just water enough to float at low tide. This operation over, we were able, now that the weather had moderated, to scrutinise the town, situated at the head of a bay in the north west angle of the Gulf of Yedo. The bay is formed by two low projections of land, named respectively, Beacon Point by the Americans, and Court Point by ourselves, after the master of the "Furious." It is seven miles wide, and about as many deep, the water shoaling gradually up to the front of the city, where a bank of sand and shells, having only seven feet water upon it at high water, extends off shore to the distance of a mile, though there is a channel with deeper water, fit for native vessels, leading through this bank, and communicating with the river Toda gawa. Along the seaward edge of this bank a series of formidable batteries has been constructed, starting from the point where the city of Yedo proper joins the suburb of Sinagawa, upon the west side of the bay. The original idea was a most ambitious one, to front the entire city at the distance of a mile with a double row of these detached fortresses, the inner line covering with their fire the interstices left in the front. Either the cash failed, or more sense came to their aid, at any rate only about one half the front of Yedo is thus screened with forts. Nearly the entire circumference of the bay is artificially embanked as if to guard against the action of volcanic rollers. In other places immediately upon the sea-face of the city, these embankments, which must have been constructed many years ago, for they are covered with a fine green turf, and have many noble trees growing

upon them, served the double purpose of a screen from the sea, and a fortification against any enemy who might arrive by way of the ocean. Queer enough in all conscience were some of these batteries, and the most formidable thing about them was the number of guns. Here, as we had remarked at Nangasaki, there was, on the part of the Government, the most wanton expenditure of cash in cannon any Eastern people were guilty of.

The city of Yedo, and its two southern suburbs, Sinagawa and Omagawa, curve round the bay for nearly ten miles, and subsequent comparison of our remarks upon its extent landward, with a native plan, now in the possession of Mr L. Oliphant, Lord Elgin's private secretary, confirmed the belief that the area of Yedo might be considered as a square, every side of which was seven miles long. Of course the whole of this area is not closely built over, indeed, in no capital that we know of has more care been taken to preserve fine open spaces, especially round the palaces of their emperor and prince, and the neighbourhood of their temples and tea houses, both of which are the constant resort of all classes in Yedo. Within the limits of the city are several hills of moderate elevation, as well as gentle slopes, in all cases they were but thinly built upon, and extensive gardens, with many magnificent trees, principally adorned their sides. On a hill which rises from the heart of the city and from a mass of densely crowded buildings, the imperial palace is built with a crenellated wall, half hidden by green banks and shady trees, within whose limits the ruler of this kingdom is immersed for life, as the sad penalty of his high position. The houses look very neat and comfortable, and are principally of wood, stone and brick being avoided as much as possible, in consequence of the frequency of earthquakes. No walls enclose the city, whose site is admirably adapted to admit of almost unlimited increase in extent, without interfering with drainage, supplies, intercommunication, or ready access to the waters of the bay, which matures to those liv-

ing upon its shores cleanliness, sea air, and an easy highway. A river, the Toda-gawa, flows through the heart of Yedo, we could see one fine bridge spanning it near its mouth, and there are two others farther up. Besides the Toda-gawa, some smaller streams intersect the town and suburbs. The absence of all imposing edifices, and the general want of elevation in the ground upon which the city stands, render the view from the sea by no means imposing, but its extensive sea front the throb of life evident in the fleets of boats and vessels passing and repassing, the batteries and guns which frowned upon us, the hum as of a multitude at hand that was borne to our ears when the breeze came off the land, all impressed us with the fact that we were at anchor off one of the largest capitals of the world.

In the afternoon four officers, deputed by the Japanese Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, waited upon Lord Elgin. Mori hama was their master of the ceremonies aided by Mr Hewskin. They were received by the officers and a guard of honour, and Mori hama was asked if they would object to the salute, and rather astonished us by replying that the Commissioners would like it very much, and by mentioning the number of guns to which they were entitled. Our visitors would furthermore have liked us, they replied to salute the national flag of Japan with twenty one guns but as they said our salute could not be returned, the subject was dropped.

The Commissioners then had their interview with Lord Elgin, and being one in which no state secrets were to be discussed, they were allowed to take into the cabin their usual retinue of reporters. Each Commissioner had a scribe, who upon his behalf wrote down most minutely, all that was said and done during the interview — then there was one government reporter, who wrote his version of the same story and besides this, there was an individual who was all eyes and ears, to report verbatim up

on both scribes and Commissioners. After a few complimentary and commonplace preliminaries, the business they had come about began. They first wished for some particulars as to Lord Elgin, his rank, titles, and office. They seemed to understand that he could be the Earl of Elgin, but where was his Lordship of Kin cardine? And when their error was explained, they enjoyed the joke as much as any one. Then they wanted to induce Lord Elgin to go back to Kanagawa, and land there, as all the other ambassadors had done. To this they got a firm refusal, yet each commissioner in succession offered some childish arguments upon that head. It appeared to us that they talked as much for the reporters as with any hope of attaining their object. After discussing some other minor points, the party adjourned to lunch, where, in conversation and in manners, the Commissioners showed themselves gentlemanly well bred men. Mori hama whose rank obliged him to be on his knees before his superiors during the transaction of business, was now allowed to take his place as the guest of the Ambassador and with his experience in lunches and dinners with Americans and Russians, he was a very useful fagelman to his less expert masters in handling knife, fork, and spoon. In answer to some remark that Yedo Bay was a remarkably fine one, one of the Commissioners asserted that it was very insecure as an anchorage, yet could not explain under such circumstances why the Japanese men of war, and so many native vessels, rode at anchor in it. They bemoaned the impossibility, in consequence of our distance from the shore, of getting off the supplies we so much needed, and urged that at Kanagawa* bazaars and stores had been established for the express purpose of supplying the Americans and Russians. The consolation we offered in reply was, that if the supplies reached the beach, we could embark them ourselves, and if they did not come to the beach, we could always

* Kanagawa fifteen miles northward a spot often before mentioned. The Americans having accepted it as the seaport of Yedo our constant difficulty in this land of precedents was to avoid being thrust into it likewise.

send ashore to purchase them—*ergo*, Yedo suited us just as well as any other place in Japan. They neither wished our boats to land on the beaches, nor that we should go on shore and run about to make purchases, consequently the objection to supplies was dropped.

The "Lee" gunboat came in next morning, August 14th, having escaped destruction by a perfect miracle in the heavy gale of August 6th. Lieutenant Commander Graham had, like ourselves, sought shelter from the weather, by anchoring off the coast of Kiu nu Island, but was less fortunate in finding a spot from whence to escape when necessary. The wind, when it veered upon the night of the 7th, found his little craft deeply embayed, and for many hours during the 8th August she was in imminent peril. Her arrival caused some sensation and Yenoske asked whether the number eighty two painted upon her bow in figures two feet long,* had anything to do with the great fleet of eighty four British and French vessels that a Nangasaki report (to which we have before alluded) had led the Japanese to suppose was likely to visit Yedo? The number eighty two upon the bows of the "Lee" seemed like a confirmation of the rumour. At ten o'clock that night the ships were rocked for a minute or two in a very strange manner and trembled as if with some sudden shock. The sea was smooth at the time, and there was nothing in the weather to account for the motion. We therefore supposed it was occasioned by some volcanic action, as the keel of the "Furious" at the time happened to be touching the mud. Those who had experienced earthquakes on board a ship in South America, fancied they recognised the motion.

August 15th brought off the Japanese Commissioners to make final arrangements as to Lord Elgin's mission and, after a long conference, they left, having yielded the point that his Excellency might land in

Yedo and remain there whilst negotiations were pending, indeed, it appeared that they had prepared a house, and at 10 A.M. on the morrow, the ambassador would be escorted to the proper landing place by persons deputed for the purpose. It became likewise generally public that Count Pontiatine, the Russian Ambassador, was in Yedo, having arrived in a native palanquin from Kanagawa, in a very quiet manner, upon the self same day that our squadron anchored off the city.

The anticipated disembarkation of the Ambassador, upon the 16th August was postponed by heavy rain, but some of the gentlemen attached to the Embassy, who, like landsmen, would fain get ashore at any price, went boldly in spite of wind and wet. They returned in the evening wiser and sadder men. The Japanese boat which conveyed them from the ship took them to the beach of the suburb of Sinagawa, where they had to get ashore in small punts, and march up to a tea-house kept by a lady, more far than auntlike, and then they were shown the proposed residence of our Ambassador, which was not in the city of Yedo, and was in every way unfitting. But Mr Hewakin, who had landed with the members of the suite, saw what an escape Lord Elgin had had from one of those petty affronts by which the Japanese, like the Chinese, seek to compensate themselves for concessions wrung from them by force or argument. He caused the whole of the programme, so far as the Japanese part of the landing was concerned, to be entirely changed. A series of buildings, within the enclosure of an imperial temple, situated in the city, were selected for the residence of the British Embassy, and this, though far from a very gorgeous turn out, had the merit of being situated in Yedo, and near a reputable part of it. To prevent all cavil as to where his Excellency was to land, a wharf, from whence the high officers of state embarked,

* It is usual in the navy to distinguish gunboats by some peculiar colour of funnels or bulwarks, and, in China, ours had a distinguishing number painted upon them.

was selected as our point of communication likewise.

Tuesday, the 17th August, came in a glorious day to pay honour to the entry of the first British Ambassador to Japan since the year 1613, when the envoy of James I was favourably received by the then reigning emperor. Captain Barker had arranged that, without letting the Japanese into the secret of our proceedings, the landing should be effected in the most solemn and imposing manner befitting the representative of our beloved sovereign, and so thoroughly to foil the plan, accidentally discovered on the previous day, of making Lord Elgin's entry into Yedo a hole-and-corner affair, unaccompanied by pomp and ceremony. The boats of the squadron were prepared, manned, and armed, the "Retribution" contributed her band, the ships were dressed with flags, and when all was ready, the Ambassador on board the "Lee," accompanied by a perfect flotilla of our boats, proceeded to wards the batteries. The Japanese officer and Yenoake, who had been sent off to escort his Excellency to the shore, were much struck by all these preparations, they even ceased to take notes, which was a serious sign.

The "Lee" threaded her way carefully towards an anchorage used by the native craft. Yenoake pointed out to Commander Graham a different route between two of the outer batteries, where the "Lee" would have certainly run aground, but his friendly suggestion was not adopted. Within the line of batteries the "Lee" was obliged to anchor, the procession of boats now formed, the galleys of the squadron with their commanders led in double column all the pinnaces and cutters, with the officers of the respective ships dressed in full uniform. Astern of these, followed one of the launches carrying the band, then came the barge in which was embarked the Ambassador. Another large launch followed in the rear of the barge, and the launches of the "Furious" kept at a convenient distance upon either side, to prevent His Excellency being crowded upon by native boats. As we have be-

fore said, there was real "Queen's weather" to set off to the best advantage the show, where the ships dressed with bright-coloured flags, the boats with their gay pendants and ensigns, and laden with men and officers in gayest attire, and the boom of our ships' guns, had attracted a vast throng of human beings, who clustered in every open space whence a view of the procession was to be obtained. The boats crossed the shallow bank, and approached the official landing place, where the Earl of Elgin disembarked, while the band played God save the Queen. As for the Japanese officials, they looked as if lost in wonder and astonishment that such things should be in the capital of Tai Nipon. The officers of the squadron remained on shore to escort the Ambassador to his palanquin, and that done, all returned to the ships.

We shall now give our desultory notes upon Yedo, without reference to dates. It was essential, in the first place, that the ships should establish, as early as possible, entire freedom of communication with the shore. This, so far as we were concerned, was easily carried out, but it appeared to us that boat loads of people, who had put off from the shore to visit the squadron, were intercepted and sent away by the Japanese men of war. It was a delicate point to interfere with the Japanese police laws in their own port, but we longed for an opportunity of reading them a lesson. One night after dark, a small boat was seen hovering round the ship, the sentry, tired of getting no answer to his challenge, ceased to notice her, and she gradually crept up until we observed the crew hook on to the rudder chains of the "Furious." Anxious to see to what lengths their impertinence would carry them, they were left unmolested. Every now and then, if a fisherman's boat approached the ship, they stealthily went towards him, and sent the poor fellow away from us. At last a small boat, pulled by one man, came to the "Furious" from the Ambassador, and the guard boat, mistaking her for a countryman, almost ran her down before the error was discovered. The English sailor expressed himself

in rather strong vernacular, and the guard-boat again coolly returned to her station under our stern, where her capture was easily effected. There were eight persons in her. The crew and one officer were in uniform, and armed with swords, and there was a spy, and also a priest. The latter was evidently there as an amateur, and seemed more distressed than the others at the scrape they were in. They were unceremoniously bundled out of their boat, and had it lucidly explained to them that shooting was the fate that they at least merited. The spy commenced to speak a few words of Dutch, which none of us understood, and he, with equal ill success, wrote them down upon paper. In order that they might repent at leisure of their misdeed, they were sent into a corner of the quarter deck behind the pivot gun, to await judgment in the morning, and by the length of their faces, they evidently fancied that there was little hope left in what the morrow would bring. The priest especially deprecated our wrath, and producing some cakes out of one pocket, and a sakee or wine cup out of the other, showed by unmistakable pantomime that he had joined the spy and officer in their cruise afloat, for the purpose of having a jolly picnic in their boat. The whole party were, however, with the usual summary justice of the quarter deck, classed together, and a grim marine mounted sentry over them, the quantity of beard, moustache, and whisker in which the British soldier revelled, adding still more to the alarm of the prisoners—who, except in their most terrible legends, had never heard of such hairy men. After awhile, just as a Japanese vessel happened to be passing close to the ship, the spy jumped up, and with wonderful volubility bawled out to his countrymen his tale of alarm and probable suffering. Before the last words had passed his lips came the heavy tread of the royal marine, and as he gave him a shake, said—"Come, darn ye! come, none o' that!—can't ye go to sleep instead of bawling that fashion?" and then followed a mimic rehearsal of sudden death by bayonet. In the morning, we were satisfied that the warning had not been thrown

away upon our Japanese friends, who made signs that, after sundown, they would never again attempt the vagaries of last night. They were allowed to return to their boat. After that we were not again troubled with guard boats after dark, and those that haunted the vessels during the day did it most covertly. There was only one form of this nuisance which it was impossible to shake off—that of a man of war's boat pulling about the bay after any of ours which were employed surveying. They in no way interfered, except to request we would not land in that part of the city immediately about the mouth of the river Toda-gawa, and as we really could not insist upon our right to sound, or to take angles in their port, their wish was not opposed. Such a system of supervision went, however, sadly against the grain with us, and the seamen seemed to take a savage delight in giving the Japanese boats mercilessly long pulls,—but go from one side of the bay to the other, leave them miles behind, dodge them round points or batteries—and yet it was a fallacy to suppose we had shaken off that eternal Japanese guard boat, with the officer of two swords, whose hat was tied on under his chin with a bow of riband such as ladies might have envied—and whose temper seemed as imperturbable as his notes upon us and our doings seemed voluminous. One explanation of this system of espionage we received from an extraordinary fellow whom we knew by the name of the "Scoundrel." He held some office in the native dockyard, and hailed for a Japanese, and dressed as one, but he spoke English exactly as American negroes do, combined with the strongest nasal twang of the low born Yankee. This person, the first day we saw him, in reply to a question as to the motive the Japanese had in thus chasing our boats about, declared that their sole object was to prevent any rupture between ourselves and the people living near the sea shore. "Nonsense!" we replied, "why, the people are civility itself, and if they do crowd upon us, it is from harmless curiosity, which we should never resent." He declared that the people were unaccustomed to see strangers,

and had great contempt for every one but their own countrymen, and that we were not aware how savage and brutal (such were his expressions) many of the people were. In spite of this, the impression upon our own mind still is, that the police officers simply followed our boats to prevent any communication between us and the people.

The Japanese officers having acquired their professional knowledge under Dutch instructors, whose language was as unintelligible to us as that of Japan itself, there was an insurmountable barrier between them and ourselves. We consequently saw but little of each other, yet that little raised them very much in our estimation, and their acquaintance with

the theory of their profession was highly creditable. The officer who appeared to be at the head of their squadron, and who figures now as one of the Commissioners who concluded the Treaty of Yedo with Lord Elgin, under the title of Nunghi gunbarno Kami,* showed great knowledge of the parts and uses of the marine steam engine. If it was true, as we heard, that this same "proud admiral" had actually conducted that remarkable native built frigate, the "Ghost," to sea, he deserved well of his country, and merited, possibly, the title some Americans had given him, of Lord High Admiral, a title which Mori hama also informed us was really his due.

CHAPTER I

At the Embassy, where we hear affairs are progressing rapidly, it is arranged that the yacht is to be delivered over to the Japanese on the day of the signature of the Treaty. The Lieutenant Governor of Yedo has all the Embassy under his especial care, and either in person, or by deputy, never loses sight of a single Englishman in Yedo. This pleasant office is compulsory, and he is held responsible for the good conduct and moral behaviour of every one of us, if we behave well, and do not sin against the laws of Japan, he will be rewarded on our departure—if otherwise, on him, not on us, will fall the reprimand and disgrace. Poor Lieutenant-Governor, we wish him well through his trials. A horse is to be in attendance to-morrow forenoon at the landing place, and an officer to conduct us to the Embassy, we pack our portmanteaus, and do not omit to take with us every available dollar to invest in lacker ware and in little dogs, which are reported to be perfectly beautiful. The morning proves as fine as we could desire, we rise at day dawn to see the bay before the glare and haze of sunlight mar it. As the

silver dawn spreads over the land and water, we see that lovely mountain, Fusi hama, the type of the beautiful to the whole Japanese nation. She steps like a coy maiden from her veil and her robes of cloud, to gaze upon all the loveliness spread at her feet, the scene lasts but a few minutes—we would it could have been for ever—but the bold sun leaps upon the crests of the Eastern hills, and Fusi hama retires blushing from his fierce gaze. The bay and beach are quickly alive with moving beings, hundreds of fishing boats skim the water, pressing in with the last of the night breeze to secure an early market. The number of full grown men in each boat attests the redundancy of the population. Stout athletic fellows they are, smooth skinned, bronze coloured, and beardless, but their large muscles and deep chests attest the perfection of their physique. They look at us without fear or distrust, and as they bend to their oars shout out some joke or salutation. The morning breeze is cold and damp, the sun has not dispelled the low thin mist creeping along the surface of the bay from the lowlands to the north, and we are wearing blue

* We may be wrong in the orthography, but we spell his name just as it was pronounced, premising that 'Kami' is a title of courtesy.

clothing with comfort; yet all the boatmen are naked, with the exception of a small blue waist-cloth, and another strip of material tied tight over the nose! Why do the Japanese tie up their noses? we have often asked, for one cannot but believe that there is some good reason why a naked man should voluntarily lash up his nose. Can a Japanese nose be a fractious feature? or is it that noses require to be much taken care of in Japan? or may it not be that there is some security in this precaution against inhaling malaria? We leave the question to be decided by future visitors, and content ourselves with the entry in our journal: *Memo.* In Yedo it is the custom afloat to tie up the nose, and wear but few garments.

Now, having breakfasted, we proceeded to the landing-place. It is low water, shoals of boats and great numbers of men are at work in the shallows. Many are lading their boats with cockle-shells, scraped up from the bank, to burn into excellent lime; others are dredging for shell-fish; some are hauling the seine. Here our observations are interrupted by a spy-boat pulling alongside, and the officer coolly requesting by signs a seat in our boat. We are frank with him, and recommend him to go to the —. He smiles, shoves off, and makes a note of our brief interchange of civility. Parties of respectable citizens, oily sleek men, of a well-to-do appearance, are embarked for a day's pleasure on the water; their children are with them, and every urchin has a fishing-line overboard. We thought of Mr Briggs—Punch's Mr Briggs—at Ramsgate. In another boat a lady is seated with her children; her dress betokens that she is of the better order; her family are laughing and trying to look at a brazier which stands in the centre of the boat, whilst she sits abaft in the most matronly manner, and points out to one of her daughters what she deems most worthy of notice in our unworthy selves, our boat, and boat's crew. The young lady, we are glad to observe, without being unladylike, showed none of that suspicious fear of the genus Man so general in the excessively modest East; which be-

tokens even a better state of social civilisation than we had been led to expect by what we witnessed at Nangasacki. So we let the boat drift to enjoy all this, and, as a natural consequence, drift on shore close to the town. The police or spy boat immediately works itself into a fever, and the officer is most anxious we should know where the deep water leading to our landing-place could be found. To add to the fun, all the little boys and girls of the adjoining houses turn out, and come scampering down. The police-officer is in an awful state; he urges them back, waves his fan, expostulates with them; but it is all equally useless: so long as our boat remains on the mud, so long does young Japan remain staring into her and at us. They did not as an English mob of boys would have done—pelt and chaff the officer, and we therefore had reason to praise their civility. After awhile we float the boat, and proceed. The entrances to several canals are passed; they serve, at high tide, to facilitate the communication between remote parts of the city and the sea. Now, they are nothing but huge sewers.

The landing-place reached, we see the officer who is charged with our convoy to the Embassy; he looks like a man who has much responsibility, and gives a great number of orders to the crowd of barges, so that we may land with facility. Our horses are wondrously got-up creatures; there is something truly mediæval in their trappings, barring the straw shoes wrapped round the hoofs, which spoils the poetry of our steeds; otherwise the head-stalls, bits, saddle-cloths, martingales, cruppers, and stirrups might have been used by the Disinherited Knight in the tilt-yard of Front-de-Bœuf's castle. For the horses we cannot say as much; but they are good-tempered, sturdy little steeds. And so—to horse! The street leading from the landing-place is as wide as Regent Street, and terminates about three-quarters of a mile off, at the entrance of a handsome temple, whose green terraces, dotted with seats, and cool alcoves, look most refreshing. We turn, however, abruptly up a street parallel to the water. It is broad and

clean; on either hand are continuous rows of shops, and at short intervals of three hundred yards a wooden barrier runs athwart the street, apparently constructed for purposes of police. Shops of a trade seem to run together here we have eatables in any quantity, then basket and wicker work for all Japan, now, earthenware—then, iron ware. And then, we exclaim, what a crowd! They have only run together as we pass, yet you might walk on their heads. We used to think the Chinese stowed closely in their houses, but these Japanese assuredly beat them in that, and what is far better, they do it with cleanliness, which the former certainly do not. Everybody looks well washed, contented, and merry—you do not meet a single cross or sullen look. In the doorways of the houses women abound. They have succeeded—God forgive them—in making themselves as ugly as sin, yet they have good eyes, glossy hair, and a merry look. Generous creatures we find they are mostly married women, who have sacrificed their teeth and eyebrows to insure their poor husbands against the pangs of jealousy. The women have evidently abundant liberty here, and it is strange how indelicate the mass of the people are. Our police officer is looking out most keenly for any pictures that might be exposed in the shops offensive to our sense of propriety, and they disappear like magic at his approach, still he sees not all, and we are startled by figures and models of the vilest description, swinging about unnoticed amongst men, women, and children, who seemed unconscious of, or indifferent to, the shameless exhibition.

We do not see a beggar, and the street is admirably clean. Some respectably dressed Buddhist priests are chanting a hymn, in not unmusical cadence, at the closed door of a house—they will continue to do so until the heart of the proprietor is softened, or his patience gone, then the door will open, and he will fee them civilly. Our conductor now turns sharp down a street, at the end of which is a sturdy-looking gate, we are at the portal of the enclosure within which the British Embassy dwells. It opens, and as we proceed, a grand process-

sion is approaching us from the temple at the end of the road, and we find his Excellency and suite are just starting for their first visit to the Prince, who is said to direct the foreign affairs of Japan. His Lordship having brought with him a very gorgeous chair, which those learned in Chinese etiquette had declared to be of the proper dimensions and colour for a statesman of his rank, was able to go and visit the Prince in comparative comfort, but all the rest of the party, naval and diplomatic, were packed in small wicker work palanquins used in the country. To people accustomed to sit on their hams instead of chairs, travelling in such conveyances might be simple enough, but with our big boned, big jointed countrymen, done up in cocked hats, gilded coats, and long swords, the feat was a wonderful one, and a sight not easily to be forgotten.

The residence of the ambassador was a small dwelling upon one side of the temple, with the back of the premises opening upon a pretty little garden. One large room occupying the ground floor, was obtained by the simple process of removing all the screens which had originally cut it up into any number of apartments, and a large table brought from the ship quickly turned this into a dining and general drawing room. Immediately over this apartment, another one equally large was fitted up with beds for the ambassador's suite. His lordship occupied a couple of rooms which formed a wing running from the ground floor into the garden. The further apartment served the double purpose of a sitting room and a hall of conference for the commissioners, the other was his lordship's bed and dressing room. A verandah ran along the back of the premises, and served as a means of communication between the different apartments. The garden, though very circumscribed in area, and so situated as to bound the horizon on every side, contained within its limits two ponds stocked with fish and ornamented with the lotus in full flower, a bridge, the lawn, shrubbery, kitchen, and flower garden, and a mountain side, up which a tortuous path led to two or three fine cedars on the summit,

from whence an enterprising traveller might contemplate the roofs of two adjoining houses, and the cupola of a Buddhist temple,—each, to use a nautical metaphor, about a biscuit's throw distant! No one but a Japanese gardener could have crammed all these objects together into so small space, and still preserved anything like order and good taste, on neither of which heads could much complaint be made. Many of the trees were of course dwarfed, but the skill exhibited in having everything in just proportion, so as to make size and colour assist in the deception practised upon the eye, was, it appeared to us, most remarkable; and after all, the Embassy garden was but a very inferior specimen of the art of the Japanese gardener.

The entrance-hall of the Embassy was screened off here and there into small apartments for the domestics, and the two extremes of the hall (for it ran along the whole face of the house) terminated in the English kitchen at the one end, and the Japanese police establishment at the other. To us the latter was an endless source of interest, as much as were the wonders of the ambassadorial *cuisine* to all the Japanese priests, women, porters, and loungers with whom the courtyard in front was generally filled during the day-time. There were cracks in the wooden walls of the kitchen, which rendered it a perfect peep-show, and there, with eyes fixed firmly to the chinks, a curious individual, after a tough battle for the position, would remain until, in the height of his astonishment, he inadvertently turned round to utter some exclamation, or communicate his information to the bystanders; in a moment he was borne away, and another successful sight-seer won his envied peep-hole. The quantity of animal food consumed in the Embassy was a great source of wonderment. Fish, rice, and vegetables, cooked in a thousand different ways, form the food of the many millions inhabiting the Japanese group. They would as soon think of eating animals so valuable as their oxen are, as we should of consuming the flesh of our carriage horses or hunters; a sheep was a beast unknown to them; pigs are a

luxury, reserved for the rich and noble; yet all these, and much more, they saw cooked in marvellous ways, and consumed in fabulous quantities for so thrifty a people. The police court was to us equally novel: through it all intercourse between the subjects of Queen Victoria and those of the Tai-koon was carried on, and through it the native authorities learnt everything that was done within the ambassadorial residence, at least all that they could understand or put an interpretation upon. The leading functionary was a deputy of the Lieutenant-governor of Yedo, and he sat in the farthest part of the apartment, from the hour of six in the morning until all had gone to rest, receiving reports, ordering supplies, directing the shopkeepers of the city to bring the divers manufactures we strangers wished to purchase—running to the entrance to receive his superiors, and they were many, that came to look, hear, or see; and lastly, supervising the close inspection by his subordinates, of every article brought into the Embassy for sale, turning everything upside down, to see that nothing contraband got into our hands—recording its nature, quality, and price in a book, and then taking good care that, although we paid for such purchases in Mexican dollars, only their equivalent value in Japanese Itzibus reached the hands of the vendor! That deputy of the Lieutenant-governor, as Yenoake would call him (though we believe his proper title and that of his chief should have been Police Magistrate and Superintendent), was a wonderful man, and still more wonderful when we found that, besides performing his multifarious duties, he found time to discuss with three or four other persons sufficiently exalted in rank, to feed at the same table on a frequent series of meals, and to smoke an unlimited number of pinches of tobacco in exceedingly pretty metal pipes.

The examination of every article before it was exhibited to us, and the record of each purchase, was done with a celerity and precision which spoke well for the business habits of the clerks employed; yet we felt for the poor trademen, whose time was

thus wasted, and were not astonished to find that it almost required compulsion to get them to the Embassy, and that they seldom brought their best wares with them. The object of the Japanese government in recording all our purchases, however trifling, was rather difficult to understand—perhaps it was the mere habit of “wanting to know, you know!”

Yenoske the linguist's duty consisted in being the medium of communication between the Europeans in the Embassy and the Japanese, and it required all the temper and patience which we ascribe to an angel, to be able to do this. His labours were incessant. Now there was a message or letter for the Commissioners one minute, and the next a requisition for fish and vegetables. Now, some one wanted mosquito curtains for his bed, then another required four of the most valuable dogs in Yedo, at the smallest possible price. An irritable Briton wished to know why they insisted upon unpacking, examining, and recording every separate cup and saucer of a set he had purchased, and vowed he would not submit to it, and next, the little man armed with his two swords, and *en grande tenue*, had to escort a party from the Embassy to visit the sights in and around the city of Yedo. He was everywhere, and, next to Mr Howskin, whose duties were equally multifarious, though of a higher order, all who visited Yedo are deeply indebted to Yenoske for his zeal and civility. The Ambassador and the party that went to visit the Secretary for Foreign Affairs returned in due time, and though no very flattering impression was made by the appearance and intelligence of that prince on those who went in his Excellency's suite, the interview was said to have been, on the whole, satisfactory. At any rate a box of sweet meats, which followed each of the visitors as a present, was unexceptionable—especially what was called ribbon sweetmeat and we can assure the rising generation of Great Britain that Buonaparte's ribs, toffy,

barley-sugar, and such like delicacies, fall far short of it.

We heard that Lord Elgin had been told that the Tai-koon was very ill—indeed, too ill to grant an interview, but that his Excellency might, if he pleased, have an audience of the heir apparent. The serious sickness of the Tai koon we had heard of from Mr Harris at Simoda, who informed us that the unfortunate Emperor was in the last stage of epileptic disease, and in July, when he saw him, looked far more dead than alive*. Poor Tai koon, few would willingly change places with him, immured from birth until death within the limited area of his palace garden, seeing nothing even of his own dominions but what his eye could range over from the terraces of his prison, learning nothing but through the verbal reports of his almost equally imprisoned high officers, or the written accounts sent in by the heads of the various departments—one can hardly conceive a situation more sad, or more likely to lead to those habits of intemperance or sensuality which end in epilepsy, idiotcy and an early grave. The high officers about court, we were told, were likewise confined to the palace during their tenure of office. They are able to find relief from such imprisonment by a system of incognito travelling, which under the term *niebon*, is the privilege of the upper classes in Japan. In this manner grandees, whom strict etiquette would not have permitted to receive foreigners such as ourselves, or officially to visit the squadron, would very likely *niebon* have scrutinised us, and walked over the different ships but we never heard that the Tai koons had been known to avail themselves of this license. The reception of an ambassador, envoy, or deputation from a foreign state, under these circumstances, must be a great treat to any Tai koon in possession of his faculties, and we were impressed with this idea from the account given by a gentleman who was present at the reception of a Dutch envoy and his

* Subsequent to our visit a report reached us via Nangasaki, that the Tai koon died the day we reached Yedo.

suite at Yedo, and that not very many years since. The Tai-koon desired the strangers to take off their garments of ceremony, to stand upright, to walk about, to compliment each other, then to dance, to jump, and to play the drunkard! The complaisant suite were desired to speak broken Japanese, to read their own language aloud, to sketch, and lastly, to sing; and a Dutch love-song seems finally to have stayed the Tai-koon's inordinate curiosity, and saved the Dutchmen further exertion.

Two excursion-parties were arranged for the 24th August—one to some nursery and tea-gardens on the eastern outskirts of Yedo, involving a very long ride; the other, which we were strongly recommended to join (advice which we had reason afterwards to congratulate ourselves on having taken), was to the south-west, to the Temple of Tetstze, which stands about half-way between Kanagawa and Yedo, though not, we think, on the main road. The *cortège* of Europeans, on horseback, found within the temple enclosure two officers of the police establishment leading, and one bringing up the rear. The array of both man and horse in the case of these functionaries was the acme of Japanese dandyism—the switch tails of the steeds they bestrode had been even tied up in long blue bags, and produced a killing effect! The gates were opened at the mandate of the senior functionary, and we sallied forth. Happy those who had provided themselves with English saddles and bridles—we, the unwise ones, will assuredly bear the memory of those brass-bound demi-peak saddles to our graves. There must be a marvellous supply of copper and zinc in Yedo, for everything is bedizened with these metals in some shape or other, and our spirited little ponies carried almost as much of it on their backs as of English flesh and bone. The stirrups alone must have weighed from thirty to forty pounds the pair: they were solid masses of bronze, with a place for the foot, formed in the shape of the wooden shoes sometimes seen in use amongst the foreign peasantry, and covered with most beautiful inlaid work, in

white copper or silver. The saddle, shaped like a letter V, was handsomely and tastefully bound with bronze along the entire edge. Its original model may undoubtedly have been European, but (like that vermilion frigate) of those days long gone by, when an ambassador's suite would all have been cased in steel, and rendered thus invulnerable. Mr Hewskin, more wise than the rest, had brought his pillow out to ride upon, a precaution we would recommend to all future tourists using Japanese saddles. Our horse's head was rendered perfectly sword and bullet proof, from the quantity of brass and bronze about it; and, apart from the weight of these things, there was no questioning their beauty, and the wonderful skill and taste of the ornamental labour.

The sun was high, and the day as warm a one, we fancy, as is usually experienced at Yedo in the summer; yet, thanks to the bracing effects of the climate and to the refreshing sea-breeze, we were all able to bear exposure to the heat,—when at Shanghai, *coup-de-soleil*, cholera, or some other unpleasant concomitant, would assuredly have overtaken most of the party. The streets were somewhat bare, for it was the usual hour for the afternoon siesta, and, moreover, the appearance of the foreigners in this direction had been unlooked for: there were, however, people enough moving about to prove what a line of human beings we were passing through; and on our return in the evening, the throng was very great. The shops we saw were none of them of the first-class—these are only to be found in the heart of the city, and our road led to the suburbs. It appeared as if there were only two classes of dwellings—those of the shopkeeper, and the enclosures, rather than palaces, of the nobles. We had been told that there was an especial quarter set apart for the dwellings of the nobles; but their numbers or property evidently exceeded the prescribed limits, for in our ride we constantly went past a long extent of houses, and then came suddenly upon an interval of paling or wall which enclosed the establishment of some Japanese baron and his many retainers or serfs. Herds of these

fellows would collect, and stare at us, and pass their remarks, all of which we were told were made on the erroneous supposition that we were Chinese traders, people whom the Japanese hold in utter contempt. These serfs or slaves are the property of the noble, much in the same manner as in Russia, and are turned to similar profit. It was strange to find a nobleman living in the heart of a great city, surrounded by these retainers, and recalled to mind the feudal days of our own country, to which age, indeed, much that we saw in Japan carried back our thoughts. At a small bridge thrown over a canal or creek, which we crossed, the suburbs commenced, the boundary being merely conventional, for there was no change in the number of the houses and streets. Instead of shops, every house—and they were quite of the better order—was a place of entertainment, tea-house and restaurant succeeded one another in endless numbers, and up the streets which branched off, all seemed of this same character. We were not long in discovering that this was the particular quarter in which all the courtesans of Yedo are by law obliged to reside,—not as a mark of disgrace, or because they are considered outcasts, for, far otherwise, the law acknowledges this course of life as the legitimate resource of the penniless. They are said to be the best educated and most polished women in Japan, and some of them have obtained historical eminence for their beauty and talents. Marriages are constantly made from amongst them, and it is the generally received opinion amongst the Japanese men that they make the best housekeepers, and their society is not shunned by any one, whether ladies or gentlemen. The social errors of Japan, and elsewhere in the South Seas, it is, however, unadvisable to dilate upon in English publications, but it is unjust to measure their morality by the codes of Christian nations; suffice it that infidelity on the part of married women in Japan is almost unknown, but that polygamy, concubinage, and prostitution are the custom of the people. Those who have any curiosity on such a subject

will find, in the works of Kämpfer and Siebold, much that is strange, but they should remark that both these writers relate details of customs which are startling to Europeans, without giving the causes which have brought about such a system, and that, deplorable as the morality of Japan may be, they have travelled to little purpose in the far East who know not of social conditions worse than this.

We now reached that portion of the suburb of Smagawa where a ridge of hills, enclosed within a nobleman's grounds, pressed so close to the sea that only a single street was left winding by the shore, and at intervals upon the seaward side beautiful views of Yedo Bay and the distant shores of the eastern side of the gulf might be obtained. The tea houses had turned to account the appearance of foreign ships in the bay, and verandahs commanding views of them had been thrown out, in which the Japanese gentlemen, travellers, or labourers, might rest, drink tea or sake, and look through huge telescopes of native manufacture fixed upon stands. They were waited upon, not by nasty fusty waiters, redolent of bad cigars and bear's grease, but by brisk daimyos, as modestly and quietly dressed and as neat handed as any English Susan Nipper. The road was quite as broad as any high road at home, in capital preservation, with on each side a pathway, separated from it by a drain. Here and there we came upon places where the sea at high tide touched one side of the road, wherever this was the case a stone wall had been built towards the sea so as to keep the road level and prevent inundation. We passed a nobleman's grounds which would have done credit for their neatness and good keeping to any park in Britain, it was just at the junction of the detached suburbs with those directly connected with the city. Here was the position for a European colony, and all we can hope is, that when the time comes, in January 1862, that according to treaty the four Powers will be entitled to residence in Yedo, this nobleman may be induced to let or sell sites

for the houses of the mercantile community

We met travellers in uncomfortable sedan chairs, and they nearly all halted and sat staring at us, their knees doubled up to the chin, and looking disagreeably hot and dusty, and among the many pedestrians thronging the road side, peasants were to be seen hastening back to their homes from market, carrying some purchase from the great city, and it was generally remarked that few of these good fellows were without some child's toy in their hands. We had noticed the number of children's toyshops, and these seemed proofs of how much love is expended upon the younger members of the community by these kind hearted people. The girls as well as the boys appear to enjoy an equal share of regard. Groups of both sexes ran along the road side enjoying the rare sight of such wonderful men as we were, while their grown up countrymen laughed and cheered them on. We did not begrudge them the treat, nor that of shouting out that we were Chinamen, but our gallant police functionaries hurled words of thunder at them now and then and looked terrible things which would only for a minute awe the little monkeys into silence.

The day was fine, and naturally we broke into a canter as we came upon the first open piece of road at the southern limit of Yedo. The senior police functionary was got up for a walk, not for galloping! He tried all sorts of means to stop us, but failing, dropped astern in a dignified manner, in the society of our horse boys, who also duly expostulated with us upon our unseemly conduct, and then burst out laughing at our ridiculous behaviour, and fell behind. For a mile, the immediate road side was clear of houses, but small farms, and here and there a little hamlet, were seen. The ground was low on either hand, but rose at no great distance on the landward side into hills. The lowland was all under rice cultivation, and much as we had seen of the profusion of labour, the neatness of the fields, hedges, ditches, fences, and palings in China, it bore no comparison with what we now saw, and a point which we all hailed with

delight was, that the process of fertilising the soil here did not poison the air, as it does everywhere there! The road carried us to another village of considerable extent, where functionary "Number Two" managed to persuade Lord Elgin that his horse required bating, and that we, although only an hour and a half from lunch, required refreshment in a peach garden. To the peach garden we went, though that fruit was no longer procurable, but the place was prettily laid out with trees, grass, artificial lakes, bridges, and pleasant summer houses, and verandahs. The establishment was under the management of or belonged to a lady, and as soon as "No 2" functionary had swaggered about, and enlightened them as to the important positions Lord Elgin and he held, arrangements were made for refreshment. There being no chairs in Japan, we threw ourselves at full length upon the nice clean mats. Several low tables, just high enough for people seated cross legged on the ground, were placed near, and then the hostess upon her knees, commencing with the Ambassador presented each person with a cup of tea. She was a remarkably good looking, lady like woman—nothing could have been more graceful than her manner, and the posture of kneeling, accompanied by a low bow to signify prostration at one's feet, is the custom of the country, where every subordinate prostrates himself in the presence of his superior. This loving cup having been presented, she stood aside and directed her servants to place fruits and other refreshments before us, her teeth were blackened, and consequently she must be a married woman, though no husband appeared. Possibly she was a widow, but if so, she had decidedly reached that stage of widowhood known as that of mitigated woe in the mourning ware houses at home. We are undecided up to this moment whether to ascribe our being attended upon by the ugly handmaidens of the establishment to the matronly prudence of our good hostess alone, or to some villanous reasons of functionary "No 2," but there, away in the distance, we saw such pretty girls! The poor

ugly ones' one should always feel for ugly women, dear reader. Heaven no doubt intended all women, like the flowers, to be pretty or beautiful, an ugly woman is a mistake—but at any rate, there were two of those unfortunates sent to attend upon the Ambassador and his party. In justice to them, it must be said that their scrupulous cleanliness, neatness, and the quick wit with which the poor girls saw exactly what each guest wanted, reconciled us to them amazingly, and none enjoyed the joke more heartily than they did, when some of the party beseeched the prudent matron to allow the handsomer young ladies to wait on us, a request she met with a shake of the head, and a glance at that admirable fellow, 'No 2' functionary, who doubtless thus revenged himself upon us for the gallop we had inflicted upon him on his brass bound demi peak saddle. The dress of the Japanese women is simple, but graceful. The robe which crosses the breast, close up to the neck, or a little lower according to the taste of the wearer, reaches nearly down to the ground, and has loose sleeves, leaving the wrist free. This robe is confined round the body by a shawl, which is tied behind in a bow, the ends flowing. Everything in Japan, even to dress, is regulated by law, and the sumptuary laws have been very strict until lately, when contact with Europeans appears to be bringing about a slight relaxation. The colour worn by all classes of men in their usual dress is black, or dark blue, of varied patterns, but the women very properly are allowed, and of course avail themselves of the privilege, to wear brighter dresses. Yet their taste was so good that loud and noisy colours were generally eschewed. Their robes were generally striped silks of grey, blue, or black, the shawl some beautiful bright colour—crimson, for instance, and their fine jet black hair was tastefully set off, by having crimson crapes, of a very beautiful texture, thrown in among it. Of course we speak of the outdoor dress of the women—their full dress within doors is, we believe, far more gay.

We had just made up our minds

that life in a Japanese peach-garden was the thing of all others most to be desired, and that the "Furious," "Retribution," and "Lee," might go back to foul and fusty China as soon as they pleased, and that anybody might fight for tea, and do policemen amongst the piratical Cantoneese, provided we were troubled no farther upon such points, when "functionary No 1" ambled up, and "functionary No 2" suggested to his Excellency that we might, if he pleased, proceed, and we had to resign ourselves to fate, and again mount our ponies. The law prohibited the distribution of any British coins, and how to fee the good people around us was a difficulty, until it was happily discovered that uniform buttons did not come within the enactment, and that they were much prized by the Japanese ladies. That day the party returned to the Embassy, wonderfully shorn of ornamental crown and anchor buttons, but some of us hoped we had succeeded in ingratiating ourselves by our presents almost as high in favour as our friends in the Embassy had done, with their magnificent beards and moustachios, the novelty of which manly ornament was evidently great, and the effect these produced must have been highly satisfactory to our diplomatists.

From the peach garden we rode for a mile or two through a long village, which was a model of neatness, and a love for flowers and pretty plants was very general, round even the poorest cottage. No pigs were seen feeding on the road side, or poultry running into the houses—both were in their places, the former in their sties, the latter in the yards. A ride of seven miles brought us to the borders of a fine rapid stream, which discharges itself into Yedo Bay, not far from Beacon Point. Our steeds were placed in admirable ferry boats, and ourselves accommodated in others, and the ferrymen poled us across with long bamboos to a landing place upon the opposite side. This stream marks the boundary to which European residents at Kanagawa may only for the present proceed in the direction of Yedo, and a very good ride it will be, of more than ten miles, through a most beau-

tiful and rich country. It was to this place that an enterprising chaplain, belonging to one of the ships of Commodore Perry's American Expedition, found his way, during that gallant officer's negotiations at Kanagawa. It was at that time so contrary to all Japanese rules that a stranger should thus enter their exclusive country, and dare to walk where he pleased, that a special report was made to the Commodore of the circumstance. That officer immediately despatched a written order by a Japanese official, for the gentleman to retrace his steps, and as a proof of how closely every act is reported upon in Japan, we repeat from memory the Government record, as it was told us, that the despatch was delivered to the chaplain on the banks of the river, near the ferry, where he was endeavouring to compel the natives to ferry him over to the Yedo side of the water, that on receiving the letter he stopped, read it, went on a short distance, stopped again, opened the letter, and then returned! A minute detail of his acts, almost equal to that of the reporters of the Irish press upon the late tour of his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman.

Beyond the landing place referred to we passed through another pretty little town, and at "the Hotel of Ten Thousand Centuries" another meal was ordered to be ready for us on our way back from the temple. We are afraid to trust ourselves to a minute description of the country scene through which we now rode. It was neither monotonous nor stiff, yet the road fields, ditches, drains, and cottages all looked as if they had just been constructed, tilled, clipped, planted, or clean swept, ready for special inspection,—industry combined with the greatest economy of space and material, blended with taste and beauty. Our precious saddle—we won't use violent language far reader—was enough to knock all appreciation of the picturesque out of any one, and it is the best guarantee for our not exaggerating what we saw. There were orchards of pears and peaches, where the trees were trained over neat trellises of bamboo, as if they had been vines—bright

patches of the Taro plant spread their dark green broad leaves on the one hand, and on the drier soil the millet plant of Northern China flourished, as well as the rich golden ears of the Indian-corn. Now a gentleman's house appeared within a neat enclosure of hedge, as well clipped as that of a London suburban villa, but its stiffness of outline was broken by a Japanese convolvulus having been allowed to run over it, loaded with many coloured flowers. Very fine groves of trees were seen, and we noticed among them two sorts of pine tree, one which throws out its sprays like the Norfolk Island pine, and the other the ordinary one peculiar to Japan. The maple chestnut, walnut, and oak, we likewise recognised, or trees very like them, and the orange was not rare. Bamboo was plentiful, and finding it in a climate which in the winter is undoubtedly severe, we could not help hoping that it, as well as the banana tree of China, may be naturalised on the south coast of England. We were anything but tired of the scenes through which we were riding, when the Temple of Tetstze came in sight, and we rattled through a street, followed by a vast throng of wonder stricken Japanese, and turned into the portals of the Temple. A broad well paved court led to a building that stood upon a lofty basement. A fine flight of granite steps led to the porch, round which, as well as up the steps, there was a balustrade in stone and bronze. The interior of this Buddhist temple consisted mainly of a very elaborate altar, having a raised dais in front, carefully railed round, upon which there was the most extraordinary collection of metal castings, mostly of white copper, we ever saw. They were no doubt offerings to the placid stucco deity, who was ensconced behind candlesticks, lights, and silken banners. Everything was clean, neat, and in working order, evincing that the religion, such as it is, is active in Japan, not dormant, worn out, effete, as in China. The priests were well to do, decently clad, and reverent in their appearance, and were treated with respect. The Principal saluted Lord Elgin, and paid him every attention, offering to conduct him over

the grounds and cloisters. Time, however, pressed for the ride back to the Embassy, and the civility was declined. On reaching the porch, the scene round the grand flight of steps, and across the court, was such a sight as only Japan could produce upon so short a notice. Every space was literally *crammed* with human beings. The corridors of the temple, the galleries in the cloisters, the walls and roofs which overlook the yard, were black or brown with men, women, and children. It was a wonderful sight. They shouted, not violently, but shouted with astonishment and delight at the spectacle the half dozen Europeans afforded them. The prospect of having to fight a way through such a sea of human beings was not cheering, but three or four policemen quietly cleared the way and a path opened before us to the gate. There the policemen checkmated the crowd, who were on the point of rushing after us into the street, by securing the gates instantaneously, amidst a roar of indignation from the thousands who found themselves thus shut up within the limits of the temple. Then came cries, and laughter, and a rush, and as we rounded another portion of the temple enclosure, the prodigious crowd had collected for a last gaze at us, where a broad intervening ditch, however, prevented them from incommoding the strangers.

Returning by the way we had come, we halted for refreshment at "the Hotel of Ten Thousand Centuries," which was as decent a house as a good many European countries could produce, and a vast deal cleaner and more moderate than a great many we could mention in Great Britain. Functionary No. 2 here eat and drank himself into such a state of supreme contempt for Europeans that he left us and we only caught sight of him again for a moment in what might have been the

window of his club, where, surrounded by swells as great as himself, to whom he was pointing out the various members of our party, he had a bevy of Japanese hours dancing attendance upon him. As our cavalcade neared Yedo, it was certain that it had been expected to return by this route, and all Kanagawa, Omagawa, and the inhabitants of that part of Yedo, were there to stare. The crowd at a Lord Mayor's show, in the old days when such glories were, can alone bring before the reader the idea of such a vast mass of human beings thus brought together. The pavement, side streets, and houses were full, yet no insult was met with, and no hindrance suffered. In places where the crowd in a side street threatened to block the thoroughfare by pouring into the main street, a small piece of rope or string was stretched across from corner to corner, and no one dared to break the fragile barrier. In the suburbs, at 5 P.M., every one was bathing, and "cleanliness first, modesty afterwards" seemed to be their motto. In some cases, the tubs were outside the doorways, and the family enjoyed themselves in the open air, rubbing themselves down in the steaming hot water, with cloths, others had their tubs in the room on their ground floors, but the front of the house was perfectly open, and the manner in which the fair Eves stepped out of their baths, and ran to stare at us, holding a steaming hot and squalling babe, was a little startling.

Night was closing in as we reached the Embassy, about which the inhabitants, more accustomed to the sight of strangers than those in the distant quarters, left the streets comparatively clear. It appeared to us as if there was little traffic carried on during the night, and in some cases the barriers at the ends of the streets were closed.

(To be continued)

THE LUCK OF LADYMEDE

CHAPTER II.—THE CHAPLAIN'S SECRET

THE evening was growing chill and dark as the Italian Giacomo, after quitting the barge, made his way across the plashy meadows in the direction of Ladymede. He drew the loose folds of his cloak over his lips, and walked rapidly, for the raw cold mists from the river flats made the southern blood shudder in his veins. There was no path, but it was still light enough, for one who knew the landmarks of the country, to make out the tops of the line of tall poplars and the chapel turret of Lowcote rising through the fog straight before him. From the hamlet a short two miles took him to the manor. But when he reached the beaten track, instead of pursuing his way homewards, he stopped, and, after a moment's hesitation, struck off into an unfrequented bypath which led in a different direction. A few minutes rapid walking brought him to a large osier bed, which extended over some acres of the low marshy ground, through which one of the little streams which fed the river wandered and seemed to lose its way, and partly stagnated until at last what was left of it escaped, by means of two or three reedy ditches, to its destination. One of these ditches Giacomo crossed, and followed, not without some difficulty in the increasing darkness, a rough foot track made through the osiers. He reached at last a spot where the ground rose rather higher than the ordinary level, and where advantage had been taken, as it seemed, of the comparative dryness of the situation to clear a space of some few square yards, and to erect there what served for a human habitation. Rude indeed it was, even amongst the rude dwellings of the age, but yet solid and substantial enough to resist the weather, perhaps even better than some more pretentious structures, and giving sufficient promise of warmth and shelter beneath the low pitched roof, over which, protected as it was by

the thicket of osiers, the winds from all points swept harmless. A light was shining through the chinks in the wooden shutter which closed the unglazed aperture that served as a window. Here the Italian stopped, and, after listening for a moment, knocked at the door. A man's voice from within demanded his name and business.

"It is I," said Giacomo, "open."

The occupiers of the hut seemed scarcely satisfied, there was no answer for some moments, when the question was repeated, this time in harsh female tones.

"I am here, Swytha, open—I am in haste."

The door was unbarred, and the figure of the woman who had spoken stood in the low doorway, strongly thrown out by the blaze from the logs which burnt upon the hearth behind her. She was of middle age, short and broad in person, and her countenance, as far as it could be distinguished in the uncertain light, was far from attractive. The natural coarseness of the features was not redeemed by any pleasant expression, or softened by any of the commonest appliances of female art. Smoke seemed to have been more habitual than water as a cosmetic, and the red unkempt locks were only gathered off the face as a matter of convenience. It was the mere female of the animal man, of all female animals the least pleasant to look at, when she is nothing more. She muttered some words that scarcely sounded like a welcome, as the priest brushed lightly past her, and stood within the hut. A man was sitting on a low stool by the wood fire, which was made nearly in the middle of the floor, and sent up a pungent vapour almost stifling to a stranger, and of which very little seemed to find its way out by the hole in the roof which was intended for its exit. He was shivering in an ague fit, but he rose and made some sort of half reverence as his visitor entered.

"How is she to night?" the Italian asked.

"Nay, what can I tell about her?" replied the man, "there be no difference that I can see. Hadst better go look for thyself, father, we be but poor leeches, Swytha and I."

"Has she spoken?"

The man looked to the woman to answer, she shook her head.

"Nor made sign as though she knew any one?"

Swytha still shook her head as before.

"Do you give her the drink as I bid you?"

"Ay," said the woman, "she be fain enough to take that, 'tis the only mark of sense I see about her, she gulps it down as lustily as if it were royal liquor, and not the poor stuff 'tis."

The priest moved towards a low side door in the wall of the hut, and, stooping down, entered cautiously, followed by the woman. The chamber into which it led was small, and so low, that although Giacomo barely reached middle height, it was only in some places that he could stand upright. Yet, close and uninviting as it was, there was nothing in it repulsive to the habits of the period, and there were traces of some rude attempts at comfort which might even have been considered luxurious. A coarse lamp was flickering on a wooden bracket against the wall, clean rushes strewed the floor, and one side of the chamber had its rough mud plastering covered with some thing which looked as if it had once been rich tapestry. In one corner a low wooden bench had been arranged with more than usual regard to the ease of the occupant, so as to form, by the help of skins and dried hearth, a nearer approach to the modern notion of a bed than our Norman or Saxon forefathers cared to indulge in. There, under a coverlet of what seemed a coarser fabric than suited the rude appliances of a peasant's household, lay the figure of a woman apparently in the prime of life. For though the face, calm as it was, bore evident traces of present suffering, it was not worn and wan as from a sickness of long duration. The round lines had not sunk, and a

slight feverish flush rather added to their beauty. The eyes were closed, and the soft dark eyelashes rested in distinct outline on cheeks which, but for the hectic in the centre, were very pale and clear. She lay quite motionless, and her breathing, though regular, had the heavy distinct sound which speaks of mischief in the brain. At the foot of the couch, against the wall, there hung a small richly-carved crucifix of ivory. Giacomo went up to the sufferer, and motioned to Swytha to bring the light nearer. He carefully moved back some of the rich dark hair which had escaped over the temples, and laid his hand upon the brow. Then taking in his own the hand which was hanging over the side of the rude bedstead, he felt the pulse for some moments in silence. Having satisfied himself with this examination, he gently placed the arm in a more comfortable position, and remained gazing on the face, still without speaking. The patient was totally unconscious—of that there could be no doubt, but the life was there, still full and vigorous, and struggling hard with disease for the mastery. In such a struggle, perhaps the safest course for imperfect human science is to look on. Swytha was the first to break the silence, her harsh voice awed into a whisper.

"That way she lies, day and night," she said, "and a wearisome watch I have of it. However, no one will be troubled with her long, poor soul, she is but waiting for death, as it seems to me."

"Death!" exclaimed the priest, turning round upon her almost fiercely, "she is not dying! it shall be worse for ye both if ye dare to let her die! Has not all your care and tendance been well paid for?—what is it ye are grudging at now?"

"Nay, I grudge her nought, farther!" said the woman, in a somewhat humbled tone, "I have tended her, God wot, and will do, as if she were my own child, and we find no fault about the payment, if 'twere not for that, we might well have starved, for my man there has not struck a stroke of work these five

weeks or more, and sits there quaking all day like a hound, but neither pay nor painstaking will serve to keep death from the door, if her time be come."

"Her time has not come, then," returned Giacomo, "she has much need to live, and must live, remember, it were better that thou and Outhwin starved and rotted here in your hideous ditches, and died a score of deaths, if ye had lives enough, than that hers should be in danger among ye. But hearken, good Swytha," he proceeded, addressing the frightened woman in an altered and gentle tone, "watch her still carefully, night and day, sleep like the watch dog that still hears the slightest footfall,—if such a sturdy frame needs sleep at all, be sure to give the drink from time to time, as I have bid thee, and fail not to have good tidings for me in the morning. I can reward, remember—and I can punish."

He put some silver into her hand as he spoke the last words. The woman looked at it, and mumbled out what were meant for thanks. Once more the priest turned towards the bed, and, taking the dim lamp from her hand, gazed long and earnestly on the unconscious form which lay there. He moved away at last, and re entered the outer room, where the husband still sat shivering over the logs.

"So the fit is on again to day, Outhwin? I warned thee it would surely return to day, if the lady were not better."

"Ay, father, it racks my head again, and sweats me till I can scarce stand. Swytha would surely have it I am bewitched, *has she*!—he pointed to the inner chamber with a glance of awe—"has she bewitched me?"

"She? nay, I tell thee, if she were well again, it is she that can cure thee."

"It is some witch or devil's doings, of a surety, but," said the man timidly, "dost not know some charm thyself, holy father—some proper learned charm that could tell us where the fiend is at work?"

"The fiend is at work everywhere, my friend," returned the Italian

gravely, "and is specially active, as my books tell me, at this season, in these fens of Lowtoote. I myself almost fear to meet him as I return to night, but to-morrow I will bring with me something that may serve to keep him in check for a while, only remember," he said with emphasis, addressing the wife as well—"she whom I leave in your charge is wiser in these matters than I, it behoves you to look well to her safety. So farewell."

"And the masses for the child, father?" said the man, as the priest opened the door to go, "thou wilt not forget? We can pay what is right, and are willing—art not, Swytha?"

"Rest content, they shall be said for thy child as heartily as if they were for a king, and for the payment—let Swytha show me the lady strong and well again, and we will both add fifty paternosters daily for as long—as need shall so require." And again wrapping his cloak carefully round him, the priest hurried through the raw mist back to the Manor. Night had closed in ere he arrived there.

The manor house of Ladysmede stood on a well wooded rising ground which overlooked for many miles the broad meadows of rich alluvial soil, but of very imperfect drainage, which composed the basin of the Ouse. It had been almost rebuilt, and to a certain extent fortified, like all considerable houses of the time, by Sir Miles, the last possessor. A broad fosse, now dry, but into which water could readily be turned from springs in the hill side above in times of danger, ran round the outer precinct which served both as a court and a garden, and this was crossed by a wooden drawbridge, leading to a covered gateway with a small chamber above, constantly occupied by an official who might be considered as merely a porter in time of peace, but who played the more important part of watchman when any danger might be apprehended. All was dark within the walls when the priest returned, it was past Sir Godfrey's usual hour of rest, and he and his companion had no doubt parted for the night. Giacomo, after ascertaining that all was quiet, instead of

approaching the drawbridge, went round to the other side of the moat, crossed it, and unfastening easily a small postern gate at one of the projecting angles of the wall, entered the building without disturbing any of its numerous occupants. There were two large mastiffs in the court, but no step was better known to them than the Italian's.

He had been right in presuming that his absence during the latter part of the evening would pass unnoticed by his patron. The habits of that household were scarcely so regular that any member of it should fear to be called to account for their comings and goings, unless their movements chanced unluckily to cross the will or convenience of the master. Even on this point it was remarked that the chaplain was less careful than it behoved others to be, and though he treated Sir Godfrey with all formal reverence and submission, he seemed to maintain an independence of position, and a freedom in his words and actions, which the knight would hardly have accorded to his sacred office, even had the bearer's character advanced a higher claim to general respect on that ground. But in truth, Father Giacomo's reputation for sanctity was hardly that to which he owed his influence either with his patron or his neighbours in general. Men looked at each other inquiringly, or shook their heads with something of reprobation, whenever they spoke—and it was little they chose to speak—of the new priest of Lowcote. It was not that he allowed himself overmuch in secular pursuits and indulgences, nay, had he cared more for hawk and hound, or been something more of a boon companion than he was, he would probably have been far more popular. But his tastes and habits were rather those of the student and the recluse, and even in this respect he presented an unfavourable contrast, to the popular eye, to the ordinary rude and unlettered familiarity of the rural priesthood. Nor was it that his life was open to any charge of flagrant immorality, unhappily, even had it been so, it would not have necessarily shocked the moral sense of the age, or have

marked him as an exceptional and scandalous offender against the vows of his calling, or the laws of society. Nor yet was it because he evidently took a limited view of his priestly responsibilities, and performed such offices as were needful in his chapel of St Bride—seldom, indeed, were they called into requisition at the Manor—in a rapid and business-like fashion, and compressed them, each and all, into as brief a compass as possible. The humble population of Lowcote were not learned in ritualism, or indeed in anything else, and the rubrics of the Church might have been laws of the Medes and Persians for any acquaintance which they had with them. On all main points they were scrupulously orthodox: they came to seek the Church's blessing on their marriage, they brought their children to the font to be christened, and if they carried their departed relatives four miles to the Abbey to be laid in holy ground (a privilege as yet preserved by the fraternity of Rivelaby), still it was Father Giacomo who administered the last rites,—and he was never grudging his dues, in which, to do him justice, he was by no means exacting. If any of these offices were hastily or carelessly performed, that, they considered, was the priest's concern more than theirs, it was not their own duties towards the living or the dead which were neglected. It might be true that the masses at the altar at St Bride's were short, but to the majority of the attendants there, that fact in itself was no objection, they were not conscious of any omission, and had Father Giacomo chosen to read a royal rescript there, or a few passages from some profane classic, instead of the legitimate service, not one of them would have been the wiser, provided the visible ceremony had been the same. And indeed, when they compared him with poor brother Anselm, who in former days used to hobble over from Rivelaby, and mumble slowly through the ritual with many a parenthesis of cough and groan, they thought, as they listened to the Italian's rapid yet musical intonation, that he was plainly the better workman of the two, and that, looking

upon it as a matter of business, his congregation were gainers not only in point of time but execution.

But if the popular creed at Low cote was not very enlightened or discriminating, it was real and earnest, such as it was. It might be very little better in many points than a ceremonial idolatry, but it was very jealous for its idols. The ignorant are generally sincere. And what they did mistrust in him who was their religious representative at present, was the apparent absence in his character and bearing of all which we express by the terms reverence and reality, a want of which they were uncomfortably conscious, though they might have been slow to express it in words. His countenance wore almost the same indefinable expression when he enlarged upon the miracles of their saints, as when he bid them thank Providence for the appetite which could relish, and the powers which could digest, their coarse English fare, or for the strong lungs which breathed freely in such a climate. It was remembered, amongst other things, with much suspicion and dissatisfaction that when Rolph the bailiff's wife was down with the falling sickness, all authorities had agreed that nought could heal her save to kiss the shoulder blade of St Bridget, which they were so fortunate as to possess, built in for better security under the altar, within a gilded lattice which grudgingly admitted the lips of the suppliant, it was a remedy which had ever been held infallible in such cases, but the new priest had positively forbidden them to carry the sick woman there (though it was but two miles, and there would have been a liberal fee for the ceremony), and had given her some foreign drug out of a heathenish looking bottle, the effects of which—so said the gossip—were horrible. True, she recovered, but she was looked upon with rather an evil eye by the scrupulously orthodox among her neighbours in consequence. Some even declared that they would rather lose their wives than have them preserved by such very questionable measures. Most good Christians would have died on principle, but Tib, they admitted,

was "ever known for a contrar' woman."

Altogether there was an uneasy feeling, most prevalent amongst those who were brought most in contact with him, that the chaplain's real character, for good or evil, was a enigma which they were as far from solving as on the first day he came among them,—nay, which became more puzzling the more they saw and heard. He seemed unreal in all he said and did, a fault always abhorrent to the genuine English mind and most of all so in days when there was little conventional disguise, and men commonly laid bare to the world the best and worst that was in them. If he spoke, as he could speak, words of gravity and wisdom it was always with what looked like a sneer. If he jested, it seemed more in bitterness than mirth. The retuners of Lady Mede stood more in awe of his courteous gibe than of St Godfrey's boisterous wrath. He left upon the minds of all with whom he conversed the disagreeable impression that his words never expressed his own thoughts, but were cunning instruments by which he probed and dissected for his own purpose—or, as it often seemed, for his mere amusement—the thoughts and feelings of others. He was never accused of doing an injury to any living soul within or without the gates, but there was scarce a man or woman there but would have shrunk from any offered kindness at his hands. Something of this arose no doubt from his being a foreigner by birth and education, and never taking pains to conceal his contemptuous dislike to many of the rude habits of those with whom he was now associated. There had followed him, too, from over sea, by that invisible agency which rumour employs, suspicions which found no open voice, which passed from mouth to mouth with tantalising distinctness, and whose origin it was as impossible to trace as it was to test their truth. The circumstances which had first led to his connection with Sir Godfrey were quite unknown at the Manor. He had made his first appearance there about two years back, soon after the knight's

return from Normandy, whether he had followed the late King Henry to his unhappy campaign against his son. He had at once taken up his position as nominal chaplain in Sir Godfrey's household, was treated by him with more consideration than it was his wont to show either to churchmen or others whom he considered as beneath his own degree, and had been installed, after some faint resistance on the part of the late abbot, in all the rights and possessions, spiritual and temporal, of what the knight chose to claim as his own church of Lowcote. If any one could have contributed any trustworthy information as to Father Giacomo's earlier history and his past relations with his patron (for such relations there plainly were), it would have been Gundred the chamberlain, who had accompanied his master into France, but beyond the fact that Sir Godfrey had seen and known him there, Gundred either could or would say nothing, and as his humour was none of the pleasantest, even the most curious on the subject forbore to press him much with inquiries. As to the little Giulio's presence in the house, that too had been food for curious speculation in its day, but all active curiosity on the subject had long died out in the Manor itself, and outside its walls his very existence was almost unknown. The mere fact of a child, whose birth and parentage had not been publicly proclaimed, holding the undefined position which Giulio did in the household of a man like Sir Godfrey, was not in itself so unusual or remarkable as to excite much surprise or inquiry. So far as could be observed, Sir Godfrey treated him as his own child, though there were not wanting those who insisted that the priest himself was the father, and it was some confirmation of the latter suspicion that the boy bore an Italian name, and looked up to him with devoted obedience and affection. But de Burgh had himself visited foreign countries, and it was but natural that the child should feel the strongest attachment to one who had been his protector, as it seemed, for some part at least of his early life, and had still

the constant charge of him at Ladysmede. For the knight himself spent but little time at home, unless he had companions to carouse with, and he was scarcely the man to seek or gain the affections of a thoughtful and sensitive child. At all events, if any curiosity was still felt upon the subject, it was likely to go unsatisfied, few would have liked to question Sir Godfrey de Burgh upon any matter which he might construe into cause of offence, and as to the Italian, though he would have probably given the smoothest possible replies to that or any other query, they would hardly have contributed much to the satisfaction of the inquirer, unless he were specially curious in dialectics.

Great was the consternation, however, in the household on the following morning, when it was first known that the boy had disappeared. Giacomo had chosen that others should communicate the fact to his patron, though it was an office which he found no one very willing to undertake. He was awaiting, however, in his own chamber, the expected summons into Sir Godfrey's presence to give an account of his charge. It speedily came. He found the knight standing up and down, pale from rage and excitement, which he was still trying to control. The Italian was pale also—a little paler than he always was, for his cheek had never the healthy brown tint common to his countrymen, but he did not shrink or tremble. He bowed as usual when he entered, but then he raised his head, and met the other's glance with an answering eye.

"So!" said de Burgh with a slight stamp of his foot, "what new devil's trick is this? I have no need to ask whether it is your doing—where is the boy? speak! and if such a thing be possible, speak truly!"

"He is in safety," replied the chaplain quietly.

"In safety! does it mean you have not murdered him? In truth, I scarce thought that—it would hardly serve your end," said the knight with a sneering laugh.

"Would it serve any end, think you, Sir Godfrey?"

A loud blasphemy broke from de

Burgh's lips—"What mean you, fool! is it your purpose to provoke me? answer me at once—where is the boy, I say?"

"I will answer you—he is in safe hands, but where, I do not care to tell."

"What! is this a defiance, priest? by my knighthood, but this mocking insolence has come to a pitch that passes bearing! Have you no care for your life, or are you over trustful of my gentle temper, that you beard me in this sort?"

"Peace, peace, Sir Godfrey," said the priest, "this mood, as you should know, will hardly serve your need with me, I am not insolent, and I mean no defiance. There may be listeners near, and it were hardly well they should hear these loud words between us. What I have done, I have done, it may be, for the sake of all. And I will abide by it."

The knight, while the other spoke, was pacing hurriedly to and fro as if vainly trying to contain his passion. He opened the chamber door to assure himself that their interview was not watched, closed and fastened it, and then stopped again opposite the Italian.

"Traitor!" he exclaimed, his hand on the hilt of the short sword at his girdle, and setting his teeth hard.

"It is ill bandying hard terms," said the chaplain, "let that pass. Enough that it is not true. Be calmer, and it may be we shall come to somewhat better understanding."

"Calm!" returned the knight—"calm? who are you, in the fiend's name, that you have the hardihood to school me thus? that you stand there glorying in your villany, making me the dupe of your accursed schemes, calm yourself, and bidding me be calm? I can see those devil's eyes of thine smiling now—speak! why should not one good blow rid me of thee for ever?"

"Because," said the priest—but he drew a step or two backward, put his right hand into his bosom, and stood half in an attitude of defence—"because there is that between us which stays your hand."

They looked at each other for a moment or two in silence. Then the priest spoke again.

"To what purpose is this violence?" said he, "we should have known each other better than to braw! here like grooms. I tell you—when you will hear reason—that in removing the boy from this house—which I had never done, remember, but for your rash words—I have counselled well for all. I have broken no faith in this matter, nor am I plotting, believe as you may, aught against you or yours. If it pleased me to turn accuser, I might say something perhaps—which shall not be said, there has been more than enough of angry words."

"Say plainly where the lad is, and who has been your helper in this goodly business," said the knight in a calmer tone, but still breathing hard with passion—"let me have some further share in these prudent counsels which you speak of (since they must needs concern me somewhat nearly), if you would have me put any faith in your words."

"I said, Sir Godfrey, that we should know each other well—too well, I fear me—by this time, to have left room for much trust on either side. I have seen cause to move the boy from Ladyamede, and you must needs confess it was scarce to be expected that I should take you for my counsellor in so doing. For the same reasons—though I have no wish to anger you, if it may be avoided—I must crave permission to keep my own secret now. Let it content you to know that those with whom I have placed him will give you no cause for fear or jealousy, and are even less in my confidence than yourself."

The knight suddenly struck the table sharply against which he was standing, and a gleam of triumph lighted up his face.

"A weak device," he said, "with all your cunning! I have your secret! this then was the meaning of the child being brought to the abbey in my cabinet last night, so! it was settled then between ye, was it? did I not well to call it treason? What is the part of a traitor, if it be not to plot against a man in his own house, at his own table?"

"Your over haste has led you wrong again, Sir Knight, it was but a chance meeting, as I said, and

quite against my will, nor did one word pass there between Abbot Martin and myself about the child. It matters little whether you believe my words or not, for I repeat again, be he in whose charge he may, he is where you shall hardly find him for the present, but as to my dealings with the abbot, if it pleases you to ask, your guest Sir Nicholas le Hardi was a witness to them, and you may have his knightly word, if that will content you, to quiet that suspicion."

Sir Godfrey hesitated, and gave the priest a glance which he intended to be searching, it might as well have fallen upon a mask of ice. Baffled and puzzled, he yet hardly gave up the thought.

"By St Benedict!" he exclaimed, "if I had good cause to think there had been any false dealing on the part of the holy brotherhood, I would make them sing *missere* for it till their cloister rang again! Yet I doubt there is scarce so much Christian love between ye, that ye should be thus deep in each other's secrets on the sudden, and I confess I did hold Abbot Martin for a wiser man than to thrust his hand willingly into other men's quarrels. Well—we may chance to ride that way to-morrow. But beware, I warn you, lest you carry this a step too far for both of us. If it is to be battle from this time

forth between us, down with the barriers—*laisses aller!*"

"And shall we cry, 'Heaven defend the right?'" said the chaplain, with his old smile. "Nay, Sir Godfrey, I at least have given no challenge—I have but stood on my defence, and when noble knights hold rendezvous together to hunt us down, we meaner animals have no defence but flight."

The violence of the knight's passion was over, and he looked almost admiringly on the other's cool self-possession. "It will cost the fiend himself a hard day's hunting, Giacomo," he said, "to bring thee to bay! but 'twill be a quarry he may well boast of. I have no stomach nor patience to track such subtle game, but I warn you again, I will be led no fools chase at your pleasure. Be wise, and bring back the child—what matters a hasty word?"

"It matters this much," said the priest, "it cannot be unspoken. But I say too, be wise, and let not this breed a quarrel between us. But come what may of it, I have taken my course, and I leave you to take yours."

He moved to the door as he spoke, and though the knight made a half-movement forwards as if to stop him, removed the bolt, and passed from the chamber.

CHAPTER III.—THE CASTLE YARD

The bright autumn morning had tempted the idlers of Ladyemede to a council in the sunny courtyard below. Picot the hunter was there, with a leash of greyhounds, awaiting orders from Sir Godfrey, and meanwhile leaning over the low wall, and holding his usual gossip with the old collarer, Stephen, who had treated him to a morning's draught of ale, in return for such small scraps of country news as his rambles by wood and waterside enabled him to purvey. Young Raoul the esquire was there too, dividing his attention between Picot's talk and the adjustment of a new mantle which was at present the main object of his affections. Men-at-arms and serving lads lay or lounged about in various attitudes

of laziness, but it was to these three that the conversation was chiefly confined, for Robin Armourer, who made one of the group, was a man whose blows were readier than his words at any time, and he now stood leaning against the window sill, blinking in the sunshine, in a state of very doubtful consciousness.

But their usual light topics of discourse were soon superseded by a piece of intelligence which, for the time, even distracted the young esquire's thoughts from their favourite subject—himself and his appointments. Stephen, called within for a moment to receive some orders from a domestic, returned with the announcement of the child Giulio's sudden disappearance. He was little

known to any in the household, for his time was spent almost entirely in the company of Father Giacomo, and his quiet ways were little suited to such rough companionship as he would have found in most of Sir Godfrey's following. He was there fore less of a favourite amongst them than a boy of his age would otherwise have been, and from his marked attachment to the Italian, had shared something of his unpopularity. Still, the rumour of his being thus unaccountably missing was sure to cause a general feeling of disquiet, and old Stephen's countenance especially wore a troubled expression, when it became evident that no clue to this strange circumstance was to be had from any of those present.

"I reckon he is gone back to where he came from, said Picot, at last, "he comes here o' the sudden, and he goes o' the sudden, too, I had as lief as a new jorkin that others of his company that I could name—and here he looked round him cautiously—"had taken flight with him."

"I would be very loth the little lad came to harm," said Stephen, shaking his head doubtfully.

"He was never likely to come to much good, replied the hunter, "he had never the ways of a well to do child. I mind well, and so does Master Raoul, when I brought him to see the rarest cock fighting that we had lnt Shrovetide, he told me, in his outlandish fashion, he did not care for such cruel sport, quotha! I count him to have but little good English blood in his veins. Why, there is my youngest knave, that is but five years old come Obildermis, will clap his hands and shout with the best, and cried because he had not strength enough to wring the neck of a craven."

"'Tis very well for you to say so, Picot. we all have our gifts, but he was a proper child in his learning, and of a very gentle wit. He could read like any clerk—'twas wonderf'ul. It is but a four or five days back that he sat here by me on the wall, and showed me a book he had with marvellous cunning pictures in it, and told me all about Peter, and John Baptist, and Herod, and a many

blessed saints 'twas as good as a mass to hear him."

"Herod was none of a saint," said Picot. "I never heard his name but to a hound—he was own father to Rob Muller's brindled bitch Marian."

"He was there in the book," replied the indignant cellarer, "and you may see him figured on the wall in the Lady's aisle in Lowcote, with a crown on his head, sitting on a throne well nigh as high as Our Lady's—as big a saint as any of the rest, but thou art little better than a heathen, I fear me, Picot, and neither knowest nor carest for ought beyond thy craft."

"If I know my craft, 'tis more than some know," retorted Picot.

"this ale smacks mightily of the cistern." He winked at the young squire as he spoke.

"How," cried Stephen, seizing the jack out of the hunter's hand, and testing the quality of its contents—"thou heest, varlet! Wilt please you to taste it, Master Raoul? better was never malted."

"You will please to excuse me," said the squire, waving the jack from him daintily. "I am far from misdoubting its strength, good Stephen, but 'tis too heavy a liquor for the morning."

"Go draw us another measure, Master Cellarer," said Picot, "and Robm shall be judge between us, though I have little fear but the next will taste better."

The cellarer hesitated, and was preparing a look of offended dignity, but he cast a glance round, and saw that the laugh was against him, so he wisely joined in it, and turned the tables in his own favour by at once descending to his own dominions, and reappearing with two foaming measures, of which he invited all the rest to partake, but would not allow Picot to taste until he had made public and solemn recantation of his slander.

"Has Sir Godfrey given order for any search for this young fledgling?" resumed the squire, when the laugh had subsided.

"I have heard nought of it," said Stephen, "but he seemed mightily disturbed, they say, and has had conference with the priest in his

own chamber. Now, if there be any devilry in this old house—as, the saints preserve us! I sometimes fear there is—I reckon that grinning ape, with his white teeth and black eyes —”

There was a slight rustle behind the speaker, and with swift step and downcast look the Italian passed close by him from the house. He moved his hat slightly in return for Raoul's hurried attempt at a graceful salutation, and shot a rapid glance at the old cellarer, as the latter turned round, and almost dropped the vessel he was holding.

“Holy St Bridget!” said Stephen, leaning his pursey sides against the doorway, “he must sure have heard me! did ye mark that cursed leor in his eye? I have eaten my bread in this house ever since I was born, and should eat but little if I left it—that I wot well, and I have to bear much, and will bear much, from my lawful lord, Sir Godfrey, if it contents him to call me fool and dotard, let him do his pleasure—we know our duties here, Master Raoul, from squire to scullion, but that man's evil looks—christened men are not called upon to abide them, and ought not they poison the good victuals and drink within me, and are going nigh to slay me, body and soul too! I feel it here, masters,” continued the poor cellarer, letting his hands wander over his capacious person as if in search of the most painful spot, and in truth he looked very pale.

“If he be found with a stray bolt in his body one of these moonlight nights,” said Picot, looking vengeancefully after the priest as he crossed the drawbridge, “I trust none of ye will look too close to see if my mark be on it, I never yet had fair days sport if he came across me in the morning. There has never been seen a dozen head of game in Wyfel's Wood ever since I found him mauling there with one of them evil looking books he carries, there be no saints' pictures in them, Master Stephen—I can tell a breviary when I see it, though mayhap ye doubt it, but 'tis my belief the honest birds and beasts be frightened at such outlandish learning.”

“Nay, nay, Picot the books will

hardly startle the game so much as that elder urchin of thame with his half-broken pup,” said Raoul. “Best keep him out of Wyfel's Wood, if the game is to lie quiet, I would not give a mark for his life if Sir Godfrey catch him there as I did I grant ye, friends, Father Giacomo has strange ways, but he is a fine scholar, and has seen much of the world, and there is somewhat to be learnt from him.”

The young esquire, though, like all the other retainers, he stood in some awe of the chaplain, had rather affected his conversation latterly, and was considerably impressed by his unusual stores of learning and information. Raoul would very much have liked to have been an adept in all accomplishments, scholarship included—that is, if his education could have been completed without any trouble on his own part. He believed himself to be so, to a certain extent, naturally.

“Well,” said Picot, returning to the charge, “I see no good in book learning myself, unless it be for priests, and suchlike. It only spoils a man's eye and hand.”

“Spoken like a very churl,” said Stephen. “there is young Waryn Foliot of the Leys, now, he has studied two years or more in Paris, and hath read more books, I dare almost say, than this foreign priest himself, and in more godly fashion, but he shall give thee fifty yards in twelve score, Picot, and shoot thee for thy forester's place.”

Waryn Foliot's skill as a marksman was too well known to be gainsaid amongst his neighbours, for though the young student had been wont to mix but little in the knightly sports to which his father's rank gave him admission, he had stood at the royal butts when the king lay at Michamstede, and maintained the honour of his county there against some of the best archers in England. Picot, therefore, with a laugh of philosophical indifference, changed the conversation to a less personal subject.

“What does this stranger knight here, Master Raoul—canst tell us? My lord seems mightily taken with his company, and yet, for my part,

I could easy find a man I had liefer drink with."

Raoul was something of the same opinion himself, privately, for the Crusader was wont to treat the gay young squire with very curt civility. It did not become him, however, to unbosom his secrets before his present audience, and he contented himself by replying carelessly to Picot's question.

"His business in these parts is money raising for King Richard. A scarce article, even with princes it seems, is that same commodity of silver, I would not care if I had his sacred majesty's warrant to raise a little for myself. I take it our worshipful master has his reasons for making much of his guest—he holds it wise to fly with the falcon when there's fowl to be struck. Well, come what may, Master Stephen, they will scarce squeeze ought out of us poor liegemen's pockets, I would, though, I had a cellarer's place."

"To be always filling for other folk," said Stephen, with a laugh, "a brave way to grow rich, that is. But do none of ye know," he continued, addressing Raoul with the satisfied air of one who is conscious of imparting some news of interest, "that this Sir Nicholas is here for another purpose also?"

"Nay, what?" said the esquire, with affected indifference.

"He is come as a suitor to the Lady Gladice."

"Ha! say ye so?" said Raoul, stirred at once into a degree of curiosity quite plebeian.

"I had it from his own body squire, but an hour ago, he is a con- versible enough man if his morning cup be to his liking. Faith, and I drank with him right heartily to Sir Nicholas's merry wooing, for in these wild times our master may well be glad to marry his ward on a stout knight that can hold his own when he hath it. Ay, and tis time, too, she were well provided of a husband—'tis full time."

"She were a prize worth winning," said the hunter.

"Ay, there go many broad manors with her, Picot, and from what I gather, this Sir Nicholas hath some need of them."

"As fine a lady as I would wish to set eyes on," said Picot, "tall and straight, and sets a horse royally—doest remember her at the hawking, Master Raoul? I had well-nigh missed the little merlin's first cast with looking at her."

"She has a sweet figure," said the esquire, looking at his leg.

"Look you now," said the cellarer, "how you young men talk! as if a pair of bright eyes and a delicate turn of body were an inheritance for a man! 'tis strange the world gets no wiser. Ye both know her aunt, Dame Elfild—well a-way! some five and-thirty years ago, though I could think it had been scarce ten! she was talked of for her beauty far and near, and well I mind the noise that was made of her, by knights and squires too, at the great jousts at Lincoln, where good Sir Rainald, heaven rest him! broke his leg, well, for all the cry she made, she was never wed to this day, though Sir Amyas—he that married her cousin, and was father to this damosel ye prate of—he did play the fool about her for a while, but the cousin had the lands, look ye, though she lacked the beauty, and he made a wiser choice, and a great comfort it was to him, I warrant ye, when Dame Elfild's face, that was such a marvel, had grown as yellow as my doublet, and her nose hooked like a gos hawk—as ye can see for yourselves any day—and there was not a penny to choose between his own dame's looks and hers—a great comfort he must have felt it that the good broad woods and meadows showed as fresh and fair as ever."

Whatever reply Raoul was about to make—and youth has seldom been at a loss for arguments in such a cause—was cut short by the hasty approach of his brother esquire, who, though of somewhat humbler birth (for Raoul came of gentle blood), assumed the privilege of years and experience to exercise a certain degree of authority over his young comrade, which the boy thought it due to his dignity to chafe at occasionally in public, but which, on the whole, he submitted to with good grace and temper, and which had been more than once the means of

keeping him from provoking Sir Godfrey's violence. They were excellent friends at heart, perhaps all the more so from the difference in their age and disposition.

"So," said the new comer, "here I find your young idleness as I supposed, holding a fool's court of japers and talemongers as usual. In sooth, my good friends all, I should like to see the worshipful Sir Godfrey make one here among you just at this present, in the blessed mood which it pleases him to be in this morning. You arrah Robin! if it be not too great a disturbance of your leisure it may concern you to know that the black gelding wants a shoe and that Sir Godfrey rides forth early this afternoon, and might have a fancy that such little matters should be looked

to, and you, Master Raoul, will it please you to see to the ordering of your master's riding armour, and make ready yourself to ride with us so far as Willan's Hope—or had I best carry word to Sir Godfrey that you have other business in hand?"

"In good time, Baldwin, in good time," said the younger esquire, moving off at once, though rather deliberately, and casting a laughing look back at the others, as if to clear himself from all suspicion of being influenced in his movements by any weak minded reverence for his elders. He hastened his steps however, when Sir Godfrey's voice was heard in the distance even louder pitched than usual and the cellarer also disappeared in search of his duties.

CHAPTER IV —THE RIDE TO WILLAN'S HOPE

The afternoon sun flashed bright upon their steel harness as Sir Godfrey and his guest, with a gallant train of esquires and men-at-arms rode out over the drawbridge on their way to the old Saxon tower of Willan's Hope where the Lady Gladice kept her maiden state under the moral guard of her kinswomen and the more substantial and efficient protection of the stout seneschal and liegemen of her father's house. It was a privilege rarely conceded to an heiress of those warlike days to occupy a house of her own even under such precautions. In the present case several circumstances had combined to procure her this unusual indulgence. Sir Godfrey under whose guardianship, as one of her nearest relatives she had been left by her deceased father had indeed suggested that in accordance with all established precedent she should make her home at Ladysmede, but to this proposition Gladice had steadily refused to agree and had declared her determination rather to seek a temporary refuge in the cloister—or even to take the veil at once—than to become an inmate of her kinsman's rude and licentious household. The consciousness that the Manor would scarcely serve as the ideal of a maiden's bower, might hardly in it

self have had sufficient weight with de Burgh to induce him to submit quietly to this refusal but the alternative of the convent would have interfered very materially with his own views in the matter, and he well knew that any such determination on her part—especially since she had some claim to an independent voice in the matter, being of age at her father's death—would have been strongly supported by one whose power and influence was just then at its highest, and whose displeasure even he would have been cautious of incurring—William Longchamp Bishop of Ely. He was a distant relative, and had in early life been a close friend of Sir Amyas and in his household the young heiress would at once have found shelter and protection had she chosen to appeal to his good offices. But the lady of Willan's Hope—and possibly the knowledge of this was an additional motive with Sir Godfrey—had what was less common or at least less boldly professed in those days than at present—a will of her own, she would have gone into a nunnery and taken a veil of any colour, rather than have made her abode at Ladysmede under its present owner but she very much preferred to remain her own mistress in the old Tower, dull

as she found it, instead of forming an ornamental appanage to the state of her noble cousin of Ely, where she would have felt as a prisoner of distinction, treated with the highest and most delicate consideration, but with every movement jealously watched and restricted. So the cloister and the bishop were kept carefully in reserve, ready to be brought up in overwhelming force against her law ful guardian in a case of last resort, but by no means to be risked if she could possibly hold her ground with out them. It was a monotonous and solitary life which the aunt and niece led within their old stone walls, but at any rate it was rather more lively than a nunnery, and infinitely more reputable than the Manor. Sir Godfrey was almost their only visitor, and for him the rusty drawbridge seemed to creak but an unwilling welcome. Though he was on the best terms with his fan ward, as far as all outward courtesy went, they often betrayed a mutual fear of each other: the girl shrunk from the knight's bold and ungente bearing, and from what she did not know, rather than from what she knew, of his character; while the lower animal nature of the man was awed and abashed against his will by the pure and high spirited woman.

Through the oak woodlands of Sattelhangar, and thence over the broad level cornlands of the Leys, the knights and their company pricked merrily on. The crisp leaves rustled under their horses' hoofs, and the dry stubbles were dusty behind them as they rode. De Burgh and Le Hardi kept ahead, side by side, the former pointing out to his guest, from time to time, the main features of the country. At a little distance behind rode the two esquires of Sir Godfrey, and Le Hardi's Gascon esquire, Du bois, holding probably merrier and certainly noisier discourse than their masters. Some paces in the rear again came some dozen men at arms, with lackeys and pages, for it was fitting that the Knight of Ladysmede should show all due honour both to the guest whom he was escorting and the lady whose bower they were to visit. Young Raoul, perhaps to give freer vent to the

overflowing animal spirits which were stirred within him by the fresh autumn air, and perhaps, too, in order to display the better his gay person and gallant riding, galloped occasionally back to the latter group, and exchanged a jest or a light remark with one of the humbler following.

They were riding now on high table land, and had reached a rising mound from which the tower of Willan's Hope was just visible in the hazy distance. Sir Godfrey drew his rein, and pointed it out to the Crusader.

"Far as your eye can reach," said he, "from that long line of wood there on your right down to the river, sweep the fair manors of Wirth and Earmundalea, the latter, you will please to observe," he added with a smile, "marches for some mile or two with the river lands of Ladysmede. As far again, on the other side of yon old fortress, which has stood against sterner attacks than our peaceful leaguer to day, stretches Scaldgrave to the north, and Willansdene to the eastward, nine hundred good acres in the two, besides the mere and woods,—all are hers, by the king's grace, a fair guerdon, friend methinks, even for a soldier of the Cross, a richer inheritance I doubt King Richard himself has not to offer: better be lord of these good English lands than wear the crown of Jerusalem."

"You say but the truth," replied Le Hardi, gazing with interest on the fair prospect before him, "were I once master here, those who lacked lands at home might go win the Sepulchre for me."

"Well," resumed the other, after a few moments' pause, "you seem not to mistake the look and quality of the wares—and you know the price."

The Crusader turned round, and looked his friend in the face, but Sir Godfrey's eyes were fixed apparently on a distant point in the landscape, yet a close observer could detect an uneasy consciousness of Le Hardi's searching gaze.

"By all the holy heritages in Palestine, de Burgh, there comes into my mind at this instant a most strange remembrance!" I bethink me of a

picture which an old monk showed me once,—years ago it was, when I was quite a lad; but it comes plain before my eyes again now while I speak—of *Satanas* himself in royal apparel, standing on a hill, much as we stand here now, and offering to one or other of the blessed saints, I mind not which, all the kingdoms and principalities of the earth to hold in fee, if he would only kneel down and do him liege homage as his lord and seigneur.”

“Avaunt with your monkish tales!” said de Burgh, turning round upon him with a glance of anger; “do you resemble me to *Satanas*? I thank you for your courtesy—and you yourself are the saint, I warrant me?”

“In faith, not I,” replied the other with a laugh; “here is my hand upon our contract; I am your true man and vassal upon your own conditions.”

De Burgh gave his hand with a sullen and half-offended air; and he scarcely opened his lips beyond a syllable in answer to his companion's attempts to renew the conversation as they rode forward; until, as they were about entering one of the dwarf oak coppices which flanked the corn stubbles, a single horseman made his appearance from the cover, and was within a few yards of them before they were aware of his approach. He was young—it might be two or three and twenty—with features well cut and intelligent, though somewhat pale. His costume formed as strong a contrast as possible with the glancing steel armour, and gay cloaks and plumes fluttering in the wind, which made the Knight's cavalcade a gallant sight to look upon. He wore a close-fitting tunic of olive green, displaying to some advantage a well-built active form, with a short scarf of murrey-colour over the right shoulder, and low boots of undressed leather. But for the short sword or hunting-knife that hung in his girdle, he would have borne about him no token of the warlike age in which he lived.

Sir Godfrey had but just time to say to his companion in an undertone, “This is young Waryn Foliot,

of whom you have heard,” when their horses almost met in the narrowing track at the entrance of the wood; and the young stranger, reining gracefully aside his powerful chestnut horse, which was rather impatient at seeing so much good company, raised his cap with a courteous but distant greeting.

“Well met, Master Waryn,” said the Knight of Ladymede, returning his salutation; “that is, if you will graciously permit me to say so; for indeed, if it should please you to judge us strictly, we shall be found but trespassers on good Sir Marmaduke's lands; but we do but take the shortest path, as you know, to Willan's Hope.”

“The trespass is pardoned, Sir Knight,” replied the youth, with another cold bow—“so far as I may speak for my father.”

“Sir Nicholas le Hardi,” said de Burgh, addressing his companion, “let me here present to you, under your joint favour, the son of as renowned a knight of the Cross as any in King Richard's army, and one who must be well known to you, doubtless, by repute if not in person—Sir Marmaduke Foliot of the Leys hard by—some time my good friend and neighbour, but it is long since we have seen him here.”

“I know the good knight's banner well,” said the Crusader, bending towards the young stranger; “his face is better known, I am sorry to say it, to the Paynims than to myself—that is, what they may see of it through the bars of his visor, for he has borne it close enough into their ranks at Jaffa and at Ascalon.”

“The Foliot's lion was seldom far behind,” said the young man quietly; “may I ask if you have come hither straight from the king's army, Sir Knight, so that I may chance to hear, of your courtesy, some later tidings of my father?”

“I parted from King Richard in the last days of May,” replied Le Hardi; “sea travel is long and tedious; but at that time I can say that the good knight was well. Marry, gentle sir,” he continued, “I could almost wonder, if I might dare be so bold with a stranger, that you leave your noble father to win his honours

alone, it were surely a gallant chance, for one of your knightly lineage, to strike a fair blow for his spurs upon the fields of Palestine.

"My brother is with the king," replied Foliot coldly, "the honour of our house is safe enough with him."

"No doubt, fair sir, no doubt, still there is work enough, and honour enough, for all to take their share, and unless my eye deceives me—and it has been used to measure men—I see the metal before me which Cœur de Lion loves better than gold, and both are scarce with him now."

"You see me such as I am, and such as I please to be, Sir Knight," replied the youth, colouring, "I thank you for your courteous tidings, and so farewell."

He put his horse to the gallop, and left the party to continue their way.

"A proper youth enough," said the Crusader, looking after him as he rode off, "and ready with his words, he has thews and points of manhood about him, ay, and a spirit too, if I mistake not, that seem hardly needed in a scholar."

"Faith," said Sir Godfrey, with a coarse laugh, "you chafed the lad's temper when you banttered him about taking service in the Holy Land: old Sir Marmaduke and he have had some rough words on that matter. You should have hit him harder with my good will, —I have no love for him, he will take part neither in joust nor in feast, and holds himself aloof from his neighbours in a way that misbecomes his years. He counts us in his heart for little better than churls and bores, I dare be sworn, because we have studied the customs of knighthood more than musty parchments. He will talk, they tell me, to Father Giacomo by the hour together."

"His father, Sir Marmaduke, is a stout knight," said Le Hardi, who did not hold letters in such disfavour as his companion.

"I hate the whole breed of them," said Sir Godfrey, who had found it difficult to live in peace and charity with such near neighbours.

"This youth has been a student at Paris, said you not?" resumed the Crusader, "it is a school, Sir Godfrey, which has sent forth good lances

as well as learned clerks: a right gallant kinsman of mine was fellow-student there with Thomas of Canterbury, and I remember when I was a youth at Poitiers, two of the noblest Angevin knights that served King Henry—I rode as esquire to one of them, Henri de Xaintonge—were said to have learned the humanities there under Peter Abailard. I was but a poor judge what credit they did their master in rhetoric, but I may answer for it he had not spoiled their fighting."

"Abailard?" said the other, "I have heard of him, he could teach other things beside rhetoric, or they much belied him. Our kings of England have more need of loyal liegemen than of scholars, the blow that made a saint of Thomas did the king better service than the longest-tongued priest or lawyer that ever wasted breath. I would the fiend had found men some other mischief to do than to be busying their brains and their fingers to make any other marks than what sword and lance can make, they write deep enough, and plain enough, and leave little room for dispute."

"But is this younger Foliot,—Waryn, do they call him?—intended for the priesthood?"

"Marry, I know not, nor care, they come of a clerkly family, Hugh, Bishop of Durham, is his mother's brother, and the youth is much in favour with him, and it was so, I reckon, he came by his taste for learning, for old Sir Marmaduke can write himself knight better with his sword than his pen any day. But we had best prick on, Sir Nicholas, with your good leave—the sun is low already."

"And lovers are impatient," replied the Crusader.

Half an hour's brisk riding brought them to the foot of the hill on which stood the ancient fortress of Willan's Hope, the object of their present expedition. As they breathed their horses up the ascent, which wound gradually along the hillside, the stranger had time to remark the peculiarities of the building. It was certainly more remarkable for solidity and apparent strength than for beauty of outline. The entrance-gate, with

massive curtain walls flanking it like towers on either side, was of Norman architecture in its severest style, and led into a narrow outer bailey, while within this again, planted on a mound, and standing out in massive strength dark against the evening sky, rose the original keep of Saxon building from which the place took its name. A moat and drawbridge, as usual, completed the defences, and standing as it did upon the edge of a narrow tongue of high ground, from which a natural escarpment swept down towards the river level on one side, while the other was protected by ancient and almost impenetrable woods, it formed, notwithstanding its small extent a very strong position. Drawbridge was raised, gates closed, and there was no sign of life, far less any token of welcome, upon the stern old walls, which with their two or three cross loop holes cut at irregular intervals frowned upon the visitors with a most unpleasant expression of countenance.

"Ride on with the guidon, Raoul, shouted Sir Godfrey to his follower, "and bid Dickon blow his best to let them know of the honour we intend them, old Warenger still stiel s to his lesson, I see and keeps watch and ward as rigidly as if it were in the good old times. he has his eye on us from his old nest long ago, but

not a bolt will he open, unless he be doubly sure who we are. Mame! he makes a rare jailer for the fair Gladice, I would advise you, Le Hardi, to hold him to his service in that capacity after ye are wed, I trow such precaution may be not altogether needless."

Sir Nicholas smiled quietly, but made no other answer. The young squire seized the Knight's banner from the man at-arms who had borne it, and, followed by the trumpet, dashed rapidly past his lord up the winding horse path waving it gaily as he rode, till he halted his panting steed at a turn which brought him in full view of the gate and the trumpet as soon as the bearer could get breath enough to show his skill, rang out long and clear its notes of friendly summons. An answering banner ran up the little flagstaff on the walls, and the old drawbridge slowly and as it seemed, unwillingly, with groans audible to the party even where they stood, descended to admit them. The castellan himself, a grey haired warrior of near seventy winters but wearing his years and his steel harness more lightly than many younger men, was visible in the gateway with two or three attendants, ready to receive his visitors with such honour as he might.

A WINTER JOURNEY.

"So we are really to start to-morrow!—will it come true, do you think?" said my sister to me, and I answered her by repeating the question, for we had determined upon the journey so long, and had postponed it so often, that it was hard to believe in it now. We were going to Florence, as we told everybody, but I rather think we were all young enough to be going to that impossible country, which is always somewhere else than where we happen to be, and which, after all, is most certainly to be reached in a fortunate summer morning's dream. However, we did not convey our superlative expectations to each other, but spoke like sober British people, and pretended that we expected only to see pictures and cathedrals, like the rest of the world, leaving all the vaguer glories without expression. However, we were neither habitual tourists nor rich people, and it took us no small trouble to get fairly underweigh, which was the event of the mutual question which passed between us two women as we sat over a newly lighted fire in a bedroom of a hotel at London Bridge, a little excited and a little anxious, resting for the first time that day, and having a little mutual confidence over our cup of tea.

We were anxious, and not without reason, for we were a whole household bent upon foreign travel, with little children whose capabilities of bearing fatigue were quite untried, and the health of the head of the house was somewhat broken, and we were not rich, so that it was necessary for somebody to keep one wakeful eye always upon the expenses, whatever else of more exciting interest might intervene. Our party consisted of a husband and wife, two children, an English nursemaid, and the husband's sister, I myself, who am no longer a young lady, though I am an unmarried woman. My brother was brought up to be an architect, and had begun to do very well in his profession when my father died. My father had been a builder

in extensive business, and died, as busy men do so often, just at the moment when his business wanted him most. We were all sisters but Harry, all married but myself, and our little fortunes were in the utmost peril. Harry said immediately that there was but one course for him to take—he relinquished his own profession, though at the cost not only of his own likings and his own pride, but of that progress and advancement then open to him which a professional man finds it so hard to regain, and went heroically, the very day after the funeral, through the noisy building yard to my father's old office. I am not quite sure even that my sister in law quite approved of this sacrifice, or that he had the support from her which would have helped him on, poor fellow, and he had not been brought up to business, and was tormented with a divided heart, discontent with the occupation he was compelled to, and eagerness to return to his own proper path. Even the sight of other people who had not started half so well, nor were nearly so able as himself, getting on before him, and being intrusted with works which were quite above them, while he was cribbed up in that builder's office, fretted and vexed his spirit within him. He persevered about three years, then, disgusted and unsuccessful, sold the business, and then paid over to us all the sums my father had left us, which it had been impossible to realise before. When our old home was broken up, I had gone to live with Harry. Alice was an old old friend of mine I knew she and I could get on together, and I was determined that no brother in law should have the chance of frowning me away. I remember that night after they had all gone away, Harry came in very tired and pale. He put down a book on the table before Alice, and explained it all to her how their own money matters stood. "Now," said he, jumping up, "I must have a new start. We must put something between us and this business, which

has been the death of us. Pack up the little ones in a basket, and let's be off to Italy for a year.

I looked up in surprise, thinking it a joke, but Alice was neither surprised nor joking. I saw in a moment that they had settled upon it before. That was quite six months before the time when my sister and I sat together over the bedroom fire at London Bridge, wondering whether we really positively should start on the next day.

Of course we missed the early train next morning. It was not nurse's fault, for little Johnnie and Mary stood virtuously ready, with little red and blue faces just appearing out of a mass of wrappings, full twenty minutes before the hour. It was not my fault, I was stirring ever so long before. It was not Alice's fault, nor Harry's fault, but the conclusion was we lost the Folkestone train, and had to content ourselves with the down one half an hour later, into which we all managed to scramble a half minute before it started. The treacherous waves of the Channel looked quiet that day. Quiet and clear into the grey winter sky rose the cliffs and the castle, brown and grey and dull white in a sober harmony of monotonies. We made mutual congratulations all round, no fear of sea sickness this day at least. Oh bootless boast! There was no storm, not the very least in the world, one had not the sad satisfaction of believing in a possibility of going to the bottom presently, and being relieved of one's misery. It was a famous passage, but only to see the determined melancholy of that poor lady with the veil over her face, whose eyes are fixed upon her footstool as if her life depended on it! or the spasmodic energy of that other, who runs her little girl about the deck, and declares with her last breath that motion and air are salvation! Let us not speak of these distresses, only let me beg every body to put no dependence on a calm day—no faith in the still ripple with which that big traitor woos his victims from the track. The Channel is inscrutable.

We slept that night in Paris, and here made a halt of two days. Neither

Alice nor myself had ever been in Paris before. What could we see in two days? I am afraid we saw nothing but that outside aspect which *habitudes* have ceased to notice, but which must always strike strangers. Leaving our hotel, we came at once in sight of the Tuileries, with all its recollections of splendour and of horror—where the Grand Monarque holds court for ever—where Marie Antoinette continually erects her brave white face, and one can always see that poor beautiful head carried on the spear point past those princely windows. One cannot tell what tragedies may still lurk in the Imperial romance which holds present possession of these walls, but I confess my first thought, with a shiver, was of the Princess Lamballe and her friend mistress looking out upon the mob in that splendid square. Such squares! One after another spread abroad with palaces for walls, and such size, and breadth, and conscious superiority to all limitations about them, as somewhat startles an inexperienced insular eye. Despotism is unquestionably grander to look at than that form of government which includes Boards of Works and Marylebone Vestries. Suppose a palace, half a mile long, drawn out in magnificent quadrangles down one side of Regent Street, turning a long line of windows and archways to the street, and topping over half a dozen houses here and there whenever it is minded to thrust forth a new arm, or dislikes its neighbours, or finds their presence interfere with the clear and rigid line in which its royal taste delights. This imperial and arbitrary grandeur has however, its other side. The dirtiest cab, the poorest hack, nay, very omnibuses, come and go unquestioned and unhesitating in a dozen different and eccentric lines of road through those same squares, penetrating through sentinelled gateways, and lumbering their heavy way within a hundred yards and in full sight of the canopied door by which the imperial visitors find admittance to the sovereign's presence, and all day and all night long the palace listens to the common din of common Parisian life and labour, and shelters under its shadow the honest epicure,

that favourite of fiction, and Mademoiselle, amongst her gloves and embroideries, as neat, as piquant, and as attractive, as she who had the luck to furnish Sterne with gloves and a paragraph. This mixture of the arbitrary and familiar is somewhat amazing to an unaccustomed stranger. If I were to philosophise, I should be inclined to say with humility that this was inseparable from a despotic and irresponsible power. The father of his people, who kindly takes all the management of all their concerns, while he snubs the inquisitive elder branches, must pet the simpler portion of his family. He loves to live among them, he delights in the sight and sound of all their activity, he does not with draw himself into the haughty seclusion of parks and woods like a constitutional majesty. Yes, your Emperor is the true efflorescence and expression of your universal popular opinion and rule of everybody. The one man who can do it, and the everybody who is nobody, always side together and support each other against that lot of people who think they can do it, who represent the country in the eyes of the world in everything but government, and who are the nation, so far as influence and judgment goes. This is my opinion, in spite of the barricades and the Red Republicans. I am a woman, and, consequently, superior to argument. A democracy and a despotism are as near as possible convertible terms, in proof of which, dear friends, I offer you the Tuileries, which you can see any day, as the London rioter saw those bricks and that oven which proved Jack Cade to be Mortimer, and I hope you will be equally satisfied with the proof.

I am obliged to admit that we did not even attempt to enter the Louvre. There was certainly very little time but we went to Notre Dame and the Sainte Chapelle, which were more immediately interesting to Harry. I suppose everybody knows, though I did not, that Notre Dame is the heart of the *Ile de Paris*, in the middle of the Seine, an insulated point, crested and bristling with spires and pinnacles. In the centre of this there rises up to heaven, with

all its arches and pillars and clustered floriation, one of those noblest works of human skill, which, for my part, I rather reckon with the everlasting rocks and mountains than with the visible productions of men. My brother is rather elaborate in the descriptions which he makes to our un instructed and feminine understandings. I ought to know how much of a building belongs to one period and how much to another, and to rejoice in discovering where one generation of labourers broke off, and another entered into their labours. But I am inclined to resent sometimes this picking to pieces of a perfection. My theory is that it was never made—that the thing was born, or grew with a spontaneous and indescribable progression. Of course there were throngs of scaffolds, and workmen clustering on like bees on every pinnacle as it rose, but does any one suppose *they* made it, these mere artificers in wood and stone? There is a sort of refinement of barbarism in that piece of antiquarian solemnity, which I have heard of, of numbering and preserving the stones of a fine old church, forsooth, to put it together as if it had been a chair or a bedstead! The life of the old ages sprang from its native soil by natural impulse into these living tabernacles. The life of our age finds another development. Let us be content. I am quite willing that every stone should be numbered, and every course of masonry traced in the churches that people build now.

But Our Lady has wonderful habitations, it must be admitted. Where she sits there with her divided river on each side of her, and half the laundresses of Paris busy on the brink rustling their wet linen in the cold Seine, though it is January, she has seen the strangest fortunes in her day. Even now pillar and wall inside are tawdry with the remaining decorations for the last princely baptism, but within, the place looks forlorn and cold, heavy with incense, and soiled with use, yet not inhabitable. Perhaps all foreign churches are somewhat the same to English eyes. I will not say quite so much as that, but I certainly thought so in Notre Dame.

At the end of a long, broad, noble avenue of trees, the Place de la Concorde separates the gardens of the Tuileries from the Champs Elysées, which is simply another very fine avenue, with lines of trees on either side, and great houses retired within long withdrawing gardens beyond. It is something to see the Place de la Concorde at night. The extent is so great, and the lamps so many that they seem to be placed at two or three different levels, and dazzle the spectator like an illumination. Then there are the carriage lamps (or cab lamps, which are quite as good at a distance), twinkling along the different lines of road which intersect it, and looking like wandering couples of lights which have been seized with the fancy of promenading. Few people about, the darkness of a winterly night lying heavy upon the Tuileries gardens on one side, and the Champs Elysées on the other, very little around to be heard anywhere, and silence gradually falling even upon the Rue Rivoli. This great Place, in possession of its lights, is exceedingly imposing. Then the long colonnades of the Rue Rivoli itself, with a lamp at every arch, a profusion and waste of light spreading its brightness on the night air with nobody to see it, which, I presume, if the *épiciers* dared form themselves into vestries and deliver their opinion upon public economy, would not be so abundant and prodigal. As for the daylight streets, with their gay and noisy crowds—the artificiality quite beyond anything known to us, yet quaintly mingled with a homeliness equally foreign to the British atmosphere—everybody has described them. Master Johnnie made his own comment on the scene as he marched through the streets shouting “Soldier! soldier!” at the top of his small voice, that being a development of humanity in which Johnnie particularly delights—a true description, and a more simple one, could not be given—it is soldier, soldier everywhere—red legged soldiers, Zouaves, herce, picturesque, and with a look of Orientalism more real than one could have supposed, blue soldiers, grey soldiers, gendarmes in cocked hats gloriously superior to

the gentlemen in blue who comforted the heart of Frederika Bremer. Imagine Policeman X in a cocked hat and mustaches!—or heroes like these condescending to flirtation in an area, or lost children and unprotected females clinging to the warlike skirts of such protectors of the peace! For I rather think our lively neighbours have no comprehension of defence or protection which has not a military and aggressive air. Honour to Policeman X!—he is an Anglo Saxon ideal, though he does not know it, and Master Johnnie delivers a true judgment when he shouts, “Soldier! soldier” in acknowledgment of the cocked hats of the gendarmes.

I confess I found the Palais Royal very attractive, the shop windows in that paradise of nicknacks were full of ornaments made of the new metal aluminium, which the scientific people declare with triumph to look nearly as well as pewter, and to be rather dearer than silver. It was pretty enough in the said shop windows to tempt my sister and I a little, but our French is, or was, to speak genteelly, *limited*, and Harry would lend himself to no extravagances. I almost think there was the least morsel of a quarrel on the subject, but I have long ago given up in disgust any interference with the quarrels of married people. Just at the very moment when the struggle gets interesting, when one has taken one's side, and gets excited by the conflict, the combatants suddenly appear all smiles and mutual satisfaction, one or the other has happened to touch the harmonising string, and the affair is over. I say it may be very good fun for themselves, but it is excessively disgusting to the spectator, who had made up his or her mind for a battle royal, and suddenly finds the ground taken from beneath his feet, and the two dear people before him totally unconscious of having been at daggers drawn half an hour ago, so I have given up all part in quarrels matrimonial. We went back to our hotel accordingly, a little silent and sulky, to dine at a *table d'hôte* where there was nobody but dreary young Englishmen and wandering Yankees,

exchanging dull criticisms upon the theatres, and confidences as to where they are going. Everybody knows the glib voice with a little lisp in it which is going on to Rome next week, and after that to Naples, and has thoughts of the East, and thinks—"Yes, it will be very nice," with a modest deprecation of its own enjoyment. Englishman and respectable Frenchman in an *enveloppe Anglaise* are not more amusing at a *table d'hôte* than they would be at an ordinary dinner party. It is a fashion now, I suppose, to look impenetrable, immovable, self-contained, like Napoleon the Third amongst a certain class of his subjects, but they are not half so agreeable, these solemn men behind their mustaches, as the old lively gesticulating Frenchman of former times.

Next day we went on to Lyons, haply frightening other passengers out of our carriage at the very sight of our babies. In a long day's journey by express train one does not see very much of a country. Here and there a picturesque French town, throwing up its two or three grey spires upon the sky—here a broad placid river of a pale ashy green, which tells of chalk in the soil—and anon brown hill sides bristling with hosts of low poles all of a length, and planted in regular rows up and up almost to the sunny summit of the slope. Alas for ones old childish idea of luxuriance and graceful overgrowth—of seeing the sky through big transparent vine leaves, and looking up overhead at clustering branches of those grapes which make the wine of the poets. These rigid little sticks are the bones of the vine yards which grow the wines of Burgundy—these brown hills stuck with all those pine points are the *cote d'or*—the golden side—the richest slopes of France. One gets tired of seeing them glide away in their bristling monotony in long stretches between us and the sky, and it is not easy to imagine anything picturesque or luxuriant in the growth of vines which lean upon props no taller than those we use for our carnations. Trade, summary leveller has done it all. This vine, the noblest of parasites, might have festooned the

trees, and made alleys of verdure over all those hills, but for the practical people. It is done in some places "with much advantage to the landscape, but great harm to the liquor," is the melancholy admission which bursts from the sober soul of Murray, and, accordingly, the *cote d'or*, like the hills of the Rhine, thrusts into the air its millions of naked sticks, some four feet high, nothing half so dignified or imposing as the hop-poles of Kent, and mile after mile, and hill after hill, the winterly sky hangs over them till they glide away into streaks of confused outline, and are lost in the night.

A cold night, nearly ten o'clock—a cold wind blowing about the gaunt tone passages and pens of the railway station, especially here, where they have turned us in like a parcel of sheep to wait for our luggage, both the children preternaturally wide awake, as children always are when awake at untimely hours, and my sister in the highest degree of fidget as to which side the draughts are on, and all the possibilities of taking cold. Harry comes back to us with a blank face—there is no *bagage*! We got no ticket for it at Paris, where they shut us all up in a waiting room till the train was ready, and drove all thoughts of luggage out of our heads. What are we to do? If Alice would only let the draughts alone for five minutes, and suffer the children to take cold in peace, if they must take cold! Alas! there is nothing for it but a telegraphic message, a day's delay, and a night of discomfort. "Without even the children's misgiving things!" cried Alice, with a shiver and half sob of despair, while my brother made his way to the half closed telegraph office, not in the best humour in the world, and for once unable to conclude, as men and heads of families love to do, that it was somebody's fault. Then we womankind, with our bundle of children, came out of that luckless *Bureau de Bagages* to the open air, where all the omnibuses and all the cabs were driving away, while we stood dolefully looking at them, and wondering whether Harry was lost, or apprehended, or had disappeared.

with the boxes. The cold wind blew in our faces out of the darkness, sighing over the strange black unseen town. Oh that delightful French system, which takes care of everybody's affairs, and manages all our business for us! Then I was sent off to look for my brother, and found him, with the blackest of British faces, paying, I think, seventeen francs for his telegram. By this time not a conveyance was visible anywhere, everything had driven off Harry, with the boldness of despair, made a rush into the darkness, and arrested a passing *voiture*, the benevolent passenger in which consented to carry our forlorn party to the hotel, and so we reached our discomfortable rest at last—not a *sec de nuit* amongst us—"not even the children's night things!" repeated poor Alice, who had made up her mind to a general cold all round, and was on the watch for coughs already. However, we all managed to sleep, and forgot our troubles.

Of all places in the world, to be obliged to stay at Lyons! but it is scarcely just to say so after all Lyons, from one of the hill tops which hem it in—Lyons, from Four vières, where Our Lady gleams in the sun, is worth a day's delay in a long journey. We stand on one side of a great amphitheatre—the forts, the houses, and the spires of Lyons, dropping downwards from the heights to the noble basin below, where two great rivers, mirrors full of reflection, thread their way calmly through the crowding city, and bear a joint report of all its noise and greatness to the quiet country and the sea. Far below, the cathedral casts its shadow into the Rhone, where, at the same moment, the sunny clouds over our heads float in reflection, and parting by a strip of dark buildings and crowded roofs, the sun lights upon the Saone beyond, and betrays it in a flash of triumph. I suppose these lanes below are as dirty, as narrow, as unwholesome, and as miserable as can well be imagined, but air, and sunshine, and distance, are famous idealisers, and one sees nothing in this light misbecoming the noble situation of the manufacturing princes. Cer-

tainly there is nothing in Manchester or Glasgow which the hardiest patriot could put in comparison with the circle of hills within the shelter of which Lyons pines her shuttle, or with the Rhone and Saone which brighten her streets. Yonder, far below, is a great square, the Place Bellecour, a desert in the midst of a wood—a square which contains fifteen acres, a true piece of useless French magnificence, the equestrian status in the midst of which looks, from this height, like one of the Nuremberg toys stamped in tin, which children love and here, all round upon the hill-sides, high and blank, rise those dead walls, unsmiling and immovable, without an opening or a break to catch the sunshine, which betray the fortifications, not intended to protect the city, but to overawe it. Behind the treacherous silence of this fort lurk guns which command the weavers' quarters—the St Croix—the nest of fantastic seditions, which spring naturally among sedentary and indoor workmen, and thrice naturally among Frenchmen—gunpowder enough to bring all those high houses about their ears at a whisper of insurrection. There are times, to be sure, when even our own pale cotton spinners grow dangerous, and long ago Manchester was held in orthodox terror by peaceable people, as a centre of something else than the Peace party, and something worse than pugilistic speeches, but fancy a sombre fort glooming and brooding, with all its hidden guns, over the heads of the cotton mills and trades' unions! One could almost pardon the weaver who chafed himself into the madness and rage of sedition, as he looked out over his loom, day after day, from the window of his *mansarde* upon the diabolical calm of those walls, always casting their shadow on him, behind which the very guns are pointed which shall blow his habitation into ruins if he moves or cries. If to know that one is suspected is an inducement to evil, the sight of that fort, and the knowledge of its object, must keep insurrection always before the eyes of the weavers of Lyons.

Notwithstanding, it does not much

injure the view. Rising from the depths of the populated valley and the brightness of its rivers, yonder far away are the grey hills of Dauphiné, capped with snow—the mildest of the Alpine heights, yet something to us who are yet innocent of Alps. They say that one can see Mont Blanc on a clear day—the climax of the wonderful panorama, but everybody knows that it never is a very clear day when one goes to see a view. Let us be thankful that we have seen Lyons rising from her rivers to her hills, with blue touches of smoke over her roofs and towns, and though Mont Blanc is not visible, here is Our Lady of Fourvières gleaming high in copper from the summit of her little dome, who has more than once or twice swept the cholera and other plagues from grateful Lyons, and up here among the healthful breezes dispenses cures on every hand,—a simple little plain building of local celebrity—a mere village church, with odd votive pictures on the walls, representing ladies and gentlemen, very blank and open eyed, kneeling without any perceptible inducement, and pretty little pieces of needlework framed and glazed. I am afraid, at the first glance I called them samplers, where, in white canvass and coloured silks, appeared pretty little inscriptions, *Reconnaissance à Marie*. Close to the door burned upon some sort of stand a quantity of votive candles of all sizes, and in all stages of decline—before nothing particular, so far as I could discover—and which produced a very odd effect, with their irregular cluster of glimmering little lights. Perhaps they were waiting their turn to be transferred to some altar, perhaps the entrance of the priest would promote them, if they held out long enough, at all events, there they were, all clustered together in a corner, vaguely doing honour, like the pictures and the samplers, to “Marie.”

On the next day we resumed our journey, having recovered the unlucky baggage. This time we had a fellow-passenger—a young man, blooming and beardless, returning from Paris, where he had been buying himself a substitute for the conscription, and running over with fun and satisfac-

tion. At every country station on the road, groups of unlucky peasants in blouses, each with his bundle on the end of a stick, stared up wistfully at our train as they waited for the one which was carrying them to Paris. “*Voud la conscription!*” cried our young companion, pointing out of the window with all the eagerness of a Frenchman, and a mixture of fun, sympathy, and self congratulation very amusing to see. He was never tired of pointing them out to us. He seemed to have been just sufficiently near a similar fate to be able to imagine himself among those rueful recruits, and to find something particularly piquant and agreeable in the contrast. He was not a sentimental Frenchman, and he was too young and too thoughtless to take the graver view of the subject. He looked out upon the new conscripts with undisguised fun and laughter. He had given “*deux mille cinq francs*” for his substitute and had been compelled to go to Paris from his town, Beaucarre, famous for fairs, to get his representative accepted by the authorities. He was too gay and full of frolic spirits himself to think much of this except as an adventure. He had no particular objection to accept the chance of the conscript for his own part, though he laughed at them, but his parents would not hear of it, and the lad entered into a half laughing and wholly uncomprehending discussion of enlistment in England, lamenting meanwhile, in deference to my sister and myself, whose French, as I have said before, was limited, that he knew no English, *pas un mot*. “Ah, the soldiers in England were all volunteers! Was it so?” “No, no,” another traveller interposed eagerly—“not all, married men like Monsieur served only of their own will, but *pour la generale*—no, no—it was impossible,” whereupon our young friend returned to the charge, “Was it indeed all *volontiers*?—all?” He and his compatriot shook their heads over it, and at last assented politely, but, doubtless, were convinced that Monsieur was romancing, and that an army which could exist without a conscription was an impossible dream. This dear good young fellow,

—I am old enough to be affectionate to a lad of twenty,—I wish he had not made that confession that he had no English, for in this unfortunate way the chances are few that Maga will ever reach his beighted eyes. That afternoon, worn out by fatigue, and weary, my brother was ill, fit for nothing but bed or a sofa, filling us with anxiety lest the journey should prove too much for him, and for the moment totally prostrated. To see how our young companion contrived a couch for him—helped to cover him up, for it was excessively cold, and above all our wraps—not that it was necessary, only out of the exuberance of his good young heart—threw his own overcoat, a generous addition to the pile—brings tears to one's eyes even in recollection. When we came to Avignon, where the train stopped a little, and where our young friend left us, he stayed to help my brother tenderly out of the carriage, to give him his arm to the refreshment room, and, last and crowning kindness of all, to send off a waiter flying for a *chauffrette* to put under the invalid's chilly feet. You may laugh—it is not very romantic, but Alice and I were much more like crying over that *chauffrette* God bless the boy in his sunny south land country, and bring all the blossoms of his youth to fruit! I like all Frenchmen better for his sake.

Under these circumstances, it is not to be expected that we should have had much enjoyment of the road. I remember only glimpses of distant white peaks upon the sky—of one point where again it was possible to see Mont Blanc, and where yet, of course, we did not see it—of the brown elbow of hill, where every clod is worth gold, the slopes of L'Hermilage—of other stretches of steep and terraced ground, where other vineyards ought to be, and of the quiet Rhone, silently accompanying our steps, sometimes disappearing for an hour, only to come in sight fuller and calmer than before, a glimpse of Avignon over the shadowy plain, lying in a ghostly half light under the hills, though the sky is still rosy over those dark heights, and full of a colourless, wistful, shimmering overhead, and round the opposite

horizon is the last of our daylight; after that—clang clang, throb throb—a feeble new moon palpitating over a half-seen peak, a wide undiscernible country, and nothing more to be seen or recognised till we come again to streets and lights, and Alice looks out with fear and trembling to see a faint breath of night-air stir the dry twigs of some trees before our hotel window, and calls it wind, and wonders if it will be calm tomorrow, when she means to trust her treasures to the sea.

Wind!—a good fan in a vigorous hand could get up as brisk a gale incontinently, but don't be afraid, Alice! we are innocently intent upon getting to the steamer in good time—say half an hour before she sails next morning—as if she were a reasonable English boat, with no nonsense about her. And we were up in time, Harry much rator'd, a day so calm that not even Alice could suspect any wind abroad in it, and the courage of the whole party resolute for the voyage. To the steamer—"Have you taken your place, aare?" says a grave *commissionnaire*, who has come up stairs on a voyage of discovery. "The *bayage* should have gone two, three hours before to the bureau—have you taken your place?"

"Taken our places? no—impossible! We only arrived last night," cried Harry. "Never mind, we are not particular about our places, we will take what we can get—let us go."

"But Monsieur is too late, it is impossible," said this solemn extingisher of our hopes. "The place must be taken in good time—say the day before—say this morning. *Le bagage* must go to the bureau two, three hours, as I tell you. It is too late, you can do nothing. The ship goes to sail in an hour. No—impossible!"

We looked at each other with blank faces—such a day! the sun, exuberant in the heavens, diving down in arrows of light even into that little three-cornered *Place* before the windows, not a cloud upon the sky, nor a breath of wind—an ideal unbelievable day, when all the world would go to sea if it could. But there stood the *commissionnaires*

holding his ground steadily upon the *il faut* of his impracticable country. Yes, to be sure, it was all system, order, regularity. Who but an illogical English savage would think of rushing down to a vessel half an hour before she sailed, thinking it all right so long as he got his luggage and himself on board? They do things differently in France—there everything must be ruled in delightful square lines, and nobody taken aback with an unforeseen arrival. Why, Monsieur le Capitaine might have been driven out of his reckoning by the unexpected advent of a bundle of passengers tumbling into his ship at the last moment! and Messieurs of the Bureau lost a night's rest and a week's temper in consequence of an attempt so daring. Heaven defend us from such fatal consequences of insular sauvagerie! the barbarians must wait.

And so we had to do, and did, with an indescribable amount of grumbling. Such a day! Alice, who is the greatest coward that ever trembled on the verge of a voyage (I don't believe she really was very sorry in her heart), did not cease her regrets all day. After we had reconciled ourselves to our fate a little, we sallied out in a body, and climbing a height which it is orthodox to climb when one goes to Marseilles, saw spread out before us, for the first time, the blue Mediterranean—so blue, so bright, so calm, its great surface rippled over like an inland lake, and the clouds which he becalmed upon the sky resting equally unbroken upon that gigantic mirror, grey cliffs, greyer in the contrast with the wonderful blue of the sea and the brightness of the sunshine, falling off in the distance westward, and the little fort of the Chateau d'If perched on its island, breaking in an irregular point into the bay on the other side below, the harbour with its masts and quays, the old port and the new, with a long sweep between, where again those dead grey walls rise gloomy and unbroken, repelling the light, fortifications and defences, less disagreeable to contemplate here, with their faces turned towards the sea, than frowning over the labours of a manufacturing city

By-and-by we descended to the port itself, to see the Sicilian Company's boat, which was to sail next day, and consider whether we could trust ourselves to her safe keeping. Some of these Marseilles fortifications, seen close at hand, moated round by basins of sea-water, look impregnable, but Marseilles is not imposing as a seaport to people who have come from London, and know Liverpool. In these docks the vessels are packed like herrings *end on*, as the seafaring people say—bows and sterns pointing at the quay, but never even, it appeared, in the very act of loading or unloading, laid alongside—thus, I presume, by way of making these operations more troublesome, and giving greater scope to that French ingenuity which loves to overcome difficulties of its own making. One remarkable thing we all observed simultaneously—*nobody was doing anything* everybody was at leisure to run into a crowd and gesticulate over some poor thief whom a gendarme had collared. Even the horses took a leisurely lunch out of their bags while they stood waiting. One could hear one's self speak upon those sunny quays, the cranes hung high in the sun, the waggons waited, the ships bristled their bowsprits at us over the horses' heads, and nobody had the least appearance of doing anything, or of finding it necessary to do anything, though it was the height of the day, and I presume in such a seaport, judging by ordinary rules, there must have been something to do. Fancy the possibility of hearing any word addressed to you by a little five year old voice on one of the quays of Liverpool, not to say in the docks of St Katherine, but it is perfectly practicable yonder in the sunshine at La Joliette.

The Sicilian boat was little and dumpy, and unsatisfactory on the whole. Alice, who had escaped the legitimate steamer with so much *éclat*, and who had been very profuse in her regrets hitherto, became rather silent as we approached the vessel which was to sail to-morrow. I saw her look up furtively at the flag dangling from a mast-head, and knew by her eyes that she was quite convinced the wind was rising, and

that something dreadful would happen to-morrow to that "Marie Antonette," which turned her black hull upon us so uninvitingly. But Alice was heroical, and would not say a word. We had decided in full family council that it was much better, both for the purse and the children, to go by sea. My brother, however, returned to us shaking his head, and the cloud lightened from his wife's face. Harry did not like the looks of the "Marie Antonette," and we drove off, with sweet and universal satisfaction, to take our places in the diligence for Nice.

Yes, in the diligence—twenty four hours—we who had forgotten all about stage-coaches, and hitherto had thought a day in a railway carriage sufficiently fatiguing. But you understand we were not rich people, and could not afford to be carried by post-horses, and sleep three nights on the road. We were sanguine of the children sleeping all night, as people who travel by night say they do, poor little unfortunates, and boldly launched upon this journey in the interior of a French diligence, which two strangers shared with us. We had to put Nurse in the *rotonde* behind, and take Johnnie between us—Alice and I. O the miseries of that night! We were stifled with rugs and shawls and wrappings, which the night was not cold enough to make necessary. We were so closely packed in, that Johnnie's little boot, once lost, was irrecoverable till we stopped. Our fellow travellers sat like men of wood, immovable, resigning themselves to the discomforts of the journey with that total and passive submission which the Continental peoples always exhibit, contrary to our English custom of getting pleasure and comfort out of it at all risks. Johnnie did not comprehend it, poor little man! He twisted and cried, rubbed his unfortunate eyes out, and kicked his sturdy little feet against everything they encountered, in a vain attempt to enlarge the prison in which he found himself. Blessed interval of rest when he happened to fall asleep!—not giving in, but overpowered of a sudden. Fatal moment when he woke again, and scrambled from his mamma to my

arms, and from my arms back again to his mamma!—while little Mary, poor child, lay with her curls upon my shoulder, so fast and safe asleep that half a dozen changes during the night did not disturb her repose. At last, most blissful sight, the morning broke. By this time at last everybody had fallen asleep, even Johnnie, and only I saw the sun rising over trees in full leaf and a green country—a startling contrast to the landscape of yesterday. Trees in full leaf, and luxuriant, but not green—grey, ashy, not unlike the willow trees at home, when the wind has ruffled their branches, and turned their white lining to the light. The sun rose above these trees into a sky entirely cloudless, which widened over his rim in circles and innumerable shades of colour, from burning orange to a tender pink, which by and by melted by soft gradations into the universal blue. In this light I had full opportunity of studying the physiognomies of the three gentlemen opposite the head of our own household, upon whose chin (pardon, oh domestic authorities!) I could see the beard of a day growing fast, and the two slumbering Frenchmen, one of whom reposed within two great straps depending from the centre of the carriage, for the convenience of the unfortunates who sat in the middle. The Frenchmen were visibly father and son—the father middle aged, fat, and good humoured, the youth pale, heavy eyed, and sickly. They had broad crape ribbons both on their white hats, and the lad's eyes were so swollen and heavy that I could not help making a history for them. They had lost the mother of their house, no doubt—and this was the mother's boy, the invalid son, whom the honest unsentimental father, who was not heartbroken, was taking somewhere for change and recovery. Of course I was wrong—that is to say, I did not ascertain that I was right. On the contrary, we heard quite another story to account for their journey, but still I think he must have just lost his mother, that sick boy with his heavy eyes.

But it was the conscription—again the conscription! The father showed

us later in the day, with great pride, a gold medal won by his Eugene in Paris, for drawings from the life—he was an artist. He was besides, as it was very easy to see, of the most delicate frame, almost a positive invalid. Yet this lad had been drawn by the pitiless lot, and, unless his father could succeed by representation of the state of his health in freeing him, was actually a conscript! For this reason they were bound to the very extremity of France—to Antibes—to endeavour to procure the youth's exemption. I do not know why they were going *there*, of all places in the world—whether it was the old man's native town, or what reason there was for making that the place of appeal, but this was the object of their journey. The father had been a soldier in his day—he was a practical, cheery, matter of fact looking Frenchman, proud of his boy, and anxious about him, though there were little intercourse of word between them. He hoped that his own services and his son's weakness together would save the youth from the necessity of serving; but that was still only a hope. Perhaps they were not rich enough to spend two thousand francs upon a substitute like our young friend of Beaucaire, and they went on their way heavily, the young man sitting motionless and despondent in his corner turning his heavy eyes from the light, indifferent to everything, as it appeared. Poor boy! I wonder if they have let him go back to his art and his study. Surely nobody could be so cruel as to lay a musket on that feeble young shoulder, or send him into the crowd of a noisy *caserne* with those worn and heavy eyes.

When one thinks of a road along the coast, one imagines a placid level road in sight of the sea, with no great difference of altitude from one point to another. That is to say, I thought so, thinking of this road to Nice, which I promised myself would snugly along the coast, finding out bays and headlands, under the sun shine, in a reasonable and moderate way. Thus, of course, only shows my ignorance, but I am thankful to believe that at home there are people of my standing who don't know every-

thing. Of course, the young generation are all perfectly aware that one has to wind up and down among the Maritime Alps when one travels along the coast of the Mediterranean, but, for my own part, I did not anticipate this mountainous road. Here we go up, up—horses (six of them) labouring on in a toilsome walk—*conducteur* marching with shouts of encouragement now on this side, now on the other—great shoulders of hills folding us in on all sides, with here and there a line of wall viable upon the heights above, which surely cannot mean the road which we have yet to reach? high cones and hill tops overhead, of which, straining from the windows of the diligence, one can scarcely see the summit, and deep precipitous descents below, to which the rash vehicle approaches close enough to give one many a shudder. All green, green, and still more green, as one ascends higher, with the grey foliage of those trees through which the sun broke this morning and which are olive trees—with the vegetation fresher and more verdant, of groves of cork—and greenest of all, with pine trees, fresh and luxuriant, which make a summer on the hills. Up and still up till on the landward side these vast green slopes open wide towards the more majestic hills, and show us, far away, the white peaks dipping into the clouds, the heights from which 'Jura answers in her misty shroud, and higher still, till we have gained the topmost ribbon of road which circles the highest head of all these leafy hills. To this ledge—which is a good road when one reaches it, though it looks from below like a morsel of grey wall built into the face of the hill—comes up with flying leaps the telegraph which has travelled in our sight all the way—in our sight, but not beside us, striding, like some wonderful giant, over the precipices, drawing its daring bridge, like a spider's thread, from mount to mount, striking straight "as the crow flies," with an arbitrary directness which impresses the imagination most strangely, and with a total disregard of all obstacles, to the topmost height, towards which we, who are not giants

and magi, but only some twenty helpless human creatures in a diligence, have been creeping and winding for an hour or two in a hopeless roundabout. Of course I have heard a great deal about the electric telegraph, like everybody else, and, heaven help us! like most other people, have heard news by it in my day sufficiently startling, sudden, and terrible, but I never before saw this big Ethiopian mute, and voiceless confidant of nations, show himself so like a weird spirit and genii of Arabian tales. He is a very humdrum person when he draws those big lines of his like a bit of manuscript prepared for a musician, though they are lines that thrill with many a surge, and echo many a triumph, alongside of our peaceable railways, but when one sees those fairy threads scaling hills and crossing precipices, one gets startled into wonder and admiration. I confess, however, that after the first moment my thoughts were not sentimental ones, touching the private joys and calamities which could thus cross the hills so much more rapidly than we could—or philosophical, concerning this close union of far off quarters and “annihilation of distance,” but that somehow there suddenly appeared before me a vision of those other lofty telegraph wires which leap over everybody’s head into the high windows of the Tulerias, and that my fancy consolidated itself into one thought of that mysterious person called Napoleon the Third. To be sure, it was nonsense—for the telegraph is the nineteenth century in impersonation, and enlightenment, and progress, and all the rest of it, yet I am obliged to confess, I thought of none of these things as I watched, with a little thrill of almost awe and wonder, how that big Spy of the Emperor marched, swifter than any fiery cross, to the edge of his dominions, and in his progress scaled, as if they had been so many mole-heaps, the everlasting hills.

And then came the beautiful Mediterranean, blue, blue—I cannot say how blue—like the blue of eyes—and Cannes on the beach, marketing and pleasuring—and the grey olives and the green pines standing out against the sea—and the sun sinking,

with no clouds to attend him, making once more, in lack of these, the steadfast sky itself gorgeous with those marvellous indescribable gradations of colour. I wonder what those priggish people mean who babble of complementaries and primaries, and say there is no true harmony of colour but red and green. Was ever sweeter harmony than the young spring green of those pine branches, falling, without any help or intervention, upon the full blue of that sea?—did ever fairy combination show sweeter than that rosy pink, that angelic blush, which melts and melts into that other blue, the blue of the sky? Never mind—the theory of colour does famously for talk, which is something—Nature and we know better, and so there is no need of making a disturbance about it. Sleep, child, upon our knees with the twi light on your face—with tiny roses on your cheeks, and some dim gold gleaming among the stray locks of your hair—thank heaven there is no green in *your* complexion to complete the harmony!—and now let the sea fall darkling in the midst of its beatitude—and welcome night.

Welcome night! and oh the delight, after a night journey, of—one cannot pause for refined expression—going to bed! I trust nobody is shocked. Baths and bread and milk for the bairnies—and then that delicious rest, quickened by the knowledge that fragrant oranges grew under their windows, which their happy hands might pluck to-morrow. I think, if I were an invalid—which, alas! there seems little hope of—I should choose Nice for my winter-quarters. It is not in the least interesting, my dear connoisseur! I do not believe there is a picture in the town, and the architecture is, as a Cockney tradesman would say, “beneath contempt,” but then there is *that* Mediterranean, that sea of suns, rippling as if it loved it on the peaceful beach—and the hills beyond, grey and dark and silent, relieving all this light, and something like an island lying on the water far off, which, after all, is only the point of San Ospizio, and showing against its solid darkness the misty glory of the sunbeams, and the transparency of

the sea I think it was at Nice that Johnnie distinguished himself by trying to catch the dust in the sun—as it was on the road to Nice that poor little Mary immortalised her simplicity by bestowing her half franc, her whole worldly store, upon a little beggar-boy who besieged the diligence. Talk of invalids—those children, who are not at all given that way, expanded like flowers in the delicious May weather which we found waiting for us there. People come to be epicures in climate as in other things. It was the fashion in Nice at that moment to shiver and complain of cold with that dear English look of discontent which seems to upbraid Providence with leaving something short of perfection wherever our delightful country people go. If I could only have taken a phial out of my pocket and produced for their benefit an hour of that day on which we left London or a whistle full of that wind which cut us into little pieces on the heights of Fourvières. But certainly it is our national privilege—the safety valve of the savage insular nature. Grumble then oh excellent oxiles and carry your grey parasols, and dangle in your hands those fresh oranges with stalks and green leaves to them, and forget that it is January. It is very easy to do so where you are.

Nice, like all the other towns of the Mediterranean, occupies a bay, the high headlands of which, stretching out like protecting arms half round that semicircle of blue water, and the darker hills behind in preserving from storms and chills the bright little town upon its beach. It is divided by a river, or rather by the bed of a river a wide dry channel duly bridged over, and of an imposing breadth, through which there straggles a little rivulet of clear water, quite inadequate to the task of moistening a quarter part of the gravel bed which calls itself the *Paz lione*. Great square houses, painted either white or in light tin's skin thereto, with row upon row of green shutters to make them gay, have begun to stray in little detachments out of the town towards the hills, and vast hotels seem to the eye of a stranger to form half the bulk of the

town itself, which has no features of nationality whatever, but is like every other place subjected to a yearly invasion of visitors. The *table-d'hôte* is full and gay, filled up by *habitués*, as one can easily perceive, who know what they are about, and the best way of making themselves comfortable. There is even a public breakfast at half past ten o'clock, where one begins the day with cutlets and fried potatoes, and where weak minded English strangers in terject their little pots of coffee and boiled milk, their orthodox bread and butter, into the midst of the wine bottles and stronger fare of their neighbours. At this same *table d'hôte* we were a little startled to hear an Englishman declare his intention of remaining "till the war began." The war!—what war? Then we, who had been shut up from newspapers for a week or two, heard for the first time those new year's compliments of the French Emperor, which seem to have stirred all England into the delightful excitement of gossips over an impending quarrel. "There cannot be a doubt about it, said our informant, loftily. I do not know what this gentleman meant to do with himself when the war began, but for us, who were bound for Italy, and meant to remain there, this suggestion was rather exciting." "If one could only see a *Times*!" cried Alice, who had unbounded faith in the Thunderer, but instead of a *Times*, we could but lay our heads together over a *Galaman*, which respectable old lady was in a high state of fuss and nervous excitement. However, we had no further information of this supposititious war in leisurely Nice, where everybody took everything very quietly. We, too, enjoyed the sunshine and the rest with all our hearts, and climbed the rock on which perches a little old castle, to look over a widened horizon of sea and sun upon one side, and on the other to look down upon breaks of garden among the houses, where the foliage suggested nothing so strongly as a bush of gorse in full bloom, so full were the oranges among their leaves. The hills beyond were heavy with olives, a grey and misty cloud of vegetation

upon the slopes, which rose dark and sombre in the light, though scattered everywhere with white houses, rising at different elevations almost to the summits of these hills. Let us turn down to the beach, it is entirely occupied, but not by young ladies in pretty hats, or groups of children. That sea, which knows no tide, ripples with a soft regularity upon its ridge of pebbles, but does not send its music, thus near at hand, into the faces of any of those seekers of health or pleasure who keep upon the terrace yonder, out of reach of this tender foamy spray. No, for the beach has homelier tenants. Here comes a fresh water brook, briskly rattling into the sea, and in possession of a host of washerwomen, who kneel on each side as close as so many flies, animated by the liveliest industry, and beating their linen with an energy which, in this calm country, it is pleasant to hear, and yonder stray their mistresses or assistants, in careful superintendence of the long lines stretched from pole to pole along the beach, where the said linen hangs to bleach or dry in the sun. How these poor women manage it, day after day and all day long, to work upon their knees, half dropping into the water, with that fervid sun beating on their heads, I cannot tell. The labour in such a constrained position must be prodigious, but the scene is extremely cheerful, and odd, and amusing. I wonder who wears all those clothes? I wonder if it is true that the Italians are not very remarkable for their love of clean linen. Oddly enough, these picturesque public washings only exist among people who are reported, falsely or truly, to be a little indifferent in this respect. I never saw a more cheerful sight than I saw one day upon the *Green* at Glasgow, where the little wild savages of girls sat under the sun, watching the clothes laid to bleach upon the grass, while their mothers washed hard by within reach of the Clyde, yet one understands that Glasgow is not a model of cleanliness. However, I have homely tastes. I like to see the linen swept through that pure running water, and dried among the breezes. But I suppose that is why the genteel

people in Nice—the visitors and promenaders—keep up upon the dusty terrace, and never spread themselves in groups upon the shingle, as we do at home.

From Nice we started early in the morning for Genoa, another twenty-four hours' journey, which we arranged to break by stopping for the night half-way, and being taken up next morning by the night diligence. This road is like a road in fairy land, or in one's dreams. Up spur and straight over fold after fold, and slope after slope, of those continuous hills, dashing round sharp curves of road which follow the line of those deep and narrow ravines which divide them, finding out at every turn another and another bay lying calm within the shelter of those vast projecting and protecting arms, each with its little town smiling like a princess from the beach, calmly ripening her oranges, cultivating her palms, and tending her vineyards with such care as Eve bestowed on her flowers in Milton's Eden, where every plant and blossom brightened to her presence. Pines green with the green of spring, great olive-trees, grey and rich, rows of little aloes hanging over in miniature hedges from the garden walls, orange trees, low and green, and golden with showers of fruit, pale little lemons hiding among their leaves,—interpose between us and the sea, as we come dashing down from the heights almost at a gallop towards the Mentone or San Remo of the moment—when amidst all this wealth of nature our momentary stoppage collects a crowd of importunate beggars not to be repulsed. Then up again, as the morning brightens towards noon, labouring up the hills, sweeping once more through the sharp double of the road which rounds those ravines—ravines terraced step by step from the deep bottom yonder, where a mountain stream has scarcely room to flow, up to the verge of this lofty road, sometimes higher, to the very hill-tops, and terraced in a dainty and sumptuous fashion unknown to less favoured and luxuriant lands. One could fancy, in the absence of the vines, that these smooth green terraces were so many grassy benches

which some benevolent giant had amused himself with making, out of a tenderly contemptuous kindness for the feeble little pygmies who surrounded him. Here is one of these ravines, not a valley, but a cleft between two hills, with a narrow stony water-course marking its centre, pressed into very slender bounds by the grass and the young trees which almost meet over its rugged line, and rising in a succession of lines not so regular as the seats of an amphitheatre, but adapted to the inequalities of the soil. Here delightful little corners, where two people could sit together looking down upon the Mediterranean through its fringe of trees. Here prolonged is a lordly bench which could hold a score of spectators, all living green, as velvety (in the distance) as an English lawn, solitary, without even a cottage within sight to mark where some one watched over those sunny gardens—sheltered on either side so deeply and warmly that wind can never reach them, save that soft wind which whispers over the herbage, the hush of the calm sea. Ah, troubled human people, sweeping past, glad of the momentary level of the road, and with no leisure to linger, or to see how nature smiles out of her superior happiness at you and your walletful of cares! I wonder why it is that Nature *does* look happiest in those solitary places, and in the early mornings, and the summer midnights, when there is no human eye about to spy upon the secret of her joy.

These valleys are not always vine yards, but sometimes orange gardens, and though there is not a creature visible, nor apparently the least need of any common vulgar appliances of husbandry where everything is so perfect, yet the labour bestowed upon them must be immense. Notwithstanding, when we come to the next in succession of those picturesque towns which dot the whole road, here is again the same crowd of beggars, pathetic, and not to be denied. Such richness of country, such poverty of people. I do not understand how it is accounted for, for certainly there is no appearance of indolence in the dainty and extreme cultivation of those clefts among the hills.

When there is a little pause from the perpetual ascent and descent of the road, and the country spreads into a plain, where here and there a tall black cypress shoots straight up into the sky, looking like an attenuated spire, the aspect is said (*vide Murray*) to be Oriental—chiefly, I presume, because here they cultivate the date palm, which, like other things which ought to be imposing, does not strike one half so much as an orthodox imagination deems it should. I humbly conceive that Oriental means dull, and long for the hills and the hollows which reveal in glimpses, like visions of enchantment, the further course of the coast-line, which is too costly a pleasure to be enjoyed all at once, and which one prefers to have hoarded up among the mountains, and dispensed bit by bit as the occasion offers. But, alas, this darkness in which one has only the gratification of knowing that one is ever so many hundred feet above the sea, that below the descent is straight into the rocks which edge the Mediterranean, that this jar of the wheel was against the bit of wall which is our sole protection, and that this mad diligence gallops, *sans drag, sans caution*, down a slope which an English coachman would take with the most serious precautions, and would not like even then. But fortunately no accident befalls us, and everybody has fallen into an uncomfortable doze, when we dash along the stony street of Alarico, where we are to stop for the night. Oh night of chill and misery! There are two babies, four bags, a dozen shawls, a *Murray*, a basket, and a French novel to be produced in the dark out of the dust of the diligence, every article is handed out separately to the applause of the group of idlers, who stand by, and who are all prepared to escort us to our hotel, where we are safely delivered. Then the hotel itself, where there are some five or six rooms, all opening out of each other and into somewhere else, with one solitary fireplace in the last one, with tiled floors, and ceilings half as high as St Paul's, and a bit of carpet the size of a small tablecloth spread in the centre of each, and a voluble landlady, with a coloured handker-

chief tied over her head, who speaks a great deal of French, and will not understand that we speak very little, and are tired enough and stupid enough to have forgotten that. How we all nursed the fire in that one fireplace—the fire which was not disposed to burn!—and meekly swallowed our coffee, and crept under the quilted coverlids with a dire anticipation of the diligence which was to pick us up at six o'clock next morning. Then the bill, which came in at dawn, our first true Italian bill, at sight of which the British lion stirred within the bosom of my brother. Let us not think of these agonies of travel, but, dearest traveller! fight like a true Briton over every bill they produce to you at an Italian inn.

We resumed our journey next day in a vehicle still less comfortable and still more daring than that which had brought us to Allassio, when we had for our travelling companion a merry Genevese, on commerce and on politics intent, hastening to Genoa full of expectation and with a story on his lips which roused in all our minds once more the slumbering terror of the war. The Austrian flag had been burnt by the crowd—the Austrian consul, roughly treated, had left the city. Telegraphic information sent immediately to Turin, had been answered by the despatch of five vessels bearing troops from Nice, said our informant, who noways discouraged by his news, proved himself a famous playfellow for the children during the day's journey. Of course, this story being true, and the Genoese mob having thus the support of the authorities, war was all but declared. Thus we went dashing on towards Genoa by just such a road as we had traversed yesterday but under a light less favourable, the day being dark, wet, and cloudy with at least one blast of snow, and our minds being somewhat roused by the possibility of finding ourselves actually in the presence of war, or at least of war impending. Coloured by our own fancies, we found excitement in the aspect even of the languid market place crowd of the coast towns through which we passed, and discovered a quickened pace and a more important men among the sturdy

little grey soldiers, looking so clean and comfortable, whom one sees in the Sardinian states. Even the Mediterranean partook the sentiment, and, though there was no storm, undulated in a strong swell and current, such as one would rather look at than feel, and threw a heavy angry surf upon the rocky beach. As we drew towards the end of our journey too—for even admiration and the love of beauty have their limits—I rather think we began to be more interested in the progress we made, and more pleased by the speed of our conveyance than by the loveliness of the landscape. Rattling down the hills, turning sharp corners with a jerk, dashing and *crunching* through the broad gravelly course as wide as a Thames, through which meanders a pitcherful of fair water bearing a big name, and calling itself a river—we hurried on to the famous old republic, the superb Genoa. Fine as this road and country are at all times it must be still finer during the brief period when these Paglione and Polcevera, of which we have crossed so many are really rivers, and not mere beds of gravel. But there seems rain enough in these clouds to fill them up. Farewell, summer country, sleeping mid world on the tideless beach of that bright sea. We are going south, it is true but we are going back to winter—back to winter, back to war, back to tumult, cares, and labours—back to the world. I conclude that the world stopped somewhere on the other side of Nice, and begins again here as we draw near the gate of Genoa. Farewell, beautiful Riviera! We think of you no more as yonder crescent of a city piles upward to the sky before our eyes, and throws her arms into the sea—nor of the splendour of that noble bay, nor of “the Doria's pale palace,” nor of any beauty here—but look up with a shudder, half of excitement, half of terror, at the fortifications, and regard with an unusual interest the brisk little soldiers, and think of the flag burned, and the consul fled, and big Austria bristling her bayonets and setting her mus-tache, and brave little Sardinia blowing her trumpet from the hills, and rousing one cannot tell what echoes

from the rich Lombard plains, the canals of Venice, and the streets of Milan. We saw excitement in every face we passed in the lamplight, as we threaded our way through the streets of Genoa, and thought of nothing less than Italy in arms.

But alas for English credulity and human weakness, that we should have to tell it! Though the evening gun that night startled us all to the windows with a sudden thrill, half fearing, half hoping the commencement of hostilities—alas, it was all a *canard*! The Black Eagles had suffered no violence from the mob of Genoa—the Austrian consul remained in the calmest security. I do not remember at this moment how the five ships carrying troops were accounted for—whether they too were inventions like the mob, or whether it was merely a common military transfer from one place to another. I think the latter was the truth. But we were “regularly sold,” according to Harry’s vulgar exclamation. Of course we were much relieved, and, if the truth must be told just a little disappointed, to find everything pacific, and the warlike rumour just as vague here as in other places. However, there was an indisputable excitement in Genoa—more than once, during that first evening, a distant echo of the *Marseillaise*, that common Continental language of political passion, ascended to our high windows and even the common operation of changing guard was certainly performed with an importance and *affatus* which whispered of something in men’s minds deeper than sentry boxes. The streets were full of groups in eager discussion—the cafes crowded—and still, ever and anon came dropping from this colonnade or yonder piazza that ominous echo of the *Marseillaise*.

Genoa, as seen from these aforesaid high windows of ours, consisted, in the first place, of a high terrace balustraded with marble, which ran in a curve, not sufficiently bold to be called a semicircle, round the middle of the harbour, and beyond which appeared the masts—of which there certainly did not seem to be “a forest”—of vessels lying in the

port. Round these ships, only partially visible, ran on either side a long arm of solid masonry with a light at each end, shutting in to the dimensions of a doorway this great calm basin, so well enclosed and sheltered that a storm without could hardly send a hint of its presence to the refugees who harboured here. Beyond the line of the terrace, straight up from the water’s edge, in lines of building rising over each other so that the foundation of one is little more than level with the roof of the other, the town piles upward on either side, continuing, in a wider crescent than the harbour, the grand and irregular natural line of the coast. This bay or gulf of Genoa is the complete work for which all these lovely little bays, these *Villefranches* and *Monacos* and *Mentonnes* on the road, were the studies, for the divine Artist does not scorn that principle of repetition full of infinite gradations of contrast which human art has groped its way to, as one of its laws. This deepest crescent is the centre and climax whether you come from one side or the other—from Rome or from France—of a coast which doubles into innumerable recesses, and of a sea which luxuriates in bay after bay, and is well worthy to gather to either and perfect with the superb seal of all its clustered palaces the two wonderful lines of sea and of mountain which have their common issue here. But as for the city of palaces, or anything which warrants that name, we can see nothing of it from these same high windows—high, not because they are shabby, for look at those walls, where *Eneas*, with legs which would have carried a dozen fathers, bears off old—was it *Anchises*?—on his sturdy shoulders. I humbly hope I am correct in supposing it to be *Eneas* though there is a lady in pink (also with legs) beside him, whom I do not remember in the tale, and one dreadful hero killing another in the foreground of the piece, towards whom the principal personages show the most profound indifference. However, never mind the story, the room is magnificent, and the frescoes are by *Piola*—a local greatness. Dearest Reader! when you go to

Genoa (if you can afford it), go to the *Hôtel de la Ville*, and ask for the suite of apartments which opens from the right-hand side of the *Salle à-manger*. We could not afford it, but we have all come under a solemn vow never to reveal, under any circumstances, the rate at which the respectable Monsieur Schmidt gave us those magnificent rooms. With all the harbour before, and a good supply of bedrooms behind—bedrooms splendid with satin quilts, with pillows frilled with embroidery, with lace curtains, with walls and alcoves rich with elaborate ornament in stucco, and last, but greatest, doors that closed as fast as if they were English, with fires that were perfection—coal—the first coal that we had seen on the Continent—English coal! mingled with wood. What could mortal desire further? But I dare not for my life—as I have told you—betray the moderate amount of francs for which, the house being only moderately full at the moment, we had them by the day.

The wonders of Genoa lie, however, in the principal line of street, which is quite behind and above our present quarters. Let us descend our glistening marble staircase, and close our eyes to the fact that it leads out under a ruinous looking colonnade, in which dwell *whiffs* innumerable which are not of Arabian sweetness. One thinks involuntarily of those two and seventy different smells which immortalise Cologne, when one comes out under those heavy old arches. But now for the *Via Balbi*, the *Strada Nuova*, the streets of palaces. There they rise with that pale Italian blue above them, the momentary shining of a sky which is full of rain. Some half dozen of those vast mansions on either side are quite enough to form a street, and as you pause at door after door of the six, you look in upon a splendid vista of arches and columns perhaps enclosing a green nest of orange trees, or widening into a magnificent court, from the ample marble sides of which rise the staircases which lead to the house. Then, though they are alike, there is a variety in each, one springs upwards on graceful marble columns to a

domed roof, and beyond throws only some three or four broad low steps between you and the orange garden, against the fresh green of which the pillars shine. Another reveals to you its miniature quadrangle cloistered round, at the top of a short but princely staircase, down which on either side a pair of gigantic lions have been rushing, when some sudden spell arrested their course and fixed them there. Next door the prospect widens, and one court draws itself out within another, with perhaps a gallery and grand balustrade behind, from which the inmates, cool in the shadow of their own lofty roof, could hear their fountain trickle as it played. Whosoever would see the fountain, if it chanced to be a work of note, or would examine the frescoes, if there happen to be any about hiding among the columns, or would simply look at a kind of architecture so liberal and princely, may enter as he will and if there is a collection of pictures above, which is exceedingly probable, is free to penetrate into the *salons* without either fee to pay or warrant of respectability to offer. I think these open courts and columns are a somewhat handsomer way of with drawing one self from the street than the Burlington House fashion of building a dead brick wall between the thoroughfare and one's gentility, and it is these princely entrances which gain for Genoa her distinction of *la superba*. The buildings themselves are no doubt grand and imposing, but in this is the characteristic and remarkable feature.

There are various picture galleries, too, in Genoa, though I am half disposed to think that is something of a vulgar enthusiasm which rushes upon every picture within its range, and must see all the questionable Titians and second rate Dolcos to be found in *Murray*. But we went into the Red house in the *Strada Nuova*—the red house, more emphatically the *Palazzo Rosso*—and saw a little wilderness of fine pictures, and some portraits which immediately took possession of the stately house, and revealed (to me at least) the Genoa of the past. I do not find much interest in portraits, as a gene-

ral rule, but there was something in those fine Vandykes, those princely gentlemen and noble ladies, with the small heads full of intelligence, the dainty hands, and sumptuous dress in which that courtly painter delights, which somehow gave a living expression to the sentiment of magnificence which pervaded all these palaces. No they do not belong to our age, these echoing courts and columns—not to the lounging Italian out of doors, who is more than half a Frenchman, nor to the ladies in crinoline, but to those princely figures on the canvases, those refined and thoughtful faces looking down as if they had been observing all this course of ages from their pensive places on the ancestral walls.

Still anxious for news in our remaining flutter of excitement about the problematical war, we made several desperate but ill-rewarded efforts to get papers. There was not a single syllable of Italian among our party. Our sole hope was in the possibility that Genoa might have newspapers published in French, and so I suppose there are some one or two—but the sole French-Italian broadsheet which we had the luck to light upon was a very amazing little publication—a journal of Monaco called, I think, the *Eden*. To us, who were eager for news of the possible outbreak of a war which would be European, it was wonderfully ludicrous to light upon this tiny champion of the tiniest principality in Christendom—I suppose in the world. To hear this odd little ‘organ’ entering into the historical antecedents of its ‘country’—to behold its rebukes to the rebellious towns of Mentone and Roccabruna, which, “in forsaking the rule of Prince Charles forsook the march of progress and national advancement, was the odddest anticlimax in the world. Monaco as perhaps everybody does not know, is a tiny pleasure town in one of those bays of the Mediterranean, along which the other day we were travelling—a nominal little monarchy, or rather principedom, to which Mentone, a vassal bigger than the master, and Roccabruna, a village among the hills, once belonged. These unprincipled places have withdrawn themselves

from under the mighty sceptre of Charles XIII or XIV of Monaco,—and oh! to witness the rampant patriotism of the *Eden*! Poor little *Eden*! I dare say it had a great soul, but when, in answer to anxious questions about Austria and France, one read that article about those two deserters of towns, the result was an explosion of laughter which quieted everybody’s political anxieties for the night, better than *Galignani*, perhaps even better than the *Times*.

And next evening we went to sea!—the length of Leghorn—a whole ten hours’ voyage along the coast of the Mediterranean—a night when the flags hung down limp and motionless from the mastsheads, without a breath to stir them—the rain over, the clouds promising to break the moon known to be yonder, if the clouds would but let her forth. Yet Alice had her misgivings. The evening gun darted with a flash and roar into all the echoes—the pale water glistened round us lying in the harbour—the lights ran twinkling line above line into the windows in the town—dark boat-loads of opaque objects, afterwards recognised to be men and women, came dropping out to us one by one, and by and by, when we had lost our patience and recovered it again, we sailed at last, sweeping out of that sea-gate of Genoa into the brimful and glistening sea—out of sight of the last arm of the crescent and its towered and clustered pile of houses, across another and another bay, with great dark hills stealing out around and beyond them, opening in black and dim perspective out of the night. The moon broke out at last—the night was lovely. I dare say, had we been in England half the passengers would have stayed on deck all night. But here people love to be wretched when they are travelling. When we went down at midnight there was not a soul visible on the whole length of the vessel save the man at the helm, the look-out man, the officer on his watch, and a heap of dark figures on the boiler and about it, laid out at full length dead asleep.

We got into Leghorn before we were aware, so smooth and rapid was the voyage,—got into Leghorn—that

is to say, got into a great basin, with various ships, some fortifications, and a house in sight, all of which we had the great gratification of gazing at for an hour or two, as it was quite impossible we could land till the police had come to look at us. I do not know when the police did arrive. Words have different significations—that which means a solemn procession of bluecoats and batons in London, and a rush of gendarmerie and cocked hats in France, may perhaps mean a secret missile from the shore at Leghorn. At all events, our permission came at last, without any visible appearance of the much-to-be-respected police, and we “disembarked.” To disembark means, at Leghorn, to go out for a half day’s excursion in a little boat which will call at the customhouse in passing, and after getting through the necessary ceremonies there, will carry you on to your destination, at which you are pretty sure to arrive some time, hour not specified. Through the strangest passages and alleys of water, which were not docks, I suppose—at least there was not a vessel of any kind in them—we reached at last a dreary hotel, where there was no more appearance of a town than of the pyramids. I presume there is a town of Leghorn, but I can testify by experience that one may safely arrive at the port bearing that name, find some breakfast, and make one’s way to the railway station, without being at all aware of the existence of a scafaring and laborious population anywhere in one’s vicinity. That is to say, we all believe in Leghorn, but we could not see it.

One thing however, we did see abundantly, and that was the customhouse. We were all examined, it is true, in the middle of our little water excursion on our way to the hotel. But that does not matter, we must all be examined again at the gate of the railway, little bags and all, when the wary officers of La Dogana examine whether there are any creases in poor Alice’s best silk gown (creases! have I not seen mud upon it? classic mud! thy venerated dust, oh ancient Trinity, moistened by thy perennial rains!) and go over all our united wardrobe with a conscientious

inspection. But courage! we are safe at last, here they come, all the boxes nicely tied up with official string, with little pewter seals hanging at each—virtuous boxes, warranted and done for, and here we are once more in a railway carriage—our last conveyance—hurra! almost at the end of our long journey. When the children are lifted into the carriage (by a handsome fellow in a grey uniform, who lets us know *par parenthèse* that he has four of his own, for which piece of information our universal heart warms to him, though his soldieryship is an odd railway porter),—when the children, I say are lifted in, Alice kisses them clandestinely with a little sentiment in her face. Yes, here they are, those little creatures, beyond price or value—those two only ones surviving (and the fathers and mothers know what *that* word means and implies) safe upon the Tuscan soil, and no harm taken. I do not wonder, for my part, that their mother is very quiet for a little, and has something in her eyes.

And so here we go moderately, yet quickly, through the long flat, when at last one finds out the Arno by the sails of a line of boats perfectly relieved against the grassy plain beyond—nay, not the sails alone, but almost the entire hull as well, so level is the landscape—and where our road is bordered by fields covered with water, which we find out with wonder to be fields of rice, and draw up gently to a town from which that Tower, which is to all the world the sign of Pisa, projects its leaning side towards us. Then on again into a true Italian landscape—that landscape which in old pictures one supposes a composition, and looks on with doubt accordingly—where the little hills slope softly up and down, bearing each upon its crest its house or little cluster of houses, and its town, and where all the unequal heights and varieties of soil, coupled with those unfailing resemblances, make up a scene so rich, and soft, and novel, so rural, and nevertheless so refined and delicate, and with such a dainty gentle animation and cheerfulness in its aspect, that one is startled with a landscape altogether out of one’s ex-

perience—nature fresh and living, yet not the nature one has been accustomed to see. So that it is not the towns or the people principally, but perhaps, chiefest of all, this fresh and unaccustomed scenery, which convinces us that we are no longer among the Gauls and Teutons, but are where the old world lived in the old ages, and where the modern arts were born. And here is Florence in the dark,—Florence, our journey's end and temporary habitation—the Florence of Dante and Michael Angelo—the Florence of the Medicis—the City of Imaginations! Can any one see anything in the darkness? Hark! there is a rustle of water—

the Arno running full under its bridges. Is there no *campanile* visible over the house-tops?—no shadow of the great Dome upon our road? Dome!—*campanile*! I wonder what anybody is thinking of!—as for the house-tops, there is no such thing to be seen anywhere—and, lo! we plunge out of our *fiacre*, the whole bundle of us, into the doorway of a hotel, it is true, in the second place, but, firstly, into the white abyss, profound and impenetrable, of—a fog!

From the depths of which, oh kindest reader! a slowly receding voice, with passive despair in its accents, bids you farewell!

THE TURKS IN KALAFAT, 1854—PART II

TOURISTS both English and foreign, newspaper correspondents and travellers of all kinds, were constantly visiting Widdin and during their stay these usually associated themselves in greater or less intimacy with ourselves. But our original party, the heroes who shared the glories and perils of the feats of arms which I have detailed and still have to detail—who braved the battle and the breeze, and the bugs and the fleas, from first to last—consisted of five, three 'Own Correspondents, one Sardinian officer (the only foreigner I ever met who came up to the English idea of a gentleman) and myself. I cannot say that I have preserved agreeable memories of our stay in Widdin. We had, amongst five, one very small room, so low that we could touch the ceiling, and subject, by reason of its want of height, to a curious variety of temperature, the hot air all collecting in a layer under the ceiling while it was starving cold on the floor, so that, by the mere process of standing up, you had your head and your legs in quite different climates. There was no fireplace, but by a most unsatisfactory arrangement, which left you to be starved at the mercy of your servants, a stove like projection from the wall, opening into and fed from the adjoining ante room, held a fire which thus

warmed two apartments, and cooked your dinner besides. There was no furniture reading or eating, we squatted Turkish fashion and at bed time each man rolled himself in a big wadded quilt, and deposited himself on the floor, which was just big enough to hold the five of us ranged in parallel lines. With fire as we were happily not much troubled, for a little cleanliness easily eradicates them, but the bugs held their ground more stoutly, and though they received a severe check from a well combined operation, by which one of our party probed all the chinks in the wall with a penknife (bringing out the enemy spitted on the blade), and then pasted the crevices up with paper, they still remained in objectionable force to the end of our stay. Provisions were constantly running short, wood, which at the best of times could only be got with much trouble, and by special order of the Pasha, ran shorter, and we perpetually found ourselves high and dry, shivering at the prospect of a winter's day without food or fuel, and in the blessed frame of mind which such a state of affairs naturally engenders. The long suffering Spero—who, under happier circumstances, had but the one fault of measuring the freshness of butter by the recentness of his purchase of it,

and stuck to this theory so pertinaciously that he nearly brought us to the belief that Turkish butter stank most when it was freshest—distracted by the recriminations of five masters, would sink into a state of sulk, and the whole establishment become disconsolate.

Bad as this was, we found Kalafat worse. All provisions had to be brought from Widdin, and what with wind and weather, and his own natural ingenuity, Spero used (to our disordered imaginations) to revel in getting detained in Widdin for unheard of periods, leaving us desolate in the interval. These and other annoyances became intolerable in the long run, but for a time we thought them compensated by the convenience of being on the spot to take advantage of every occurrence of interest, and by the opportunities afforded of observing the Turkish troops more closely.

It seems to me (to give the result of my observations) that the material of the Turkish army is good. The Turkish soldiers are, physically, finer than the men of any army with which I am acquainted, possessing, in common with the Turkish peasantry, powerful and muscular frames, and swarthy faces of healthy and manly expression. Their dress, consisting of the fez, and a short blue tunic usually concealed by a long loose white greatcoat, is coarse in material, and, under the influence of Turkish mismanagement and peculation, is often ragged and dilapidated to the last degree, but when in decent condition it is serviceable, and neither ugly nor unsoldierlike, in that respect contrasting advantageously with the pitiful *skimp* garments of the English foot-soldier. They are temperate both in food and drink, with respect to the latter, so much so that no punishment for drunkenness exists in the Turkish army, and a man who, by rare chance, has been "overtaken, is looked upon as one who has fallen into a strange snare rather than as a culprit. The decency of their language and manners amongst themselves contrasts strangely with the habits in this respect, of French or English soldiers. I was once assured by an English

gentleman, who had passed many years in Turkey in an official capacity, that he had been placed in circumstances which compelled him to live, with the ladies and children of his family, surrounded by Turkish soldiers, and that he had experienced no inconvenience, the Turks in their most free and easy moments uttering nothing unfit for a woman or child to hear. Heaven knows that this is more than could be said of any Christian troops of my acquaintance.

The Turkish soldier is obedient and respectful to his officers, and, to give impressions which I have certainly heard contradicted, but which, being formed from personal observation, will not be easily eradicated from my head, has much of that Oriental instinct of personal attachment and obedience which enables a leader who has once got any ascendancy over his followers, to get so thorough an ascendancy. That the Turk is fierce and bigoted is undoubtedly true, and that a foreigner or a Christian would have a hard card to play to bring him into any subjection at all, I do not doubt. But I imagine that it is possible, and that a bold and resolute man who should acquire his confidence as a military leader, and as a protector against the speculations which his own countrymen will always practise upon him, and who, bringing himself as much as possible into personal contact with him, should treat him firmly, but justly and kindly might inspire a feeling which would override all national and religious prejudice. But it would take a man to do it.

The Turkish infantry manoeuvres sufficiently well for practical purposes. As to its courage, I cannot speak from personal observation, but if I may believe those of our Kalafat friends, in whom I was the most disposed to place confidence, it is (with fair play in the matter of leading) brave in action. The regular cavalry is avowedly bad. The men are the same as the infantry, but their horses are mere butchers' ponies, small, and, unlike the little Anatolians ridden by the Irregulars, coarse, their swords (unless they have changed for the better of late) are pitifully bad, being wretched specimens of the worst

stamp of European dragoon sword, and more like child's toys than weapons for men, the inefficiency of their officers is something unspeakable, and, as a natural result, the whole force is, as far as regards fighting, demoralised and useless. What the Bashî Basouks are, I have already shown.

"Braves, obéissans, sobres"—"sobres dans leur vivres"—"très exacts au silence, à la prière, au respect pour leur officiers"—"d'un corps sain et robuste"—so Montecuculi, writing two centuries ago, describes the Turkish soldier of his day, and so, I think, the Turkish regulars of the present day may fairly enough be described. But it is the rank and file alone that are worthy of any respect, for the utmost that can be said in favour of the officers is, that the best of them are not inferior to the soldiers whom they command. And here it must be stated that, in the lower grades, officers of the Turkish service hold a position very different from that held by men of corresponding rank in an European army. Up to the rank of Captain inclusive they are usually raised from the ranks, and are in no respect whatever superior to the privates from amongst whom they have been chosen. They know, I believe, the practical part of their duty, as an English corporal might, in all else they are excessively ignorant, to the extent of being generally unable to read or write. In appearance they are slovenly to the last degree, and, with stained and shabby clothes with most of their buttons off and all the rest unbuttoned, and the dirtiest of shirts showing beneath, present a generally dirty dishevelled "tumbled" appearance, which in more civilised countries is indicative of a man who has slept for a week in his clothes without taking them off. In social standing they scarcely hold the place of English non-commissioned officers. A Turkish captain in presence of his colonel stands at attention, salutes at every word, and perhaps gets a cuff on the head after all, while for the great man to ask him to sit down or to offer him any civility, simply because he is a captain, would be unheard of. If, however, these men

are not superior to the common soldiers, they are, at all events, not inferior, and to this extent may be held to be better men than their military superiors. From the *Bum bashi* or Major upwards the Turkish officer is a man of a different class. He has not, as a rule, worked his way by military service, but owes his position to family interest, to having been a pasha's pipe-bearer or worse, and to every kind of more or less disreputable favouritism, and is not only perfectly incompetent in a military point of view, but, in common with everything in the Turkish Empire calling itself a gentleman, may be classed, I do believe, amongst the most demoralised and worthless beings of the earth. As for Turkish generals, such as I have met with are (viewed as soldiers) downright idiots.

But a number of men, not Turkish born, hold rank in the Turkish service. Poles, Hungarians, members of every oppressed nationality on the face of the earth, flock hither, martyrs (according to their own account) to their devotion to their country's cause, and, apostatising as a preliminary, are admitted, by what influence I do not quite understand, to commissions in the Turkish army. Many of these are worthless, both as men and as soldiers, but yet amongst them are to be found some few good officers, and probably some honest men whose only crime has been that of fighting for their country, and who have been driven to Islam by downright starvation and misery.

One of the best was Murad Bey, now Murad Pasha. I have concealed his real name, for he might not admire having it held up to public admiration. He was a Pole, a thin, dried up, fiery looking old man, with a grizzled beard and the air of an ancient Hussar officer, had fought in Spain, Portugal, Algiers, and every country, I think, where blows were going, and he could thrust his head in the way of them, and now, with the rank of colonel of cavalry, was set, nominally as second in command, to dry nurse and hold the real command over a boy pasha to whom the Turks had chosen to intrust a some what important post. He could drink,

swear, and (where was there ever a Continental that couldn't) draw the long bow stoutly, for all that, he was a soldier and a gentleman, and, as a natural result, was thwarted and hampered at every turn by the imbecile Turks, for whom, especially for such as belonged to the cavalry branch of the service, he used to nourish the profoundest contempt. Groaning, sighing, and swearing all in a breath, he used to say that the Turkish cavalry officers "font pitié à tout le monde." What with mental wrath and bodily sickness—for he was suffering from a fever all the time we knew him—the Bey had hard times of it. We used to find him lying in bed in his wretched Zemlik, with his face to the wall and his back to the world, vouchsafing in answer to all questions something between a groan and a gasp, and huddling himself up in the bed clothes with the air of a man who is going to die and won't be hindered. Then he would turn to the front, and gaze round with a dim, dizzy, restless look of pain, like a sick old lion, drop on his pillow with a grunt, collect his faculties and curse the Turkish idiots in command, drink a little rakı, then a little more, then a good deal, and finally, after excreting and reviling his military superiors in every variety of expression, would feel a little better, and become mildly resigned, and even facetious. I really believe the old gentleman was seriously ill, and the above, as far as I saw, was the only medical treatment he ever indulged in. In his latter or resigned state, he used to be fond of expounding to us his sensations with reference to his divers "goes" of rakı. "Le premier est très mauvais," says he, putting on an awful face of disgust to express the violence done to his feelings in getting it down. "le second est un peu mieux—et après cela" (and here his countenance breaks out into irrepressible radiance) "ça va comme des traîneaux." The only part of his statement which I ever felt inclined to doubt was the first clause.

I need not be at the pains of concealing the name of our particular friend Yacoub Ah, valiant leader of Bash-Bazouks—that is, he would have led if his men would have con-

sented to follow—for he, poor man, is dead and gone, and little likely to be troubled in spirit by anything I may say of him. He was a grim looking, red-mustached Pole, with a pug-nose and Calmuck features, brave, good natured, and friendly, a gambler and a *blagueur*, and as ugly as he could well be, to look yet like a man and a soldier. He would sell you a horse if he could—in fact, did sell one to the Evening Fiddle (whose majesty of appearance, when mounted thereon, I must do myself the pleasure of recording), and spoke a broken French so curiously imperfect that he really deserved the greatest credit for the extent and completeness of the crackers which he contrived to communicate to us through that defective medium. When I think of his achievements in this line, when I recall his figure, sitting the centre of an admiring throng, revealing to us in strict confidence the projected combinations of a tremendous battle which he declared was shortly about to come off, and the plan of which he announced himself—Yacoub Ah, captain of Bash-Bazouks—to have conceived and propounded amidst the respectful applause of a circle of Turkish *prahas* assembled in council, I really don't know whether most to admire his imperturbable solemnity and audacious face or our credulity. The fact is, that man must believe something, and in default of rational subjects of belief will take to irrational, so we, having come all the way to Widdin on purpose to see a battle, were determined to believe through thick and thin that a battle there must be, and, sooner than surrender the hope, were ready to subscribe to any articles of faith that Yacoub Ah might be pleased to propound.

He piqued himself upon never having apostatised, and though obliged to conceal the fact carefully from his men, gave us in private many proofs of Christianity over a cold sausage. "C'est une très bonne chose que le Salami," says Yacoub Ah, smacking his lips, and so saying he would get off his horse, with an intimation that he was going to study the plan of campaign for a few moments, plant a sentry over the door of a zemlik to

insure the privacy of his meditations, and then, diving with us into its subterranean depths would regale himself on a big Bologna sausage, which one of us had smuggled in his pocket. For all which lingering virtues I trust the saints of the Catholic Church may have looked favourably on him!

One of the most amusing of our acquaintances was the gentleman with whom I had the honour of sleeping on the billiard table. He was a long sallow Pole, observant and satirical, and full of ludicrous stories of his Turkish co-religionists. How far these tales were literally true—whether he ever allowed one to fall flat through a servile adherence to matter of fact—I do not undertake to say; but, true or false, his stories were given with a knowledge and mimicry of Turkish manners that made them delightful to hear. At the risk of its falling flat at second hand I cannot resist telling one. A Turkish and a Russian officer, on some occasion of truce, had scratched up an acquaintance. As they sat together the conversation turned on the comparative perfection of discipline and obedience to which their respective troops had been brought. To give a specimen the Russian calls in his orderly. 'Ivan says he, you will go to such and such a tobacco-nist; you will buy an oke of tobacco; pay for it and bring it home straight.' Ivan salutes and goes. The Russian pulls out his watch. "Now, Ivan is going to the tobacco-nist, now he is there, now he is paying for the tobacco, now he is coming home, now he is on the stairs, now he is here—Ivan. Ivan comes in salutes and hands over the tobacco."

"*Pok guzel,*" says the fat Turk, with a condescending bow, benignly half-shutting his eyes the while. "very nice indeed. But my orderly will do as much—Mustafa!"

"*Effendim!*" says Mustafa, bursting into the room, and touching his chin and forehead in the curious double action salute of the Turkish soldier. He receives the same directions, word for word, and departs. His master hauls out a gigantic turup of a watch, such as Turks delight in, and proceeds, in imitation of the

Russian, to tick off Mustafa's supposed performances. "Now he is going—now he is there—now he is paying—now he is coming home—now he is here—Mustafa!" "*Effendim!*" replies Mustafa, again bursting in. "Where's the tobacco?" "*Papouchler boumadim—I haven't found my shoes yet!*"

He used solemnly to vow that he had seen a Turkish officer tried by a court martial, and sentenced to many blows of the stick, that the court was seized with a doubt as to which end of him should be operated on, that the attendant Molla, applied to for the solution of this difficulty, piously turned over the leaves of his Koran till the light of religious inspiration burst on him in a flood, and he cried, "*Sur le cul,*"—that, Turkish etiquette demanding that the culprit should offer himself a willing victim, the prisoner presented a stick and his latter end to the senior officer saying with a pitiful attempt at cheerfulness, "*Bouyouroun—'will you be so kind?'*"—that the said senior *was* so kind, and gratified him with a *bastinado* which all the members of the court in rotation, taking their cue with Oriental time serving from their superior, emulously repeated. If any well informed party, choke-full of knowledge of the Turkish service, should get up an indignation at this story, he had better go and have it out with the long Pole that invented it. I don't vouch for its truth.

These and a tall Courlandish *bim bashi*, perhaps as good a soldier as any, were the chief of our acquaintance. What the antecedents of all of them may have been, respectable or the reverse, I am not prepared to say, but they were very good fellows, and extremely hospitable. We spent many an evening which would have been pleasant if the fleas would have left us alone, in their smoky little *zemliks*, assisting them in what seemed to be the chief occupation of their peaceful moments—drinking tea. "*Voulez vous un thé?*" was the regular invitation whenever we exhibited ourselves, and "*un thé,*" "*encore un thé,*" and a good many more *thes* on the top of that, used to go down in a style that would have

delighted the Temperance Society, provided it had not known that this "thé" was reasonably strong rum punch made with tea instead of plain water.

But if amongst these foreigners were good men, the mass were charlatans, scamps, and useless braggarts, such as I should think were rarely collected in any one body before. As a specimen of the first, who that ever knew him will not think of the "médecin en chef," the Frenchman P—"le bon vieux papa P," as he called himself in his affectionate moments, casting a paternal eye to the possibility of sticking you in a matter of baggage ponies? I fancy I see him now, reclining at length amidst furs, one hand waving oratorically in the air as he expatiates with effusion upon his devotion to his profession, his greater devotion (which he allows to be excessive and fanatical) to the principle of Honour, and his manifold struggles and virtues in general. "Je suis le jalon de la France," says he. What that meant I never clearly knew, probably that he was a light to lighten the Gentiles, a missionary planted there by Providence to show the heathen to what sublime point the character of a Française could rise, and that in that barbarous land he held the whole honour of France in his keeping. He and France contrived to fall out though. For the venerable P, being then a Christian, took upon himself to turn Turk. Madame P, hearing of this at Constantinople, and objecting to the three additional Mesdames P sanctioned by Mussulman law, went off "réclamer" at the French Embassy and the last thing we heard of the "bon vieux papa" was, that the Embassy was hauling him over the coals fiercely, and that, fez on head, with the aspect of an ancient Turk and the manners of the sprightliest of old Frenchmen, the venerable convert was gallantly bearing up against what seemed a pretty fair prospect of being torn to pieces between his old wife and his new religion.

The "jalon," by the way, abode at Schoumla. He had, however, a half-brother at Kalafat. The latter, a Bumbashi in I forget what regiment

of cavalry, was a man of portly and imposing presence, with a super-affectation of military carriage and soldierly manners, and had the reputation (a stupendous one, when you come to reflect upon it) of being one of the biggest talkers and smallest doers in the Turkish service. One day as we were at dinner he came in fresh from a reconnoissance, or some other of those military operations which give such scope for the combined intelligence and audacity of the light-cavalry officer, and had an air of stern indifference, as though he had just been firing off the whole of Decker's *Petite Guerre*, including M. Ravichio de Peretsdorf's preface and notes, on the Russians, but was too much used to that sort of thing to talk about it. We asked him to dinner, of course, and he sat down, champing his victuals and jerking out his sentences alternately, with an air of military decision grand to see. "Demain—champ, champ, champ—je fais un coup de main." "God bless my soul," says I, rather in a funk at my own daring, but screwing up my courage nevertheless—"may I, as a student of the art, assist at so instructive a military operation? And may I inquire the nature of the intended *coup de main*?" He bowed with an air of high military courtesy, champing the while so sternly that I felt that the Moscovs had no chance at all with him. "Dans le village de—champ, champ, champ—il y a—champ, champ—cinq cents cochons!" And how many Russians to take care of them? None.

"Les officiers de cavalerie Turque font pitié à tout le monde," as Murad Bey said, and those that foreign powers used to send to help them, did not always mend the matter. While we were at Kalafat, two Frenchmen, "çi devant" officers in the French cavalry, arrived, kindly spared by their own government to the Turks as instructors in the art of equitation to the Turkish cavalry. I remember thinking, before I saw them, that they had need be skilful suckers of eggs before they proceeded to instruct their Turkish grandmothers, who, if they can do nothing else in the world, can at least ride. But I never contemplated the strik-

ing exhibition they actually made. The men, simply and absolutely, could not ride at all. We got one of them out one day, mounting him on an English pattern hunting saddle. We had not gone far before, ~~screaming~~ enough to blow up a powder magazine, he announced, with a plain speaking born of extreme emergency, that if we didn't stop he should tumble off flat. Somebody changed saddles with him, giving him a hus-sar saddle this time, and we cantered off serenely, but a fresh explosion soon drew our attention to the fact that Monsieur l'Instructeur was in a fair way of tumbling off that too, in short, we saw strong reason to doubt whether the saddle was yet made that he could ride on, and, maturely weighing the circumstances, decided that he was the worst horseman in the world, with the one exception of Spéro Flamboyales.

My respect for French horseman-ship is small. I found my opinion not merely on the performances of these men, who were extreme cases, but on subsequent observations on French officers at large. Contrary to the practice of the Englishman and the Bedouin, who usually travel at a walk, and on an emergency take to the gallop as a duck takes to the water,* the Frenchman is always blazing away at a furious gallop, sitting with the air of a man doing a cunning feat of balancing, and looking quite proud of his own cleverness. This severe treatment tells, as may be expected, on his horse's legs. I remember a French "ordonnance," or soldier servant, bringing me a stout barb which he wished to sell for his master. The animal's legs were so enlarged by splints that they were literally cylindrical, of equal size all round, just like pillars. The "ordonnance" looked on these big legs with extreme satisfaction, and pointed them out to me with pride, com-

mended his beast in these terms, "Qu'il est solide!"

In the midst of the curious scenes which the Turkish camp presented to us, we were greatly refreshed by the sight of an English gentleman of character and position, conducting himself as such, and steering his way amongst the ungodly crew that surrounded him with an avoidance and horror that would have done him credit in his native country. We had, on I forget what occasion, a grand dinner. All the most distinguished reprobates of Widdin and Kalafat assisted. Our respected friend the Englishman was there too. "Doctors without diplomas, officers without commissions," he muttered, privily casting glances of disgust on the assembled guests, and so saying he intrenched himself between two of our party, and sat gathering up his skirts to preserve them from defiling contact. "Que diable vient il faire dans cette galère?" thought I.

As for the rest of us, we were not troubled with similar scruples. Finding ourselves, as the French proverb says, amongst wolves, we set to and howled with right good will. All our dearest friends were renegades and refugees, men who, whether right or wrong, would have got hanged in their own country, so, of course, we swam charmingly with the current of public feeling, and in all our intercourse with them tacitly acknowledged renegadism, and the certainty of being hanged in one's own country, as the standard of moral feeling. And I am not sure but that we were right in economising any expressions of virtuous indignation. It is one thing for a man, fat and comfortable, to hold to his religion, another thing to hold

* I do not mean this to refer to English dragoons. The English dragoon, like the horse soldier of every part of civilised Europe that I am acquainted with, with his portmanteau behind him and his carpet bag in front, his mattress under the pith of the saddle and the tester of his bed neatly folded on the top of his valise, takes to the gallop, flouncing, wallowing, rattling and jingling like a tinkler's cart full of pots and pans run away with over a stony lane.

to it when the so holding involves starvation. Never having ourselves viewed religious matters on an empty stomach, we did not think ourselves justified in condemning those who had, and who had been led by its inspirations to slightly peculiar results.

I must say that the sin of apostasy sat lightly on the culprits themselves, and no wonder. Having no religion to begin with, why shouldn't they change it if they pleased?—just as a wanderer in Africa might change one fetish for another, laughing at both, and only wishing to stand well with the people amongst whom he happened to find himself. So rehearsing to myself these arguments, and clenching them down with the sound Protestant doctrine, that, after all, it did not matter much whether a man was a Turk or a Papist, I for one, smoked the pipe of peace with everybody who was willing to find tobacco, which (being addicted to tobacco and liberal in offering it) most of them were.

Such was the energy and ingenuity with which the Turkish leaders prosecuted their reconnaissances against the enemy, that about this period it became doubtful whether Kalafat was beleaguered by ten, twenty, thirty, or forty thousand Russians; finally, whether the Russians had a man more in the neighbourhood than was requisite to make a great show in a reconnaissance, and to put fat Achmet the Pasha into a perspiration and a state of nervousness, in which he was prepared to rate their numbers at anything you might like to mention. Achmet was not enterprising. He had achieved, or tumbled into one success at the battle of Cartata, and a great spectacle it was, by the way, to see him giving us his own account of the action in French of the least possible fluency, bringing out the most harrowing details of that bloody engagement in short hesitating sentences, terminating each one in a complacent chuckle, apparently due to the agreeable picture which he had summoned before him, but really, I believe, ex-

pressive of his great content at his own ingenuity in getting happily delivered of a thriving sentence. However, as I was saying, he had achieved a success—at least the Turks said he had, and we were not in a position to state that he hadn't, and he was especially unwilling to run any risk of a defeat which might counterbalance it. So whenever the enemy showed a few battalions of infantry and squadrons of cavalry outside the intrenchments, forth would fuss Achmet, with a huge crowd of staff, pipe bearers, and promiscuous peewinks complete, and, like a swarm of bumble bees, the party would hum and buzz all over the parapet till the retiring of the enemy should leave the Pasha sweating again at the idea of the awful forces they must have some where in reserve, at liberty to dive into his house and soothe himself with a pipe with a finer determination than ever to stick by his walls, and not tempt Providence by leaving the lines of Kalafat.

However, on the 8th February 1854, the Russians made a reconnaissance in force. Nineteen battalions with guns and cavalry (so we were told, for being at Widdin at the moment we missed seeing them) approached Kalafat, looked at it and walked off again. That same night distant fires were perceived all around as though villages were burning. The surmise in camp was that the Russians had retired for good, destroying the villages to annoy the Turks if they should attempt to follow. Upon which Achmet determined to be humbugged no longer, and resolved really to go and poke up the enemy that very night, and see for himself whether he was or was not still beleaguered.

It was a fine starlight night, and the distant fires were still gleaming on the horizon, as about 11 P.M. a strong party left the intrenchments, commanded by the Pasha in person. Six squadrons of cavalry in double column, followed by four guns, moved upon Golencza, a couple of hundred Bashi Bazuks leading the way as skirmishers, supported by another squadron of regular horse. Murad Bey, the Pole, was amongst

the Irregulars; and thinking him the most likely man to show sport, I determined to follow him.

I have before described the road to Golencza, and the hillock and haystacks where we commenced an ignominious flight on a previous occasion. Our road of to-night was the same. As we approached this hillock, a sharp fire of skirmishers was opened. I listened for the "whew" of hostile balls, but heard none; a phenomenon which, as I afterwards found, was caused by the fire being exclusively on our side, and directed against two Cossacks who had been seen leaving the hillock.

At this moment Murad Bey, crying, "*İleri!*" ("forwards"), pressed on, sword in hand, with the intention of pushing on sharply; and we rode up the ridge and through the few haystacks that surrounded it, gaining as we did so a clear view of the burning stacks by Golencza. I fully expected at this point to find a force of Cossacks, and made ready for action; the Morning Twaddle, too, drew and brandished a mighty scimeter, thereby presenting a goodly and valorous spectacle. There were none, however; but the Pasha, who nowise joined in Murad Bey's desires to go "*İleri*," instead of backing him with the cavalry, halted, and at, I suppose, long cannon-range from Golencza, without seeing an enemy, without seeing much of any nature, I should say, except the burning hay, opened with his artillery on heaven knows what—the village, the stacks, the moon, perhaps. On this, of course, Murad Bey limited himself to scuffling out of the way with his skirmishers to keep clear of our own balls; and after blazing away five or six rounds, we retired without having seen a living creature but the two vedettes whom we had dislodged at the commencement of the affair.

I rode home alongside of old Murad Bey, who, hanging his head with the air of a man who finds the burthen of life really too great for him, emitted an occasional gasp or groan, which implied that he was too far gone to find even swearing a relief. But the entertainments of the evening were not quite over even then. When we were half-way back; when

there was not even a supposed Cossack within reach; when the only signs of the enemy were the distant lights gleaming on the horizon,—we halted, and fired three rounds more. We were answered by three distant shots from the intrenchments, the signal of alarm. If the military proceedings of the Turks were of a nature to come within the scope of any process of reasoning, one would say that the latter were due to Achmet's *locum-tenens* in Kalafat inferring from the approaching cannonade that the enemy was beating us back; however this may be, we found on our return that the intrenchments were lined with troops. So ended this mighty reconnoissance, in which seven squadrons of horse and four guns were turned out, and the whole Turkish army roused in the middle of the night, to frighten two Cossacks.

The Pasha comported himself on this occasion with a valour and a Spartan severity of discipline much to be admired. At an unexpected moment, as we were retiring, we were surprised by the flash and crack of a pistol-shot: the stern Achmet was firing on a backward Bashi-Bazouk.

Amusing as this sort of thing was, we did not, in the long run, find it compensate the annoyances attendant on our position in Kalafat. When we first took possession of our café, a guard of soldiers of the line was placed, by the Pasha's orders, in a little ante-room adjoining our apartment, to keep out intruders. They did this duty well enough. They certainly admitted everything that wore an officer's uniform; and it was a common occurrence for a great dirty stupid-looking "*yuz-bachi*" or captain to come in, without word or salutation, prowl silently about the rooms gazing at everything, look over one's shoulder at the book one was reading, and, when he had satisfied himself, stalk as silently out. Beyond this, however, we had little to complain of: the guard kept out the more vulgar intruders, and we met with no annoyances beyond those inherent in the nature of our abode. But in

process of time our guard was relieved by one of Redifs—men who had once served and been discharged, and, under the pressure of necessity, had been a second time called into service. Why it should be so I do not know, but they seemed to be under much less control than the men of the line, and were exceedingly obstreperous. They made huge fires in the ante room with our wood, and half stifled us with smoke, peeped through the glass windows which separated them from our sleeping-place, to amuse themselves with observations on our manners, and talked, shouted, quarrelled, and even fought, all the night through. We complained to the Pasha, received great promises and much civility from him, but seeing clearly that (from no ill will, I believe, but simply from the *vas inertia* which pervaded the man) he was not likely to effect any change for the better, we abandoned the position, and retired to Widdin.

We did not stay there long. It gradually dawned on us that neither Turks nor Russians meant anything, so I paid a farewell visit to Sammy, got an order to accompany the Tartar who conveys the mail, and on the evening of the 12th March turned my back on Widdin for good.

It any friend of mine were to ask my advice with respect to travelling in Turkey, I should advise him, in the first place, not to travel there at all, in the second, if he *must* go, to travel with the post office Tartar. Of the system of travelling *en prince*, with tents and retinue, I have no experience, but of the two modes with which I am acquainted, that with the Tartar is by far the least intolerable. It is certainly fatiguing, so much so as to be perhaps beyond the powers of every one, but to those who have the necessary strength its fatigues are far more endurable than the delays and imper tinences of postmasters, and the rows, quarrels, and vexations that befall a stranger making his own way across the country.

The cavalcade that left Widdin on

the night of the 12th consisted of myself, the mail bags, and certain spherical packages of money done up in strong nets of cord, packed on the backs of two baggage-horses, of which the hinder had his halter firmly tied to the tail of his leader (a plan superior to that adopted by most Europeans, who tie the halter to the leader's pack saddle, to the constant risk of the latter's being torn off), a mounted Surudji, or driver, to guide the baggagers, a Zapkie, or kind of irregular horseman, as guard, and finally the great man of the party, Osman Ah (i.e., Osman Agha) the Tartar, a personage holding apparently much the same place in public estimation as a swell mail coachman of thirty years ago in England.

By half past seven i.m. we were mounted and on our road. Immediately upon clearing the town of Widdin we broke into a trot, and over the flat land which surrounds the city, over narrow roads overhanging the river and backed by brushwood covered hills, over flat shores, nearly level with the waters edge, where we passed at intervals dimly seen figures with long guns—Arnaouts watching the Russians—jog, jog, jog, we pounded along, till after a four and twenty mile ride we reached our first post station. Here the whole turn out, men and horses, everything but the mails, the Tartar, and myself, were changed, a process that was repeated at every stage, and with little delay beyond that required for Osman Ah and myself to get supper, we were again mounted and pounding away in the dark. The grey twilight dawned and found us travelling past comfortable Bulgarian villages, with bare miserable cottages and farmyards intrenched with ditch and parapet. The day broke blazing hot, and still found us grinding along, evening began to fall, and found me holding on to the pommel of my saddle through fatigue. In the course of the ride we had stopped for short intervals to eat, but our first long halt was that evening, on the banks of a flooded river, which delayed us for many hours, sent us several miles out of our way, and finally compelled us to

cross in boats, swimming the horses astern. We slept for some hours in a cottage at hand, that is, the Tartar slept, and I fought the fleas, who, rejoicing much at catching a man in travelling dress complete, bit and feasted under my boots and under my clothes, and everywhere where I could not get at them to scratch, in inexpressible glory and delight. Our host was very civil, flatteringly told me that *next time I came* he would kill a lamb in my honour. Long life to you, thought I with a shudder—may the lamb and you both live till you catch me here again!

The next day I got into wind, and experienced no inconvenience except such as arose from the difficulty I found in making my horse keep up with the others. To what precise defect of horsemanship this was to be attributed, I cannot say partly perhaps to a want of vigour in establishing a raw with the spur and perseverance in working it. Cruelty is not a characteristic of the Orientals in their ordinary dealings with horses, but it is plentifully bestowed on a Turkish post horse. Our stages varied from twenty four up to thirty and thirty six miles the country was without roads the wretched beasts brought out for us were frequently lame at starting, but once in the hands of Osman and his assistants, they found themselves in the position of so much fuel, to be hacked and cut up as might best serve to feed the engine of the Padi-shah's mails, and by dint of the long whip and such an application on all hands of spur and stirrup corner as left big raw patches on every horse's flanks, they were driven through a four-and twenty mile stage at a good trot varied by a canter, and seldom relieved by a halt except when a pack saddle turned and came off, which happened not unfrequently. Osman grumbled much at the mismanagement and penuriousness which created all this misery. What came home to his feelings was the labour which it entailed on himself in the way of flogging, and, profoundly touched by a sense of this injustice, he used to pound in the rear of the cavalcade in a state of con-

centrated sulkiness. "Oo'r ola A'a!"—"Long life to you, Agha!"—says an officious Bulgarian passer by, thinking to curry favour by his politeness. "Ugh!" responds the polite Osman, throwing into one bitter look all the scorn of a Turk addressed by an infidel, and the wrath of a man meddled with *mal à propos*. Whack goes the long whip, aimed at the rearmost baggager. The aggrieved horse flies out with a bounce, swinging his leader's croup round, and nearly wrenching his tail off, then, dragged on by the leading horses, admonished by another crack on the croup, and taken in front by a thorn bush, he skips over the latter *volens volens*, flies over the big cart rut that lies before him, and trundles away with redoubled vigour. And so goes the journey, till at the next post house the unhappy animals are left dead beaten, with as much life and vigour in them as sucked gooseberry skins in a state which (to a man reflecting upon the extreme readiness which his own horses show in taking ill and dying upon the slightest provocation) renders it difficult to conceive how they can ever be fit for anything in this world again.

The Tartar was treated with immense distinction all down the road. At every post-house he was saluted with all sorts of Turkish *politenesses*. 'Osman ah—Effendim—hoah geldin—safa geldin—Bouyouroun—Outouroun—Welcome Effendim—happily arrived—be pleased to come in—be pleased to sit down,' in short, if he was not like Tony Weller, on the very amicablest terms with eighty mile of females, it was only because those virtues are not visibly extant in Turkey. He was perpetually being offered, free of charge, slight suppers and other refectations, whereof I partook as his guest, had his relays of horses brought out with a punctuality which I could not have conceived possible in Turkey, always picked out the best animal in the stable for himself, and (looking upon me as a parcel which *must* be delivered at the journey's end) the second best for me. And as he was by no means a bad fellow except when ruffled by his excessive labours in the way of flog-

ging, we got on with a comfort and expedition really wonderful in that *pays de maudre*.

I can fancy I see the party now, abogging up a stone paved bridle-path overhung by straggling bushes, and winding amongst the scarps of a wild brushwood covered hill side. The Zaptié, with a gigantic turban on his head, balancing himself on the posterior point of his spine, with a backward inclination, and an air of serene solemnity commonly seen in England in fox hunters jogging their hunters to cover, breaks out into song, and with his eyes cast up wards sentimentally, a voice at once loud, harsh, and quavering, and an expression of the extremeest dolour, to which a last finishing tenderness is given by the ahogs and jolts of the horse, favours us at the very top of his voice with what I take to be the plant of a desponding lover, about to exile himself from the presence of his mistress "Ben gudeyroun oum, "I am going, are the only words I can catch, but they are, I think, decisive, none but the heart of a fond woman could be supposed to be in any wise grieved at such a prospect, and to a tune originally undefined, and making a bad shot at that, he works through a long series of stan- zas of which each concludes with "aman, ama an, a-ama n"—the Turkish cry for quarter and mercy. Query, How, consistently with an observance of the decorums and proprieties of Turkish society, does such a thing as a Turkish lover or a Turkish love song come to exist?

About 8 A.M. on the 15th, we reached Tirnova. There my road and that of the Tartar diverged, and with great grief I saw him take horse and start, leaving me to my own devices. I offered him a "tip," he made a polite speech expressive of the unexpected and uncalled for nature of such a proceeding, and, pocketing the money with extreme alacrity, departed. As for me, I made the best of my way to Schoumla, and from thence to Varna, and there, taking ship for Constantinople, I took leave of Turkey and the Turks. For though I subsequently spent a good deal of time in the country, it was not under circumstances which

brought me into contact with the Turkish people or Turkish society.

And I took leave of them with little sorrow. I know no people that I dislike so much, no country that I have ever lived in that I have such a perfect disinclination to visit again. I do not wish to condemn the Turkish character because it did not show its favourable side to me, or to assume that a people must be hateful because I hate them. On the contrary, I believe that, viewed in their relations to one another, and apart from their relations to subject peoples or to foreigners, the Turks have much good in their character, and that in spite of a rotten government, and an utter degeneracy and depravity amongst the upper classes, the bulk of the people is sound. But they confine their virtues strictly to themselves, for others, they have none that I could ever discover. Honesty and veracity in their dealings with Franks, they have none, and of civility, except where they have an object to gain by it, almost as little. It is true that, in their intercourse with Europeans, they usually show a kind of contemptuous civility, for they know that Europeans are not Raxahs, but, on the contrary, are protected by the authorities, and that some decent toleration must be extended to them, but they take religious care that their behaviour shall be marked by the least possible of anything that can be called *respectful*. All the way from Widdin to Schoumla I was never once addressed as "Effendim"—a title which would have been given to the loudest sub-lieutenant (I give the epithet advisedly, with a full perception of its meaning in a natural history point of view) in the Turkish service, and I was almost invariably spoken to in the second person singular—a form of speech which in Turkey implies a want of respect, as it does in France. The higher in position and education a Turk is, the less of this feeling he betrays, simply, as I believe, because he has a more acute perception of the true position which Europeans hold relatively to Turkey, and of the policy of being civil to them, till, when you come to men of the highest standing, you will find them willing

to treat a Frank with a politeness greater perhaps than his position might entitle him to in his own country. But amongst the commonalty—*surdjia*, soldiers, subalterns, aides-de-camp, and the like, a feeling of insolence is universal. The position of an European in the wilder parts of Turkey, struck me as being very much like what that of a Turk might be in India. Doubtless the Governor-General would receive him with all civility, and so would most men of any position, but the private soldiers would pronounce him a "nigger," and would treat him with respect when they had received a positive order to do so, and with none at all when they had not.

I experienced this Turkish impertinence the most fully at Schoumla, where, to get an order for post horses to Varna, I had, for the only time during my stay in Turkey, to make my way to a pasha without special letters of introduction to him. I entered an ante room, filled as usual with a mixture of orderly sergeants and aides de camp the latter lounging higgledy piggledy on a divan at one end of the apartment, the best of them looking like debauched dirty medical students in shabby uniforms, while the worst were more supremely filthy than anything I had yet met with, even amongst Turkish officers. Here, while my passport was being taken in to the pasha, they offered me a chair, stuck up in a place of humility against the wall, at a distance from their sacred selves, side by side with another occupied by a dirty Greek or Rayah of some kind. I

asked one of them, as I handed him my passport for conveyance to the great man, whether the pasha could speak French? "Yes, yes," he answered, in a tone expressive of nothing so much as an anxiety to be rid of the trouble of answering me. "*Françus bilir—he knows French.*" Then, with a sort of sneer and side-grin at his comroges, in an undertone, "*Habchi bilir—he knows Habchi,*" which I should think was really about the amount of Hassan Pasha's accomplishments. At all events, he did not know a word of any European language. In this ante room they kept me long, and would have kept me longer, but that, losing patience with these airs on the part of a set of flunkies, who, at a mere look from a pasha, would have rushed to present me with coffee in the Turkish attitude of humility, viz one hand presenting the coffee, and the other placed flat on the stomach, in a fashion suggestive of unripe goose berries, or to bring me my pipe, or to black my boots, if they had been told,—I sent in word that I had business elsewhere, and that if I could not have admittance then, I begged to have my passport back, that I might go. This procured me instant admission. The pasha, as pashas usually are, was civil, and with no more than the delay inherent in all Turkish affairs, I got my order and departed.

And so I take leave of the Osmanli, wishing them for the future every felicity except that of my company.

CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA.

MR KAYE is fortunate in his choice of a subject. The thoughts of the most careless of our countrymen have been elevated to higher objects than commerce and territory by the revelations of the late Mutiny. Christianity, with its humble hopes converted by danger into heroic endeavour—faith in Christ sustaining the feeble knees, and arming with double energy the defending and avenging arm, have taken their place henceforth in the universal heart, as not merely the ornaments of a quiet and happy life, but as the guardians of empire and purifiers of national character. First, while our breasts were still glowing with hatred of the perpetrators of the innumerable wrongs and savage cruelties of Cawnpore, came out the thrilling narratives of soldierly courage in the defence of Lucknow. Infantry officers told us of the position of the garrison, engineers pointed out the performances of the guns, civilians recounted the efforts they made to equal or surpass the achievements of the regular troops, but it was only when, day by day, the private narratives of gentle ladies—the victims and heroines of that noblest of sieges—revealed the consolations which religion yielded in those trying hours, when the martyr death of Polehampton was consecrated by the resignation and triumph of his widow,—and, best of all, when the daily working of an unwavering faith was then displayed in its elevating soothing and attractive attributes in the journal of Mrs Harris,—that all England was moved by the great truth, at once brought home to the thoughtless and the sceptic, as it had long been the conviction of the believer, surely ‘right counsels exalteth a nation, and sin is a reproach to any people.’

By what steps, strange at first, and little likely to lead to so happy a consummation, the Christian faith began its career in India—by what means,

when the fulness of time is come, its triumph is to be increased and its holy influence to be breathed into the millions of Hindostan—is the great theme of the admirable volume named above, and if, as we said at the beginning, Mr Kaye is fortunate in his subject, we must also say that the subject could not have fallen into better hands than Mr Kaye's. It is little praise, indeed, of this book, to state that its style is clear and accurate, soaring at times into an eloquence worthy of the high matters of which it treats, or that it displays all the knowledge of Indian character and customs which might be expected from the biographer of Metcalf and Malcolm, and the historian of the war in Afghanistan. Its real merit consists in the spirit of earnest and Christian devotion, and the clear appreciation of the difficulties surrounding the questions of which it treats. There is no faintness of heart, no enthusiasm of fancy. If fault is occasionally found with the apparent negligence of the authorities in carrying on a good work, we attribute the warmth of obliquation to its right motive—zeal in the cause, not personal enmity to the individuals. A less interested narrator, indeed, might have made more allowance for hindrances in the way, a person with a less lofty standard might have been satisfied with a lower grade of perfection both in public bodies and private men, but looking to the past as presented in these pages, and to the present as proved in the universal interest excited by the question he discusses, we cannot blame him for demanding greater exertion, greater sacrifices, and a more zealous performance of the work which God has evidently given us at this time to do, than has ever characterised our efforts before.

There is a danger, however, arising from the excesses of an ill directed enthusiasm, he honestly confesses, as

strongly to be guarded against as the apathy of which he accuses the past generation. There are cries of passion rising from all quarters, calling on us to buckle on our armour, and that in no figurative fashion, and make war on the religions of the East. Perish government and wealth, and even the peace and tranquillity of millions, provided only we show our Christian courage in trampling on Juggernaut, and putting the legions of Mahomet to flight! The Queen must be coerced into a persecutor. Britain must wash off the foul stain of having idolaters under her command. There must be no halting between two opinions. Whoever tolerates Bramah dishonours Christ. Encourage Christianity by depressing Hindooism. Let the benighted heathen feel our power as an empire, and they will respect us more as individuals. We will trample on their errors, and, it need be, on themselves. We will bear the Cross in triumph, with trumpet and gun, from Exeter Hall to Delhi, and Dragon shall be overthrown by the way! Meanwhile, what becomes of the meaning and significance of the Cross which we plant in the capital of the Mogul? Where are the gentleness, forbearance, and long suffering represented by that sacred emblem? It was only the buried Jesus who was guarded by soldiers, while he was yet alive, he commanded the sword to be put up into its sheath. But the best answer to all the fiery declamation and cloudy metaphors of unreasoning orators and fanatical enthusiasts is to be found in the conclusion at which Mr Kaye arrives, after his clear and careful retrospect of the rise and progress of Christianity in the East. We shall take a rapid survey of the ground he traverses, and condense into a few lines the decision to which he has come. His judgment, indeed, is only the natural result of the evidence he has collected. No other sentence was possible, and it is not the less impressive that it is delivered with the calmness and impartiality befitting the judicial bench.

A mysterious reverence rested from the time of Alexander over the illimitable plains of Hindoestan. The

Greeks had turned away from the land of innumerable peoples and incalculable wealth, satisfied with the view they had obtained of its western margin, and the accounts they had received of the interior. "Ganges" became to the Romans a word of undefined distance and nearly fabulous magnificence. The Indus was known to them as the boundary of the richest and most populous nations in the world, but all that lay between those mystic waters, glimmered before them in the heat-mists of their imagination, forming themselves into cities and palaces, compared to which Rome itself was mean and insignificant, and teeming with gold and jewels beyond the reach of the greatest of Persian kings. Wandering merchants scarcely dispelled these poetic exaggerations, when by any chance they returned from a journey to the towns of India. The inexactitude, to call it by no harsher name, of the Orientals, must have altogether hidden the real features of the country, in the descriptions they gave of it to the adventurous Alexandrian, who had penetrated to the shores of Malabar or Ceylon. But Christian zeal performed an achievement beyond the power of mercantile enterprise. Early legends are still rife of the propagation of the Gospel among the Indians by the apostle Thomas himself. But without attaching credit to this tradition, we may pass on to the well authenticated voyage of Cosmas, a merchant of Alexandria in the early part of the sixth century. "There is," he said, "in the island of Taprobane (Ceylon), in the farthestmost India, in the Indian Sea, a Christian church, with clergymen and believers. I know not whether there are any Christians beyond this island. In the Malabar country also, where pepper grows, there are Christians, and in Calliana, as they call it (Callanee near Bombay), there is a bishop who comes from Persia, where he was consecrated." If a Christian bishop from Persia carries the glad tidings to Ceylon and Bombay, we are still more surprised to read in Gibbon that "Christian missionaries from Balkh and Samarcand pursued with-

out fear the footsteps of the roving Tartar, and innuanted themselves into the camps of the valleys of Imaus, and the banks of the Salinga." When India was thus penetrated and surrounded by Christian missions so early as the fifth and sixth centuries, we are prepared for the marvels related of Thomas Cana, an Armenian merchant, who devoted himself to the evangelisation of the Hindoos in the eighth. This admirable personage was naturally enough, in the lapse of time, confounded with the real disciple who bore the same name, but whose connection with the East is not so well established. Whether, however, this Thomas was mistaken for the primitive apostle or not, the circumstance that our great King Alfred sent an embassy under Bishop Sighelew of Sherborne to do honour to the tomb of a Holy Thomas at Madras, admits of no doubt. A pilgrimage to the Coromandel coast in the year 883 for such a purpose, shows a wider diffusion of the Christian faith, and greater toleration and teachableness in the natives, than the ancient prejudices of Hindooism, and the recent introduction of Mohammedanism might lead us to expect, and even if the carping suspicion of Gibbon be well founded, that the envoys got no farther than Alexandria, and in that great centre point of the East and West collected their cargo and their legend, the belief in a Christian shrine in the town of Madras remains uncontroverted. Mussulman fanaticism was limited to the destruction of hostile religions, or the subjection of hostile nations. It tried in vain to erect a barrier against the cupidity of the West, which it could neither convert nor conquer, and the truths of Christianity were conveyed from the capital of the Grecian Empire through Arabia, and across the Indian seas, by the merchants of Genoa and Venice. When Constantinople fell, commerce found out the passage round the Cape, and Christianity accompanied it—but Christianity in its mere earthly form, girding itself with the sword of Peter, and fighting for the dignity of the Pope rather than labouring

for the propagation of faith and the saving of souls. The contest for papal supremacy at once began. The churches already founded by the efforts of the Syrian patriarch resisted the Latin yoke, and the native converts had the shame of seeing the first application of persecution commanded by the Christian pontiff against a Christian congregation. The Franciscan friars, who accompanied the expedition of Vasco di Gama in 1502, considered that they were advancing the interests of the faith by showing, or rather by hiding, the virtues of Christianity in their monastic cells. They built monasteries and churches, but withdrew from the active duties of life, leaving the benefits of the faith as it is in Jesus to be judged of by the lives of the Portuguese traders and adventurers, who, from the "Admural of the Eastern Seas" to the lowest follower of the camp, were the most abandoned reprobates who ever disgraced the name of true believer. "The first Christian settlers in India," says Mr Kaye, "were the most unchristian of men, and it has taken more than three centuries to wipe away the stain cast upon Christianity by the lives of its European professors." This sentence, though applied to the Portuguese of the sixteenth century, we quote as the key note of a great portion of Mr Kaye's volume. What indeed is the use of preaching and catechising, if the conduct of the great majority of the Christian inhabitants is in direct antagonism to the lessons of the teachers? The converse, at all events, of Pope's unorthodox line, 'He can't be wrong whose life is in the right,' is worthy of all acceptance—'He can't be right whose life is in the wrong,' and as all was naught in those early days of Christian propagandism, Mr Kaye rejoices at the rise of one true man who does the work appointed him in a high and self-denying spirit, and rises into one of the most eloquent passages of his book when he describes the career of the sainted Francis Xavier of the Society of Jesus—

"It was in the spring of the year 1541 that the first missionary of the New So-

erty of Jesus turned his clear blue eyes, for the last time, upon the orange-groves of Spain, and set his face towards the shining Orient. A Portuguese vessel, destined to carry out to Goa a new Indian viceroy and a reinforcement of a thousand men, suffered the great hearted enthusiast to shrink silently on board, and to mingle with the noisy crowd of soldiers and mariners on her deck. No pleasant well fitted cabin was there for him—no well supplied ‘cuddy table’—no outfit that he did not carry on his back. He pillowed his head upon a coil of ropes, and ate what the sailors discarded. But there was not a seaman in that labouring vessel there was not a soldier in that crowded troop ship, who did not inwardly recognise the great soul that glowed beneath those squalid garments. No outward humiliation could conceal that knightly spirit, no sickness and suffering could quench the fire of that ardent genius. The highest and the lowest held converse with him, and abject prostrate as he was he towered above them all alike as a gentleman and a scholar. And when, thirteen months after the vessel sailed out of the port of Lisbon its rent sails were furled and its struned cables coiled before the seaport of Goa there was not one of the many enthusiasts who now, as they dropped down her weather stained and shattered side shrouded for themselves in imagination so brilliant a career in the great Indies, or heaped up such piles of visionary wealth as stirred the heart of Francis Xavier. But his career was only that of the Christian missionary and the riches he was to gain were countless thousands of human souls.

It was Xavier's will to suffer. The King of Portugal had ordered that on his passage to India a cabin should be placed at his disposal and furnished with everything that could render tolerable the discomforts of a sea life. But he had rejected these kingly offers and contented himself with the bare deck as his home, a single cloak to shelter him in the foul weather and a few books to solace him in the fair. And now that he had reached the point at which were to commence his apostolic ministrations the same spirit of self denial and self dependence animated him in all that he did. He had prayed before his departure for more stripes, he had asked the Divine goodness to grant him in India the pains that had been faintly foreshadowed in his Italian career. He had carried out all sorts of bribes and credentials from regal and pontifical hands, and the bishop now eagerly tendered

him assistance, and pressed upon him pecuniary support. But he refused all these episcopal offers, and sought no aid but that of God. The more dangers seemed to thicken—the more appalling the difficulties that beset his path—the more agonising the trials he endured—the louder, the more earnest was his cry, ‘Yet more—O my God!—yet more!’

“Protestant zeal is only contemptible when it denies that Francis Xavier was a great man. Delusions he may have had, strong as ever yet wrought upon the human soul, but the true nobility of his nature is not to be gainsaid. He faced the most tremendous trials with a courage and a constancy of the highest order and prosecuted the most arduous and astounding labours with an energy and a perseverance scarcely exemplified in the history of mankind. He found himself suddenly thrown into the midst of a mingled community of natives and Europeans, of which it was hard to say whether the one or the other were sunk in the deeper and more debasing idolatry. It was a privilege to him to endure hardship and to be beset with difficulty in the prosecution of his great work. His courage rose as the objects in his path loomed larger and larger and he waded through the sea of pollution that lay before him as one who never feared to sink. He began his course by endeavouring to entice his countrymen at Goa into a purer way of life, and as none since the days of the apostle Paul have known better how to abound and how to be abused he became as weak unto the weak, all things to all men, that by all means he might save some. The knightly spirit was never extinct within him, with the chivalry and the courtesy of the old noble, he united the fulness and readiness of the scholar and whether among the gay and gallant officers who surrounded the Viceroy of Portugal or among the degraded fishermen on the coast of Malabar, the gentle blood which flowed in his veins imparted dignity to his presence, softness to his speech, and the most winning generosity to his actions. Whether, placing himself at the head of a band of oppressed Christians, he charged down, crucifix in hand, upon a marauding enemy, or whether he braved death in fever hospitals and leper-houses, performing readily the most sickening offices for their tainted inmates, the same noble courage and self-devotion shone out in everything that he did.

That the doctrines he taught may not have been the soundest—that his means of teaching were insufficient—that he knew little of the native languages—

that he made converts who were in reality no converts—that he had an overweening faith, not peculiar to the sixteenth century, in the efficacy of infant baptism, are facts which all history records, but no true history in a grudging spirit. The more insufficient his means, the greater the faith that sustained him. When Francis Xavier went about the streets of Goa, or traversed the villages on the western coast, bell in hand, its clear sounds inviting all who heard to gather round him and accept from his lips the first rudiments of Christian truth; and when, with inalienable European accent, he enunciated a rude translation of the Apostles' Creed, and then of the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments, he did not believe that he, so unworthy an agent, so weak a vessel, could convert thousands of wondering heathens to the faith as it is in Christ, but he believed that even a weaker vessel, even a more unworthy agent, might, in God's hands, become a human medium for the conversion of tens of thousands, and he did his best, knowing how little it was in itself, but how great it might become, if the Holy Ghost descended upon him as a dove, and birdlike accompanied him in his wanderings. How far the Divine Spirit may have worked in him, and for him, it is not for us in these days to determine. It was said that a miraculous gift of tongues was vouchsafed to him, that he raised the dead, and performed other prodigies, but he was too faithful, too real a man to favour the growth of errors which the whole Catholic world was only too willing to accept, and it would be the vilest injustice to fix upon the first Jesuit missionary the charge of dishonesty and insincerity, because among his followers have been liars and hypocrites of the worst class.

"The proselytes of Francis Xavier are numbered by his followers, not by tens, but by hundreds of thousands. He is said to have converted seven hundred thousand unbelievers to the Christian faith. His converts were drawn from all classes from princes to pariahs. That the dishonesty or credulity of his biographers has greatly magnified his successes is not to be denied, but, making large deductions on this score, there still remains a formidable balance of nominal Christianity to be carried to the account of the apostle. His superhuman energies seem to have been attended with almost miraculous results. Idols fell at his approach; churches rose at his bidding; and the sign of the cross became the recognised symbol of fellowship among the inmates of entire villages

From Goa he travelled southward to the pearl-fisheries of Cape Comorin, and after succouring the poor people who had been driven thence to the shores of the Straits of Manar, returned to the western coast, and commenced his labours with extraordinary energy and success in Travancore. According to his own account he baptised ten thousand heathens in a single month; carrying on the holy work till he could no longer articulate the words of the formula, or raise his hand to perform the office. Then he took ship for the Eastern Isles, visited Malacca, Amboyna, Ternate, Java; and after a while, returned to visit his churches in Southern India, and to prepare himself for a great crusade against the Bonzes of Japan. More than two years were spent in this holy war; many strange adventures he encountered, many converts he made, and many churches he established, but his career was now drawing to a close. He returned to Goa and there in council with one Iago Pereira captain of the vessel which had carried the apostle on his strange and perilous voyage from Japan, formed the magnificent design of converting the Chinese empire. But he never reached the flowery land. Difficulties beset the enterprise. The apostle of the Jesuits was landed at the island of Sancian, and there, as he was about to join, full of heart and hope a Siamese embassy of which he had gained tidings, and thus aided to penetrate into the interior of the celestial empire the hand of God was put forth to stay his triumphant career, the Divine mandate, 'thus far shalt thou go, and no further,' was issued to that lowly, well prepared servant of God. He met the summons with rapture and on the same beach, or beneath a miserable shed, which sheltered him neither from the heat by day nor from the cold by night he closed a life of agony and bliss of humiliation and of triumph, with scarcely a parallel in the history of the world.

After this glowing tribute to the apostle of the Indies, we are not surprised that Mr Kaye comes to the conclusion that, in the history of the Jesuit missions to Hindostan, Francis Xavier stands out in solitary grandeur as the one apostolic man. Beside him all his successors were but mountebanks and impostors. Strengthened by many nominal adherents to the Romish form, the papal priesthood became insufferably arrogant and presumptuous. Don Al-

exis de Meneses, the Archbishop of Goa, blew the trumpet in the good old knightly style, and rode at the head of his retainers to exterminate the schismatics of the south, terrifying their archdeacon into apparent compliance, and marshalling all his forces the missionary archbishop cursed his foes, and struck them with excommunication—pronounced the head of their church, the Patriarch of Babylon, a heretic and impostor, and by dint of amazing perseverance, by bribery and bullying skillfully applied, by claiming the assistance of the native princes, and undermining the confidence of all the churches, he finally attained his object, and the Syrian congregations professed themselves the liegemen of the Pope.

It was a matter, however with which real Christianity had very little to do. The conversions were in few cases sincere and the doctrines of the church were limited to its ceremonies and discipline. As if to prove the unsubstantial nature of Hindoo conformity under the teachings of Rome there came a fresh band of Jesuit missionaries at the beginning of the seventeenth century. These men despised the example of Francis Xavier, who kept up the distinctive forms of his church and preached openly the peculiarities of his faith; they pursued an opposite course. They turned aside from the practice of no deceit, from the exercise of no hypocrisy. They lied in word and they lied in action. They called themselves Western Brahmans and in the disguise of Brahmans they mixed themselves with the people talking their language, following their customs, and countenancing their superstitions. The success of these missionaries was proved by the number of converts they persuaded to go through the ceremony of baptism, but in all other respects the convert continued as deeply heathen as before. Jesuits missionaries, catechists, and converts, all vied with each other in the ostentatious idolatry of their religious services. The processions which had taken place in honour of Vishnu, were now marshalled in worship of the Virgin. There was the same

noise of trumpets and kettle-drums, there were the same dancers, with the same marks of vermillion and sandal wood on their naked bodies. To break down the barriers of caste would have been a great achievement, but the Jesuits did not attempt it. They went among the people with great parade of caste, and declared that they were sprung from the head of Brahma himself. As falsehood and imposture are sure, sooner or later, to meet their just reward, it will not surprise us to be told that the new Brahmans were detected, and driven forth with ignominy and contempt. It certainly is with no feeling of regret or commiseration that we read, that the dawn of the eighteenth century found the authority of the Church of Rome reduced to the narrowest limits, and the Jesuits nowhere visible on the Indian coast.

The first establishment of an English East India Company dates from 1599. The objects of the Company were simply commercial and yet it was no long time before the religious element began to be introduced. Chaplains were appointed to all the ships and each voyage was inaugurated with solemn prayer and supplication in presence of the Governor and his colleagues. The lives of the private adventurers were not very striking models of Christian conduct, and for the first century of the Company's existence the original institution only was kept in view, and in its official capacity the Company was not a proselytising body. We cannot help thinking that a great deal too much is made of the supposed immorality of the English people, and the lukewarmness on religious matters displayed by the Corporation of Merchants trading to the East. Mr Kaye extends his indictment against our predecessors from the beginning of the seventeenth century to very recent times. He dwells upon the dissolution of manners attendant on the Restoration, but he forgets the strong under current of Puritanic asceticism that flowed beneath the glittering surface on which floated the reflectors of Whitehall. There were men also, all through the reigns of Charles and James, who had

shouted, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" at Marston Moor, and were ready to draw the sword again. There were modest country manors, in which the equals and companions of the Hutchinsons were still to be found, but who never presented themselves at Court; and the alarmists who seem to take a pride, after the deluding example of Lord Macaulay, in blackening the moral character of the men of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, may take comfort from the reflection that, if one half their lamentations were true, there would have been no restoration possible: a people once thoroughly demoralised can never rise again. But the heart of middle-class England was always sound: its mobs might be riotous and brutal, its Charles the Second lordlings and Walpole politicians might be unprincipled and licentious; but the mass of the educated population feared God and were charitable to man. A mistake is made between coarseness of manner and wickedness of heart. Squire Western would scarcely be tolerated in a society of labourers at the present day, and Commodore Truncheon would certainly make his appearance at Bow Street, and be fined for improper language; but the foundations were firm. Both those estimable and foul-mouthed gentlemen would have felt themselves insulted if you had proposed anything mean, or dishonourable, or irreligious for them to do; and the whole difference between that time and thus seems to be, that the public standard of decorum in those days was lower, and the individual was more lax in formal observances; but at both periods there was, as an essential portion of the national character, the same reverence for goodness, and respect for holy things. Mr Kaye is surely too exacting when he sneers at the dilatoriness of the merchant adventurers in not building a church for the first eighty years of their connection with the East. They were years of struggle for the bare life; they were persecuted by the Portuguese and the Dutch; their position was not secure for a single day; they were fain to be contented with prayers in a private room, and sermons delivered in

temporary buildings, as the Israelites contented themselves with a tent in the wilderness. "Old John Mandelslo," says Mr Kaye himself, "who wrote in 1640, tells us that at the chief factory prayers were said at the President's house. The respect and reverence which the other merchants had for the President was very remarkable, as also the order which was there observed in all things, especially at divine service, which was said twice a-day—in the morning at six, and at eight at night, and on Sundays thrice." If on "Fridays, after prayers," the governor relaxed a little, and invited his colleagues to join him in drinking their wives' healths; and if, on those festive occasions, it sometimes happened, as old John Mandelslo confesses, that "some made advantage of this meeting to get more than they could well carry away," we are to make allowance for the occasion; for it is said Friday which was thus celebrated was the day on which they had left England on their outward voyage; and we are not to visit the excesses of 1640 with the harshness which they might deserve in this period of total abstinence and compulsory sobriety. The drink which produced these exhilarating and consolatory effects was composed, we are told, of aqua-vite, rose-water, juice of citrons, and sugar; and as the Indian tree-juice has furnished the Scotch with the name for their national "toddy," it is only right, in the Hindoo appellation of the above savory compound, "*Pale punje*," to recognise the English "*punch*."

It was the Factory of Madras which had the honour of building the first Protestant church in India. Under the presidency of the excellent Sir George Oxenden and his successor Gerald Aungier, a devout and charitable man of the name of Streynsham Master had worked to this good end. In the year 1681 a building of solid stone was set apart for the worship of God; and we regret that Mr Kaye descends to the remark that "many persons may still consider it no better than a barn or a riding-school, because it was not episcopally consecrated, and probably was not placed in accurate relation

to the points of the compass." In the presence of the woeful fact that this was the one building in all India devoted to the public worship of the English settlers, it seems a little below the sacredness of the occasion to allude sarcastically to the absence of a Form which to the Episcopalians might have invested it with a dearer interest, as reminding them of the village church at home, and could not possibly have lessened its claim to consideration on the part of the other worshippers, to whom all ceremonial dedications and all ecclesiastic architecture were matters of no moment. But a church, whether episcopally blest or not, was now among the most precious of the buildings of Madras. How to get it supplied with fitting ministers was the next question. Chaplains were sent in numbers sufficient for the inhabitants of the respective factories. In a short time the Crown gave its countenance to the proceedings of those distant subjects so far as to make it a part of the duty of those chaplains to convert the Gentooes. The charter of a new Company in 1698 contained a clause enacting that the Company should constantly maintain one minister in every garrison and superior factory, and that they should in such garrisons or factories provide or set apart a decent and convenient place for divine service only. Quarrels, however, of the most brutal violence, broke out between the rival companies and the chief persons in authority, to the great scandal of the English name. Fights took place in the council-chamber. If the President was strong, he so mauled the dissentient councillor that he had to be taken to bed. If the councillor bore malice, he tried to revenge himself by poisoning or otherwise murdering his superior. When peace, however, was brought about by the union of the two Companies under one charter in 1706, the thoughts of the belligerents reverted to the church. Madras made good use of her new building, and the merchants created admiration among the natives by the solemnity of their demeanour as they marched in procession to the Sunday services, preceded by the President. Bombay and

Calcutta also were not without witnesses of the faith, though Mr Kaye gives a miserable description of the state of morals among the settlers on the Hooghly. They had sufficient Protestantism, however, if not Christianity, to resist the aggressions of the Papists, who established an influence in many of their houses by having gained the spiritual management of the native women whom the adventurers had married. The first thing, accordingly, we hear of in the history of the young community at Chuttanuddy (Calcutta), is that a gallant governor of the name of Sir John Gouldsbrough, finding that a padre has succeeded in getting himself appointed heir to a foolish person of the name of Messenger — by the wheedling of his black wife, who had turned a Papist — takes vigorous measures to vindicate the law, and disappoint the hostile faith. He turns the priests bodily out of his domain of Chuttanuddy, and, to show them how terribly in earnest he is, he pulls down their "mass-house," and levels the ground it occupied for an enlargement of his factory.

But a surer method of pulling down mass-houses was pursued by the Danish missionaries Ziegenbalg and Plutschow, who arrived at Tranquebar in the year 1706. In spite of the enmity of Romish priests, and the apathy, if not active opposition, of the chaplains on the Establishment, the word of God mightily grew and prevailed under the administration of these two men. "They did not expect to work miracles of genuine conversion," says Mr Kaye, "and they were content with no conversion that was not genuine." They attacked the stronghold of the Brahmans by making themselves masters of the theology of the Vedas. The path was farther cleared for them by the favour of the English authorities. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel contributed a small sum in 1709 for the support of missions. The chaplains on the Establishment became courteous in compliment to the letters recommendatory of the King of Denmark, according to Mr Kaye, but in consequence equally, let us believe, of the tried virtues of the missionaries themselves. The church

was lent to them for their services in German, and a wealthy native was only deterred by the hostility of his countrymen from building a church for them at his own expense. A church, however, was furnished by contributions from the European settlers at Tranquebar, and the two young missionaries preached in Tamul and in Portuguese to crowds of Papists and Protestants, Mohammedans and Hindoos. Conversion from the two last-named communities had the additional obstruction of being the certain source of ruin to the convert. The new Christian had to surrender friendship and society, and finally maintenance itself; for nobody would consort with him, or furnish him with employment. Ziegenbalg was ready with a remedy, and taught them useful manufactures, which made them independent of their countrymen. "With all their spiritual enthusiasm," remarks Mr Kaye, "these young Danish missionaries were eminently practical men; and I am not sure that we should not have done better in India, if we had imitated them in this good practice of providing work for our heathen converts." For the farther proceedings of these excellent men—for their successes and disappointments, for their gradual overcoming of difficulties between them and the other clergy in Hindostan, till finally they were received with the right hand of fellowship by the chaplains in Madras—we must refer to the volume itself. We shall also pass over the labours and triumphs of the famous missionary Schwartz at Tanjore. No nation has ever sorrowed over the grave of warrior or politician with truer or prouder regret than the Christian public of England did over the death of this pure-hearted apostle of the faith. Statues were raised in his honour (the works of Bacon and Flaxman); sermons in commemoration of his merits were ordered to be preached; and an inscription for his tomb sent out from England, recording that he had been employed by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, for fifty years; that during all that time he had gone about doing good; that he had built a Christian church, and established

Christian seminaries; and that the East India Company were anxious to perpetuate the memory of such transcendently worthy, and were gratefully sensible of the public benefits which resulted from its influence.

Perhaps the greatest benefit which resulted from his influence was the example he set of caution and moderation. Giving way to no impulses of rash and dangerous zeal, he laid the sure foundations of future progress, by disarming the suspicions of the native chiefs. A simple individual, personally powerless, was no object of fear to the most jealous of rajahs; and as the result of the early labours of Schwartz, and the continued efforts of his followers, Gericke, Kohlof, and Kiernander, it is stated that, at the present day, and in Tinnevely alone, there is a Christian population of forty thousand souls.

The transactions in Bengal bring one of this Tinnevely band more prominently forward; and due honour is done to the labours and virtues of John Kiernander. A very deprecatory and hostile view is again taken of the general state of morals in Calcutta in the early part of last century. The total absence of the religious element in English society, as we are told, made itself doubly manifest among the settlers on the Hooghly; yet the existence and activity of the two great societies which are so often commemorated in these pages—the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and the Christian Knowledge Society—are themselves some proof that the disease had not penetrated to the core. "In 1715," says Mr Kaye, "the settlers built God a church," and adds, for the sake of the quotation, "but laughed His word to scorn for many years afterwards." Yet we are informed in the succeeding paragraph, that "when the church was built, the Reverend Samuel Brereton, seemingly (why seemingly?) a devout man, was chaplain to the Factory at Calcutta; and we may be sure it rejoiced his heart to see the President and all the chief servants of the Company walking every Sabbath in solemn procession to the house of God." But troubled times came on, and the settlers were reminded of the manly

stantial nature of their security by the cruelties of Surajah Dowlah, in 1756. The horrors of the Black Hole reduced the English population from one hundred and forty six to two or three and twenty, and no great efforts of missionary enterprise could be expected from those terrified and heart-broken survivors, even after the genius of Clive had placed them in greater security than before. Kier nander, however, replaced the church which Surajah Dowlah had destroyed in the year 1770, defraying all expenses out of his own resources, and henceforth the gospel was preached in sincerity and truth, whatever might be the atmosphere of vice and self-indulgence in which the chief officers of the now ambitious Company lived. That vice and self-indulgence were the rule rather than the exception, in high places, is not to be denied, and the more credit is to be given to the few—faithful found though few—who resisted the contamination of such examples as were set them by Hastings and Francis, and the other leaders of the politics and fashions of Bengal. “Verily, says Mr Kaye at this portion of his narrative, ‘it was of little use to think of Christianising the people until the English in India had begun in some measure to Christianise themselves.’

With the year 1786, and the governor generalship of Lord Cornwallis, the curtain draws up on a more hopeful scene. There are good men and true in offices of dignity and influence, such as Mr Charles Grant, and Mr William Chambers, and when the highest officials in India were seen to be as strict in marking the iniquities of private life as the neglect of public duties, the society of Calcutta underwent a sudden and extraordinary change. Gambling, duelling, and the other vices of high life, went out of fashion, and no longer restrained by the unanswerable taunt of the Hindoos, derived from the acts of some of its professors, “Christian religion, devil religion,” the war was carried into the enemy’s country with a strong garrison, as it were, left in the rear. This aggressive movement was made, however, without the concurrence of Lord Cornwallis, not that his lord-

ship undervalued the religious and political effects of Christianity, but simply from the contempt and dislike he entertained of the natives, whom he considered “not a convertible people.” But this question was now about to be practically tried by other and humbler hands than those of a Governor General. David Brown, a favourite disciple of Charles Simeon of Cambridge, and afterwards a most active propagator of the faith, had landed at Calcutta in the same year with Lord Cornwallis, as chaplain of the Military Orphan Asylum, then recently established. In the first glow of the evangelical zeal into which his humanity had burst forth while he was an undergraduate, the new chaplain saw much to mourn over in all that met his eyes. Yet he was not the man to draw back from the plough on which he had once set his hand. Negotiations were entered into with Wilberforce and Simeon for the establishment of Church of England missionaries, their salaries to be paid by subscription, and though these propositions for a while were fruitless, they led eventually to the formation of the Church Missionary Society from which the greatest benefits were expected to flow. David Brown, however, derived greater aid from the change of the chief governors than from the establishment of any society. Sir John Shore succeeded Lord Cornwallis in 1793, and held the viceregal throne for four years. For that period all that the personal zeal of the Governor General could do was done in aid of the missionary cause. He made open profession of his individual faith. “I have no hesitation, he wrote to Wilberforce, ‘on any occasion, and on some find it a duty, to declare myself a disciple of Christ, in whose gospel and in the Bible I look for my religion.’” With so congenial a spirit in the chief, the working officers were certain to proceed with additional vigour, and Sir John, after he had returned home with the title of Lord Teignmouth, as if conscious of the danger which might arise from an official encouragement of their labours, was careful in laying down the limits within which he believed their efforts ought to be restrained.

"Anxious as I am that the natives of India should become Christians from a regard to their temporal happiness and eternal welfare, I know that this is not to be effected by violence, nor by undue influence; and although I consider this country bound by the strongest obligations of duty and interest, which will ever be found inseparable, to afford them the means of moral and religious instruction, I have no wish to limit that toleration which has hitherto been observed with respect to their religion, laws, and customs. On the contrary, I hold a perseverance in the system of toleration not only as just in itself, but as essentially necessary to facilitate the means used for their conversion, and those means should be conciliatory, under the guidance of prudence and discretion. But I should consider a prohibition of the translation and circulation of our Holy Scriptures, and the recall of the missionaries, most fatal prognostics with respect to the permanency of the British dominion in India."

The splendid administration of Lord Wellesley, extending from 1798 to 1805, was too exclusively occupied with foreign conquest and internal organisation to bestow much care on ecclesiastical affairs. Persons of more zeal than wisdom became prominent among the chaplains. The suspicions of the native populations were roused, and no historian of India but Mr Kaye himself has denied that the ignorant fanaticism of the unauthorised missionaries was a powerful ingredient in producing the disastrous mutiny at Vellore which broke out on Wellesley's return to England. The discipline of the chaplains on the Establishment was so relaxed during a portion of his government, that a great deal of government's time was taken up in the arrangement of their fights and squabbles. We were told indeed, many years ago, by the Military Secretary of Lord Wellesley, that the religious staff at Calcutta was for some time in a state of hopeless anarchy. David Brown, being the senior chaplain, was considered by Lord Wellesley the head of the Church; but as he had no official rank, the other chaplains disputed his pre-eminence. Among these a certain Mr Shepherd, who had been an officer of dragoons, was the most unruly, and raised a report that

David Brown had never received priest's orders. The consternation among the inhabitants of Calcutta, who had been married by their favourite minister, was ignorantly great, and the Military Secretary, to whose department the care of all the churches belonged, summoned Mr Brown to explain. The explanation was that he had, indeed, only come out with Deacon's orders; but that the Archbishop of Canterbury, to save him the expense and delay of a voyage home, had sent him an authorisation to act as Priest. "Why not set people's minds at rest by making this public?" inquired the Military Secretary. "And gratify the malignity of Mr Shepherd by taking notice of his inventions? No!" was the reply. So the Secretary acted on his own responsibility. He called Mr Shepherd before him and administered a reprimand. But the spirit of the dragoon officer broke through the stuff gown of the chaplain, and he challenged his reprimander! It is not to be wondered at, that, when the Military Secretary returned to England, and was consulted by Wilberforce and other members of the "Clapham sect" on the Indian Church, he strongly recommended a bishop as the only means of keeping the chaplains in anything like regimental order.

But the greater was the force of individual effort when professional combination was so difficult. David Brown and Claudius Buchanan saw the splendours of the Wellesley reign receive their highest consummation in the reverence shown to religion by all under the Governor-General's influence. He was characteristically ostentatious in his attendance at the ordinances of worship, not for the gratification of personal vanity, but to render his wishes and practice unmistakable either by immigrant or native. He went to church in state, and consistently throughout his great career discountenanced immoral and irreligious men. He contributed to the fund for the translation of the Scriptures into the native languages, and had the policy to represent the scepticism of former times as not only a proof of bad taste, but of a want of patriotism. The French,

with whom we were at war, were held up as professors of atheism, it was right that England should make open profession of her belief in God.

The death bed of Mr Brown was cheered by the confidence he felt that his mantle would fall on worthy shoulders. We have already mentioned the name of Claudius Buchanan, and to show that religious biography has its romance no less than military or naval, did space permit, we would fain extract an account of this excellent man from the animated pages of Mr Kaye.

The highly effective picture of Buchanan is followed by a portrait of Henry Martyn, whom the author lovingly compares to Francis Xavier, without his visionary excitement, and when the bead roll of names is called over, in which Brown, Buchanan, Martyn, Corrie, and Thomas, head the list there is no further ground for fear or uncertainty. The champions are in the field, and victory is assured. Nor is a less honourable status awarded to the Baptist missionaries of Serampore, but rather are their struggles, their quarrels and even their darker deficiencies, dwelt upon with a complacent consciousness that they were free from Episcopal authority, and unencumbered with a sufficient income to keep them from the drudgeries of labour or the trickeries of trade. 'That awkward circumstance in the lives of the chaplains of Bengal,' exclaims Mr Kaye in triumph, "the salary of one thousand a-year, did not stand in the way of the struggling Baptist." A man of the scholarly fame and Christian graces of Mr Carey deserved a nobler introduction than a sneer at the superior worldly advantages of the Company's clergy, and last man in the world to grudge to Henry Martyn or Claudius Buchanan the competence which left them undisturbed by the trials of poverty, would have been William Carey himself. The array, however, was become full from all quarters. The Danish settlement at Serampore afforded safety, if not wealth, to the noble band who had proceeded to India as missionaries, independent of the Indian Government. While Carey was preaching in the highways and streets, Ward

and Marshman, worthy coadjutors in so lofty a task, translated the New Testament into Bengalee, "and on the 18th of May 1800, to the inexpressible delight of the whole party, the first sheet was struck off in a clear legible type."

Warming with the success of the holy labourers at Serampore, Mr Kaye cannot restrain his joy at the feelings of Christian brotherhood evoked by Carey's fame. "Lord Wellesley's magnificent design of a college in Fort-William, for the education of the younger branches of the Company's service, had been inaugurated, and a staff of learned professors and teachers appointed to give practical effect to the scheme. At the head of this staff were the heads of the English Church in Calcutta, David Brown and Claudius Buchanan. There was no sectarianism in those days among the English in India, and neither did the Governor General look askance at learning and merit in a dissenting guise, nor did the English churchman of the Establishment refuse to be associated in this and other enterprises with pious men of different denominations. It was enough for them that Mr Carey was a learned man, of a blameless way of life. So, on the recommendation of Mr Brown, he was appointed teacher of Bengalee at the college of Fort William, on a salary of six hundred a year. Evil days however, were at hand, when the effects of the mutiny of Vellore were ascertained. Whether from a fear of the destruction of caste, or anger at a change of uniform, or insults offered to their superstitions by the less politic of the missionaries, or a combination of all these causes, the Government was thoroughly alarmed. It would not be answerable for the conduct of any promulgators of Christianity, unless they were officially under their control. They therefore objected to the settlement of persons devoting themselves to the work of proselytising without a special licence from the authorities, and as the appearance of religious liberty was on the side of the unauthorised professors of the Gospel, the struggle was bitter and long. The Company at Seram-

pore were confined to the limits of that foreign settlement,—a fresh batch of Baptist missionaries was refused permission to land—and the Court of Directors at home, in explanation of these proceedings, published a despatch in 1808, maintaining their unaltered anxiety for the dissemination of Christianity. "But we have a fixed and settled opinion," they added, "that nothing could be more unwise and impolitic—nothing even more likely to frustrate the hopes and endeavours of those who aim at the very object—the introduction of Christianity among the native inhabitants—than any imprudent or injudicious attempt to introduce it by means which should irritate and alarm their religious prejudices. Against these and similar warnings Mr Kaye thinks it his duty to protest, in as far as they profess to be justified by the proceedings of the missionaries of Serampore. He differs from the Indian Government and most of the Indian authorities and maintains that their conduct was not only very creditable, but 'very surprising considering the circumstances in which they were placed.

In the year 1813 the struggle between the timid adherents of a negative policy in Church affairs in the East, and the bolder advocates of a deliberate and open declaration of Christianity in the sight of all the heathen, came to the happy compromise of the establishment of a bishop in Bengal.

The debates in Parliament were protracted and severe,—prognostics of evil and prophecies of good were freely indulged in on the opposite side, and as the majority for the episcopate was very slender, the Ministry were anxious to soothe the apprehensions of the opponents of the measure by the appointment of a "safe man, and Thomas Fane Middelton was the person selected for the Indian mitre. Claudius Buchanan was at this time at home, and if his health had been good, would have been designated as a fitter holder of the position by the more enthusiastic portion of the religious world, but he was supposed, whether rightly or wrongly, to be wanting in judgment and discretion,

and when that zealous and laborious missionary was removed by death, at the very time when the new prelate took his departure from England, no farther objection was made to the nomination of the Board of Control. But Bishop Middleton is not so lucky in escaping the denunciations of his present historian. He had the misfortune to be one of the greatest Greek scholars in England, and to be patronised on account of his literary talents by the powerful family of the Pretymans. The iniquities of the Greek Article, and the pluralism heaped on him by his patrons, find little mercy at the hands of Mr Kaye. A friendly critic might have considered that the sacrifice of his classical position and his ecclesiastical offices was a proof of conscientious earnestness in the cause of the Gospel. The dignified incumbency of St Pancras, and the repose of a prebendal stall in Lincoln, were a great price to pay for the privilege of suffering, labouring, and dying in the hot climate of Bengal, with no friends to share or appreciate his scholarly refinement, and evil construction to be put on all his acts. His griefs and perplexities are somewhat triumphantly dwelt on. When he is suffering from one of the effects of the climate, which is known by the name of the prickly heat—and "describes it as having ignited his whole frame, and rendered him little qualified for anything that requires attention"—we are complacently told "that there was something that irritated him even worse than the prickly heat and that was—Dr Bryce, the Presbyterian chaplain." This excellent and zealous Presbyterian seems, indeed, to have been an incarnation of the prickly heat from which his countrymen suffer, and to have spread the infection wherever he came. He first applied for the alternate use of the cathedral for his Sunday ministrations, he then got the use of the College Hall, and having denounced Episcopalianism, with all its lordly pretensions, he published his discourse as a sermon at the opening of the Church of Calcutta. And to crown the whole, when the first stone of St Andrew's Church was laid with great national demonstrations and masonic

ceremonials, Bishop Middleton was invited to attend. Bishop Middleton did not accept the invitation, but he proceeded on a tour throughout his diocese. His first journey was from Calcutta to Madras. Many things occurred to vex him. His official authority over the chaplains was denied, for they claimed their position as servants of the Company, and not parochial clergy,—differences between Christian sects were protruded prominently in the eyes of the heathen by the vulgar jealousies excited by his ecclesiastical rank, and the Caledonian prickliness of Dr Bryce was still beyond the reach of brimstone. "But there was consolation and encouragement," says Mr Kaye with scornful pity, "in one circumstance that greeted his arrival at Madras. There was a splendid new church to be consecrated. A letter from the bishop is quoted, in which he gives an account of the solemnity and beauty of St George's. 'The whole,' he says, 'conveys a magnificent idea of Christianity in the East.' Bishop Middleton, in fact, took up the idea that the surest method of strengthening the Christian cause in India was to make it something venerable and dignified in the people's eyes. It is with this view he relates with such enjoyment not only the growing influence of religion among the English, proved by the confirmation of upwards of three hundred on this occasion, but the deputation he received from the Armenian nation, and the visit paid to him by the Nabob of the Carnatic on which occasion the guns were fired from the fort. In the same spirit he desired throughout his diocese a certain regularity in ecclesiastical buildings, a decent solemnity, and as much uniformity as possible in the services of the church,—not that he was not as well aware as the bitterest of his traducers that God is to be worshipped in spirit and in truth, but that he might fulfil the purpose of his acceptance of rank by a display of Christianity in its national and external development,—that the Hindoo in his temple, the Mohammedan in his mosque, might feel the Christian also has his holy

ground,—the majesty of England suffers no degradation by being prostrated at the foot of the Cross. Bishop Middleton was selected because he was a "safe" man, he is now run down for keeping within the bounds beyond which the native suspicions might have been excited. And after many pages of depreciating remark, this truth seems to dawn upon Mr Kaye himself. In the course of those pages we see that the zeal of the calumniated bishop was rewarded by the building of many churches in all parts of India, by the improvement perceptible in public morals, and by the foundation of the Mission College in Calcutta, one of the noblest movements of the awakened interest of the English public in the conversion of their Indian subjects. But no allowance is made for the wearing effects of labour and responsibility. Illness, incapacity, and finally death, are attributed to disgust at the success of the Serampore mission, which consisted of Dissenters at the intention at that time entertained of lowering his official rank beneath that of the chief justices of the three Presidencies, and at the unrestrained licentiousness of the Indian press. "Puseyism and Tractarianism," says Mr Kaye, "were not known by those names when Bishop Middleton went out to India, but he was of the number of those who esteem the Church before the Gospel, who have an overflowing faith in the efficacy of certain forms of brick and mortar, and who believe that a peculiar odour of sanctity ascends from prayers offered up in an edifice constructed with due regard to the points of the compass. No man could have had a higher sense of the external importance of his office, or stickled more rigidly for the due observance of the ceremonials which he conceived to belong to it. He had a decided taste for military salutes, and struggled manfully for social precedence. In all this he was sincere. He wrought in accordance with his genuine convictions. It was not personal vanity that inflated him, himself was not dominant over all. But he had an overweening sense of the dignity and import-

ance of his office. He believed that it was his first duty to suffer nothing to lower the standard of episcopal authority, or to obscure its exterior glories. His zeal as a bishop shone over in advance of his fervour as a Christian. This peculiarity was not without its uses. The externals of religion had been too much neglected in India. It was desirable that something more of dignity should be imparted to the priestly character. Lord Wellesley was described by Sir James Mackintosh as a *sultanised* Anglo-Indian, Bishop Middleton would have *sultanised* the Episcopal office. He was not without a motive, and a good one, in this. He was an able and an active labourer in his way, blameless in the relations of private life, and as a man to be greatly respected." This is a small proportion of the bread of praise to the unconscionable quantity of the sack of vituperation, but the invidious comparison between the first Bishop of Calcutta and the last, with which the paragraph closes, is still worse. We can conceive nothing that would have been more painful to the humble and generous mind of Bishop Daniel Wilson than the strife his partisans maintain, of which was the greatest, he or his earliest predecessor. One was perhaps only the fitting supplement to the other. The church building, status vindicating bishop, made it easier for his successor to combine the loftiness of Episcopal rank with the warmth of missionary zeal, but the mere fact of a comparison being instituted between the two, proves that, even in the opinion of the Wilsonites, the learned bishop was not unmindful of souls, and of the Middletonians, that the later prelate was not unmindful of the dignity of his rank, or the ceremonial distinctions of his Church.

The short and beautiful episcopate of Reginald Heber we can pass over at less length, because the captivating character of that most Christian of gentlemen has attracted an amount of attention to the scene of his labours which the mere progress of Christianity would not have done. His experience is strongly confirmatory of that of Middleton, that the open

profession of our faith, and the official rank assigned to our bishops, are viewed as individual and justifiable methods of diffusing our religion, but that any government interference would be received in a very different spirit. "Of the jealousy of the natives," Heber writes on his first visitation in 1824, "I have neither heard nor seen any indications. The very small degree of attention which I have excited has been apparently that of curiosity only. The King of Oude and his court expressed a wish to be present at the Resident's marriage, pretty much as they might have done had it been a puppet show, and as his majesty is said to be curious in costumes, I suspect that the novelty of my lawn sleeves may have in part induced him to honour me by asking for my picture. From the Brahmins and Fakirs of both religions I have had pretty frequent visits. Some of the Mussulmans have affected to treat me as of nearly the same faith with themselves, and to call me their ecclesiastical superior as well as of the Christians, but these compliments have generally concluded with a modest statement (like that of Sterne's Franciscan) of the poverty of their order. A rupee or two, with a request that they would remember me in their prayers, I have found on such occasions extremely well taken, and it has been, I hope, no compromise of my religious opinions.' A stronger accusation may even now, in all likelihood, be brought against the caution he showed in his intercourse not only with Mohammedans and Hindoos, but with the native converts. At Meerut he is requested by the excellent missionary chaplain, Mr Fisher, to baptise one of those who was anxious for the rite, "but in consequence," says the bishop, "of the rule which I have laid down not to become needlessly conspicuous in the pursuit of objects which are not my immediate concern, I declined. For the same reason I have abstained from distributing tracts, or acting in any way which might excite the jealousy of those whom it is on all accounts desirable to conciliate. The work of conversion is, I think,

silently going on, but those who wish it best will be most ready to say, '*Festiva lente*.' What might have been the result of a different policy we learn from the almost prophetic observations of the bishop on the population of Upper India "They are a proud and irritable people, as yet, I apprehend, by no means thoroughly reconciled to the English or their government, not unlikely to draw the sabre against any one who should offend their prejudices, and though caring little for religion itself, extremely likely to adopt the name of religion as a cloak, if induced by other and less ostensible motives to take up arms against their masters. Under such circumstances Government certainly act most wisely in a careful abstinence from all show of interference and it is still more fortunate that the inhabitants of these (the North western Provinces) have not at present the remotest suspicion that any such interference is contemplated."

The same clearness of vision and tenderness of heart are manifest in all Bishop Heber's ways. On the great question of the recognition of caste among the converts, he decided in favour of this concession to the Hindoo prejudices having ascertained that even among themselves it was considered not a religious but a social distinction. It was like the "blood," he considered, of the European nations, the family pride of the Spaniard, the titles of the English. On this and other points the new missionaries had declared themselves against the old, the Baptists at Serampore had split into two camps differences were growing every where into animosities, and Heber's object was to prevent an unseemly division in the Church over which he presided, on a question in which he did not think the essentials of Christianity were concerned. His judgment, however, in this case, has been overruled by his successor, Bishop Wilson, and we trust it has not been found an additional impediment to the propagation of the faith.

The episcopate of Daniel Wilson is the longest in Indian annals, extending from 1832 to 1858, and besides

this, he is memorable as being the first who was raised to the metropolitan dignity with two suffragans, the Bishops of Madras and Bombay. The deaths in rapid succession of the two bishops appointed after Heber, persuaded the public that the Episcopal superintendence of all the Presidencies was too much for one man's strength, and when his labours were thus lightened by the co-operation of such men as Corrie and Dealtry at Madras, and Spencer and Carr at Bombay, the energies of the new bishop were called forth at once. We must refer to the volume itself for the loving minuteness with which his acts and aspirations are described. It will be sufficient to record the successful efforts made in his time to disassociate the servants of the Company, as far as possible, from the observances of the heathen superstitions. Juggernaut's car was robbed of its victims, the pilgrim tax was abolished, and Government absolved from all connection with the management of funds assigned for the support of the religious institutions of India. The attendance of British officers at Hindoo festivals was countermanded, troops were not to turn out, nor salutes to be fired in honour of idolatrous processions. But with a caution characteristic of "the hereditary policy," these changes were to be effected "in a manner calculated not to alarm the minds of the natives, or offend their feelings." This regard for the ignorant prejudices but warm attachments of the Hindoos is, indeed, the marking feature of all who have thought and laboured for the welfare of India. No one can accuse Corrie or Thomason of lukewarmness in the cause either of philanthropy or religion, yet they both were actuated throughout their career by the spirit of Heber's quotation, "Slow and sure." "In the Chinsurah schools," says Mr Thomason, "the Scripture has not been introduced. They are schools for knowledge, not for religion. I apprehend these gentle expedients are the best." Honest expedients also, as maintained by Mr Kaye, are the surest. When the tide of opposition to idols was at the highest, there were outcries loud and long for the

confiscation of the revenues of the heathen temples. Those revenues had been guaranteed by the treaties of annexation to which England owed the countries where the temples were placed. Timid persons, willing to please both parties, recommended the Company to discontinue the money payments, but commute them into lands. The Bengal Board of Revenue, however, had clearer eyes, and laughed to scorn this attempt to palter in a double sense. "The distinction," they wrote to the Secretary of the Government, "appears to them quite illusory. There is, in fact, no argument against the simple payment of a donation [should not this be donation?] in money, which does not apply with greater force against a permanent endowment in land, and if it be not just and expedient to pursue the one course, it may be certainly predicated that no case can be made out for adopting the other." Of this decision of the authorities, Mr Kaye expresses his unqualified approval. "There being no escape, he writes, 'through the agency of a compromise, Government, except where there was some special justificatory plea for resumption, held to the money payments, and I humbly conceive that they were right'."

As Mr Kaye approaches the present time, we are glad to perceive a widening of his views of Christian brotherhood, and a tendency to attribute actions to proper motives, the absence of which we observed with so much pain in the early part of his narrative. The character of Bishop Wilson receives a just and eloquent eulogium from the same pen which dealt such scant praise to Bishop Middleton. Yet the efforts of the two men were directed to the same end, and finally took the same form. Can anything be more consolatory to the labourers in that great and toil some vineyard than the consciousness that their actions will be viewed in a generous spirit by those who, like Mr Kaye, have the talent and eloquence to protect them from the wrong constructions which are sure to be put upon them by ignorance and malice? It would be no depreciation of the simple and pure-minded

Daniel Wilson to believe that his latest hours might have been soothed by the knowledge that his name would live in the tender attachment and admirable language of the historian of Christianity in India. The last infirmity of noble minds might have been elevated in his instance by the belief that a tribute so delicate and kind would be an incentive to others to follow in his steps.

For the period of a quarter of a century that most evangelical of bishops, and most devout of men presided over the Indian Church. No warnings of failing health or enfeebling age of increasing exhaustion and prostration, no thought of home and its endearing ties, of honoured old age and lettered ease in his native country, could drive him or lure him from his post. He had resolved to die in harness, and in harness he died, bewailing the wickedness of the heathen, in the midst of the great Indian rebellion, and praying for their conversion to the saving faith. He was a man *sui generis*. He lived in the world, but was not of it. I do not think that I ever saw in a man of his advanced years such childlike simplicity. He mixed largely with society; indeed, it may be said that in the best Christian sense, he was of a really social disposition. hospitable, courteous, of an overflowing kindness, in vnable of a malicious feeling, an ungenerous act, and yet I have known people to write beneath the guileless unconsidered words which had fallen from his lips. His eccentricities of demeanour, conspicuous as they were to some and frequent subjects of irrelevant discourse to many, mindful of his many fine qualities, were little observed by those who came within their genial influence, and had eyes to see and faculties to understand the inner nature of the man. His strong devotional spirit, his self forgetfulness in his Master's cause, his unstinting love to wards his fellows, his earnestness of speech, his energy of action, had some thing of an almost apostolic greatness about them. Few of his contemporaries had taken so little of the form and pressure of the times in which he lived.

In the course of his long episcopal career he traversed all parts of India. In the progress of Christian missions he took the deepest interest and he went from station to station, encouraging, animating, aiding all. He was of the high evangelical order of Churchmen, and he would not sanction any of those compromises and half conversions, those

clings to the old garments of caste, which the earlier missionaries not altogether without episcopal authority, had yielded to in perfect good faith, and, as some think with full Christian warrant. On the banner which he carried the word Thorough was emblazoned. He did everything in a large way. Although pure gospel truth was far dearer to him than the dignity of the Church over which he presided, he strove mightily for the outward honour of that Church, and he has left an enduring monument of his resolution in the great cathedral of Calcutta. In the face of many discouragements — discouragements even from friends who believed that the money expended on that magnificent structure might have been more profitably diffused over a larger area — he laboured onwards unceasingly, giving largely from his own store and seeing the completion of his work as he often said he should in time to lay his bones beneath it. If he was mistaken in this it was a grand mistake. Only those who were alike ignorant and uncharitable cried it to perish with vanity. The dominant idea in his mind was that of an outward manifestation of the glories of the Christian Church speaking through its visible magnificence to the senses of the unconverted. Why should I reprove him? He had visions too of a noble army of Christian Churchmen in association with a richly endowed cathedral establishment radiating thence to the uttermost parts of the Indies and carrying the glad tidings of salvation to places where none before had breathed the name of Christ. He may have been right or he may have been wrong, but right or wrong he was moved only by honest impulses and worthy desires to do God service in that way, and the most that can be said is that he who differs from him is that his way was not their way, and that in all probability he had considered the subject more thoughtfully and prayerfully than themselves.

That the character and example of such a man as Bishop Wilson must have contributed largely to that progressive improvement in the religious character of the English in India which we contemplate with so much satisfaction, is not to be doubted. Certainly an impulse was given to the active Christianity of our countrymen the good fruits of which it is not easy to overvalue. Among the principal laymen of the period — ser-

vants of the Company — there were many men of distinguished piety and benevolence, men who, like Wilberforce, Burd, Frederick Millett, and John Lewis, in Bengal, Thomas Thomson (worthy son of a worthy master), in the North Western Provinces, J. B. Thomas in Madras, and James Farish, in Bombay — demonstrated, by the lustre which their Christian graces shed upon their high position, how the best servants of Christ might also be the best servants of the temporal Government. Their example was largely followed by men of less elevated station. The military servants of the Government vied with the civilians. Even the ensign cheerfully contributed his rupees to church building funds and missionary societies. The ordinances of the Church were diligently observed. The Sabbath day was kept holy. Family prayer became a necessity of daily life. Public theatricals languished for want of aristocratic support. English gentlemen esteemed it a reproach to be seen at the sautches of the native gentry. Society ceased to tolerate public lotteries. There was an increased demand for religious books and periodicals. And altogether the manifestations of a vital Christianity were not less encouraging than those evinced by contemporary middle classes at home.

With Christianity yielding such fruits in the capital and among the English officials, the course for further extension seemed opening to an indefinite extent. Great obstacles, no doubt, lay in the way, but they were perceived to be obstacles, and would have been subdued in time if the great rebellion of 1857 had not diverted men's minds into other channels. In a triumphant enumeration of the conquests already gained, Mr Kaye looks with just pride on the abolition of suttee and of infanticide, and looks forward to the nobler victories in store, when woman shall be elevated to her true position in the social scale, and polygamy, with all its debasing evils, be eradicated from the Indian soil. But again and again he warns us against an ostentatious interference with even the worst of the native institutions. There are already in Hindostan upwards of two hundred clergymen of the Church of England engaged in what practically are missionary labours. The nonconformists have also their accredited servants devoted

to the same holy cause. The path has been opened for the individual and unofficial exertions of any person—of whatever rank or station—in the private advancement of the truth. And even the State, which it was formerly the policy to exclude from the mere enunciation of its religious sentiments, has come forward with a great and solemn declaration of its Christian faith in the most important document that ever was published in India. The proclamation of Queen Victoria, which was promulgated among the princes and people in November 1858, conveying the glad message of pardon and peace, contained these words: "Firmly relying ourselves on the truth of Christianity, and acknowledging with gratitude the solace of religion—but it went on to what was considered by the zealots, in both quarters of the world, a *non sequitur*—"we disclaim alike the right and the desire to impose our convictions on any of our subjects. And we do strictly charge and enjoin all those who may be in authority under us, that they abstain from all interference with the religious belief or worship of any of our subjects on pain of our highest displeasure."

Mr Kaye's commentary on this is

in fact the conclusions to which his historical inquiries and strong religious convictions have led. A few lines may sum up the wise counsel he gives to India and England. "The Christianity," he says, "of the British Government and nation, and the toleration of the State, are in these words distinctly proclaimed. These principles are now to be wrought out in practice. In doing so, the Government is not called upon to commit itself to any farther innovations, or to resort to a system of cowardly retrogression. Whatever may have been its ancient shortcomings, the State had already done as much as it behoved it to do, in vindication of its own religion, before the rebellion of 1857 burst over our heads. And I think it had done all that it prudently could do in the present state of the Hindoo mind, to divest, by authoritative interference, Hindooism of its most revolting attributes. More at some future period may be done, when we see that the harvest is ready, but at present it is wiser, I do not say to leave, but to aid, the Hindoo mind to work out its own regeneration, than to force on from without the desired changes, which to be effectual must take growth from within."

A DISSOLVING VIEW OF MONEY AND THE FRANCHISE.

WHEN Parliamentary Reform is the absorbing topic of the day, the absence from the field of so distinguished a Radical as Mr Cobden has naturally excited much remark. His obstinate reticence and seclusion when Mr Bright was touring as an agitator, followed by his abrupt departure to America when the Parliamentary Session was opening, were mysteries which have been variously interpreted. The Brightites, with the usual narrow mindedness of the sect, could attribute this strange conduct to nothing but jealousy. Mr Cobden, they said, had been the great man in the Corn law agitation, and he would not now consent to play second to Mr Bright. Others said that Cobden, who, though not gifted with the grand "stump oratory of Bright, is far more politic and versed in the signs of the time, saw that the new agitation would prove a failure, and therefore desired to keep out of it. For our own part, we were content to accept Mr Cobden's own statement of the matter—namely, that he went to America to look after his private business. But this occasioned a reflection. At the time that Mr Cobden's letter, announcing his intended departure, appeared in the newspapers, his friend Bright was denouncing the nobility and landed gentry because, as a "leisure class," they monopolised the chief places in our governmental system. As if it were not most natural that men who, from their youth have devoted their attention to public affairs, should be preferred as statesmen to manufacturers, who give their whole time to money making and their private business! And now, as if to challenge public attention in a most striking manner to this truth, on the eve of a momentous session of Parliament, the most distinguished chief of the Radical party not only refuses to take his part in the Reform agitation,

but, leaving the country to look after itself, takes himself off to America!—and all because it better suits his private business! Yet this Mr Cobden is no penniless patriot, compelled by necessity to neglect his country, but a prosperous manufacturer, who, moreover, has pocketed a larger amount of the people's money in return for a few years' services, than the hardest-working Prime Minister that a "bloated aristocracy" ever furnished to the State. Nevertheless, in utter disregard of the £70,000 retaining fee, and as if to burlesque all Mr Bright's aspirations for the overthrow of the aristocracy and their replacement by manufacturers, off went Mr Cobden, leaving the battle of Reform to be fought in his absence, and without even his countenance!

So extraordinary a desertion is unparalleled, and certainly, from a Radical point of view, it admits of no justification. But we can throw more light on the motives of the fugitive. These are deducible from the contents of a work which he has published, and left behind him. It is a species of petard calculated to blow his own party to shivers on the Reform question and after preparing the last sheets for press, it was only natural that he should make off before the explosion came. The book in question is a translation of M. Chevalier's able work "*On the Probable Fall of Gold*,"* and we do not exaggerate when we say that the publication of that book is the heaviest knock on the head that could be administered to the present insane demands for a reduction of the franchise. For what is the gist of that book but to show that the fall in the value of money will in a few years become so rapid as entirely to revolutionise our nomenclature of value—so that what is £5 now, will then figure for £10! "It

* *On the Probable Fall in the Value of Gold: the Commercial and Social Consequences which may ensue, and the Measures which it invites.* By MICHÈLE CHEVALIER, Member of the Institute of France, &c. &c. Translated, with Preface, by RICHARD COBDEN, Esq. Manchester, 1859.

is estimated by M Chevalier," says Mr Cobden in his preface, "that the present yield of gold amounts, in *ten years*, to about as much as the entire production during the 356* years which intervened between the date of the discovery of America by Columbus and the year 1848, when the mines of California were discovered. M Chevalier is too prudent to fix dogmatically the exact extent of the coming fall in the value of money, but his facts lead to the inference that within ten years that fall will amount to no less than *one half*—and this is the result which he himself seems to regard as most probable. It is time the public was considering the subject 'I wish I could believe,' says Mr Cobden, "that this work will be read as widely as, from its *great importance*, it deserves to be. It is a subject on which the early possession of knowledge and the exercise of forethought will confer great advantages over ignorance and indifference and afford the only safeguard against probable loss. We shall be content for the present if we can direct to it the attention of the public in such a manner as to hold back the Legislature from perilous innovations on the constitution seeing that the franchise will soon be lowered to a dangerous extent without any Reform Bill at all.

Upwards of eight years have elapsed since the Magazine directed attention to the very points which M Chevalier now discusses in detail*. At that time when the most eminent geological authorities were asserting that the gold mines would soon be exhausted the Magazine took an entirely opposite view, and, on grounds identical with those now held by M Chevalier, maintained that the auriferous area of the new mines was so extensive that they would long continue to be highly productive and that, in consequence, a great fall would take place in the value of money. The continued productiveness of the mines has already falsified the calculations of those who anticipated their speedy exhaustion, and M Chevalier sees

every reason to believe that their present productiveness will continue unimpaired for a long time to come. If so, there will be no lack of hands to work them. Taking Australia and California together, the ordinary daily earnings of the miner, says M Chevalier, is 16s, and yet, at the present hour, men will labour at gold finding (witness the gold washers of the Rhine) even though they only make 15d or 20d a day! To how low a point then, must the productiveness of the mines fall before they will cease to be worked! But let us compare the earnings of the miners with even the highest rate of wages which generally prevails in temperate climates, and amongst the most prosperous nations of Europe—say, five francs = 4s 2d. How wide a margin is still left. It follows, says M Chevalier, "that the value of gold might fall till nineteen francs (16s) should correspond only to the amount of wellbeing which can at present be procured for five francs (4s 2d). By this calculation, the fall in the value of money would in the end amount to *three fourths*—in other words to procure the same amount of subsistence it would be requisite (other things being equal) to give four times as much gold as at present. According to this we are very far from the end of the crisis.

Let us briefly exhibit the extraordinary change that has occurred in the supply of the precious metals within the last half century. At the beginning of the present century the annual addition made to the stock of gold amongst the nations of Christendom was barely £2500,000. After 1830 when the Ural and Siberian mines began to be developed, the annual supply of gold rose by degrees to £5,000,000,—at which amount it stood in 1848. Now, the annual yield of gold (according to M Chevalier, who is the highest authority on the subject) amounts to £38,000,000. In other words, the annual supply of gold has increased more than *ten fold* within the last ten years and *fifteen fold* since the beginning of the century! Already the

* The Currency Extension Act of Nature Jan. 1851

new mines of California and Australia, together with the old ones, have during the last eight years added at least £160,000,000 to our stock of gold,—i.e., upwards of £100,000,000 more than if the supply had continued as it was in 1848. It is not within the purpose of this article to explain the various causes which hitherto have prevented so great an increase to the world's currency producing a commensurate depreciation. It will suffice to point out the chief of these—namely, the substitution of gold for silver money in France and some other parts of Europe. Within the last eight years about £70,000,000 of silver has been exported to the East,* the vacuum being filled up by the new supplies of gold money, which can be had cheaper. It is proved by experience that a difference of one per cent in value will cause gold money to be substituted for silver money, and *vice versa*. But the change that has taken place in the relative value of gold and silver, owing to the excessive supply of the former metal, is three times greater than this. "In the French market," says M. Chevalier, 'silver is now at a premium. To those who bring them a quantity of coined silver, the bullion merchants will give a certain sum beyond its legal equivalent in gold money. This premium is a notorious fact—it is quoted every day, every morning the newspapers announce it. During the last two years it has

ranged ordinarily from 20 to 30 francs per 1000. Sometimes it has been lower, but it has also risen to 40 francs,"—equal to 4 per cent. Again he says—"That the premium on silver should have reached even 4 per cent, under the circumstances in which the trade in the precious metals is placed, seems to me to indicate the force with which gold is tending towards depreciation, and they who argue from the slightness of the premium that there is little ground for anticipating any great future change in the value of gold, seem to me to fall into a remarkable error." Bearing in mind that one per cent of difference is sufficient to cause one of the precious metals to be substituted for the other, it will appear manifest that, if the new gold supplies had not come into the market in extraordinary abundance, the premium upon silver might never have risen above half its present amount until the whole silver currency of France had been bought up and replaced by gold†. And since the premium upon silver has risen to about thrice as much as suffices to effect a substitution of one of the precious metals for the other, it is evident that there must be a plethora of gold seeking employment in this way. And when more than enough of gold seeks employment in this way, it is a proof that there is still greater difficulty in employing it in any other way,—that there is no natural

* A return laid before the late Committee of the House of Commons on the Bank Acts shows as follows—

Exports of Silver to the East from Great Britain and the Mediterranean

| | |
|-------|------------|
| 1851 | £1 716 000 |
| 1852 | 2 630 000 |
| 1853 | 5 559 000 |
| 1854 | 4 583 000 |
| 1855 | 7 934 000 |
| 1856 | 14 108 000 |
| 1857 | 20 146,000 |
| Total | 56,676,000 |

Add conjecturally £13 000 000 for last year, and this will be about £70 000 000, as stated in the text.

† It is true that this premium upon silver may be somewhat enhanced by the increased demand for that metal in the East, though it is hard to say whether this increased demand would have arisen in any perceptible degree, if the displacement of the silver by gold in Europe had not rendered it necessary to send the silver to the East as the best market for it.

would to be filled up in the currency, and that, as soon as ever this substitution of gold for silver in the currency of France is completed, the produce of the new gold mines will act with extraordinary force in causing a general repletion in the currency of Christendom, and a corresponding fall in the value of money.

France, to use M Chevalier's expression, is the "parachute" which has retarded the fall in the value of gold. How long will it be before the action of this parachute be over come, and gold comes down to its natural level? M Chevalier states that, in the six years previous to the 1st of January 1858, £45,000,000 of silver had been exported more than was imported,—its place being supplied by gold, as shown by the extraordinary amount of gold (£95,000,000) in the same period coined at the Paris Mint. In order to understand how this extraordinary addition to the gold coinage was needed, it must be borne in mind that the positive deficit of £45,000,000 does not represent the entire diminution sustained by France in the amount of her silver currency. On the average of the 35 years between 1816 and 1851, the excess of the imports of silver into France, over the exports, was £3,000,000. Therefore to have kept the currency of France in its normal condition, 18 millions of silver would require to have been added to it during the six years subsequent to 1851, whereas 45 millions were during that period *withdrawn* from it. Accordingly, the actual diminution sustained by the silver currency of France by the end of 1857 was not £45,000,000, but £63,000. Add say 12 or 14 millions for last year, and then it will be seen that the silver money of France is less by fully *seventy five millions sterling* than it would have been had matters continued as they were prior to 1852. Deduct this from the £100,000,000 of gold, the produce of the new mines, and the wonder will almost cease as to where all the gold has gone to. Indeed it appears from a return laid before the Committee on the Bank Acts, that the exports of silver to the East from Great Britain

and the Mediterranean in the six years subsequent to 1851 was £56,670,000, i.e. £11,670,000 more than was during the same period exported from France. Here, then, are other 11½ millions, making nearly ninety millions in all, to be subtracted from the new gold supplies so that, of the extra supply of £100,000,000 produced by the new mines, little more than a tenth part remains unaccounted for, and capable of influencing prices and the general value of money. If, then, this comparatively small extra supply of gold has in any way whatever influenced prices (as it certainly has done in the case of agricultural produce and raw material generally, and also in the rents of farms and houses), what are we to expect in three or four years, when France shall have ceased to act as a *parachute*, and when the entire produce of the new mines comes to act solely and exclusively in depreciating the value of the currency? According to the estimate of M Chevalier and other authorities, the whole stock of silver money in France was originally somewhat more than £100,000,000, so that fully one half of it has already been drained off, and replaced by gold, and although Germany, too, offers a field for the substitution of gold for silver money to some extent, this manner of employing the new gold supplies will plainly have an end in a very few years. Indeed, every year henceforth, this field for the employment of gold will contract rapidly, till it disappears, so that, even before this vacuum be actually filled, the new gold will come to tell seriously on the general value of money.

Besides this substitution of gold for silver money, M Chevalier carefully considers the other outlets that may be expected for the produce of the new gold mines. He considers what amount of the new supplies is likely to be absorbed by such countries as at present have an insufficient proportion of the precious metals in their currencies, also what increase of gold money may be expected to arise from increase of population and of commerce, from hoarding, shipwrecks,

and habits of luxury. And after making the amplest (indeed, as he himself says, extravagant) allowance for the operation of these outlets, generally doubling the probable estimate of the gold to be thus absorbed, M Chevalier has no difficulty in coming to the conclusion that all these outlets together will prove quite in adequate to neutralise the effect of the new mines. "In no direction," he says, "can new outlets be seen sufficiently large to absorb the extraordinary production of gold which we are now witnessing, in such a manner as to prevent a fall in its value. There is but one way of disposing of these masses of gold—to wit, by coining them, and forcing them into the current of circulation in countries which are already sufficiently provided with a gold currency. This current will absorb them—for it is so to speak, insatiable, it receives and carries off all that is thrown into it—but the process of absorption and assimilation takes place only on this one condition, that gold diminishes in value, so that, for example, in those transactions where heretofore ten pieces of gold have sufficed, eleven twelve fifteen, or even more, will henceforth be required.

Everything appears to point to a rapid and extraordinary depreciation in the value of money. Before discussing the extraordinary agencies at present producing a plethora of the precious metals it may be well to remind the public that even in ordinary times there is a tendency for money to fall in value. And, firstly let us note with M Chevalier a general cause, which by its continuous action tends to produce a depreciation even although the produce of the mines had undergone no increase—to wit, the increasing progress of the industrial arts. "The working of the mines," says M Chevalier, "is ever an improving industry, and the same law of progress applies to the metallurgic processes for separating the metals from the rude ore which is extracted from the bowels of the earth. If, therefore, the mines continued always at the same richness, and there were no decided disturbance

in the relation between supply and demand, the cost price of a given weight of gold or silver would constantly diminish with the lapse of ages." Let us mention another general cause tending to produce the same result. In proportion as the wealth of a country or district increases, the value of money in that place diminishes. Hence a shilling will go as far in many parts of Russia as five shillings will in London. Accordingly, the richer our country grows—and it is to be hoped it will so prosper for very many years to come—the value of money amongst us will slowly but surely diminish, compared with the value of labour, produce rents, &c. We see an instance of this, for example, in the forty shilling freeholds, which are now worth a mere fraction of their pristine value, which was such as to place their owners in a respectable sphere of life, entitling them to the franchise at a time when the Government was anything but democratic. It is a democratic franchise now, but it was not so in its origin. Is not the present generation destined to witness a similar depreciation of the franchise, but on a far more extensive scale?

The above mentioned causes are all ways at work, although little noticed. Let us come now to the hundredfold more potent elements of change, which it is the special purpose of this paper to consider. And the fundamental fact to be borne in mind is, that the produce of gold is now fully five times greater than it was ten years ago. Instead of £7,000,000, which was the average in 1848, the yield of the gold mines (including of course those of Siberia) is now about £38,000,000. Well then, although a real surplus of £100,000,000 (above the former ratio of supply) has already been added to the world's stock of gold, let us put that out of sight the case is so strong, and permits us to keep so far within the truth, that even that immense amount of already added gold can be thrown out of account. It suffices to start simply from the present hour, and, doing so, it will be observed that within less than eleven years' time—i.e. be-

fore 1870—if the mines continue at their present rate of production, not less than £400,000,000 of gold will have been poured into the markets of the world. Now, we have no desire to speak dogmatically. No man who has studied the subject will be inclined to do so. But we have a plain case to put to the reader. It might be a great assistance in calculating the extent of the coming fall in the value of gold to know (1) the total amount of gold already in the possession of mankind, and (2) the amount of it which exists in the form of money,—neither of which points can be accurately determined. But, fortunately, we can make the calculation in such a way as will dispense with a knowledge of these two unknown quantities, and yet approach the truth on tolerably reliable grounds. Upwards of three centuries and a half have elapsed since the discovery of America, and in that time 2000 millions sterling or at the rate of 5½ millions annually have been added to the gold and silver of the world. We know also that the hectolitre of wheat which in the years previous to 1492 cost at Paris from 2s 6d to 2s 9d, has cost on an average during the last half century about 16s 6d. Thus measured by the price of grain (the usual test appealed to in such cases) the value of money during the last three and a half centuries has fallen to only one sixth of what it was. If, then, the addition of 2000 millions sterling of the precious metals spread over 300 years cause a fall of five sixths in the value of money, what will be the effect of more than 500 millions of gold and silver (400 of gold and 100 of silver*) poured into the market during the next *eleven years*? £ 00,000,000 is only one fourth of the amount added between 1492 and 1848, but then it will be poured into circulation in one thirtieth part of the time, or thirty times more rapidly,—a fact which necessarily implies that the increase of population, of commerce, and of luxury in Christendom, which must have done so much to neu-

tralise the additions to the precious metals during the three and a half centuries subsequent to A.D. 1500, will be comparatively impotent to neutralise the effect of £500,000,000 thrown into the market during the next eleven years,—all the more so as the saturating process has already been going on to a considerable extent for some years past. In these remarks we have taken gold and silver together, but as the increase of silver since the end of the fifteenth century was four times greater than that of gold, it may be well to take the case of gold separately. The total increase of gold since that period was £400,000,000 and its decrease in value has been three fourths. If, then, the addition of 400 millions of gold in 350 years cause that metal to fall to only one fourth part of its value, what will be the effect of the same amount of gold poured into the market in less than *eleven years*? We need not attempt to predict what will be the extent of this fall in the value of money—whether one fourth, one half, or what else, it suffices simply to state the case in order to convince every one that a fall in the value of money is at hand, and that the fall will be a serious one. Moreover, be it borne in mind that as the standard of the British currency is gold, and gold alone the coming plethora of that metal will tell upon our affairs with undivided force, and with results even more patent than in other countries.

Every one knows the extraordinary productiveness of the gold mines at present. We have confined our views to a continuance of the present state of matters for *barely eleven years* and have reasoned as if, after that date, the produce of the mines would fall to their old level. And on that very limited supposition we have indicated how great will be the effect produced on the currency. But what will be the consequences if, as M. Chevalier thinks, the Californian and Australian mines continue at their present rate of productiveness for a

* The present annual produce of the silver mines is £9,000,000, having increased about £1,000,000 since the beginning of the century.

hundred years to come! In the Ural Mountains they wash with success sands which contain only one ounce of gold in 450,000 ounces of earth, and in the valley of the Rhine, the most favoured spots yield only one part of gold in 7 million parts of earth. On the other hand, the yield of the rich gold fields of Siberia is 1 in 100,000, and, according to various accounts, the yield of the good soils of California and Australia is often as much. Supposing then, says M. Chevalier, that the soils which can be most advantageously worked in California and Australia produce at this rate, and that the auriferous beds are on an average 39 inches in thickness, 1500 acres would yield £16,000 (£00—more than an ordinary year's produce, and a hundred times this space would be sufficient to continue the present yield for a century. Now, this extent of auriferous soil, requisite for a century's production at the present rate, is less than the area of Middlesex—a very small space in comparison with the total superficies of countries so vast as Australia and California, and M. Chevalier thinks it is not a very sanguine view to suppose that in each of these countries alluvial ground of this extent and richness will be found.* Again—the auriferous deposits of Siberia are in richness second to none, and in extent appear to be the largest in the world.† From Kamtschatka and the Ouskoi mountains, the base of which is washed by the Pacific Ocean as far as the latitude of Perm, to the west of the Ural chain—over a distance which embraces half the circuit of the globe in those latitudes—the auriferous deposits are distributed in numerous groups and over a large surface, spreading over a zone averaging 550 miles in breadth. Humboldt who, at the request of the late Czar, visited those regions

in 1829, in company with some distinguished savans, has testified that the presence of gold over this immense surface is one of the most remarkable phenomena of the kind in the world. 'What a vast field is here for future production!' The Siberian mines, although very productive, are as yet very imperfectly worked. Labour cannot be got to develop their riches. But every year their yield is slowly increasing; the Chinese, undeterred by a tax, have already begun, under the new treaty, to flock to the auriferous region, and thus in a few years the labour market of Siberia will be supplied and a great increase may be looked for in the produce of the mines. Let us add but one word more on this point. A few months ago the President of the United States proposed to annex Sonora as a security for Mexico's discharge of her obligations to the Union, and it cannot be doubted that in a few years the Americans will take possession of that province, with its rich mines of the precious metals, and by and by obtain virtual possession of Mexico itself. The mines of that region of Central America are known to be exceedingly rich, and what will be the consequence of their coming into the possession of the energetic and skilful Anglo-Americans but a still further increase in the production of the precious metals, and an augmented plethora of gold and silver in the markets of the world?

We need not pursue the theme any further. The momentous consequences alike commercial and social, certain to follow from so vast a revolution in the monetary arrangements of the world, lie beyond the scope of this article. For the present we leave them unportrayed, although not unsuggested. The most pressing need is to apply the striking facts we have

* To this estimate M. Chevalier adds—There are several ways in which such a field of operations may be arrived at for it must be borne in mind that frequently these auriferous banks are much more than 39 inches in thickness, nor must it be forgotten that their richness may greatly exceed that of 1 to 100,000. In fact, this return is not the minimum below which the extraction would necessarily cease to be profitable—it is very far from it. There have been worked, and are now being worked in all the auriferous regions some banks, the produce of which is not one-fifth or one-sixth as much as the above.

been reviewing to the controversy at present going on in regard to Parliamentary Reform. For ourselves, we think that the reduction of the franchise has already gone as far as will ever do the country any good. But putting our own opinion aside, and viewing the question as it is now being viewed in Parliament—namely, as to *how far* the franchise should be again lowered—it does appear to us the very height of madness that any man of the smallest statesman-like capacity should be found to advocate the views of the Opposition. Lord John Russell never yet made himself master of any one subject—he has been a Jack of all trades, and will continue so to the end. His present coadjutor, Mr Bright, also, a few months ago, when appealed to by the Currency Reformers, confessed that he does not understand the question. Therefore, if this dissertation were in any degree abstruse it might be unreasonable to expect an intelligent comprehension of it, from either of these reckless innovators. But the case which we have set forth is so simple, that he who runs may read. Nature herself is at present lowering the franchise every year. What need, then, for any further reduction by Act of Parliament? Indeed, it is a fact too much overlooked that, by that progressive rise in prices (or, which is the same thing that fall in the value of money) natural to old and prosperous communities, the Parliamentary franchise has for years been undergoing an extension altogether independent of the present extraordinary supplies of gold. If the reader will turn to any collection of electoral statistics, he will find that this silent lowering and extension of the franchise has been going on, and with very perceptible results, ever since the franchise was attached to a money value by the first Reform Bill. Not only is our country growing every year more democratic, in consequence of the urban (i.e., commercial and manufacturing) population being recruited from the rural, and thereby increasing at a faster rate than the population of the counties, but in the large boroughs themselves, the

gradual rise in rents operates like an actual extension of the franchise—converting £8 or £9 rents into £10, although neither the house nor the man is, relatively to the other houses and classes of the community, a whit better than before. Some of the large towns, such as Glasgow, show this in a most striking manner—the registered electors of that city having increased in number from 6904 in 1832, to 15,502 in 1851, while the population during the same period only increased from 202,426 to 329,097. In other words, in the course of twenty years, while the population had increased little more than one-half, the number of voters had more than doubled. And since 1851, when the new gold supplies began to come in, the increase of voters in proportion to the population has been still more rapid—the former having in 1857 risen to 18,118, i.e. one fifth, while the latter must have been nearly what it was. Other large towns also might be adduced in illustration, but we do not think it right to rely upon picked instances and prefer to take England as a whole. We find from Dodds' *Electoral Facts*, that between 1832 and 1851 the registered electors for burghs have increased *one half*, and those for counties *more than one third*, while the total population has increased *less than one third*. The figures are as follows:—

| | 1832 | 1851 |
|--|------------|------------|
| Registered Electors (for both burghs and counties) | 619 213 | 874 101 |
| Total Population | 13 091 005 | 16 819 017 |

Thus while the population of England has only increased at the rate of $\frac{1}{3}$, or between a third and a fourth part, the electors have increased $\frac{5}{12}$ ths, or nearly one half. *The electors have thus in twenty years increased fully one sixth faster than the population.* Ireland we are willing to throw out of account, owing to the extraordinary changes produced by the great famine and emigration, but the returns show that, between 1832 and 1851, while the population had decreased about one seventh, the total registered electors of that country

had more than doubled. Scotland is in many respects a safer test than either England or Ireland, as there has been no disturbance as regards its population, and also inasmuch as it has no forty shilling freehold franchise by which factitious additions can so easily be made to the constituencies. What, then, do the statistics for Scotland show but this, that whereas the population in the nineteen years subsequent to 1832 increased less than one-fourth, the electors increased more than one-half? The following are the figures —

| | 1832 | 1851 |
|-------------|-----------|-----------|
| Population, | 2 865 114 | 2 870 784 |
| Electors | 84 444 | 97 777* |

These facts speak volumes. They prove that an extension of the franchise, far beyond the proportion accordant with the increase of population, is going on at all times—and especially in the large towns, where democracy most prevails, and which are always the most clamorous for further reductions of the franchise. If this, then, be the case in ordinary times, what is to be expected in the extraordinary period upon which we are entering? The Radical chiefs cry for the lowering of the Constitution, and never reflect that an agency is already at work by which the fabric is gradually sinking and broadening towards the shapeless monotony of universal suffrage. They are like passengers on board ship descending a river, who get angry at the captain and crew for not crowding all sail and getting up more steam, when, unknown to them, the vessel has already entered on a rapid that will bear them swiftly and irresistibly

onward to the depths of a Niagara. And when we see Lord John feeding the flame of democratic innovation, as if there were a danger of it growing too faint, he seems to us as absurdly employed as if he were supplying coals to a volcano, or were feeding with superfluous fire a lava-stream that will soon be crackling amidst the trees and pillars of his own villa. That the present £10 franchise, ten years hence, may have sunk into what a £5 one would be now, is saying the least that can be said. When the tide of democracy, then, is setting in upon us so strongly, can it be the act of sane men to level the way for the advancing flood? Are we to open the gates and throw down the barriers, that Universal Suffrage may enter in more rapidly? Are we to begin dismantling the bulwarks of the Constitution—of our mixed and well balanced Government of Queen, Lords, and Commons—when, without any such act on our part at all, in a few years those bulwarks will be tottering under the attacks and steadily increasing pressure of an omnipotent democracy? Far-sightedness is not a quality for which British statesmen have been much distinguished, but surely even an ass might see the danger in their path which our prophets of Reform so blindly overlook. We wish we could think that the blindness of some of them, especially of Lord John Russell, was not akin to that of Balaam the son of Beor, who, from motives of sordid self interest, made Israel to sin, by enticing the people through their own foolish and inebriate lusts.

* The statistics above quoted (except of course the number of electors in Glasgow in 1857) are taken from *Dod's Electoral Facts*, published in 1852.

ADAM BEDE.

A NOVEL, of which the heroine is a Methodist female preacher, with "pale-red hair!" Shades of Wesley and Whitefield! When Rowland Hill rescued a few sprightly bars of popular music from the Evil One—saying that it was "a shame he should have all the good tunes"—he could scarcely have looked forward to the day when this principle should be so extended as to wrest from that Power a large slice of his hereditary and lawful dominions, as they were then considered, novels and romance. Had *Adam Bede* made its appearance as a "tale of the day" in the year 1800, the date fixed for the story, one hardly knows which would have been most scandalised,—the Wesleyans at being thus made to figure in the triumph of the enemy, or the old-fashioned novel readers at having such anti-romantic and commonplace people forced upon them in the place of their old favourites Bellamont and Rosa Matilda. In our own degenerate age, *Queechy* and the *Hills of the Shetlenc* have already reconciled us to the introduction of a little picturesque Puritanism into the love-story, which was found none the less piquant for the novelty of the flavour. In novels of the Tremaine school, young ladies had already been allowed to turn preachers—but to their intended husbands only. But a young woman who actually mounts a cart, and addresses a mixed crowd on a village green, and concludes with leading a hymn,—who is, in short, neither more nor less than a publicly recognised Wesleyan field preacher, acting "under direction," and in private life working in a cotton mill—that our steady church-going country families, or our highly fashionable and intellectual London young ladies, should find this young person's sayings and doings, and her relations with a couple of village carpenters, distributed into the regulation three volumes octavo, and be expected to take

an interest in them as "the last new novel"—sounds at first like an audacious attempt to impose upon the patience and long-suffering of library subscribers, and, to look at it in the most favourable light, gives token, on the author's part, of a bold spirit of adventure in quest of the original.

We are told, by those who have gone into the statistics of our cheap popular literature, that the fiction which comes most home to the costermonger's bosom is that which has the least to do with his business. If you wish him to weep, it must be over the sorrows of a baroness at the very least—he hears of his neighbour the dustman hammering his wife—a creature of ordinary clay—without any particular excitement of his sensibilities. But as the distinguished writers, who contribute to the *Penny Novelist*, can hardly be supposed to have a very intimate acquaintance with the manners and customs of that exclusive society which they undertake to paint—unless they should be so fortunate as to hold "situations" in a titled family—it follows that these cheap tales of fashionable life are sometimes more graphic than truthful. But however highly coloured, these scenes have for their readers, the same sort of charm which the *Arabian Nights* and the *Tales of the Genii* have for children—and in how many respects do the rough working-classes resemble children!—they open to the imagination the secrets of a world beyond themselves. It is probably to a similar feeling among the higher classes that some modern writers have successfully appealed, when they have chosen for their subject the romance of humble life, instead of what Mr Eliot calls, "heroes on fiery horses, and heroines in satin boots and crinoline." In the same principle may be traced one of the reasons for the remarkable popularity of *Tom Brown's School Days*. Though containing far more truth than most biographies, to

the general mass of readers it was a "novel" in the most genuine sense. It would have deserved and commanded success for the healthy and manly tone in which Christian principles were made familiar to the schoolboy, it would have been interesting as a lively picture of Arnold's great work in the moral reform of public education, but for the multitude it had an interest beside and separate from these, it entered into minute and copious detail of all the *arcana* of schoolboy life, it described, from personal experience, the habits and modes of thought of a class with whom the majority of readers were wholly unacquainted. The public schoolboy was an animal whose natural history had never yet been investigated by any competent observer. It was popularly supposed, indeed, that the phenomena of his peculiar existence scarcely invited scientific analysis. Those who had already tried it had either signally failed, or brought to light results which were very disagreeable. His life was supposed to be a compound of petty vices, petty tyrannies, and petty sufferings, of mean evasions, and daring outbreaks, which, by some in scrutable law, usually resulted in the production of a perfect English gentleman. Public schoolmen themselves knew better, of course, but they were content with their own recollections, and adopted the favourite fallacy of having "something better to do" than to put their "school days" into print. So when Tom Brown came out with his hearty and genial autobiography, and they who could speak from experience declared it to be a truthful picture, the majority of the reading world, who had never been at a public school, including, of course, all the mammas and sisters in the kingdom, rushed to hear this new revelation—as they would to Dr Livingstone or Mr Barnum—and were not disappointed. They almost realised in its pages that for which the jaded appetites of our literary age must so often sigh—a new sensation. They had rushed with almost equal eagerness to *Alton Locke*, to hear what a journeyman tailor had to say for himself, but they discouraged the young man at

once, interesting as he was, when they found him falling in love with the dean's daughter. If that was original, it was highly improper, or if such were the habits of journeyman tailors, the less they were brought before the public the better. Those who draw the materials of fiction from the romance of the workshop, for the amusement and interest of the educated classes, labour under much the same difficulties as the writers who purvey the *Mysteries of the Court* for the penny journal. They are writing about things with which they can have but a very imperfect acquaintance. Even the very best of such stories, in spite of their cleverness and popularity, give us but a stage view, after all, of the life and feelings of the lower classes. And as to most attempts of the kind, the characters are about as real as the shepherds and milkmaids of the *Trianon*. But in the volumes before us we think we have the genuine article, the village lion is here the real animal, and not the "gentle beast, of a good conscience," made up for the ladies.

The scene of *Adam Bede* is laid in a north midland county—"Loamshire"—bordering upon "Stonyshire," which we take to be Derby. The natives speak "what they call the dileck"—as we are informed by Mr Caason of the Donnithorne Arms, who has himself the advantage of having been "brought hup among the gentry," as butler in the Donnithorne family, and whose English is therefore undeniable. "It's what they call the dileck as is spoke hereabouts, sir, that's what I've heard Squire Donnithorne say many a time, it's the dileck, says he." The characters are the ordinary inhabitants of a country village, the old Squire and his popular nephew, the parson, the schoolmaster, the farmer and his wife, and the usual complement of mechanics and labourers. The hero of the story is a journeyman carpenter, with a natural turn for mathematics, a tall broad-chested muscular Saxon, but with "thick black hair, tumbled about like trodden meadow grass whenever he raises his cap"—keen dark eyes and prominent eyebrows, "indicating a

mixture of Celtic blood." He has a brother, Seth Bede,—closely resembling him in the "large rugged features," and with the same hue of hair and complexion. But here the resemblance ends, "the strength of the family likeness only serving to render more conspicuous the remarkable difference of expression both in form and face." Adam is upright as a soldier, "Seth's broad shoulders have a slight stoop," he has "blue dreamy eyes"—his hair is "thin and wavy"—and his glance, instead of being keen, like his brother's, "confiding and benignant."

"The idle tramps always felt sure they could get a copper from Seth, they scarcely ever spoke to Adam."

This difference in their physical conformation is made, very artistically—perhaps with rather too much art—to typify the moral contrast in their characters, gradually evolved in the course of the story, and the mutual affection between the brothers, only knit the more firmly by conscious points of difference, is one of the most delicately handled and pleasing parts of the book.

Adam is the type of a class, rarer now than even at the beginning of the century, which is the date chosen for the story.

"He was not an average man. Yet such men as he are reared here and there in every generation of our peasant artisans—with an inheritance of affections nurtured by a simple family life of common need and common industry and an inheritance of faculties trained in skilful courageous labour—they make their way upward rarely as geniuses most commonly as painstaking honest men, with the skill and conscience to do well the tasks that lie before them. Their lives have no discernible echo beyond the neighbourhood where they dwell, but you are almost sure to find there some good piece of road, some building, some application of mineral produce, some improvement in farming practice, some reform of parish abuses with which their names are associated by one or two generations after them. Their employers were the richer for them, the work of their hands has worn well, and the work of their brains has guided well the hands of other men. They went about in their youth in flannel or paper caps in coats black with coal-dust or streaked with lime or

red paint; in old age their white hairs are seen in a place of honour at church and at market, and they tell their well-dressed sons and daughters, seated round the bright hearth on winter evenings, how pleased they were when they first earned their twopence a day. Others there are who die poor, and never put off the workman's coat on week-days—they have not had the art of getting rich, but they are men of trust and when they die before the work is all out of them it is as if some main screw had got loose in a machine, the master who employed them says, 'Where shall I find their like!'

Adam is a sound and conscientious churchman: his favourite books, besides the Bible—which, from a principle of reverence, he reads on Sunday only (vol. ii p. 252)—are *Taylor's Holy Living and Dying*, and *Poor Richard's Almanac*, and the orthodox Old and New Versions, with an occasional anthem, content his love for music. Seth has become a Wesleyan,—or, as he might prefer to express it, has "got religion," attends preachings and prayer meetings on week-days—a proceeding, we must remember, almost as objectionable to "a Protestant public" in those times as the confessional in ours—studies with wonder and interest Wesley's *Life of Madam Guyon*—and sings hymns, which, in one phase of his life, he very innocently adopts as love songs (for which these compositions really seem sometimes to have been intended). Both brothers are alike earnest men, but Adam's religion takes rather the practical, Seth's the doctrinal development. With Adam, his work is part of his creed, not given to look deep into mysteries, one thing he thinks he sees clearly, "that good carpentry is God's will—that form of God's will that most immediately concerns him." And the only notion he has of setting the world to rights is, so far as his own part may be done in it, to grapple with an evil which at least he does understand, and may help to remedy—"the mischief caused by building houses with unseasoned timber"—"slovenly joiner's work—and hasty contracts, which can never be fulfilled without ruining somebody," rather different, we observe, from most popular schemes of reform and

regeneration, in that it begins in his own class, and interferes with nobody. Here are his own notions on religious subjects—

"I've seen pretty clear ever since I was a young un as religion's something else besides doctrines and notions. I look at it as if the doctrines was like find ing names for your feelings, so as you can talk of 'em when you've never known 'em just as a man may talk o' tools when he knows their names, though he's never so much as seen 'em, still less handled 'em. I've heard a deal o' doctrine in my time, for I used to go after the dissenting preachers along wth Seth, when I was a lad o' seventeen, and got puzzling my self a deal about th' Arminians and the Calvinists. The Wesleyans, you know, are strong Arminians, and Seth, who could never abide anything harsh, and was always for hoping the best, held fast by the Wesleyans from the very first, but I thought I could pick a hole or two in their notions, and I got disputing wth one o' the class leaders down at Fred dlee on and harassed him so first o' this side and then o' that, till at last he said, 'Young man, it's the devil making use o' your pride and conceit as a weapon to war against the simplicity o' the truth. I couldn't help laughing then, but as I was going home, I thought the man wasn't far wrong. I began to see as all this weighing and sifting what this text means, and that text means, and whether folks are saved all by God's grace, or whether there goes an ounce o' their own will to it, was no part o' real religion at all. You may talk o' these things for hours on end, and you'll only be all the more cory and conceited for it. And I found it better for my soul to be humble before the mysteries o' God's dealings, and not be making a clatter about what I could never understand. And they're poor foolish questions after all, for wh^{at} have we got either made or outside of us but wh^{at} comes from God? If we've got a resolution to do right, He gave it us, I reckon, first or last, but I see plain enough we shall never do it without a resolution, and that's enough for me."

And so again he says—

"There's such a thing as being over spiritual, we must have something be side Gospel in this world. Look at the canals, an' th' aqueducts, an' th' coal pit engines, and Arkwright's mills there at Crompton, a man must learn summat beside Gospel to make them things, I reckon. But t^o hear some o' them

preachers, you'd think as a man must be doing nothing all 's life but shutting 's eyes and looking what's a-going on made him. I know a man must have the love o' God in his soul, and the Bible's God's word. But wh^{at} does the Bible say? Why, it says as God put his sperrit into the workman as built the tabernacle, to make him do all the carved work and things as wanted a nice hand. And this is my way o' looking at it: there's the sperrit o' God in all things and all times—weekday as well as Sunday—and i' the great works and inventions, and i' the figuring and the mechanics. And God helps us with our headpieces and our hands as well as with our souls, and if a man does bits o' jobs out o' working hours—builds an oven for 's wife to save her from going to the bakehouse, or scots at his bit o' garden and makes two potatoes grow instead o' one, he's doing more good, and he's just as near to God, as if he was running after some preacher and a praying and a-grooming."

Seth's favourite text is, "Take no thought for the morrow," which, as their mother Lasbeth says, ends sometimes in Adam's having to take thought for him. Adam's motto—which Lasbeth is surprised to find is not in the Bible—is, "God helps those that helps themselves," and he sets himself manfully to act upon it. His favourite Scripture character, especially after grief has touched him, is Moses, one who "carried a hard business well through, and died when other folks were going to reap the fruits, a man must have courage to look at his life so, and think what will come of it after he is dead and gone." His faults—and grief and suffering make them plain to himself at last—are those which might be expected from his strong and self-reliant character,—an independence of spirit and confidence in his own principles which almost amount to pride, and a want of tenderness towards the weaknesses of others. "I've always been thinking I knew better than them as belonged to me, and that's a poor sort o' life." It is this point in his character, brought out as it is in strong relief by the loving humility of Seth, which will produce upon the minds of many—perhaps the majority of those who read the book—an effect which the author scarcely intended: in the story, as in real life, while our calmer judgment may approve the

strong mind and the iron will, our unreasoning sympathies will oftentimes be with the weaker brother. This will be of little consequence in the fictitious characters, where both have so much that is good that the reader may fairly be allowed to choose his own hero.

We will not be guilty of any such manifest injustice both to the author and his readers as to extract the plot of the story. This process, now very commonly adopted, seems to have but one object in view—to enable the readers of the review to talk in second hand criticism of books which they have never read. But as the especial merit of *Adam Bede* lies in its admirable pictures of character, we will ask Mr Eliot's permission to introduce here to the public some two or three of the village worthies of Hayslope.

But first, perhaps, precedence may fairly be claimed by Dinah Morris, the Methodist preacher, both because, as has been already said, she is the true heroine of the story, and because she is a stranger, for she does not belong to Hayslope. She comes from the colder clime of Stonyshire, where she works in a cotton mill in the grim little town of Snowfield. "A hungry land" Adam Bede considers it, Mrs Poyser, Dinah's aunt, who is rich in comparisons, describes it as a place "where folks live on the naked hills, like poultry a scratching at a gravel bank." In an humble cottage in this uninviting locality, the orphan girl lives and works, and is in her simple way a ministering angel to the rude and ignorant amongst whom her lot is cast. She has been brought up by an aunt who was a Wesleyan—an old fashioned Methodist, in the days when Methodism was young, and had at all events much of what the Church in too many quarters greatly lacked—vitality.

"Not indeed of that modern type which reads quarterly reviews and attends in chapels with pillared porticoes, but of a very old fashioned kind. They believed in present miracles in instantaneous conversions in revelations by dreams and visions, they drew lots, and sought for Divine guidance by opening the Bible at hazard, having a literal way of interpreting the Scriptures,

which is not at all sanctioned by approved commentators, and it is impossible for me to represent their diction as correct, or their instruction as liberal. Still—if I have read religious history aright—faith, hope, and charity have not always been found in a direct ratio with a sensibility to the three concords, and it is possible, thank Heaven! to have very erroneous theories and very sublime feelings. The raw bacon which clumsy Molly spares from her own scanty store that she may carry it to her neighbour's child to 'stop the fits,' may be a pitifully inefficacious remedy, but the generous stirring of neighbourly kindness that prompted the deed has a beneficent radiation that is not lost.

She believes herself called to preach. She had been used from the time she was sixteen "to talk to the little children and teach them," and sometimes "had had her heart enlarged to speak in class, and was much drawn out in prayer with the sick." At twenty one her call came. Let her describe it in her own words —

It was one Sunday I walked with brother Marlowe, who was an aged man, one of the local preachers all the way to Hetton Deope—that's a village where the people get their living by working in the lead mines and where there's no church nor preacher but they live like sheep without a shepherd. It's better than twelve miles from Snowfield so we set out early in the morning, for it was summer time and I had a wonderful sense of the Divine love as we walked over the hills, where there's no trees, you know sir as there is here to make the sky look smaller but you see the heavens stretched out like a tent, and you feel the everlasting arms around you. But before we got to Hetton brother Marlowe was seized with a dizziness that made him afraid of falling for he overworked himself sadly at his years, in watching and praying and walking so many miles to speak the Word, as well as carrying on his trade of linen weaving. And when we got to the village, the people were expecting him for he'd appointed the time and the place when he was there before, and such of them as cared to hear the Word of Life were assembled on a spot where the cottages was thickest so as others might be drawn to come. But he felt as he couldn't stand up to preach and he was forced to lie down in the first of the cottages we came to. So I went to tell the people, thinking we'd go into one of

the houses, and I would read and pray with them. But as I passed along by the cottages and saw the aged trembling women at the doors and the hard looks of the men, who seemed to have their eyes no more filled with the night of the Sabbath morning than if they had been dumb oxen that never looked up to the sky, I felt a great movement in my soul, and I trembled as if I was shaken by a strong spirit entering into my weak body. And I went to where the little flock of people was gathered together and stepped on the low wall that was built against the green hillside, and I spoke the words that were given to me abundantly. And they all came round me out of all the cottages and many wept over their sins and have since been joined to the Lord. That was the beginning of my preaching sir, and I've preached ever since.

So from that time forth she goes about, winning hearts with her simple eloquence and unmistakable earnestness, awakening interest and attention also, very naturally, by her feminine attractions—the more so because herself wholly unconscious of them, her melodious voice, her “fair pale face with loving grey eyes”—“so gravely loving that no accusing scowl, no light sneer, could help melting away before their glance”—re-minding people, even by her outward appearance of the faces of the angels sitting at the sepulchre, in the old pictured Bible. Of course she is an enthusiast. She is “never left in doubt about the work laid upon her,” sees visions—of “sister Allen, who is in a decline, lifting up her poor thin hand and beckoning” for her to come, and when in doubt as to her destination, opens her Bible “for direction” with all the irreverent reverence of the old Puritans, and interprets Macedonia into Snowfield. But it is the enthusiasm of a fair, gentle, unselfish spirit, with an inborn delicacy which always keeps clear of bad taste. Her prayer and sermon on the green at Hayslope are strikingly worded, though given at perhaps too great a length, and the scene where “Chad’s Bess,” the flaunting belle of the village, is “seized with a great terror” at the preacher’s earnest personal appeal, and wrenches her ear-rings from her ears and throws them down on the ground, sobbing aloud,

with “her great red cheeks and lips quite pale,” is only a faithful reproduction of one out of many similar incidents which attended the powerful denunciations of Whitefield.

But our interest in the pretty preacher, excusable as it is, must not keep us longer from paying some attention to another personage in the story, who, by virtue of his office, should have held the first place, though he would be the last man to grudge us a few minutes’ conversation with Dinah. The Vicar of Hayslope—and indeed of Blythe too, and also Rector of Broxton, for there were pluralists in those days, though he has but a poor £700 per annum in all—is the Rev Adolphus Irwine, a very different style of man from the hard working divines and their interesting young curates who represent the Church in most modern novels. He does not come under any of the fashionable subdivisions as to “views”—being neither high, dry, low, nor slow, nor yet “broad,” in exactly the modern sense. He is of the genuine old High Church type—an article very scarce at present, and very much down in the market, rather undeservedly. It is too much the fashion amongst zealous young rectors, full of themselves and their work, to sneer at the shortcomings of their predecessors—a very safe and easy accomplishment. It is quite true that in the days when the great Methodist movement began, there was a dulness and a deadness in the visible Church of England which was partly the cause of that movement, and to which in a great degree its rapid spread and permanent success were owing. There was a decay of discipline, and a lack of zeal, which paved the way readily for a reaction of enthusiasm and extravagance. In very many important respects, no doubt, the parish priest of the present day comes nearer the ideal of his office than even the best of the good old easy going pluralists of half a century back, who had never read any more spiritual treatise on the duties of their office than Bishop Burnet’s, and were slow to recognise the iniquity of shooting and hunting. These can in no case be necessary pursuits for a divine, and may in

many cases interfere with his more important engagements, in the present state of public feeling, they can hardly fail to affect him unfavourably in the good opinion of his parishioners, and on that ground, if on no other, he does well to avoid them. But it was not always so, and in some points the old-fashioned parson of 1800 might perhaps, charitably examined, present an example to some of his energetic juniors, instead of the warning and the scarecrow which they always insist upon making him. He put himself more upon a level with his people in their ordinary interests and occupations. If he was less the priest, he was more the man, the active magistrate, the shrewd farmer, the keen and hearty sportsman, he found his way in these capacities to some hearts which might have remained shut to a higher and more spiritual influence. He could sometimes enter all the better into their commonplace troubles, because he had shared their commonplace pursuits and amusements. Wherein any was weak, he was weak also. Their spheres had other points of contact beyond the mere relation of priest and parishioner. Indeed, even our model clergymen of the present day have found out the necessity of this. It may not be necessary to carry this theory so far as a well-known excellent parish priest is said to do, by a facetious critic—"to put the old mare at her fences on high Christian principles"—but it has been found by experience that the cricket field, the glee-club, and the secular lecture have been important aids to the pastor's efficiency, as bringing him into a larger sympathy with his people. The author of *Adam Bede* deserves our thanks for having selected a country rector of the old and much abused type to play the ecclesiastical part in his story, and for having reproduced him with so much care and truth. Mr. Irwine would be, no doubt, a favourable specimen of his class at that date, in the north of England especially, where the characters of some at least among the country clergy

must have been such as to present the most forcible recommendation, in the way of contrast, to any Christian teaching which, like that of the Methodists, had at least morality and sincerity, when the curate of one parish, himself "in a state of beastly intoxication," attacked Wesley in public with "the most offensive brutality," and subsequently refused to admit him to the Holy Communion as "unfit," and when the minister of another place in Staffordshire encouraged a mob to beat, pelt, and ill-treat even the women and children who had joined the Society.* Still, we may hope and believe that there were many Mr. Irwines—men of no very deep spiritual views, perhaps, but genuine and sincere Christians, of large human hearts, of whom it might be said, when grief and trouble came, as Bartle Massey says of the Vicar of Hayaloze—"You're everybody's friend in this business—everybody's friend"—who were always ready to minister to their people teaching and consolation, perhaps not in its highest form, but what was felt to be real and earnest, and not too high to condescend to their rude needs and ruder comprehensions. Let us glance at this pleasant picture of him at home with his mother in his dining room—

We will enter very softly and stand still in the open doorway without awaking the glossy brown setter who is stretched across the hearth with her two puppies beside her or the pug who is dozing, with his black muzzle aloft, like a sleepy president.

The room is a large and lofty one with an ample mullioned oriel window at one end the walls you see are new and not yet painted, but the furniture, though originally of an expensive sort, is old and scanty, and there is no drapery about the window. The crimson cloth over the large dining table is a very threadbare though it contrasts pleasantly enough with the dead hue of the plaster on the walls but on this cloth there is a massive silver waiter with a decanter of water on it of the same pattern as two larger ones that are propped upon the sideboard with a coat of arms conspicuous in their centre. You suspect at once

* See SOUTHEY'S *Life of Wesley*, vol. II. pp. 21, 31.

that the inhabitants of this room have inherited more blood than wealth, and would not be surprised to find that Mr Irwine had a finely cut nostril and upper lip, but at present we can only see that he has a broad flat back, and an abundance of powdered hair, all thrown back ward and tied behind with a black ribbon—a bit of conservatism in costume which tells you that he is not a young man. He will perhaps turn round by and by, and in the mean time we can look at that stately old lady, his mother, a beautiful aged brunette, whose rich toned complexion is well set off by the complex wrappings of pure white cambric and lace about her head and neck. She is as erect in her comely embonpoint as a statue of Ceres, and her dark face with its delicate aquiline nose, firm proud mouth, and small intense black eye, is so keen and sarcastic in its expression that you instinctively substitute a pack of cards for the chess men, and imagine her telling your fortune.

It is very pleasant to see some men turn round, pleasant as a sudden rush of warm air in winter or the flash of fire light in the dull dusk. Mr Irwine was one of those men. He bore the same sort of resemblance to his mother that our loving memory of a friend's face often bears to the face itself: the lines were all more generous, the smile brighter, the expression heartier. If the outline had been less finely cut, his face might have been called jolly, but that was not the right word for its mixture of bonhomie and distinction.

Such a presence was sure to make a favourable impression on his parishioners. "I should think his countenance is pleasant indeed," observes Mrs Poyser, who has no fancy for what our author elsewhere calls "the bilious type" of Methodism, "it's summat like to see such a man as that i' the deak of a Sunday!" His character is drawn somewhat at length—for Mr Irwine is plainly a favourite with his author as well as his parishioners—but there is not a word too much.

"His was one of those large hearted, sweet blooded natures that never know a narrow or a grudging thought, epicurean, if you will, with no enthusiasm, no self scourging sense of duty, but yet, as you have seen, of a sufficiently subtle moral fibre to have an unwearied tenderness for obscure and monotonous suffering. It was his large hearted indulgence that made him ignore his mother's hardness

towards her daughters, which was the more striking from its contrast with her doting fondness towards himself: he held it no virtue to frown at irremediable faults.

"He really had no very lofty aims, no theological enthusiasm: if I were closely questioned, I should be obliged to confess that he felt no serious alarms about the souls of his parishioners, and would have thought it a mere loss of time to talk in a doctrinal and awakening manner to old 'Feyther Taft,' or even to Chad Cragge the blacksmith. If he had been in the habit of speaking theoretically, he would perhaps have said that the only healthy form religion could take in such minds was that of certain dim but strong emotions, suffusing themselves as a hallowing influence over the family affections and neighbourly duties. He thought the custom of baptism more important than its doctrine, and that the religious benefits the peasant drew from the church where his fathers worshipped, and the sacred peace of turf where they lay buried, were but slightly dependent on a clear understanding of the Liturgy or the sermon. Clearly, the Rector was not what is called in these days an 'earnest' man: he was fonder of church history than of divinity, and had much more insight into men's characters than interest in their opinions; he was neither laborious, nor obviously self-denying, nor very copious in alms giving and his theology, you perceive, was lax.

"On the other hand, I must plead, for I have an affectionate partiality towards the Rector's memory that he was not vindictive—and some philanthropists have been so, that he was not intolerant—and there is a rumour that some zealous theologians have not been altogether free from that blemish: that although he would probably have declined to give his body to be burned in any public cause, and was far from bestowing all his goods to feed the poor, he had that charity which has sometimes been lacking to very illustrious virtues—he was tender to other men's failings, and unwilling to impute evil. He was one of those men, and they are not the commonest, of whom we can know the best only by following them away from the marketplace, the platform, and the pulpit, entering with them into their own homes, hearing the voice with which they speak to the young and aged about their own hearthstone, and witnessing their thoughtful care for the everyday wants of every day companions, who take all their kindness as a matter of course, and not as a subject for panegyric.

"Such men, happily, have lived in times when great abuses flourished, and have sometimes even been the living representatives of the abuses. That is a thought which might comfort us a little under the opposite fact—that it is better sometimes *not* to follow great reformers of abuses beyond the threshold of their homes.

A man to do much good in a country parish, we may be sure. Of course there is a strong mutual respect and sympathy between the Vicar and his parishioner Adam, who, sound Churchman that he is, finds more satisfaction in Mr Irwine's sober ministrations, than in those of "the zealous Mr Ryde," who succeeds to the living twenty years afterwards. "Mr Irwine," says Adam,—

"Didn't go much into deep spiritual experience—he preached short moral sermons, and that was all. But then he acted pretty much up to what he said: he didn't set up for being so different from other folks one day and then be as like em as two peas the next. And he made folks love him and respect him, and that was better nor stirring up their gall wi' being over busy. Mrs Poyser used to say—you know she would have her word about everything—she said Mr Irwine was like a good meal o' victual: you were the better for him without thinking on it, and Mr Ryde was like a dose o' physic: he griped you and worried you, and after all he left you much the same.

It is high time, indeed, that we should introduce this Mrs Poyser of the Hall Farm, who will probably be the most popular individual in the book with the general reader, who takes it up chiefly in search of entertainment. A most delightful person is Mrs Poyser, quite a character, but with a merit for which the comic characters of fiction are in general by no means remarkable,—that she never conveys to the reader the least notion of exaggeration, or wears him by the perpetual recurrence of the one note of facetiousness which is supposed to be characteristic, and at which he is expected to laugh long after the joke has become a melancholeous nuisance. Not so Mrs Poyser, she comes out with a fund of droll remarks in the most unexpected places, and possesses a vein of grotesque poetry, which embraces all

objects from the highest to the most familiar. Yet she is as natural as a photograph. We fear, indeed, there may be no actual living farmer's wife possessing all Mrs Poyser's wit, but she says nothing but what a clever farmer's wife might say, and her best things fall upon the ear without the slightest forced intonation. She occupies with her husband the old Hall Farm in the parish of Haylope, of which, and of its hearty country ways, there is a description given which is one of the prettiest things in the book. "A good looking woman, not more than eight-and-thirty, of fair complexion and sandy hair, well shapen and light footed," she has great gifts of tongue, and likes, as she confesses, to "have her say out"—"there's no pleasur in living if you're to be coked up for iver, and only dribble your mind out by the sly, like a leaky barrel." But indeed, as she observes, in her responsible position, with such a quantity of "cheese on her mind," the diligent use of the tongue becomes a duty as well as a privilege. "Wi' them three gells in the house, I'd need have twice the strength to keep em up to their work. It's like having roast meat at three fires, as soon as you've basted one, another's burnin'." If these servant-girls at the farm—who are a constant "worrin'" to poor Mrs Poyser—do not do better, she can say, with the most perfect conscientiousness, that "it's not for want of talking to." She never neglects her duty in this point, though, as she feelingly observes, she has "no breath to spare, and that catching pain comes on dreadful at times." She administers to poor Hetty, out of real kindness, "such a scolding as naturally flowed from her anxiety to do well by her husband's niece, who had no mother of her own to scold her, poor thing." But at the same time she puts so much heart into all her administrations of this kind of discipline, that even to the victims themselves, when they compared it with the petty quarulousness of some mistresses, it must have been a treat to hear her. And it need hardly be said that Mrs Poyser's is a kind nature at bottom. As Adam says of her—"If

her tongue's keen, her heart's tender. She's one of those women as are better than their word." And though she chooses to enlarge upon the cares and anxieties of a farmhouse life, the delights of which are a fine thing to talk about "for them as look on, an' don't know the liftin', an' the stan'nin', an' the worritin' o' th' inside as belongs to't,"—yet she is really as happy as she is industrious in her vocation, and much prefers it to pleasuring, of which she has but a poor opinion.

"'Eh!' she said to her husband, as they set off in the cart, 'I'd sooner ha' brewin' day and washin' day together than one o' these pleasin' days. There's no work so tirin' as dancin' about an' starin' an' not rightly knowin' what you're goin' to do next; and keepin' your face i' smilin' order like a grocer o' market-day, for fear people shouldna think you civil enough. An' you've nothin' to show for't when it's done, if it isn't a yellow face wi' eatin' things as disagreee.'"

Her great forte is proverbial philosophy; and her style forms, in point and lucidity, a remarkable contrast to Mr Martin Tupper's. She considers, indeed, that in this as in every other use of language, her own sex has the decided superiority. When she wants to say a thing, she "can mostly find words to say it in, thank God." With the men it is far otherwise;—"you're forced partly to guess what they mean, as you do wi' the dumb creatures." There is no difficulty whatever, we are glad to say, in comprehending Mrs Poyser; and her apothegms, if not always the most refined, have a classicality of their own about them which will make them household quotations for many a day. It seems hardly fair to the author to pick these good things out of the context where they come in so happily; but the mine is so rich that the extraction of a nugget or two as specimens will not sensibly impoverish it, and will serve to give some idea of what are certainly some of the most original modern contributions of their kind:—

"Folks must put up wi' their own kin as they do wi' their own noses, it's their own flesh and blood."

"There's folks 'ud stand on their

heads, and then say the fault was i' their boots."

"'Eh! It's a poor look-out when the old folks doona like the young uns,' said old Martin. 'Ay, it's ill living in a hen-roost for them as doona like fess,' said Mrs Poyser."

But perhaps a sample of Mrs Poyser's quality will best be gleaned from the following dialogue between her and the schoolmaster, Bartle Massey, who is a confirmed bachelor, and looks upon women as among "the evils which belong to this state of probation, which it's lawful for a man to keep as clear of as he can in this life, hoping to get quit of them for ever in another:—"

"'What!' said Bartle, with an air of disgust. 'Was there a woman concerned? Then I give you up, Adam.'"

"'But it's a woman you'n spoke well on, Bartle,' said Mr Poyser. 'Come, now, you canna draw back; you said once as women wouldna ha' been a bad invention if they'd all been like Dinah.'"

"'I meant her voice, man—I meant her voice, that was all,' said Bartle. 'I can bear to hear her speak without wanting to put wool in my ears. As for other things, I dare say she's like the rest o' the women—thinks two and two'll come to make five, if she cries and bothers enough about it.'"

"'Ay, ay!' said Mrs Poyser; 'one 'ud think, an' hear some folk talk, as the men war 'cute enough to count the corns in a bag o' wheat wi' only smellin' at it. They can see through a barn-door, they can. Perhaps that's the reason they can see so little o' this side on't.'"

"Martin Poyser shook with delighted laughter, and winked at Adam, as much as to say, the schoolmaster was in for it now."

"'Ah!' said Bartle, sneeringly, 'the women are quick enough—they're quick enough. They know the rights of a story before they hear it, and can tell a man what his thoughts are before he knows 'em himself.'"

"'Like enough,' said Mrs Poyser; 'for the men are mostly so slow, their thoughts overrun 'em, an' they can only catch 'em by the tail. I can count a stocking-top while a man's gettin' his tongue ready: an' when he out wi' his speech at last, there's little broth to be made on't. It's your dead chicks take the longest hatchin'. Howiver, I'm not denyin' the women are foolish: God Almighty made 'em to match the men.'"

"'Match!' said Bartle; 'ay, as vine-

gar matches one's teeth. If a man says a word, his wife'll match it with a contradiction, if he's a mind for hot meat, his wife'll match it with cold bacon, if he laughs, she'll match him with whimpering. She's such a match as the horse fly is to th' horse—she's got the right venom to sting him with—the right venom to sting him with."

"'Yes,' said Mrs Poyser, 'I know what the men like—a poor soft, as 'ud simmer at em like the pictur o' the sun, whether they did right or wrong, an' say thank you for a kick, an' pretend she didus know which end she stood uppermost till her husband told her. That's what a man wants in a wife, mostly he wants to make sure o' one fool as 'll tell him he's wise. But there's some men can do w'out that—they think so much o' themselves a'ready—an' that's how it is there's old backelors.'

"'Come, Craig,' said Mr Poyser, jocosely, 'you mun get married pretty quick, else you'll be set down for an old bachelor, an' you see what the women 'll think on you.'

"'Well,' said Mr Craig, willing to console Mrs Poyser, and setting a high value on his own compliments, 'I like a cleverish woman—a woman o' sperrit—a managing woman.'

"'You're out there, Craig,' said Bartle, dryly, 'you're out there. You judge o' your garden stuff on a better plan than that—you pick the things for what they can excel in—for what they can excel in. You don't value your peas for their roots, or your carrots for their flowers. Now that's the way you should choose women: their cleverness 'll never come to much—never come to much, but they make excellent simletons, ripe and strong flavoured.'

"'What dost say to that?' said Mr Poyser, throwing himself back and looking merrily at his wife.

"'Say?' answered Mrs Poyser, with dangerous fire kindling in her eye, 'why, I say as some folk's tongues are like the clocks as run on strikin', not to tell you the time o' the day, but because there's summat wrong i' their own inside.'

We rejoice, indeed, to observe that Mrs Poyser has already taken her place amongst British worthies, and has had the honour of being quoted in the House of Commons.* Should this good lady's sayings supersede in future some of the stock quotations from Virgil, it will certainly tend to

the enlivenment of the debate, and be a relief to Mr Bright, as well as to the "country gentlemen."

We have only selected here some few of the most prominent characters, but these volumes are full of such individualities, either carefully finished, or sketched by—as we hope our readers will by this time have satisfied themselves—a master-hand. Lisbeth Bede, the mother, with her deep, but selfish and querulous love, Hetty Sorrell, the "kitten like" beauty, with no heart or soul but for her own rustic vanities, Joshua Rann, the zealous parish clerk, Mr Craig, the Scotch gardener, who "has great lights concerning soils and composts," Bill, the stone sawyer, with his difficulties at the night-school, owing to the letters being all "so uncommon alike, there was no telling 'em one from another"—all are admirably drawn, but there is one little hint for a portrait (for it is scarcely more) dashed in at the end of a chapter, the whole of which would be well worth extraction—for which we must find room.

"I have observed this remarkable coincidence, that the select natures who pant after the ideal and find nothing in pantaloons or petticoats great enough to command their reverence and love, are curiously in unison with the narrowest and pettiest. For example, I have often heard Mr Gedge, the landlord of the Royal Oak, who used to turn a bloodshot eye on his neighbours in the village of Shepperton, sum up his opinion of the people in his own parish—and they were all the people he knew—in these emphatic words: 'Ay, sir, I've said it often and I'll say it again, they're a poor lot i' this parish—a poor lot, sir, big and little. I think he had a dim idea that if he could migrate to a distant parish, he might find neighbours worthy of him, and, indeed, he did subsequently transfer himself to the Barons Head, which was doing a thriving business in the back street of a neighbouring market town. But, oddly enough, he has found the people up that back street of precisely the same stamp as the inhabitants of Shepperton—'a poor lot, sir, big and little and them as comes for a go o' gin are no better than them as comes for a pint o' twopenny—a poor lot.'"

We may not all of us be fortunate

* Mr Buxton's Speech on the Charles et George affair—Tuesday, March 8th

enough to have made the acquaintance, in real life, either of Adam or Dinah, but in the hall or in the cottage we have all of us met Mr Gedge.

It will be seen at once that the great merit of *Adam Bede* consists in the singular grace and skill with which these characteristic details of country life are rendered. To say of such a book that it does not depend for its main attraction on the development of a carefully constructed plot, is little more than saying that it is a novel of character rather than action. With one great exception, the masters of fiction of our own day—and among these Mr Eliot has incontestably made good his place—either fail in the constructive power or will not condescend to write a story. They throw all their force into the delineation of character and the enunciation of their own favourite philosophy by the actors whom they place upon the stage. Thus Mr Eliot has done and done it admirably. The story in itself is simple enough and the interest of a very quiet order until the commencement of the third volume when it is worked up with great power of detail, and becomes even painfully absorbing. The whole account of Hetty Sorrell's night wandering in the fields is as strong an instance of the author's power in vivid melodramatic description as the lighter parts of the book are of genuine humour and truth. But we prefer to leave our readers the pleasure of beginning the story for themselves with an unalloyed appetite.

It is quite possible that some of those who can devour with satisfaction the green trash of the railway stall, may lay by *Adam Bede* with out much consciousness of having been in unusually good company. But the more thoughtful reader will feel at once that he has been sitting at the feet of a master—that he has been reading a book which, for original power and truth has rarely been equalled. He will not lay it aside—as is the fate of many a novel of perhaps higher dramatic interest—content with having read and admired it—he will recur to it again and again—and each time, we can promise him, with increased delight

—to enjoy at leisure its quiet humour, its truthful feeling, its wise and large philosophy. There are gems of this kind in its pages which are as perfect in their way as any thing in English literature. What can be truer or more beautiful in thought and language than this description of the effect of sorrow?—

For Adam had not outlived his sorrow—had not felt it slip from him as a temporary burthen and leave him the same man again. Do any of us? God forbid. It would be a poor result of all our anguish and our wrestling if we won nothing but our old selves at the end of it—if we could return to the same blind lives the same self-confident blame the same light thoughts of human suffering the same frivolous gossip over blighted human lives the same feeble sense of that Unknown towards which we have sent forth unregressible cries in our loneliness. Let us rather be thankful that our sorrow lives in us as an instructible force only changing its form as forced and passing from pain into sympathy—the one poor word which includes all our best insight and our best love.

Or this again, in a lighter tone —

Leisure is gone—gone where the spinning wheels are gone and the pack-horses and the slow waggons and the pedlars who brought bargains to the door on sunny afternoons. Ingenious philosophers tell you perhaps that the great work of the steam engine is to create leisure for mankind. Do not believe them—it only creates a vacuum for eager thought to rush in. Even idleness is eager now—eager for amusement prone to excursion trains, art museums, periodical literature and exciting novels prone even to scientific theorising and cursory peeps through microscopes. Old Leisure was quite a different personage—he only read one newspaper innocent of leaders and was free from that periodicity of sensations which we call post-time. He was a contemplative rather stout gentleman of excellent digestion—of quiet perceptions undisturbed by hypotheses happy in his inability to know the causes of things preferring the things themselves. He lived chiefly in the country among pleasant seats and homesteads and was fond of sauntering by the fruit-tree wall and scenting the apricots when they were warmed by the morning sunshine or of sheltering himself under the orchard

length at noon, when the summer pears were falling. He knew nothing of week-day services, and thought none the worse of the Sunday sermon, if it allowed him to sleep from the text to the blessing—hiking the afternoon service best, because the prayers were the shortest, and not ashamed to say so, for he had an easy jolly conscience, broad backed like himself, and able to carry a great deal of beer or port-wine—not being made squeamish by doubts and qualms and lofty aspirations. Life was not a task to him but a sinecure: he fingered the guineas in his pocket, and ate his dinners, and slept the sleep of the irresponsible, for had he not kept up his charter by going to church on the Sunday afternoons?

"Fine old Leisure! Do not be severe upon him, and judge him by our modern standard: he never went to Exeter Hall, or heard a popular preacher, or read *Tracts for the Times* or *Sartor Resartus*."

Mr Elton confesses that he is fond of Dutch painting, to which, indeed, in its most refined school, the construction of these volumes presents a very apt parallel. It may be doubted whether in some cases he does not carry this fondness to excess. An instance of it may be found in the expressions put into the mouth of Adam the carpenter. He and others are too fond of talking shop. He speaks of Dinah as "a rare bit of workmanship—you don't see such women turned off the wheel every day." When he finds his imagination running away with him—"a pretty building I'm making without either bricks or timber, I'm up in the garret a'ready, and haven't so much as dug the foundation." "That screw can wait,"—when he puts off a visit to the school. "I seem as if I'd been measuring my work from a false line." This seems to us carrying out the Horatian rule rather too literally, "*Sed Medea ferox*"—by all means, but do not let her always smell of drugs. Like all persons who dwell in houses made with hands, we confess to have paid pretty dearly for an intimate acquaintance with the habits and language of carpenters and masons, in more than one county, and they certainly do not, as a rule—except it be in the fairy realm of Leamshire—import the terms of their art into their

ordinary conversation. It is very true that this kind of "appropriate language" is conventional on the stage, we expect Jack to say "shiver my timber!" of course, but Mr Elton paints character far too well to have any occasion to put scrolls into the mouths of his figures in order to distinguish them, and the carpenter in actual life is no more likely to say, like Wiry Ben, "I don't care a chip," than the author is to protest that he "doesn't care a criticism." But after all, this may be taken as a proof of the conscientious care and finish which, with the writer, has touched every point of the dialogue, which runs off so easily and naturally throughout, that the skill of the contriver is seldom apparent, and the uncritical reader is tempted to think such writing the simplest thing in the world.

One of the most real things in these volumes, which will at once strike all those who have had any experience of its truth, is the picture they give of the state of religious feeling in country villages—as it was fifty years ago, and as it is now, for there has been little change. If any think that there has been any material progress since Mr Irwine's days, it will be those who have no means of judging in such questions except by the outside. Few and far between still are the Seth or Adam Bede. It is as true now as then, that even Methodism "takes no hold on the farmers" as a class. It may still be said of our farm labourers that they "are not easily roused: they take life almost as slowly as the sheep and cows." If Dinah were to preach to-morrow in many a romantic looking model parish, she might say as she does here—

"I've noticed that in these villages where the people lead a quiet life among the green pastures and the still waters, tilling the ground and tending the cattle, there's a strange deadness to the Word, as different as can be from the great towns like Leeds."

We are not sure whether the explanation be that which she would give—

"I think maybe it is because the promise is sweeter when this life is so dark."

and weary, and the soul gets more hungry when the body is ill at ease.

It is probable that the marked difference in intellectual life between the town mechanic and the country labourer, well known to all who have to deal with it even in their children, may have at least as much to do with it. Strong exercise in the open air feeds the animal at the expense of the spiritual powers. Many a country parson will recognise as one of his own flock Alick the shepherd at the Hall Farm—

Alick was of opinion that church like other luxuries was not to be indulged in often by a foreman who had the weather and the ewes on his mind. Church! nay—I'n gotten summat else to think on was an answer which he often uttered in a tone of bitter significance that silenced further question. I feel sure Alick meant no irreverence indeed I know that his mind was not of a speculative negative cast and he would on no account have missed going to church on Christmas Day Easter Sunday and Whitsuntide. But he had a general impression that public worship and religious ceremonies like other non-productive employments were intended for people who had leisure.

In how many rustic congregations may the majority still be seen "following the service without any very clear comprehension indeed but with a simple faith in its efficacy to ward off harm and bring blessing. So again Lisbeth Bede at the funeral.

Had a vague belief that the psalm was doing her husband good it was part of that decent burial which she would have thought it a greater wrong to withhold from him than to have caused him many unhappy days while he was living. The more there was said at her husband the more there was done for him surely the safer he would be. It was poor Lisbeth's blind way of feeling that in man love and pity are a ground of faith in some other love.

These are the sure tokens of an observer who has looked below the surface, and who knows far more of the secrets of our village population than most of those seem to do who write religious stories either for or about them.

Adam Bede is not "a religious novel." It would hardly be recommended without reservation to that large class of readers who take Miss Yonge and Miss Sewell for their high-priestesses, and will run some risk of being placed in the *index expurgatorius* of Evangelicalism. The author has a presentiment that to some minds the Rector of Broxton will seem "little better than a pagan." Yet for both parties it would be a very wholesome change to lay aside for an hour or two the publications of their own favourite school, and to read Mr Eliot's story. For its religious principle is a large hearted charity. And thus, after all, is surely the right ground on which to treat religious questions in a work of fiction. For the preacher, controversy may sometimes become a duty, it may be needful for him to dwell on the distinctive points of his own creed, and to point out in all charity the errors of his opponents. The physician may administer drugs, but the unprofessional Samaritan had better keep to the oil and wine. For the lay teacher (and the novelist is now no less) it cannot be needful—it is hardly decorous—to wield the rod of excommunication. In his hands it is often the reverse of successful. The anathema not only falls harmless but is apt to be received with a shout of ridicule. It may well be doubted whether any religious fiction in which a party bias however honest, is suffered to appear, can possibly effect the good at which it conscientiously aims. The reader whose sympathies are already with the writer, closes such a book with an air of triumph and self-satisfaction, rejoicing that his enemies are smitten hip and thigh. The victim whose doctrine has been attacked—supposing him to read such a book at all—clings to his belief the more firmly, in a spirit of cheap vicarious martyrdom. It may well be doubted how far a Christian temper is produced in either. But the author of Adam Bede is not one of those who, in the eloquent words of a late preacher,* "have restricted God's love, and narrowed the path to

heaven." No one handles Scripture more reverently, none with better effect, because it is not as a weapon against opponents, but as armour of proof.

It is very cheering too, setting the religious question apart, to read a book in which the writer has the courage to say that "by living a great deal among people more or less commonplace and vulgar," he "has come to the conclusion that human nature is lovable"—and has the ability to maintain his thesis. He does not conceal or palliate the weaknesses of humanity, there is no attempt to paint rural life as an Arcadia of innocence, we have Hetty's silly vanity, and young Donnithorne's weakness of principle, and Lisbeth's petulance, all truthfully set before us, and even Adam, the hero, has quite enough of his old namesake about him to be far from perfect, yet we part from all of them at last with an honest sympathy, or, at the worst, a mild and tearful pity. It is encouraging, as it is unfortunately rare, in fiction, to find ourselves watching the operations of a skilful anatomist, as he lays bare the secrets of our quivering frame, and to feel that the hand is not only sure and steady, but gentle as a woman's. It is pleasant to find, combined with all the power of the satirist, the kindly warmth of human charity, and to mark the light which

it throws upon human failings, not concealing them, but softening the harsher outlines, mellowing the glaring tones, and bringing out beauties of which we were before unconscious. We have here no morbid dwelling upon evil, nor yet an unreal optimism which dresses out life in hues of rose-colour, but a hearty manly sympathy with weakness, not inconsistent with a hatred of vice. The "common, coarse people" shame us sometimes, as they do in actual life, by the delicacy of their moral organisation, the outwardly gentle and refined shame us no less by their coarse selfishness. It is no small praise to Mr Eliot, that he has described to us the attractions of sense without allowing them to influence our judgment. The one character which, in the hands of many writers, would have been invested with a dangerous interest, awakens in us only a pity nearer to contempt than love. In sportive phrase, as well as in words of graver warning, we are reminded that "there is no direct correlation between eyelashes and morals," and without having been consciously subjected to any severe schooling, we are dismissed with a very lively impression that self-restraint is better than repentance, and that, do what we will "evil can never bear the fruit of good."

THE CRY FOR REFORM.

A MOVING INCIDENT.

[“Soon after the commencement of Lord Stanley’s reply to Lord John Russell, a shrill scream, evidently from infantine lips, was heard to proceed from the ladies’ gallery. On inquiry it turned out that the youngest scion of Lord John’s family had been brought down to the House.”—*Daily Paper*.]

THE House was hushed ; attentive hung
Its ranks on the young Statesman’s tongue,
His lightest word to hear,
When from the glittering cage on high,
There came a sharp and sudden cry
That struck the startled ear.

A cry as of a squalling child
It seemed—so wailing and so wild,
And yet so small and shrill :
Instant at that unwonted sound
The circling smile and laugh went round,
And the debate stood still.

“Who owns,” they ask, “the screaming elf !”
The answer spreads : “Lord John himself ;
The happy parent *He* !
What child but his the wit could reach
To try thus soon a maiden speech,
So forward and so free !”

Russell, is this the moving cause
To which we owe your cunning Cause
That would not brook delay ?
Is it that, like the Raven’s brood,
Your callow young ones call for food,
And prompt you to the prey ?

Alas ! the little nestlings long
May vainly urge the piteous song,
Still hungry as the grave :
And long may All the greedy crew
That gape for place the cry renew,
Nor find the food they crave !

THE NEW REFORM BILL.

WRITING, as we are compelled to do, when the ministerial measure of Parliamentary Reform is still under discussion of the House of Commons in a preliminary stage—when the motion for the second reading of the Bill has been met by Lord John Russell by an amendment which if carried, may prove fatal to its further progress—we can give a short space only to the consideration of a question with regard to which the public at large has manifested unusual difference. No doubt for the last week or two—nay, even since the disclosure of the ministerial plan—there have been evidences of that anxiety and restlessness which are the natural symptoms of every political crisis. At no time are administrative changes on a great scale regarded with favour by the mass of the people, and least of all when, as a probable consequence, they infer a dissolution of Parliament, and that confusion and interruption to business which are inseparable from a general election. Beyond the limited circle of official expectants and aspirants, whose personal interests are identified with the success or failure of their party, very little enthusiasm is excited by such a prospect nor, without an adequate cause, does the British public, in the true sense of the term, incline to be demonstrative or vociferous against the ruling Government of the day. There is, in deed, a vast substratum of conservative and anti-revolutionary feeling throughout the nation, expressed nowhere better than in the Book of Common Prayer, that “we may be godly and quietly governed,” and even Milton, though living in times which to us appear distracted and convulsed, has emphatically described the English as a nation not prone to change. Apathetic certainly they are not for whenever they consider their rights invaded, their real interests assailed, or their national honour at stake, they give forth no uncertain sound. The illegal exaction of ship money, coupled with the shameful perversion of the law and

open violation of justice on the part of venal and unscrupulous judges, brought on the Great Rebellion, and in our own day, and very recently, we have seen two successive governments displaced, the one, because it was accused, rightfully or wrongfully, of having neglected its administrative duties in the time of war, and the other, because it had not shown itself a jealous and efficient guardian of the public honour.

Eight years have now gone by since Lord John Russell—then profanely termed “Finalty Jack” by the advanced Radicals, on account of his famous declaration that the measure which he had inaugurated in 1832 was in all respects perfect and final—was pleased, without the usual formality of consulting his colleagues, to pledge himself to a further measure of reform. We have not leisure now to investigate the motives of that extraordinary announcement, which spread fear and dismay among his fellow occupants of the Treasury benches and which ultimately degraded him from the high position of leader of the great Whig party—we refer to it merely as the first authoritative declaration on the part of an eminent statesman, holding the highest official position, that a new Reform Bill was necessary in order to meet the political wants and we must suppose the requirements of the people. Such a spark, elicited from a man who considered himself a kind of Brutus, should at any rate have inflamed the gunpowder lying around, if any such there were. But it was innocuous as a flash of summer lightning, though not so beautiful, or so free from unpleasant odour. Then came his own Bill—a complete and admitted failure, whereat he wept. Lost though sacred tears, preserved in no bottle—the issue, as some vulgar souls suggested, rather of spiteful and disappointed rancour, than of high unappreciated patriotism. Twice did he attempt to throw the stain of illegitimacy on his elder offspring, and twice he was defeated or

balked. His own party repudiated him, the Radicals denied him, and the Conservatives refused to take their bearings from such an eccentric and wind defying weathercock.

But in a constitution balanced and regulated like ours, a very slight derangement may lead to serious results. A sentiment or an opinion, even though rashly uttered by a leading statesman, cannot be recalled, and never is entirely forgotten. Men do not examine too curiously into the actual motives of the utterer. They have a general and generous faith in the integrity of persons high in office, they believe that no important changes of policy will be announced, without an entire conviction in the mind of the statesman who propounds them that they are just and necessary, and they are very apt, in order to avoid unnecessary trouble, to adopt and echo the opinions of such persons without due consideration. When, therefore, Lord John Russell, the father of the great reform measure of 1832, and for a long time the champion of its sufficiency, began by declaring it to be insufficient and imperfect, and then proceeded to devise measures for upsetting its arrangements and altering its provisions—when Parliamentary Reform had been made a prominent topic in more than one speech from the throne—and when Lord Palmerston, a more sagacious leader than Russell, whose influence and prestige were by that time on the wane, had also declared for reform, though without committing himself to details,—it is no way wonderful that the idea of reform should have become a fixed notion in the popular mind and that men of every way of thinking should have arrived at the conclusion that some kind of measure was inevitable. But beyond that there was no agreement, indeed all was chaos. Neither by the country nor by Parliament were Lord John Russell's new offspring regarded with any favour. It is possible that the brain of Palmerston may have been teeming, but if so, there must have been cerebral miscarriage, for no *Misnerve* issued from his head. In the House of Commons attempts were made by way of resolution to lay

down two principles for the guidance of future legislators. That which had for its object the adoption of the ballot was negatived—that for reducing the suffrage in counties to a £10 qualification was thrown out, but being afterwards embodied in a Bill passed the second reading, but proceeded no farther. This was literally all the advance made in Parliament towards practical reform. Out of doors the widest difference of opinion prevailed among those who took any interest in the question. The masses, as they are called, were in reality indifferent and uninterested. We have perused of late more than one speech, wherein this silence was poetically likened unto that hush which is the prelude of a thunderstorm, and the orators usually wound up their discourses by eloquent perorations, warning the enfranchised public of the danger of awakening the lightning. It is worth noting that these very orators had been doing their utmost, by itinerating harangues abounding in the most monstrous misrepresentations, to call forth the lightning, but without success. They were bound on a mission of agitation, they vehemently desired to stir up the people, but they could not. The working classes stood generally aloof, could not be induced to move, would do nothing to second the efforts of those disinterested labourers in the vineyard who informed them that they were simply slaves. Now why was this? It is a question well worth consideration, for if we are right in our interpretation, it reflects the highest credit upon the good sense, perspicacity, and temperance of the working classes. We are quite satisfied that, as a body, they do not wish to have political power in a measure corresponding to their numbers. They know each other much better than we know them. The more intelligent of them—no inconsiderable section—are perfectly well aware, and make no secret of it, that any measure which would give a preponderance of power to the working-classes, must needs be fatal to the welfare of the country. They know how much ignorance, how much impulse, how much passion, and how

such prejudice prevail, and knowing that, they are anything but desirous that so perilous an experiment should be made. We have conversed often with really intelligent men belonging to the working classes on this subject, with the view of ascertaining their candid opinion and individual wishes as to political privileges, and nothing has impressed us more than their extreme diffidence as to their own capability of exercising the franchise rightly. They say that they have not time to study political subjects, that they are perfectly satisfied if the laws are such as will protect them and forward their material interests, that they do not perceive how they could be bettered by having a vote, and that they never saw any good come of a workman addicting himself to politics. This last observation, which we have frequently heard repeated, seemed to us important enough to demand some further inquiry, and accordingly we have been told by foremen of large establishments, who have the best opportunities of knowing the character, habits, and pursuits of the workmen, that the steady, industrious, and sober take no interest whatever in political questions, whereas the idle, improvident, and drunken set up for political reformers, attend such meetings as those which Mr Bright has lately been addressing, and are clamorous for that franchise which, if granted them, they would most certainly abuse.

Passing from the workmen to those who have or might have the franchise under existing conditions—that anomalous body, in short, which is comprehended by the term of the middle classes—we find there no decided opinion on the subject of Parliamentary Reform. This is the class with which the power is really lodged, and the experience of seven and twenty years has shown that it is dominant in the country. A larger share of representation than is their due has been given to the towns, and therefore trade, commerce, and manufactures are more fully represented in the Lower House, at least rectly, than the agricultural interest at the time has gone by when the several interests were regarded as

antagonistic. A better and sounder feeling now prevails, and men have begun to understand and appreciate the doctrine of mutual dependence. Still there are the distinctions of party. Place a hundred men at random on the register, and you will find them arraying themselves on the right and on the left, banding together, and so remaining banded with few waverers between. We have noted, with some curiosity and inquisitiveness, the expressed sentiments of individuals belonging to this class, but attached to the different parties which are recognised in the State, ever since the proposal for a new Reform Bill was mooted, and we take it upon our conscience to say that more irreconcilable opinions were never broached before any railway committee. Our personal experience does not reach beyond Scotland, but as human nature is everywhere the same, we apprehend that the like tendencies must be exhibited in England also. In counties where the Tory influence prevails, there is little stir within their appropriate boundaries, but great wrath is manifested by the indwellers of boroughs located in the midst of them, who are clear for a forty shilling franchise enabling them to overleap the wall, and, if possible, to swamp the territorial magnates, tenantry, and dwellers in the villages. Their enthusiasm, however, rapidly cools when they are asked whether forty shilling proprietors in boroughs will consent to pay county rates! They thrust their hands into their pockets, savagely jingle the pence, and are dumb. In counties where the Whig interest is paramount, all is *couleur de rose*. We hear nothing about a forty shilling franchise. Things are quite as they should be, and it would be preposterous to paint the lily. Turn to the urban constituencies in which there is no trace of Toryism: there the struggle is supposed to lie between the Whigs and what are called the advanced Liberals. But that in the majority of instances, is a sham. The advanced Liberals returned are simply Whigs, who are allowed to masquerade a little, and to be crotchety occasionally, so that they do

not materially embarrass their party. On all important occasions they are to be found in the right lobby of division. But there are advanced Liberals who have not been returned, and who never will be returned under the present electoral arrangements, and these are they who are clamorous for a lowering of the suffrage, opposing at the same time its extension in the direction of intelligence and learning. We shall cite one notable instance. A respected and most intelligent citizen of Edinburgh, who is Mr Bright's near connection, has been particularly active as a political agitator. He has offered himself as a candidate for the representation of Edinburgh, but was rejected, and he now comes forward as an advocate for a material lowering of the franchise. He has stated repeatedly that Scotland has been unjustly treated in respect that she is not proportionably represented in Parliament in comparison with England, and yet, when a proposal was made that the Universities of Scotland should be represented, as are those of England and Ireland, this patriotic gentleman considered it his duty to enter his protest against such a scheme. He was wise in his generation. Light was to him more odious than darkness. If the ten-pounders would not listen to his call, what was he, or such as he to expect from the most highly educated of the land?

No doubt there is a class very anxious to obtain the franchise. It consists of those persons who are very nearly but not altogether up to the ten pound property standard—men who feel, with sufficient reason, that they are quite as capable from education and intelligence of exercising the franchise as are those immediately above them, and they consider it a real grievance that they should be excluded from the register, simply because they do not pay a few additional shillings of rent. For those who are so situated we have a decided sympathy, and their case ought unquestionably to receive anxious consideration. It has indeed been considered by the present Government, one of their propositions being that lodgers, and depositors of

money to a certain amount in savings' banks, may be admitted to the franchise. But we shall not discuss these propositions now—we allude to them merely to show that there is no indisposition, at least on the part of the Conservatives, to withhold the suffrage from that class which is most anxious to obtain it, while at the same time it is qualified to use it.

The real opponents to the lowering of the suffrage in urban constituencies are the ten-pound borough occupants, who having their own way at present, are anything but desirous to depreciate the value of their privilege by admitting others. It is significant to remark that few of the men who clamour for forty-shilling freeholds within boroughs, to affect, or "leaven," as they call it, the county constituencies, are in favour of a general lowering of the borough qualification, and that not one of them has proposed the institution of a forty-shilling borough franchise! From all which we gather that public opinion, as regards the nature of reforms in our representative system, is confused, contradictory, and disappointed, and that in point of fact the few who have come forward at public meetings with distinct proposals have for the most part, if not universally, been swayed by considerations of what would be best for themselves or for their party, rather than by a sincere desire to have this difficult matter adjusted according to the principles of equity and justice, for the contentment of the public mind.

The expediency of a further Reform in Parliament having been recognised by two Premiers, and even recommended from the Throne, it was absolutely impossible for the Government of which Lord Derby is the head, to disregard such antecedents. Had they done so, and broadly declined to introduce any measure of reform, they would have been at once unseated—nay, we may further say, that unless they had made up their minds to grapple with this difficulty, they could not with honour have accepted office. They did not shrink from the task, arduous though it was, or the responsibility, however perilous. They addressed themselves

deliberately to the work of ascertaining what grievances, if any, required to be remedied, what modifications of the present system were required, and what extension of the franchise could be safely and advantageously granted. Meanwhile vast preparations were being made for agitating the public mind. Mr Bright, at the instance of divers Radical leaders, undertook to prepare a Reform Bill of his own, and not only that, but to preach its doctrine, and to expound its tendencies, to many large constituencies, both in England and Scotland. He was as good as his word. He prepared a Bill, the outline of which being published, for the document has not appeared *in extenso*, made the ten pounders look aghast, and he delivered sundry speeches of so wild and inflammatory a tendency, and conceived in so intolerant a spirit, that even Radicals uttered a rebuke. He contradicted himself over and over again, made so many egregious blunders, and hazarded such preposterous fallacies, that the men who should have been his followers were forced to admit that Friend John had rather gone astray, and that his wits were the worse for wear.

The threatened agitation proved to be an entire failure. Mr Bright drew large audiences just as Mr Spurgeon or any other celebrated orator would have done. People went brimful of curiosity to see and hear the famous Apostle of the Anti corn law League, who has the reputation of being one of the best and most effective public speakers of England. They went and satisfied their curiosity, but they did not carry away with them the doctrine. They were no more converted to the opinions of Mr Bright, than are the audiences of Mr Spurgeon disposed to genuine repentance. The fact is, that every one was waiting with real anxiety for the announcement of the Ministerial measure. The secret was well kept for in the course of its preparation no hint as to the nature of the bill was given. Of course there were all manner of rumours. Ingenious *canards* found their way into the public prints, and were greedily devoured by the more credulous portion of the community.

The most prevalent idea was that the Ministry had made up their minds entirely to outbid Lord John Russell for popularity, and to propose a sweeping measure, bringing down the franchise to a very low point, both in counties and in towns. This notion occasioned a great deal of uneasiness—we might almost say misery—to the ten pounders, who, indifferent as to the fate of the county constituencies, were by no means anxious to be themselves inundated by the opening of the fountains of the unenfranchised, and from the lips of many a Whig there issued sentiments of so very exclusive a nature, that no Tory would have dared to utter them. When, therefore, the period for disclosure came, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer had explained the nature of the bill, the moderate Liberals gave a sigh of supreme relief, as if a heavy load had been removed from their minds, and uttered an ejaculatory thanksgiving for their deliverance from radical innovations. And having performed that pious ceremony, they straightway sat down to devise how they might best defeat the Ministry, and clamber once more into office.

Simultaneously with the announcement of the measure, it became known that entire unanimity had not prevailed in the Cabinet. Two Ministers, of acknowledged ability, high character, and unimpeachable integrity, were not able conscientiously to agree to certain important propositions which the bill contained, and so strong were their convictions, that they considered it necessary to resign. The loss of two such men as Mr Walpole and Mr Henley, both greatly esteemed and respected, was no doubt damaging to the Ministry, and gave confidence to their political opponents, who saw at once that, failing any other plausible ground of attack they had only to adopt the views of the retiring Ministers in order to make a breach in the bill, and possibly to disunite the Conservative party. We cannot treat lightly the secession of two such honourable gentlemen. We cannot even blame them for the course which they adopted. Much as unity is to be desired in council, we cannot wish

that it should be attained at the sacrifice of principle,—which must be the case where individual convictions are felt to be insuperably strong. They have acted in accordance with their convictions, purely and nobly, and we know that the sacrifice which they have made will be fully appreciated by the country. We do not wish to offer a decided opinion upon the points on which they differed from their colleagues. We merely refer now to their secession from the Ministry as a fact of much importance, which it is quite possible that the Opposition may wrest to their own advantage.

The main feature of the ministerial measure, and that which distinguishes it from every scheme which hitherto has been proposed, is, that it contemplates no disfranchisement either of place or person. This is eminently conservative and constitutional. The plan proposed by Lord John Russell was a wholesale disfranchisement of many boroughs and a diminution in the representation of others, in order that the abstracted seats might be given to new constituencies, or to existing constituencies which are very large. The Ministry have followed a different course. They have determined not to suppress any borough, but simply to deprive some small ones of the double representation, and to give members to some rising towns hitherto unrepresented, and a limited increase to the larger counties. We are very much disposed to think that no better adjustment could be made on the basis that the numbers of the House of Commons ought not to be increased—a point which we may perhaps revert to in another paper, if the progress of legislation will allow. We fully concur with the ministerial view that the disfranchisement of small boroughs is unwise, unless it can be shown that they have either sunk into hopeless decay, or are notoriously venal and corrupt. As to what are called “secret influences,” by which is meant merely the preponderance of property, we shall simply remark that such influences are at work, if they do not prevail, in every constituency in the kingdom. It is in vain to suppose that property will ever cease to in-

fluence votes, the utmost we can expect is that it shall not coerce them. It is notorious that large popular constituencies do not always—nay, do very seldom—return men of real eminence to Parliament, in so much so, that even metropolitan members can hardly be exhibited as models of senatorial capacity. In this respect, therefore, we think that the Ministerial scheme is entitled to the popular support.

So also with that part of it which reserves all existing rights of voting. No man loses his vote, though he may be required to exercise it other wise than at present. We most cordially agree with the proposition that freehold forty shilling votes, within the boundaries of boroughs, ought to be registered for the borough, not for the county in which that borough happens to be situated. We care nothing about the antiquity of the practice. It is essentially a bad, nay, an iniquitous one, and if antiquity is to be the rule, which is a singular view for Radicals to adopt, why, we may ask should we not recur to the old Saxon form of the Witten gemote or the Danish institution of the Thing? Is it not common sense that all property within borough limits should be liable to borough restrictions and have no other than borough privileges? It has been said that a borough, being erected as such, is still part of the county. In reality it is nothing of the kind. Does it pay county rates? That is the true test: for if it does not bear the peculiar burdens of the county, it is absolutely dis severed from it, and is not entitled to any county privilege. The forty shilling freehold is unknown in Scotland, and we shall never forget the astonishment which was excited, only a year ago, when some advanced Radicals proposed that the system should be extended to the northern kingdom, and that proprietors of tenements of the annual value of forty shillings, situated within boroughs, should have county votes. The proposition was made in an assembly certainly not of a Conservative complexion. It was mooted at the Convention of Royal Burghs, a peculiar but very ancient Scottish institution, which

meets annually for deliberation, every burgh being there represented, and so monstrous was the proposal deemed, that it was at once rejected. We notice this, because the opinion of an ultra liberal Scottish borough assembly, venerable in point of antiquity and expressly sanctioned by the legislature, is valuable as real evidence against the propriety of the fusion, or rather confusion, of borough and county votes, and to this part of the Ministerial scheme we accord, without the slightest hesitation, our most cordial approval.

Next in order comes the extension of the suffrage. The Ministry have, very wisely, departed from the old brick and mortar restrictions, and propose to accord the franchise, 1st, To certain educated classes 2d, To certain holders of personal property in the funds and otherwise 3d, To lodgers, not householders, of a certain amount, and 4th, To those of the working classes who have deposited a certain sum in the savings banks. These have been designated, most falsely, wittingly, and untruly, as "fancy qualifications." They are nothing of the kind. With regard to the first class they secure the admission of qualified men who may not be able to claim under any other character. With regard to the second, they admit personal property, which ought to represent intelligence as much as local habitation. With regard to the third, they let in clerks, artists, and high artisans, who have not undertaken the cares of the independent householder. With regard to the fourth, they have done much to encourage industry and frugality, and have clearly opened for the first time, to the working classes, a way to the franchise which is attainable.

But, while we say this, with full approval of the three first methods for attaining the franchise which the Ministry have proposed, we are of opinion that it is advisable to open a wider door for the admission of the working classes. There is much force in the objection which has been taken, that it is unreasonable to expect that workmen should always have the sum of £60 at their credit with the savings' bank. Many men, reputably rich,

and in a much higher position in society, would lose their votes if the same scrutiny were used with regard to their bankers' books. It cannot be expected that artisans shall be permanent investors. Take the instance of a young man who, by unremitting industry, temperance, and self denial, has accumulated upwards of £60 in the savings' bank, and in right of that has been entered on the register. In due season he marries, and has occasion for his money in order to purchase furniture. Is it not an immense hardship that he should therefore lose his vote? It strikes us very forcibly that, in addition to the savings bank deposit qualification, there should be another extending the franchise to those who are provident enough to insure their lives for the benefit of their families. That is quite as good a test of a workman's forethought and frugality as his bank book, and it has this great advantage, that it is of a permanent kind, that the premium must be paid yearly in order to maintain the policy. We do hope that this suggestion will be favourably considered for it is undoubtedly of much consequence that the working classes should have every encouragement to sober and thrifty habits, and be induced to take advantage of those means for securing provision to their families which every prudent individual in the middle classes adopts from a full knowledge of its value.

It cannot be said that this mode of investment, for such it really is, would preclude the working man from saving money in other ways. Let us suppose that the Legislature should decide upon admitting to the register every man who has effected a policy on his own life for the natural period, with some registered insurance company, to the amount of £100, and who has paid three annual premiums thereon. The annual premium payable by a person aged thirty at the date of insurance is not more than £2, 2s without profits, and £2, 10s with participation. This would still leave room for saving, at least if we are to suppose that a large number of persons have been able to deposit upwards of £60 in the

banks. And here let us remark that it is a very unfair thing to decry the value of the savings' banks qualification on the ground that in certain places there are but few depositors. It was, we are convinced, the honest intention of the Government to encourage thrift by introducing this qualification into their bill, and we confidently expect that the immediate result will be a vast increase in the amount of deposits. Let the Government grant the same boon to insurers which they have offered to depositors, and afford this further facility for attaining a vote to the careful and industrious artisan.

One very important provision, which appears to us to have received far less attention than it deserves in the discussions which have taken place upon the bill, is the reduction of the qualification for proprietors under every kind of tenure, from £10 to £5 value. This, it must be acknowledged, is a most liberal concession, which proves beyond a doubt that the Ministry have been most sincere in their wish and endeavour to extend property qualification as far as that can be done compatible with safety to the constitution.

We have already said that we shall not pronounce a decided opinion upon the points of difference between Ministers and their late colleagues, but we must frankly state that there appear to us to be serious practical objections in the way of that uniformity of franchise in county and borough which it is sought by this bill to establish. We do not attach much value to the fact that, from time immemorial, there has been a wide difference in the franchises. Practically, all that we have to consider is the status, character, and capacity of the persons who will be admitted to the register, should the county qualification for occupants be lowered from £50 to £10. If they are persons who can be safely trusted with the franchise, and who will exercise it independently let them by all means have it. But if they do not answer that description, then we protest against their admission for the mere sake of promoting uniformity. We cannot confess to an overweening love for uniformity in

things political, for we have always regarded it as another name for red-tapeism in its strictest form. We do not, however, denounce it as a thing to be avoided when circumstances combine in its favour, but we have not been able to convince ourselves that such is the case in the present instance. We set aside the argument that this part of the ministerial measure is an approach to electoral districts. We care nothing for fancied resemblances, all we are bound to consider is the practical effect of such a measure. Now it must be admitted that this is a question of real difficulty. It seems hard to deny to the occupant of a £10 house beyond the limits of a borough, that privilege which is accorded to another man, who, paying no higher rent, resides within the borough, but if you admit such house tenants to the county franchise, you must likewise admit all agricultural tenants holding the same value, and we certainly are not prepared to say that such an addition would be desirable. We have never been backward in our advocacy of the agricultural interest, and we have often had occasion to expose and condemn the silly and malignant sneers at the incapacity of the British farmer, which emanated from the concerted agitators of the towns; but we are not disposed to allow that so vast a change as this would be advantageous. We do not doubt that a considerable number of the mass of £10 tenants may be fitted for the franchise, but we have as little doubt that others are unfitted both in respect of intelligence and independence. At any rate the transition is too rapid. We presume that the Ministry have been mainly induced to insert this clause by the consideration that a majority of the House of Commons voted for the second reading of Mr Locke King's bill. It should, however, be remembered that the division took place under peculiar circumstances, and both Mr Sydney Herbert and Lord Palmerston assert that the £10 franchise for counties has never yet been affirmed by the House. The noble Lord expressed himself thus in the debate: "Those who quote the last bill, which was read a second time,

must have the goodness to remember that I voted for the second reading of that bill distinctly on the grounds that it did not propose to identify the franchise in counties and boroughs, and because it simply proposed to amend the law relating to the county franchise, leaving the limit to be settled in committee."

We consider it our bounden duty to be candid in dealing with such a subject. Our sympathies are entirely with Ministers, who, we think, have discharged the very onerous duty imposed upon them in a manner which demands our admiration, both on account of their impartiality and the liberal spirit which they have displayed. But we must regard this as a question of the utmost importance to the future wellbeing of the nation, and we cannot waive the statement of objections which occur to us as peculiarly strong. It is not desirable, indeed, that we should do so. The consideration and settlement of a Reform Bill is in truth a national work to which all who have the power should contribute, without allowing party feelings or predilections to influence them in the slightest degree. The initiative has been forced upon the Ministry. They have done their duty by framing a bill, which expresses, we regret to say, the opinion of the majority only of the Cabinet. Parliament is now engaged in the discussion of that bill. We are not sufficiently conversant with parliamentary rules to pass any opinion on the conduct of Lord John Russell in moving his resolutions as an amendment to the motion for the second reading of the bill. Apart from that motion, we have no reason to regret the discussion which

has taken place, but which possibly may not terminate until this article is in the hands of the public.

We certainly do not wish, nor do we deem it expedient, that this measure should be tidied over for another session—it is of the utmost importance that it should form part of this year's legislation, but we deprecate hasty resolutions, and we think that, after the expiry of this debate, whatever be its issue, there should be a breathing-time allowed for candid consideration of all that has been said in behalf of or against the ministerial measure. That is obviously the wisest course in the present European crisis. The demand for reform is not so urgent as to require us to make ministerial difficulties at the moment when an adverse vote of the House of Commons, and the displacement of a Ministry, may be the immediate signal for a general war. Every one must remember what was the result of the resignation of Lord Derby's Ministry, and the accession of Lord Aberdeen to power in 1852. The Czar Nicholas then thought that he had found his coveted opportunity, could count upon the British Premier as an ally, or at all events a non-interfering remonstrant, and so we were precipitated into a war which cost us so many valuable lives. We would entreat the Ministry, rather than the Opposition, to think of this, for what we fear is, that their high sense of honour may cause them, in the event of a defeat before the second reading of the bill, to tender their resignation, which we should regard as a great, nay a fearful national calamity at the present important crisis.

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CONTENTS

| | |
|--|-----|
| POPULAR LITERATURE—TRACTS, | 515 |
| A CRUISE IN JAPANESE WATERS—PART V, | 532 |
| THE LUCK OF LADYSMEDE—PART III, | 546 |
| THE WITCH OF WALKERNE, | 567 |
| ONLY A POND! | 581 |
| THE COMPETITION SYSTEM AND THE PUBLIC SERVICE, | 598 |
| TIDINGS FROM TURIN, | 612 |
| THE APPEAL TO THE COUNTRY, | 626 |

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INDEX

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POPULAR LITERATURE —TRACTS

THE reader no doubt imagines from the above title, that we are going to thrust into his hands a dissertation on certain monotonous fly leaves which elderly females buy in large quantities, and which they drop into pockets, throw into cabs, stick into novels, place upon paths, push under doors, and by every possible contrivance lay before our averted noses. Who in this country is not acquainted with these Sibylline leaves? Who has not read of Penitent Poll, and of Sorrowful Sam? Who has not been edified with the piety of the Good Gardener who goes mystically to work, dungs the cucumbers in an allegorical fervour, sows peas in a parable, turns the cabbage into theology, and never plucks an apple without a kind of shudder that connects the event with the Garden of Eden? Who has not been touched with the history of the sweet scullery maid who thrived like an angel among the pots, who searched the Scriptures and scraped the plates with equal assiduity, who sighed each night that there were no more pans to clean, and who died in a rapture of joy that her heart was "kind o' washed, like?" Is that benign old gentleman ever to be forgotten, who entered the omnibus at the Camberwell Gate evidently for no other purpose than that he might unbutton, take out of his breast-pocket a bunch of little papers, and

distribute among the bewildered passengers a description of the broad road and the narrow way, the Christian 'bus and the 'busses of the other party that are so strangely addicted to *nursing* the orthodox vehicle? Good old suburban fellow—how happy and how awkward he seemed after he had done his work, looking restlessly at each of the passengers to see the effect, and then gazing hard out of the window as if he were quite at his ease and had nothing on his mind. The moment the omnibus stopped, he bolted out of it and into another. Perhaps at night he will be found with a batch of recruits that have an astonishing likeness to the cat footed, crane necked, whispering, undertoned race of pew openers all round the doors of some theatre, and engaged might and main in informing the gods by means of handbills, that they are demons—those who are bound for the pit, that they are going to the bottomless one. Tracts such as these are indeed worth studying, both in point of matter and in point of style. We should not like to treat sacred things with levity, and we confess to a genuine sympathy with the ruling principle of those who are interested in the manufacture and distribution of religious tracts. But sympathise as we may with their good intentions, we are not sure that we can admire their taste or com-

mead their judgment, and we doubt whether religious tracts do an amount of good that bears any reasonable proportion to the money and labour which is invested in them. Look at the fly leaves issued by the Religious Tract Society, which has such a name that whatever it issues is sure of a large circulation. The advantage of the Society is this, that any old lady in the country wanting a bundle of Tracts, has only to send to the Society, and by return of post she receives a goodly assortment which she may distribute at once with perfect assurance of their orthodoxy with regard to the great doctrines of the Gospel. She never asks whether they are clear, or well written or attractive: she only considers whether they take the right view or not. She altogether overlooks the fact that religious tract writing has not kept pace with the growing intelligence of this reading age. The tracts of the great Society we have named are indeed so poor so utterly stale and unprofitable that not a few very able clergymen throughout the country, rather than incur the responsibility and expense of circulating such rubbish, have started tract serials of their own, and in consequence we have such really valuable collections as the Kelso Tracts of Mr Bonar, the Chelsea Tracts of Mr Alexander, the Wotton Tracts of Bickersteth, and the well known tracts of Mr Ryle. The Religious Tract Society has apparently got into the position of an irresponsible corporation, well established in public favour and independent of individual criticism. Does anybody know who or what this the largest tract producing association in the country is? who are the writers of these deplorably stupid tracts? who gives the order? who are the committee of management? who takes the money and keeps the ledger? who audits the accounts? All the writing and all the management seem to be conducted on the principle of the anonymous—a principle that, however good in itself, is by no means of universal application. It is a principle that is all very well in newspapers, and other periodicals which record facts that have a value of their own, or propound opinions that

must stand upon their own merits. But anonymous sympathy is a very different affair. The object of these tracts is to speak from the heart to the heart—to express precisely that great feeling which brings out most fully our whole personality—which is also intended to reach the inmost feeling of the reader, and sound the lowest depths of his nature, yet the Society, in dealing with these mighty interests, insist upon foolishly aping the practice of the newspaper press and compelling the writers of the tracts to approach their audience under a mask. Imagine that—writers dealing with the most personal of all concerns denying their own personality, weeping with their vizors down, smiling in the dark sympathising like Pyramus and Thisbe through a hole in the wall. It is a false system, intended solely for the benefit of the Tract Society, and productive only of harm to the cause of true religion. The Tract (or as it has been profanely called, the Trash) Society has settled into a system worked itself into shape, grown into a venerable corporation—and the consequence is routine mechanical processes, dull orthodox abundance of the letter and absence of the spirit.

But it is not upon religious tracts that we mean to descant on the present occasion. These are the best known and most widely distributed class of tracts, and as such demanded the tribute of a few remarks. The species of literature to which we refer, however, is of infinite variety. A tract is a general name given to publications which are not important enough to be called books and which do not merge their individuality in the miscellaneous contents of a periodical. The name is very elastic, and might include a blue book of a thousand pages as well as a handbill intended for the decoration of wooden boardings and favoured lamp posts. As a general rule, tract literature is an ephemeral literature and comes before the public without much assistance from the binders art. The loose leaves are scattered over the country like the autumnal foliage by the winter winds, they dash against our faces every now and then—they eddy about

in odd corners, they wither and die away, and the soul is enriched with their decay. For the most part they have a practical object in view, but that, after all, is saying very little. Which of us, in his own estimation, has not a practical aim in view? Why, the *Pickwickians* were practical fellows, and if we had the real papers of the club, instead of the history of the travels of a few of its members with which Mr Dickens has amused and deluded an indulgent public, we have no doubt that we should have a series of tracts of an eminently useful character. Mr Pickwick's observations on the sources of the Hampstead ponds and the theory of tittlebats might have formed a scientific tract of no small importance to the health of London and the peace of the world. His inquiries into the condition of that cab horse which was out for two or three weeks at a time, and was borne up so werry tight and taken in so werry short that he could not werry well fall down, and ven he did move, was forced on with a pair of werry large wheels that compelled him to run, seemed to open up a new path of discovery which we can only regret that succeeding philosophers have not followed up. Had Mr Pickwick's speculations in this field been thrown into the form of a tract, posterity might have been able to pursue the theme, and the practical result might have been a revision of the cab-act, and the superseding of Rarey. Every man fancies that his own hobby is the most practical of all hobbies. Mr Wheatstone told us the other day of light that had been bottled up for months, and at the end of that time used for certain photographic purposes. After such a fact, we may begin to believe in what has hitherto been regarded as the most impracticable of all schemes—the possibility of extracting sunbeams from cucumbers, and it seems presumptuous to deny the merit of being practical to any paper ever published. Every thing which a man can write about, indeed, is supposed to have a practical object, and, therefore, we must still further define the character of tracts, by saying that the vast majority of them are intended to have an

immediate effect. They are written with a purpose sometimes very absurd, often very mischievous, but almost always calculated for instant effect. Just as among the religious tracts, the "Swearer's Prayer" and the "Sinner's Friend," are intended to give the reader a good shake and a rough alarm, so the political, the social, the moral, and other tracts are intended to give a sudden shock, to catch us unawares, to hit us at random, like the arrow which, drawn at a venture pierces through an exposed joint of the armour. Interest is thus excited in a neglected subject, and we are invited to assist in carrying some reform through the Legislature or in imposing some tyrannous observance on our neighbours.

It is rather from the practical than from the literary point of view that these tracts are interesting, and we are here going to consider them less as compositions than as political instruments—the armoury of party guerillas, the ship papers of political privateers. Certainly, from the critical point of view, tracts do not impress the reader with a sense of the ability or the good taste of the writers. Taken singly, they are very dreary specimens of what the human mind can do. If a man wishes to see rubbish in its most concentrated form, let him read a tract. What any man who will honestly go through a barrowful of this trash must feel at the end of his labours, if he survive to the end, it is painful even to imagine. But the strange thing is that, laugh as we may at the weakness of each individual tract the bundle of tracts issued by one society or brotherhood, when read as a whole, gives us a higher idea of power, and even instils into us something of respect for the writers. Any one of the tracts exhibits bad writing, ridiculous arguments, and sometimes chimerical views, but in the tracts, as a whole, we find persistence, conviction, assurance, and it is astonishing how effective these qualities are, quite independent of intellectual power and cultivated tastes. It is said that faith can remove mountains, and there is nothing like fearless assertion, and constant iteration, as a

means of moving the masses. It is the principle on which the modern system of advertising is built. If a statement is repeated without contradiction a certain number of times, its effects may be calculated to a dead certainty. Nothing can be more detestable, nothing more villanous than some of the advertisements which are incessantly coming before us, and simple people wonder how such arrant quackery should ever succeed—how it can possibly pay. On the contrary, nothing pays half so well as capital invested in good round puffing—in keeping a name prominently before the public—in persecuting every sense that we have with unfailing assertions on the subject of bruised oars, African sherry, and shilling razors. It is by a dreadful iteration of the same kind that the tract literature grows into importance. Dr Guthrie, when collecting money for the Free Church manse, used to expatiate with great uncton on the grand principle of political economy, which he enunciated in the phrase—the mighty power of mites—and nowhere is the truth of this to be seen more clearly than in those tracts—so powerful in the mass but in detail so weak and contemptible that many persons, we suspect, forget, or do not understand, their having any influence whatever.

After all the weakness of the tracts is the natural result of their origin. In the first place they are the product of societies formed for the propagation of certain tenets, and it is not in the nature of societies to produce anything great of this kind. Political or social bodies or clubs exhibit often great force of will but seldom great force of intellect. Intellect is something which belongs to individuals, and as it has been truly said, that in the bank of wit twenty silver pieces do not make one gold piece, so in associations twenty mediocre members are not equal to one great man. They may combine to act, and so exhibit greater tenacity of purpose than any single man possesses, but they may pile their skulls one upon another like Pelion upon Ossa and they will gain nothing by it, but rather lose in the

exhibition of wisdom. A society of any magnitude cannot conduct in a brilliant manner a series of publications. Every member is constantly interfering, one proposing a new line of argument, and another objecting to that last issue, so that no man of independent feeling or of acute thought would accept the position of being controlled by such a body in writing for them. The publications of the league or association must, of necessity, be weak in point of thought, and poor in point of style, while rejoicing in the one excellence of undeviating purpose. But, in the second place, not only is a society, by its very nature, a poor hand at this sort of work, it will be found in nine cases out of ten that the societies themselves are the product of some queer character of the forcible feeble type—a fellow without brains, but with overpowering convictions and desperately tough will. How often do we see in life two friends moving on in the most harmonious way, enjoying each other's society immensely but all the time a miracle to lookers on. One of them is a lion of a man—fine looking, intellectual, with a sound heart and a good purse—the other is a little jackal who walks him out—an insinuating sort of fellow with a harsh voice and an ugly dogmatic turn, but without half the intelligence of his friend, and without a tithe of his good nature. How do these two get on?—and above all, how is it that the wiry little whipper-snapper carries everything before him, compelling his big companion on all occasions to yield? Nobody really knows, but we fancy that we know, in giving all the honour of the victory to the superior will. The will does it, we say. How the will does it nobody knows, but there is the fact that a contemptible jackass, with a power of kick in him, or a usually rat with no sense, but only good teeth and reckless courage to assist him, will accomplish things apparently far beyond his means. Oxenstiern told his son that as he grew older he would be astonished to discover how little wisdom it requires to govern the world. In fact it is not wisdom that generally governs the world,

but pluck, assurance, determination, obstinacy, and the *vis inertiae*. It is out of such elements that societies and leagues arise. The combination is the result of conscious weakness. A man who feels power in himself does not usually resort to such means, he has faith in his own opinions and in his power to impress others with a sense of their truth, and he depends upon force of argument and wit. On the other hand, there is a commonplace class of minds, with the fearful dogmatism of a bull-terrier, but without the intellectual ability necessary to sustain their dogmatism. They are compelled to curious expedients by way of supporting their assertions. One of these expedients is mentioned in a well known couplet of Butlers —

‘ I’ve heard old stagers
Say fools for arguments use wagers

A wager proves not the truth of any statement, but the assurance of him who advances the statement. It is an adequate test of self-reliance, of will, of faith, but not of the truth or justice of opinion. That was especially the refuge of weak minds in the last century. In the present century it more frequently happens that when the weak man finds himself in a minority, and his opinions at a discount, he sets to work to organise an association for the furtherance of his views, and gradually becomes the centre of a powerful system. Mr Hare is of opinion that field sports are cruel, and ought to be abolished, and sees no way of giving currency to his views but by getting up a great Anti Rod and Gun Crusade. He goes to Alderman Fairchild, who has no pleasure in the country, and cares nothing for manly sports. Alderman Fairchild thinks an Anti Rod and Gun Crusade a very noble enterprise with himself as the chairman of committee. Mr Deputy Farebrother is next consulted, — thinks our friend Hare a very fine fellow, and his scheme a great social want of the age—accordingly agrees to have his name on the committee as vice-chairman. Mr Jedidiah Fairbairn is delighted with the new scheme, and subscribes five guineas in a glow of perspiration and human

ity. Dr Potts, who is on the look out for patients, and is especially anxious to become acquainted with Alderman Fairchild, grasps at the opportunity of sitting at the same board with him. A baronet is by great good luck secured as patron of the new league, the well known Sir Charles James Brown, the great London banker, and the society is floated with little Hare as the secretary and soul of it. A public meeting is called, and Mr Hare concocts resolutions for the Rev Messrs Bowie, Cowie, Dowie, and a number of the best people who are the salt of the earth to propose and second, besides making a flaming report, which the chairman of the meeting signs, and which is published next morning in all the newspapers. So the affair grows, subscriptions flow in, a corresponding society is formed in the next town, another in a town at the further end of our tight little island. Mr Hare is sent as a deputation to a few provincial cities to awaken an interest in the subject, and in the mean time he enjoys himself on his tour, has his expenses paid, gets no end of letters of introduction, and eats heartily of greasy dinners, to which he is largely invited, because he is known to have talked with Sir Charles James Brown, and to have had letters of refusal from a couple of earls. Then come the tracts. It is that little Hare, who has a talent for organisation but none for either logic or rhetoric, not to speak of grammar, who gets them up. The first is his own handiwork, and intended as a sort of model for the rest. It is entitled “Sporting with Death”—a ridiculous rigmorole of piety, pathos, and puerility, diversified with bad English and bad temper. The next week sees another issue which our friend’s favoured minister has furnished gratis, and which is entitled “The Sparrow that Falleth to the Ground.” In the third tract we have an awful attempt at a pun, the title being—“Fowl Murder.” After that comes “A Voice from Antiquity,” in which we have a philosophical dissertation on the phrase—*Deus est anima brutorum*, after that “A Word to Parents,” which describes in pathetic terms the sorrows of a bereaved hen and the troubles of an orphan

calf; and after that again, "A Word to Children," which is a crib from the story of the transmigrations of Indur. So the thing goes on until at last we have a publication called—"How ought a Christian Legislature to act with regard to the National Sin of Sporting with Death?"—showing that this is the question of the day—the question of questions—and that no Members of Parliament ought to be supported who are not prepared to give a decided pledge as to the course which they mean to take in the matter. Some noodle is got to present a petition to the House of Commons, which is received with laughter. Then another petition is presented, and another, and another, until at length it has ceased to be a joke, and becomes a reality. Hereupon Lord John Mildmay is prevailed upon to ask for leave to introduce a bill into the House, which is contumaciously refused, and now comes a crisis. Tract No. XVII is issued—"A Call to United Prayer and Fasting,"—in which Mr Hare inserts texts of Scripture by the dozen, and bits of texts by the score, then Tract No. XVIII—"Why halt ye between Two Opinions? A public meeting is called to pass resolutions, to force subscriptions, and to advertise the weekly organ of the crusade which is about to be started under the name of "Flying Shots: a Journal devoted to the Elevation of Popular Amusements—N.B. A liberal discount to Sunday School Teachers." In this way, a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, is made: there is a spasmodic excitement, hopes are raised, there is a good deal of cock-crowing, and so long as our industrious friend Hare can find no other employment, the agitation is kept up from year to year, now boiling over, and now relapsing into a gentle simmer. The one necessity of the mighty organisation which has been called into existence, is, that little Hare should have his salary and occasional presents, testifying to his worth, in the shape of a silver teapot, an inkstand, a Bible, a watch, a cow, a dressing-case, Johnson's Dictionary, a writing-desk for Mrs

Hare, a medal with his name inscribed, and so forth. If Mr Hare dies, the whole thing falls to pieces—the soul of it is gone. If he gets another appointment (and the fellow has been trying hard for a berth under Government), the crusade simply languishes, and drags a weary existence from year to year, subscriptions gradually lessening, and public meetings wonderfully thinning.

The power which an estimable, good for nothing, little man of the species we have endeavoured to describe—a little man, with quick, sharp walk, low forehead, and wiry face, talking eternally, and, with every word he utters, sending a spray of saliva from his mouth, which lights on the page before him or defiles the countenance of his listener, while the wretch is quite unconscious of the disaster—the power, we say, which he is enabled to acquire through the medium of associations, is one of the strangest phenomena of our time. There is no use ruling at the man, and, in point of fact, he deserves a good deal of credit for the skill and the boldness with which he organises a mob, and renders them subservient to his will. There is no doubt much truth in what Mr Carlyle has been trumpeting in our ears for the last twenty years, and in what Mr John Stuart Mill has been denouncing in his latest publication—the absence of heroes, the diminished power of the individual. Mr Carlyle says—"A curse on your associations—we want a man. To the winds with your machinery—give us a man. No more of your stump oratory and public meetings—where is the man? Frederick—there was a man in Voltaire—there was a man Oliver—there was a man Mahomet—there was a man. But your leagues and societies, and clubs and alliances and associations—they are a mere aggregate of atoms, without mind, without one glorious quality, without the faculty of exciting our reverence." There is a truth here which we all recognise. Our age has become fully convinced of the enormous importance of combination, and knows what immense results can be produced by means of it. We have combination in a thousand forms—

combinations to make railways, combinations to send forth missionaries, combinations to secure cheap works of art, combinations to carry political reforms, combinations to insure our lives, and this system of combination seems to be in rivalry with that of individual exertion—a rivalry which becomes very odious as soon as it is perceived that a very contemptible man at the helm of a great organisation can distance with ease a man entitled to our respect, who has not the advantage of being backed by such a power. We are not aware, however, that there is anything radically wrong in the fact of combination. As a means of influencing public opinion, and carrying political or social reforms, it has indeed been very much abused, it has been employed by the lower class of intellects for objects that are not good—it has been used for the gratification of petty vanities and the spread of shallow theories. But however we may impugn motives and deplore results, there can be no doubt that the system itself is perfectly legitimate. If a man can get fools to associate with him and to back him, he has a perfect right to do so, it is folly to rule at the principle of association, it is mere blindness not to see that it is a power for good as well as for evil. That we have no longer any heroes may be a lamentable fact, but if the only mode of curing the evil is by denying the principle of association or joint enterprise, the full power of what it was left to our arms to discover, we fear that heroes will never come again, and we are not sure that we would wish to see them again.

The extent to which the art of combination (the most remarkable fact to which the existence of our tract literature points) is carried among us was very curiously illustrated on the occasion of the Queen's late visit to Leeds. The crowds upon crowds which congregated to that great manufacturing city, made it necessary to take more than usual precautions for the preservation of a clear way for her Majesty, and perhaps the whole scene may be more vividly called to the remembrance of the reader if we mention one very striking incident which occurred in the

neighbourhood of Woodale House, where the Queen took up her residence. There the concourse of people was overpowering, all devoured with curiosity to know in what sort of a house the Queen was to be lodged, what kind of a door she had to enter, what kind of chairs she sat on, what kind of table she sat at, what sort of flower garden met her eye. With a full anticipation of the superior attractions of the spot, the authorities had erected wooden barriers of considerable strength to keep the masses at arm's length. But it was of no use, the people came on in countless myriads, as the sands of the sea, thronging and pushing, and straining, and fully determined to see what was to be seen. The great wooden barriers snapped before them like a thread—vanished like a vision. Everybody expected mischief, and one of those hideous exhibitions which sometimes disgrace an English mob. On the contrary, now for the first time order and decorum were introduced. The physical barrier had been thrown down, and the moral barrier began to be felt. The men of Yorkshire had no patience with a wooden obstacle, and kicked it aside, but they understood the obstacle raised by their own feelings, they knew what sort of observance was expected from their loyalty, and they were instantly hushed into quiet. The effect was magical, and was a very striking illustration of the English character, which is so full of self-command, and which, refusing to be driven, is most easily led. The mob, upon which brute force had no effect, was all gentleness before the sacred idea of womanhood and royalty. It was this same tempestuous mob that filled the thoroughfares in every direction, and made it necessary for the authorities to see to it that the line of march for the royal party should be kept quite clear. The police were infinitely too few for this duty, although the district police had been strengthened by constables from London. The idea was then started of making the mob control itself by enlisting the services of the various trade unions and benefit societies. The order preserved was perfect, and this order was created

by the following chief societies — The Manchester Unity of Oddfellows sent 5500 members to line the streets, the Grand United Oddfellows sent 4300, the Ancient Romans, 2150, the Foresters, 2100, the Free Gardeners, 1500, the Leeds United Oddfellows, 450, the Kingston Unity of Oddfellows, 450 the Free Independent Oddfellows, 450, the Druids, 800, the Independent Order of the Ark, 200, the Ancient Free Gardeners, 550 the Old Provident Society, 60, the Shepherds, 540, the Bramley Loyal Friendly Society, 500, the Orange Order, 600, while the four following associations, the Imperial Order of Oddfellows, the National Oddfellows, the Order of the Peaceful Dove, and the Order of the Fleece, sent among them 1000 members, making the grand total of associated members who took part in this demonstration 21,150. This is a most interesting result and no man of the slightest imagination can read over the very curious list of names which we have enumerated without feeling the sort of influence which these unions must exert upon the working classes, in the double fact that they at once awaken the social instinct, and invite a man into a new sphere. In all these masonic institutions, the Druids, the Free Gardeners, and the Order of the Peaceful Dove, the members are in the first place invited into a sort of brotherhood, which of itself is very delightful, and, in the second place, into a new state of life, where, under the name of a Druid, or a Shepherd, he enjoys for the moment, as in a dream, an existence very far removed from the horrid millwork of this work-a-day world. The strangest thing of all is, that the system of combination to which the working classes are accustomed is not half revealed in the foregoing list of unions. It is merely indicated.

The societies we have named are permanent bodies, existing in and for themselves, and perhaps the reader may not at once see what they have to do with those other societies from which the great mass of tracts proceed, and which, besides having but a temporary existence, differ from the benefit clubs in hav-

ing an object beyond themselves, a desire to influence the country, it may be to move the Legislature. Our view in calling attention to these innumerable Shepherds, and ancient Romans and Independent Oddfellows, was to bring into relief that appeal to the imagination which is one of the strongest motives that go to the formation of leagues, societies, and clubs. Joblings grasps at the idea of becoming the member of a society, in which he is to be no longer Joblings, the man of cheese and sausages, but a citizen and a philanthropist—the member of a great community, and the saviour of mankind. It is a grand thing to have this refuge from ourselves—to be able to forget Mrs J., and the servant of all work, and the tough beefsteak at dinner, in dreams of universal benevolence and a sense of associated importance. Joblings is ashamed of his private life, feels its insignificance, and will join a dozen societies, provided the subscription is not too dear, and he has a chance of meeting with his betters. It is by playing upon this sentiment that the cunning secretary gets up the societies. At Sheffield, they have got up a committee for foreign affairs. Who the wise men are who form the committee nobody knows, and nobody cares. Podgers, we believe, is a great man there, so is Rodgers, so is Codgers, and like the three tailors of Tooley Street, our Sheffield blades are determined to take the foreign policy of England under their special protection. It is reported that Lord Malmesbury has written and received important despatches. The Sheffield blades write a letter asking for information, and are politely told that information cannot be given to them. They write to inform some other minister that he is a traitor to his country, and that minister politely advises them to stick to cutlery, for their knives cut a good deal deeper than their wit. They are snubbed, but not disheartened, their noses are put to the grindstone, but they grow very fast again. The Sheffield committee for foreign affairs, tenacious of their purpose, still guard our destinies. We can extinguish an individual with

arguments or ridicule, but a society is proof against argument, and has no more sense of the ridicule which it excites than the hippopotamus wallowing in its little tank in the Zoological Gardens. The Financial Reform Association of Liverpool is another animal of the same description. It issues tracts and papers of every kind, and has even gone to the extent, if we remember rightly, of proposing a budget, which included a lot of new taxes—one of these being a tax on every kind of property—down to jewels, which the tax owners are to faithfully schedule for the benefit of the remorseless tax gatherer. It is a glory to be a member of the Liverpool Financial Reform Association. Britain rules the world, finance rules Britain, the Liverpool Joblings are kings of finance, and swell with pride over each new attack on the corruption, extravagance, and absurdity of the Imperial Exchequer. Of the Administrative Reform Association we suppose that we shall hear no more. While it lasted, Joblings revelled in it. Was not Joblings seen sitting on the stage of Drury Lane side by side with mighty men? Did not an admiring public ask in that immense theatre, who is he sitting next to Mr Dickens? who is that Mr Layard is talking to? An anxiously inquiring public was informed—Why, that is Joblings—you know Joblings, and the word was passed from admiring inquirer to inquirer—Joblings, do you see Joblings? How anxiously Joblings looked at the papers next morning to see if his name was mentioned as among those conspicuous on the stage, but the attempt at indifference with which, in the intervals of muffin, he mentioned the fact of its announcement to Miss J was sublime—was more than human. Unfortunately, the Administrative Reform Association, with all its speeches and all its tracts, vanished into smoke, and our hero has gone into another concern—The Early Closing Movement, the object of which is more suitable to his talents as well as more laudable and feasible in itself. He thoroughly understands the system, and he it was who invented the huge placard

which, in ponderous capitals, promulgates the command, "Never Shop after 7 o'clock." Sermons have been preached, public meetings held, tracts concocted and distributed, handbills strewn like the summer dust over London, but nothing has been invented half so effective as those blue devils of words which meet us at every turn, "Never Shop after 7 o'clock." It was about this time last year, too, that he showed uncommon activity as a managing member of the Property and Income Tax Association, the object of which is to repeal that obnoxious assessment, and fix the burden on the shoulders of somebody else. Nobody knew what Mr Disraeli's budget would be—there was apprehension of a serious deficit, from which no way of escape seemed possible without retaining the Income Tax at its then high rate. Joblings girded on his armour, and was ready for the fight. The association, which had felled the war ninny, was rolled out like an old shandrydan that has been allowed to rot and rust in the coachmaker's back yard, and its machinery was set in motion for the defeat of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, if he should exhibit any unwillingness to reduce the impost to the anticipated fivepence. Letters were written—subscriptions were set on foot—meetings were held—articles were concocted—handbills were printed—papers were distributed and clerks out of office, penny liners, and threadbare fellows who had nothing else to do, were sent into the country, on infinitesimal salaries, to get up corresponding societies, to call public meetings, to bore the editors of newspapers, and to arouse and terrify an injured, but unconscious and listless public. Alas for the lost opportunity of distinction! Mr Disraeli reduced the tax by twopence, the wind was taken out of the sails of the association—Othello's occupation was gone, and Joblings had to retire into the bosom of his cheese and his Melton Mowbray pie.

Time would fail us were we to enumerate all the important schemes in which this great man is interested. He had been a member of that wonderful Peace Society which was finally

extinguished (at least we fancy it is extinguished) by Lord Palmerston's reading one of its tracts, amid explosions of laughter, to the House of Commons. It is almost a pity that the Peace Society is no more. The grand fact with regard to this order of the Peaceful Dove is that the society was in correspondence with kings and emperors, and proposed to arbitrate for the whole world. What a splendid destiny to give the law to the potentates of the earth—to send deputations to them—to pour oil upon the troubled waters—to stand forth masters of the situation. Our friend Joblings, in company with a mighty cloud of spinsters and the most pugnacious set of men in existence, joined the society, and vowed that war should be put down by main force. The Society showed an immense deal of fight (how could it do otherwise when patronised by two such men as Mr Cobden and Sir David Brewster?) Its tracts were distributed in enormous quantities, they were stitched into all the magazines and reviews, but we never heard of any greater result being produced by it than the introduction of Joblings to Mr Cobden. Cobden said to Joblings, "Warm work here—very hot room," and Joblings said to Cobden, "Very 'ot, sir—very 'ot indeed, sir—not so well ventilated as the 'ouse, I *should* say, sir," on the strength of which it is reported in the cheese trade that "Joblings knows Cobden intimate." In a literary way, the great society in which our friend is most interested is that devoted to the revolutionising of the English spelling-book. He cannot for his life see why words should not be spelt "exactly as they are spoke." It is a great idea which has entered into his brain, and if ever he gets into conversation with a literary man, he is sure to bring up the anomalies of English spelling, making a tremendous point of the seven different ways of pronouncing the syllable "ough"—as in though, through, plough, enough, cough, hiccough, hough—to which may be added an eighth, ought. He will tell you that there are thirty seven ways of spelling Shakespeare's name, and he will

thrust into your hands a copy of the *Phonetic News*, together with a basketful of tracts, with which every one must be more or less acquainted. The society of Vegetarians have tried to inveigle him into their ranks, but without success hitherto—his sausages and hams are at stake, but he reads the publications of that association with great pleasure, and is glad to partake of their annual dinner. The Society for legalising Marriage with a Deceased (or as it is sometimes pronounced—diseased) Wife's Sister, is another from which he holds aloof in the mean time, though he has a great number of friends among those who are anxious to pass such a measure. So also he is not interested in the Evangelical Alliance, but he was very sorely tempted to join its ranks, when he heard of the reception which the members had from the King of Prussia. What a chance he missed there!—he might have spoken to a king—he might have dined at the king's table—and he joined the Alliance when he heard of that Prussian adventure. He has a still stronger objection to the Sabbath Alliance, which was started in imitation of the great Anti Corn-Law League, with the expectation that in a few years it would attain the unparalleled success of that celebrated combination. But he has joined the British Anti State Church Association, and is, in fact, one of the leading men on the committee. It is even supposed that he has himself indited one of the tracts issued by the association, for he has always a drawer full of them at hand, and distributes them with a knowing wink which seems to indicate that this is the great intellectual effort of his life—this is the real Stilton. He tried hard to do something for the Social Science Association, but it is to be feared that he obtained assistance from some friend. This wonderful association, which has been called into existence through the influence of Lord Brougham—*O et præsidium et dulce decus meum*—is a peripatetic assemblage for the encouragement of small talk and the diffusion of useless gabble. Lord Brougham, whose life has been spent in useful labours, and of whom we

desire to speak with unfeigned veneration, has been induced to become the sponsor of the society, and some other men of mark have followed his example in sharing in its deliberations. But the real work of the association is done by a crush of insignificants—great men from the parochial point of view, but very small, indeed, in the national eye. The great man of a vestry, the pet of some discussion forum, the village orator, and the county poet, all pay their guineas, join the association and send to the secretary the papers which they want to read. It is a grand opportunity to get that printed which would never be printed otherwise, it is a chance not to be despised, that of standing up before Lord Brougham, or Lord Shaftesbury, or Lord John Russell, or Sir John Pakington, as the chairman of some department of the association, and bestowing all their tediousness on these lights of the British Senate. It was for this august association of aspiring statesmen that our friend Joblings prepared a report "On the Use and Abuse of Liquid Manure, with especial reference to the aesthetics of Farming and the Rearing of Pigs," which he read to three people—the vice deputy assistant chairman of the department, the honorary under secretary, and his kind friend and bottle holder, Mr Perigord Smith. It was announced the next day that Mr Joblings read an able paper on the happy effects of liquid manure to the Association for the Promotion of Social Science, and that the secretary begged to have an abstract of the paper to be published among the Transactions of the Society. Joblings has thereby taken rank as an embryo legislator, and his soul soars above the vulgar care of weal and am pies into the empty ream of metropolitan sewers and parliamentary representation.

If there be any approach to accuracy in the foregoing account of the organisation out of which the tract literature of the country proceeds, it will readily be understood that the printed results must be very nearly equivalent to what is expressed in the fine Persian phrase—*booh*. Although the literary result is of this character, it by no means follows

that the actual and final result in public appreciation is of this contemptible kind. We should greatly mistake, if we imagine that literary nonsense is of none effect. There are thousands of persons who cannot distinguish good from bad in either style or argument, but can thoroughly understand strong assertions and persistent advice. Besides which, let it be observed that the associations bring an immense amount of personal influence to assist the influence of print and paper. As an example of what may be done in this way, let us instance the efforts of the British League of Juvenile Abstemers, which "desires to do all in humble dependence on the blessing of God, and with singleness of purpose to glorify Him in whatever is done." This league, in addition to little books and tracts adapted to the infant mind, goes to work somewhat in this way. It held, in Edinburgh alone, during the year 1859, the following meetings—31 children's abstinence meetings *every week*, from 5 30 to 6 30 in the evening—that is, 1612 in the course of the year, 11 young men's abstinence meetings *every week* from 8 till 9 45 in the evening, 6 young women's abstinence meetings *every week* at the same hour, 2 young men's mutual improvement classes *every week*, and again at the same hour, 3 young men's Sabbath morning meetings for prayer and studying the Bible, 1 young women's Sabbath evening class for a similar purpose, 2 children's Sabbath evening schools, 1 prayer meeting on the third Wednesday of each month. Here is evidence of not a little activity—about 3000 meetings held in one year in one town by a single association. These are the sort of efforts that bear fruit, and especially when backed by the reckless assertions and tremendous dogmatism of the tract writers. In one pamphlet, written by the notorious James Silk Buckingham, in the interest of the Alliance for the imposition of a Maine Liquor Law, we are told, that "among the many remarkable changes of a reformatory character which, from century to century, have awakened mankind to the presence of some great existing Evil, and aroused their

dormant energies to a combined effort for its suppression," there is nothing since the first preaching of the Gospel to be compared with the Teetotal mission, which, whether we regard the extent of the evil it had to grapple with, the rapidity of its progress, the number of its advocates, the permanency of their convictions, or the good which it has effected, can only be compared with the spread of Christianity and the founding of the Church. This is the model style for tracts. It is always made out in the tracts that the precise movement which they are set on foot to advance, is the movement of the age, the grand question of all time, the only subject worth attending to. It is a point, for example, with the advocates of total abstinence to prove that drunkenness is the root of all evil. The Apostle said that money is the root of all evil, the teetotallers say that gin is the real enemy. In one of their tracts they even venture to demonstrate that drunkenness is the great source of that social evil which is the besetting sin of our large towns. Do away with drunkenness and you do away with prostitution. "The only remedy that will avail is the overthrow of the liquor traffic of this country. Take away the cause, and the effect will soon disappear." The advocates of temperance do not find it convenient to take a broad survey of mankind, when they would find that the two evils do not generally coexist in the same country with equal power, that the drunken nations are generally distinguished for the domestic virtues, and those which, like the French, have a reputation for social license, are distinguished for their sobriety. Sobriety and intrigue—drunkenness and morality—these are the combinations which we most frequently find in history. Only it is a necessity of the teetotal apostles that they should father upon the bottle every crime and every failing of humanity. If a man quarrels with his wife—it must be the bottle, if he forges dock warrants—it must be the black bottle, if he lays open the forehead of a wealthy merchant—it must be the bottle, and the advocates of temperance put all their tears into the

precious bottle, which, like that of the conjuror, proves to be the inexhaustible source of anything you please. They have a knack of weeping, and, as if by a kind of drunken sympathy, they are mighty in maudlin. Here is one of their tearful tales, copied from an American newspaper, the scene occurring in that Goshen of the true Israel—the State of Maine. A boy is taken to the court to give evidence against a rum seller. "Have you ever bought rum of this man?" says the attorney for the prosecution—"Yes, sir." "As many as ten or a dozen times?"—"Yes, sir." "How much did you give for it?"—"Fifty cents." "Do you mean to say that you bought rum of this man as many as ten or a dozen times?" asks the counsel for the defence—"Yes, sir." The question is repeated, the lawyer looking the boy sternly in the face, and the answer is, "Yes, sir." "On what day did you buy it?" The day is told. "Did you ever buy rum of this man on a Sunday?"—"Yes, sir." "For whom did you buy it?"—"For my father," says the boy. Does the reader weep? Is he feeling for his pocket handkerchief? If not, he is a hardened wretch, for the comment of the editor on this judicial scene is—"The jury were in tears, and did not leave their seats in order to make up the verdict. We can only pray *Oh, Lord, let the skirts of our garments be clear of the rum-traffic in the great day of reckoning*." This, we believe, is what in literary criticism is called spasmodic, and in theatrical criticism, melodramatic. It is the expression of a strong sentiment without a sufficient cause—it is feeling without a base of reality. If people go off into the melting mood, and waste away in tears when they learn that a little boy bought rum for his father on a Sunday what is to become of them before the greater calamities of life? If they die away at sight of the beginnings of wrong—what shall they do when they see the end? When melodrama fails the tract writers, they then turn to another theatrical trick, and get up pantomime. There is no limit to the ingenuity of these tract writers, they are nearly as inventive as the poet of Moses. Here is the specimen of an introduction to

a pantomime, which we strongly recommend to Mr E T Smith

'MORE VOLUNTEERS WANTED

For the Belhaven and Westbarns Total Abstinence and Maine Law Loyal Artillery

TO assist in carrying on the SIEGE and DESTROYING the CITY and FORTRESS of SE DRUNKOPOL situated on the SHORES of the BLACK SEA of INTERFERENCE in which Sixty Thousand of Her Majesty's Subjects die every year through the cruel treatment inflicted on them by the CZAR of all the Alcoholians

The FORTRESS of SE DRUNKOPOL has hitherto been considered impregnable. It is at present commanded by the following Generals:—The Grand Duke BRANDY OFF, Prince RUM INOFF, General WHISKY OFF, PORTER OFF, and BEER OFF

It is proposed to BOMBARD FORT SAINT MODERATION with Shells and Red Hot Shot FORT DRUNKARD MAKER is to be Stormed and carried at the point of the Maine Law Bayonet. The Storming party will be led by General PATRIOTISM and General PROGRESS

N B Volunteers of both Sexes are invited to join the Regiment. The heroism of Joan of Arc the Maid of Auvergne is as much wanted as that of a Nizamith at Sulutrin, or a Campbell at Belahava

'Come from your cottage homes plundered
and cheerless
Tell makers of drunkards who deal in thy
blood
That thy arm it is strong and thy heart it is
fervent
And worthy the land of the mountain and
flood

'Rush to the Rescue!—Down with the
Tyranny of Intemperance

Volunteers will be enrolled in the above
Gallant Corps at the Committee Rooms
Belhaven every Wednesday evening be-
tween the hours of 7 and 8 o'clock

It would seem that this sort of thing proves effective, and strikes the fancies of good steady going people, for it is a very favourite weapon in the hands of the tract-writers. Here is another example of the style

SPLendid VESSEL

IMPORTANT TO INTENDING EMIGRANTS

THE Largest Vessel ever built capable of containing all the inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland, and named

THE UNITED KINGDOM ALLIANCE

She is of peculiar build, having the Horn of Plenty for her figure head, and the

Hehn of State to guide her, with the Patent Propeller—Public Opinion—and an important (Maine) Spring. Her papers will be made from the rags of the Liquor Traffic, of which there is an abundant supply. She will be well provisioned, she carries neither red hot shell nor shot, nor 'Fire water,' but a good store of Burning Words to convince the enemies of the cause

'She will sail as soon as ready, from the quay of Delirium Tremens and Harbour of Drunkenness passing the Point of Penal Servitude and Rock of Offence, through the Straits of Prison Discipline, crossing the Gulf of Pauperism and Crime, doubling Cape Wrath and leaving the mountain of Evil Council in the distance, thence she will proceed on her voyage to the island of Self defence, which is situate in the Northern Ocean of Common Sense, where she will take on board an immense number of Allies that are to be awaiting her arrival. They will be fully equipped, having their feet shod with the truth of their cause and furnished with the helmet of faith and love, the breastplate of hope, the shield of charity, and the sword of perseverance, and girt about with might, and it is expected that with such a fine army on board she will be enabled to steer her course safely and surely to the desired haven of

'NO LIQUOR TRAFFIC!'

which is situate in that beautiful and extensive continent

GOOD WILL TO MEN

| | |
|---------|--------------|
| Captain | Mr GREATHEAT |
| Pilot | Mr SAILFUT |

N B One Shilling, and upwards is required to secure a berth which may be had on board or at the Office in Manchester or at any of the Auxiliaries throughout the United Kingdom

Early application is advisable as the berths are being rapidly filled up

In so far as these efforts are honest and disinterested, it is our desire to speak of them with respect, even while differing entirely from the object which the promoters have in view. But it is impossible not to see that, under the name of philanthropic endeavour, there is an enormous amount of self-seeking and mere anxiety to gain a living. Mr Buckingham may have been a most disinterested apostle, but his pamphlet on the History of the Temperance Reformation, from which we have quoted an extract, is made the vehicle for announcing all the works, amounting to more than a hundred volumes, for which the author is responsible, and the vast number of subjects on which he is

prepared to lecture to a discerning and paying public. So, a series of illustrated handbills printed on straw paper, and composed on such subjects as the Sabbath, the Bible, Temperance, Kindness to Animals, Smoking, Lying, and Swearing, was published by a London house in the usual way. The "Christian" newspapers and association periodicals puff it in this style, which gives an inkling of the kind of persecution which many worthy people delight to inflict on their neighbours, as well as an idea of the unmitigated puff—

"'Words are never cease.' An assorted Package of illustrated hand bills printed on paper made from straw, for sixpence. The friends of peace, temperance and the sanctity of the Lord's day, when travelling or visiting the country or sea side, may preach many a pithy sermon without opening their lips by putting these bills in the hands of those who seem to need the pointed instruction which they contain. They are dressed, too, for the most part in the plain, picturesque of the anecdote and the pictures, whether representing the doer, the thinker, or the gentleman, are to the life."

The grandest thing, however, which has been done in the way of turning a cause into a trade was effected by one whom Lord Stanley quoted as an authority the other day in the Reform Bill debate—Mr G. J. Holyoake, the apostle of Secularism. He calls it the raising of a trade into a profession, but however the deed may be described, its character is stamped upon it unmistakably. What Secularism really is it does not much concern our readers to know. It is one of the many forms, and really the most vulgar form, of the infidelity of the day. Unfortunately, Secularism was not a paying concern, it had its meetings, its lectures, its tracts, its periodical, its reprints, its subscriptions, its controlling spirit—but, sad to tell, the cash was slow of coming, nobody was any the better for it, and people were asking, What is the use of all this talk? A bright idea flashed across the soul of Mr George Jacob Holyoake, who was himself the soul of Secularism. It won't do, said Mr Holyoake. Secularism is doing nothing. It must do something. What can it be made to do? Ah, reader! thou of ardent soul and sensitive nature—

thou whose heart is a well of love, and whose eyes are fountains of tears—thou of the philanthropic purse, and with the fine appetite for charity dinners at the London Tavern—thou canst well understand what schemes of glorious usefulness passed in vision before the mind of that pale prophet of a new religion. Should Secularism be made to feed the starving or to clothe the hungry—to teach those who die for lack of knowledge, or to refine those who live like the brutes for want of love? No, there is a grander object still. It should be made to establish Mr Holyoake in business. We are not jesting, we are not stating mere inferences, we are talking in the most matter-of-fact style. "What has Secularism done?" says Mr Holyoake, and his reply is, that it must establish a news and book agency conducted by himself. It will not do to be eternally talking. "Lecturing has been styled stump oratory by one who has a keen eye to distinguish between fleeting and permanent agencies," and evidently its effect is but small. Something must be done, "it is with these practical views," says Mr Holyoake, "that we seek to make opinion a power, and the first means we take is the institution of a more systematic diffusion of books, newspapers, and periodicals, than before. Bookselling and news agency have hitherto been a trade, we think it might be elevated to a profession and a catholic propagandism. He who intelligently, and with a moral purpose, diffuses knowledge, is only second to him who creates it. The news agent is only second to the lecturer in public usefulness. It is to little purpose that the author thinks, or the journalist writes, or the lecturer speaks, unless the bookseller and news-agent act in concert. They are co-workers in the creation of public opinion." It is with this sublime object that the news and book agency was to be started—Catholic propagandism. What Catholic propagandism means will be gathered from the following exposition. "The difficulty experienced more or less in so many towns, especially in small towns, in procuring works, periodicals, and news-

papers devoted to political, social, or religious progress, has induced Messrs G J Holyoake and Co to establish a news and book agency, and these already supply various provincial agents with *every article of general literature*. That is to say, it is a news and book-agency speculation of the ordinary kind. Professing to be "conducted on a propagandist basis," in order to give it a fine name, it is simply the usual kind of agency business, the philanthropic firm further undertaking the transmission of prospectuses and circulars—*"Terms to be had on application. Specially distributed as per agreement"*. Secularism is a system which propounds the necessity of giving the first attention to the things of this life, and it must be confessed that its great apostle thoroughly understands the system, when the first thing which it strikes him is requiring to be done, is the securing of himself in a good trade. Mr Holyoake was presented with £250 at the Free Masons' tavern, a gift to himself. That money he employed as a capital in the establishment of his agency, "regarding it, not as for private, but for public service." He adds, with a clear eye to the main chance, "we could advantageously employ a larger sum, for the ground to be occupied at this hour is eventful to us."

This brings us to the question in which we are chiefly interested, and for the sake of which we have entered into these details. We have endeavoured to convey some idea of the tract literature of the country, the societies which are the chief sources of issue, the individuals who compose and manage these societies, the underhand influences at work, the petty motives of personal vanity and selfish gain that are brought into play side by side with strong convictions and weak arguments, and the character of the tracts which are thus issued, their clap trap eloquence, their spasmodic sentiment, their metaphorical allusion, all intended to cover the want of anything definite to say. One impression, however, we have probably failed to produce—we mean as to the extent to which this system of organisation is carried throughout the country, and

as to the quantity of tracts which are in consequence distributed at large. No public necessity arises in these islands without calling forth a committee or association of some kind. There is nothing to be done of a public character, that is left for individuals to do. The Parliamentary iron has so entered into our blood, that whatever great thing is to be effected must be the work of joint enterprise. Especially if any legislative object is to be attained, no individual can do it. There is no such thing nowadays as a Swift writing letters and pamphlets, and by his unaided power rousing a whole nation into fury. All great political action is the result of organisation. In every town throughout the three kingdoms there are scores of societies of infinite variety—public societies, private societies, secret societies. The system is universal, and that which gives a personal identity, a character and a power to most of these societies with a political object, is the system of tract publication. As the minute book is the private record of the society, so the tracts are its public manifestoes, and the record of its extant work in this world—the seed which it has sown the endeavours which it has made. The quantity in this way produced is prodigious. Educated people, who are not in all the crotchety schemes for which societies are started, and who cannot summon up courage to read even one of the four pages of twaddle and rant in which these schemes are advocated, have little idea of the mass of stuff which is every week issued for the convincing of mankind. They must have a good deal more of sympathy with human labour, because it is human labour, and not because it is clever, or interesting, or successful, before they can appreciate this wilderness of reading, which—very far from being brilliant—is nevertheless full of aspiration, firmest faith, and nature's promptings. And the question which spontaneously arises in a survey of such a curious literature is, what means it? whither is it all tending? what are the political bearings of this singular phenomenon?

To the most obvious conclusion we have already referred, in mentioning

Mr Carlyle's lament on the destruction of the heroic character in our age, and Mr Mill's lament on the comparative weakness of individuals. To express the same fact in terms which will be more readily understood—the tendency of these associations is to create that equality which democrats have long been sighing for—a dead level of power. Just as in the modern system of warfare, discipline is everything—the hero is less, and the regiment is more, than in those fights described by Homer, in which one man sent ten thousand to flight, and the spear of a single brave decided the battle, so in political action, by the help of organisation, it follows that individuals accomplish most by throwing aside their individuality, and merging their forces in a common unity. The comparison is perfectly parallel, and it will be found that the system of political unions is in itself neither worse nor better than the system of regimental unions. The political unions must have their leaders not less than the regiments, and in these recognised leaders we have a certain escape from equality. Whether it is to be deplored or not, however, there can be no doubt that the system is inevitable—that the importance of political association, once discovered, cannot be forgotten. The real evil is, that hitherto the art of combination has been an instrument in the hands chiefly of those who style themselves the progressive, or, as we should style them, the aggressive party. Their ignorance, their stupidity, their coarseness, have made men of education and refinement shrink from the use of a system identified with so much that is questionable. It is the old story of Oliver Cromwell again. How the Cavaliers laughed at his regiment of Ironsides—their sober habit, their Scriptural style, and their rigid discipline! Surely the high-spirited gentlemen of England were not to be put down by these snivelling saints. Unfortunately for the Cavaliers, whatever might be the absurdity of the Ironsides' views, or whatever the repulsiveness of their habits, they had one great quality which was utterly wanting in the camp of the Royalists—they had

discipline, and this discipline gained the day. Never was a greater mistake committed than when the Cavaliers despised discipline, because it shone forth in vulgar or distasteful forms, and men of moderate views and conservative tendencies are apt to make a similar mistake in our days in their rooted aversion to the associations which are the ordinary routine of political action. They forget the very remarkable lesson which the experience of our manufacturers conveys. Manufacturers were for a long time at the mercy of trade unions. The labouring classes, for the purpose of compelling their masters to assent to their terms, entered into all sorts of combinations, and the masters, powerless, were forced to yield. The evil was intolerable until the masters found out the remedy, which was to combine among themselves. They met mine with counter-mine, association with counter-association, and in the end they conquered. It is the very thing we require—organism against organism, in the political not less than in the social life.

But there is another fact in connection with these combinations, and the tract-literature produced by them, which it is necessary to note. Observe the strange fact which gives a new tone to the democratic tendencies of our time, that discussion is being transferred in a thousand ways from the rostrum to the press from the public hall to the quiet study. It has been said that there is no such thing as a genuine democracy—what we name a democracy is but an aristocracy of orators. How true is this description applied to the old democracies!—to Athens, for example, where there was no representative system, and the legislature was simply the mob who could first secure their places. Here was a democracy in its worst form—the tyranny of a sectional rabble over all, and the god of the rabble was the orator who could sway it best—the most thorough-going demagogue. Perhaps there is not a more complete contrast to such a scene than that which we find every day in this country. By the system of representation we break up this enormous

mob into a number of smaller mobs, and by the system of publication afforded by the press we break up the smaller mobs into a series of units. It is told of a foreigner who had been going the round of our law courts, that he could not help expressing his surprise to Lord Mansfield that they were so empty. "No matter, sir," replied the Chief Justice, "we sit every day in the news papers." Through the newspapers, too every man of us has a seat in the House of Commons, if not a vote, and through the system of tract writing all the great political movements of the country are reduced to print, transferred more or less from the passionate and too often irrational tribunal of assembled mobs to the calmer and more rational atmosphere of individual thought and private study. Here we perceive a certain gain to the individual. He is addressed no longer as an atom in the popular mass as a drop in the ocean, as part and parcel of the over-whelming mob but as a man judging for himself, and capable of forming his opinion unbiassed. A mob is a monster. It is a great power devoid of intellect. The evil of it is not principally that it is an aggregate for the most part of ignorant people, but that it is an aggregate in which the individual be he ignorant or otherwise, is lost, an unreasoning aggregate an impassioned aggregate. Introduce a system by means of which you can deal with each member of this mob separately, and you deprive it of half its evil. There is justice to be found in individuals, sense, moderation, but these are virtues rarely to be found in confused masses. Now, in so far as they develop this system of appealing to individuals, and substitute the leverage of the pen for that of the voice, of the four page tract for that of the mob orator, our societies and leagues and alliances are engaged in a good work, even although, in the mean time, that work may be but vilely done. We have little doubt that, by degrees, the character of the tracts will be raised. A curious fact was reported the other day on the authority of one of those hawkers of books who have recently been employed in large

numbers to distribute a healthy literature in the country districts. He reported that he has scarcely any purchasers above the age of thirty, and the fact seems to indicate not inaccurately the level of the population which has been reached by our thirty years of educational effort. When these efforts reach their full effect, surely also the peculiar system of political agitation, of which the tract-issuers are a most important part, will rise in character. Taking it, however, as we find it, we do not doubt that there is good mixed up with those evils which we have pointed out as so very prominent. The great evil of a democracy is, we have said, that the individual is lost in the mass, and the result is very nearly equivalent to the tyranny of an absolute despot. You cannot reason with a mob, and you have no chance of reasoning with a despot. The oppression is tremendous, with this only difference between the two, that we may expect consistency from a single tyrant, though not from a million of tyrants. Transfer your arguments, therefore, from an appeal to the mob to an appeal to individuals, and you advance a step, just as in a system of voting-papers we should advance another step. It has been said that a system of voting papers would tend to increase corruption, and to create fictitious votes. We hope not. It is surely within the power of our parliamentary draughtsmen to prevent any such misapprehension of them, and we are very certain that, if so misapplied, it is the offending party that must suffer. But observe the real advantage to be gained by voting-papers. At the polling booth men vote in a mob in a hurry—it may be in fear, at all events, under the often senseless contagion of example. But take the polling apparatus to each man's house, bid him record his vote quietly, at leisure, and thinking for himself, and instantly you destroy, or go very far to destroy, one of the worst evils attaching to democracy, which thinks and votes too much in common—which catches at a word and starts at the flutter of a leaf, everybody doing the same thing, and nobody knowing why. All

those processes which tend to disintegrate a mob, whether it be the system of popular representation, or the system of political agitation through tracts, or the system of voting by means of papers transmitted

through the post, are a gain, and if they add strength to democracy by contributing to its permanence, they also raise its character and take away from its reproach

A CRUISE IN JAPANESE WATERS—PART V

CHAPTER I—(continued)

It was generally agreed that during the ride, described in the last chapter to the temple of Dai see, we must have seen at least 80,000 Japanese, the majority of them men—yet no one had noticed a crippled, deformed, or leprous person. The writer was careful to count all those Japanese whom he saw during that day suffering from infirmities arising from disease—such, for instance, as loss of eyesight from small pox. The entire number, incredible as it may appear, amongst so many thousands of human beings, fell considerably short of a hundred. Pock marks were common, but by no means general.

Only two beggars were seen in this ride of full twenty two miles: one was a mendicant priest, too aged to wander about, and he was seated under a tree by the wayside, beating the discordant wooden drum used in Buddhist temples, and mumbling over endless prayers, and the other beggar was a very venerable and decrepid old woman. This was all the really downright poverty we heard of or saw in Yedo: and we can hardly believe that the paupers were put out of sight during the stay of the English.

If squalor and poverty were not to be found in Yedo, neither was there ostentatious magnificence or extravagance amongst the higher and wealthier classes. In the audience chamber of the Prince of Bitchu, or in the official procession of an imperial commissioner going to an interview with Lord Elgin, there was no gaudy display of bright coloured silks or satins, no glitter of gold and silver, yet there was abundance of ceremony, and invariably a large well dressed retinue. The Japanese men may be

said to be the Quakers of the East, from the sombre colour and style of their dress, and the contrast between the tawdry magnificence of Chinese mandarins, and the simple yet orderly array of a high Japanese functionary, was very striking.

We have already spoken of the curiosity of the people, and of the struggle which daily took place to inspect the mysteries of the Ambassador's kitchen. There were many other instances of the wonder excited by the novelty and (as they owned) by the superiority of the strangers. Yenoske, the interpreter, had often to blush at what he called the ill manners of his countrymen: but he assured us that in three or four years time they would behave much better! Poor souls! it would indeed have been unreasonable to have resented their inquisitiveness: and if we ever did so, they immediately recalled us to our senses by a good humoured laugh. The visitors to the Embassy being quartered at a temple a short distance from the abode of that Argus-eyed individual, the Deputy Lieutenant Governor, were especially favoured with the attentions of those ladies and gentlemen of Yedo who wished to judge for themselves of English manners and customs. No doubt the priests, who, with their families (for priests in Japan are allowed to marry), were living in the enclosure of the same temple, turned to profitable account the spectacle we afforded to their friends and neighbours. There was no objection to gratify all reasonable curiosity, and arrangements were made that our only apartment should be thrown open for an audience directly after the morning ablutions were completed. This ex-

press stipulation that a Briton taking his bath was to form no part of the morning's entertainment, was made in consequence of one of our party having unconsciously, for several mornings, been shown to various parties of Japanese ladies, in such light costumes might enable them to assure themselves of the fact that his skin was quite as fair as his face and hands promised. All the wonders of the dressing table, from stropping a razor to putting eau de cologne upon a pocket handkerchief, were freely exhibited. A jolly old priest laughed immoderately at our applying such a spirit to so ignoble a purpose, and tried to enlighten the foreigners as to its proper use, by tossing off any quantity that might be poured into the palm of his hand. The ladies were especially delighted with scented soaps and hair brushes, and the gentlemen looked upon boots and gilt buttons as marvels which it was highly desirable the Japanese nation should know how to manufacture as soon as possible.

Our sleeping apartment was one of two which formed the wing of a small temple the main body of which right fully belonged to some half dozen Japanese datties, who had retired from business, behind screens during our stay. In front, and behind this wing of the building, there were gardens, each about a hundred feet square, and here the priests had spent long lives of industry in cramping the growth of unhappy fire, and divers other trees and plants. Directly we became the inmates of the rooms referred to, a little shed was constructed in the corner of the back garden, and here a priest was permanently posted to watch our doings, while at night a policeman with a bamboo rattle joined him, and disturbed our rest with hourly tunes upon his instrument. We had, like the oels, just become accustomed to this infliction, when, one night, the bleating of a goat awoke us so often, that we sprang out of bed, wishing the policeman's rattle down its throat, and vowing vengeance on the beast. Stepping out into the balcony which ran round the apartment, we saw a white goat trotting over the grass and flower-beds, bleating incessantly,

whilst the priest and policeman were addressing it in Japanese, and the former occasionally threw up his arms, and made reverent obeisances to the brute. We had ready a pair of stout boots to pelt the goat with, but they fell harmless from our hands, for we at once jumped to the conclusion that the goat was an incarnation of Buddha, and that to touch it would be sacrilege. Mentally anathematizing all such noisy objects of idolatrous worship, we besought the priest and policeman to persuade their four legged deity to remove its sacred presence to another part of the premises. They understood us, and with awe struck faces, which the bright starlight enabled us to see, proceeded to carry out our wishes. They approached most cautiously, making all sorts of coaxing and wheedling noises—but directly the goat showed the slightest inclination to resist, or drooped its head as if to butt, away scuttled priest and policeman, and hid themselves until we cheered them on again to the fray. At last the animal was expelled, and the priest held up his hands, shook his head, and sighed as he returned to his hut, as if what he had done was "no canny," and all this so confirmed us in our supposition that when the brute again returned at dawn and bleated, we only pulled the bedclothes over our head, and hoped for the speedy religious enlightenment of the idolatrous worshippers of Nanny goats. All that we saw during the day still confirmed us in our original idea, for there was the goat browsing upon dwarfed plants which were worth their weight in gold, and the priests did not attempt to stop it, but offered it hot boiled rice in a plate, a devout offering which the beast indignantly rejected. A second night of the same bleatings was, however, too much for the patience of a naval officer, and, taking the greatest care not to touch or hurt the goat (a forbearance which cost an hour's hard work, where five minutes would otherwise have sufficed), we expelled it from our gardens, and sent it forth into the general court of the temple. Had a certain old gentleman in black made his appearance in that courtyard, the astonishment and horror of the home-

boys, porters, and policemen could not have been greater, and they seemed quite ready to follow the example of the children, who ran off yelling with alarm. Then, and not until then, the truth flashed across us, that the goat was one that had been brought from the ship, and what appeared at first to be reverential awe, was merely extreme fear and wonder at the sight of so marvellous a quadruped!

Besides the temple of Dai see, there were many others equally important, and perhaps more resorted to, within and around the city of Yedo. One very fine one stood between the Embassy and Palace Hill, which we were requested not to enter, for fear of exciting the intolerance of its priests and frequenters. Judging by the exterior of the buildings, and the beauty of the grounds around it, it would have well repaid a visit. We fancied that it was from this temple that the time of all Yedo was regulated, by the sounds of a richly toned bell, whose sonorous notes struck the Japanese hours so as to be heard even as far as the anchorage of the shipping. The temples in Japan as in China, are used as hotels for travellers, and also as places of refreshment for pleasure seekers, indeed, judging by the number of places adapted for public amusement in Yedo, we should write the people down as a most holiday making set. The whole city was surrounded with gardens, tea houses, and temples, which were all resorted to by the old and young of both sexes for recreation. We could not afford time to visit all, but there was the Odyee Garden—the Richmond of Yedo—with its "Star and Garter," where, in shady apartments near cool streams and picturesque waterfalls, the holiday seeker might enjoy delicious tea or generous sake, and be tended by the prettiest of pretty Japanese damsels. There were tempting walks through groves of dark green trees, opening upon terraces which commanded fine views of the huge city, or of the country to the north, rich with cultivation, and dotted with houses, or of the rich plain and its woods, winding amongst which might be traced for many a mile the silvery thread of the river Toda-gawa.

The nursery gardens were both numerous and well kept, they were not the result of imperial or princely whim, but of individual enterprise, and as such, it is questionable whether many European countries could produce anything equal to them. The season for flowers was unfortunately past, and that for the seeds had not yet arrived, so that our botanists were, we believe, not generally fortunate, but they all spoke favourably of the care, neatness, and skill of the Yedo gardeners. All these gardens were fitted up as places of public amusement, and our countrymen spoke quite as much, we must in candour admit, of the beauty of the fair daughters of Yedo, as they did of the loveliness of the camelias which abound here. Some of the older and wiser heads declared that the good looks of the Japanese young ladies partook rather of the character which the French denominate *la beauté du diable* yet there was a grace, kindliness and gentle frankness about the fair Omityas Omityas, and Okayoos of Yedo, which were most winning, so much so, indeed that more than one was heard to declare his intention of returning to Japan at some future day.

No one of the English succeeded in visiting the interior of the grounds enclosed within what is called the Imperial Palace but nothing else was left unvisited that was worth seeing. Apart from the advantage it gave Lord Elgin to judge of every thing by personal inspection such a practice did much good in accustoming the natives to the appearance of strangers, and letting them form for themselves an opinion of their English visitors.

Upon this principle two or more parties daily sallied forth before breakfast to make purchases in the town, and we procured on such occasions more interesting specimens of Japanese industry than were ever brought to the Embassy by the people themselves. The shops contained all the various articles we have already described as being so plentiful in the bazaars of Nangasaki, with the addition of beautiful embroidery upon silk and crape, and most taste-

ful ornaments in glass, such as toilet-table bottles, tumblers, &c.

It was wonderful to see the thousand useful as well as ornamental purposes to which paper was applicable in the hands of these industrious and tasteful people, our papier maché manufacturers, as well as the Continental ones, should go to Yedo to learn what can be done with paper. We saw it made into material so closely resembling Russian and Morocco leather and pig skin, that it was very difficult to detect the difference. With the aid of lacker varnish and skilful painting, paper made excellent trunks, tobacco bags, cigar cases, saddles, telescope cases, the frames of microscopes, and we even saw and used excellent water-proof coats made of simple paper, which *did* keep out the rain, and were as supple as the best Macintosh. The Japanese use neither silk nor cotton handkerchiefs, towels, or dust-ers; paper in their hands serves as an excellent substitute. It is soft, thin, tough, of a pale yellow colour, very plentiful and very cheap. The inner walls of many a Japanese apartment are formed of paper, being nothing more than painted screens; their windows are covered with a fine translucent description of the same material; it enters largely into the manufacture of nearly everything in a Japanese household, and we saw what seemed balls of twine, which were nothing but long shreds of tough paper rolled up. If a shop-keeper had a parcel to tie up, he would take a strip of paper, roll it quickly between his hands, and use it for the purpose, and it was quite as strong as the ordinary string used at home. In short, without paper all Japan would come to a dead lock, and indeed, lest by the arbitrary exercise of his authority a tyrannical husband should stop his wife's paper, the sage Japanese mothers in law invariably stipulate, in the marriage settlement, that the bride is to have allowed to her a certain quantity of paper.

The shops and streets of Yedo were the scene of much traffic, but there were here no great staples that we saw likely to yield anything like commercial exports to foreigners. Be-

yond the manufacturing industry of Yedo, the whole population seemed to us consumers rather than producers, and this is proved by the fact, that the freight of goods to Yedo from Nangasaki in native craft was eighty per cent greater than that of goods from Yedo to Nangasaki, showing that it is entirely an import trade that Yedo holds with the rest of Japan. Coal and copper were the only articles which gave any promise of export—the latter was especially abundant in every form but that of coin, and although there is a current belief amongst the Dutch that the copper mines of Japan are only allowed to be worked to a certain extent far short of what they would otherwise yield, the abundance of the metal, in all its varied forms of pure copper, brass and bronze, was very striking. We saw it as a protection upon the piles of their bridges, on the bottoms of the native vessels, and the stems and gunwales of very ordinary boats, and the number of their brass guns was extraordinary. We saw brass or copper coverings to the roofs of their temples and shrines, their altars were loaded with copper, brass, and bronze castings, and the skill with which the Japanese work this metal, so as to imitate gold in all the many articles of taste and luxury exhibited in Yedo, called for our constant admiration. No doubt necessity had compelled the artisan to discover some mode of adorning lacker, porcelain, &c., with what looked and wore quite as well as gold or silver, for we were told that the laws were most strictly enforced against the use of any precious metals for any such frivolous purposes. Still the art was a special one, and there is much to learn, we think, on this head, from Yedo or from Miako, from which all the best articles of taste were reputed to come. Meantime, whilst our curiosity was not half satiated, and our love for Japan was hourly increasing, the British Ambassador and the Imperial Commissioners were making rapid work with the Treaty. We sighed when told there was no hitch which might delay our return to strong smelling China and its unpoetical inhabitants, and hastened off to the ships our purchases of porce-

lain, embroidery, carved work, lacker-ware, and little dogs

Among all the excitement and hurry (for our visit to Yedo only extended over fourteen days) we did not forget our ancient friend Will Adams. Through Mori hama we tried to ascertain if anything was recorded of the old man amongst the Japanese. Mori hama had been before interrogated upon the same point, and knew nothing of his history beyond what he had learned from us. It had been suggested to us that there was considerable alarm in Japan, lest, in resuming intercourse with Europeans, claims should be put in by Jesuits or other religious communities for any of their ancient possessions in the country, and that such fears, although it is to be hoped they are perfectly without foundation, would best explain why, for the present at least, no assistance would be given in the direction our inquiries tended. Unsuccessful, therefore, as we were then, there can be but little doubt that in a country where the arts of writing, reading, and drawing have been so long perfected, we shall, at some future day, find some information to add to the scanty but interesting particulars we now possess of the English sailor who lived so long about the Court of Yedo, and who founded the commerce of Holland and that of Great Britain with Japan.

It may perhaps interest the reader to epitomise his history from the point at which we left it —

The "Erasmus" was laid up, probably sunk, near Yedo, and the crew, as well as the Englishman, were, at the end of two years (1602 or 1603), positively told that they must be content to remain in Japan for life. The Dutch sailors dispersed themselves over the island, and except that they continued to receive a royal allowance of two pounds of rice *per diem*, and twelve gold *lobangs* a-year, equal to about £10, we hear no more of them. But the captain, in 1605 or 1606, received permission to go in a native vessel to the Straits of Malacca, and he was killed in the following year on board the Dutch fleet, in an action with the Portuguese, before he could, as Adams

hoped, convey information to England of his existence in Cipango.

Will Adams was refused leave to quit Yedo, but treated with great consideration. He built ships for the emperor. The first was of eighty tons, and pleased the Japanese ruler so much that he was advanced to the rank of an imperial tutor, "being," says Will Adams, "in such grace and favour, by reason I taught him some points of geometry and the mathematics, with other things, that what I said could not be contradicted. At the which, my former enemies—the Jesuits and Portugals—did greatly wonder, and entreated me to befriend them to the emperor in their business, and so by my means both Spaniards and Portugals have received friendship from the Emperor, I recompensing their evil unto me with good. Adams, however, did not altogether become ship builder or tutor, for after having built a second vessel of one hundred and twenty tons burthen, he made a cruise to sea in her prior to 1609, going as far as Miako Bay with a Japanese crew.

In that year two circumstances occurred which held out a prospect of release to the poor fellow from his imprisonment for such it appears to have been to him, wrapt up as he was in love for his wife and children in England. A Spanish galleon, the "San Francisco," returning from Manila to Acapulco in Mexico, and having on board the governor of the Philippines, was cast away upon the coasts of Japan, and of the crew, one hundred and sixty souls perished. The remainder, including the governor, were very kindly treated. The larger of the two vessels built by Adams was given to them by the Japanese emperor, with every means for proceeding upon their voyage, and at a favourable season, in 1610, they did so—returning, it appears, to Manila. Poor Will Adams! we can see him standing on the shore watching the lessening sail that was carrying these strangers back to their home—a home he was forbidden to return to. In that same year which saw the "San Francisco" wrecked upon the one shore of Japan, there arrived upon the opposite side two

privateers from Holland in quest of the "Carrack" of Portugal, which yearly ran from Macao to Japan. They missed their prize, so they consoled themselves by making arrangements for a future trade at Firando. The Dutch commanders travelled to the court, and there, thanks to the aid and influence of Will Adams, permission was accorded them to come yearly with certain commodities for trade. The disappointment felt by Adams at not being allowed to return with his friends the Dutchmen, must have been softened by the belief that if they returned safely to Holland, his countrymen would surely follow their footsteps, before long, to Japan. The year 1610 came and passed, and his heart must have been heavy, for hope of getting information to England through the Portugals he seems justly to have had none. In 1611 he sits down to write that remarkable letter given by Master Purchas, bearing date 23d October 1611. In this letter he speaks of the kindness and generosity of the emperor, who had given him a living "like unto a lordship in England, with eighty or ninety husbandmen who are as my servants and slaves," he describes the people his fortune had thrown him amongst "as good of nature, courteous above measure, and valiant in war," and adds, "I think no land better governed in the world by civil policy." He urges his countrymen to trade thither, and ends with the plaint nearest his poor lone heart, that he hopes by some means or other he shall hear of his wife and dear children. "Patiently," he says, "I wait the good will and pleasure of God Almighty, desiring all those to whom this letter may come, to use means to acquaint my good friends with it, and so my wife and children may hear of me, by which means there may be hope that I may see them before my death—the which the Lord grant, to His glory and my great comfort. Amen."

God, it is to be hoped, gave the poor fellow some solace and consolation, for in the month of April of this very year, 1611, his countrymen sailed from England for Japan. We know nothing of how 1612 passed

with Adams, but on June 11, 1613, the good ship "Clove" anchored in Firando, and Captain Saris then learned that Adams, or Ange, as he was called, was living at Yedo. He was immediately sent for, and on the 29th July 1613 arrived in Firando. He had suffered long, and we will hope that Saris and his countrymen gave him all the comfort and the information of his home that he so earnestly longed for. At any rate, from this time forth he seems to have resigned himself to live and die in Japan, for after returning to Yedo with Saris, and assisting to secure the most liberal terms of trade and intercourse, he appears to have entered the employ of the Honourable East India Company as an interpreter in the factory at Firando, under charge of a Mr Richard Cooke. In the receipt of a good salary, the old sailor served his countrymen until his death, which probably happened in or about 1619. After his death, and after sustaining a loss in trade for some years, the English factory at Firando was voluntarily abandoned.

By the 24th August all difficulties connected with the final signature of the Treaty were removed, and as if more firmly to cement the renewal of the old alliance between these two powerful island empires of the East and West, the Japanese Government consented, for the first time in the history of Japan, to fire on that occasion a royal salute of twenty-one guns, which we, of course, undertook to return.

The daily conferences which had taken place between the high contracting parties had been always held in the British Embassy, when an immense deal of bowing, prostration, and suchlike acts of Japanese politeness, were undergone by our indefatigable friend the Lieutenant Governor and his myrmidons. The Japanese Commissioners usually arrived about one o'clock in the afternoon, lunched with the Embassy, and then proceeded to business. At first they desired to introduce to the conferences the usual following of reporters and spies, but a polite firmness on the part of Lord Elgin brought them to reduce it to one

secretary and their loyal interpreter, Mori hama. Lord Elgin, we heard, pointed out to them, that even when thus diminished in numbers, they were in the proportion of five to one, and that, under such circumstances, Japanese interests need not suffer—to which the Commissioners replied, that the appointment of so many Commissioners was the highest compliment that could be paid to the well known ability of his Lordship and that they desired to weigh justly and fairly all his propositions, so far as their humble abilities would enable them. It is but just to add that Lord Elgin made no secret of the reasonable and impartial spirit with which all the negotiations were carried on by them, and that he never had a more agreeable task than that of conferring with these Japanese gentlemen upon measures which would be mutually beneficial to both countries. All they sought for was a sound reason for any privilege, and proof that it was not likely to be injurious to Japan. In some cases they acknowledged that such and such a demand ought to be conceded—that there was no reason against doing so but ancient prejudice, and then they asked for time to enable their rulers and people to accommodate themselves to the new order of things. "Give us three or four years," they said 'by that time we shall be ready. This will explain those clauses in the Treaty in which specific periods are given for certain concessions.

The Japanese admiral, the ex or duplicate Governor of Nagasaki, and the third senior Commissioner Fghono-Kami, were men of very superior ability and attainment. The latter especially was most industrious and curious as to all that related to England or America. His note book was always in hand, recording the name of everything he saw or heard of—occasionally he would sketch articles, ascertaining their dimensions or the mode of their manufacture and his observations upon their defects or merits were always intelligent. He was a wit likewise, and when any hitch occurred, whether in the conferences or elsewhere, he would rescue all par-

ties from the dilemma by saying something which resulted in a hearty laugh. Mori hama the linguist was a host in himself, and from the specimen the Commissioners afforded of the diplomatic skill of the servants of the Taikoon, there was no doubt that many would be found qualified to represent Japan at our own court, or elsewhere in Europe. Indeed, we heard the wish expressed, in more than one quarter, to visit Europe and the United States.

On the 25th August, Lord Elgin invited all the Commissioners to dinner, and they came an hour before time, bringing a Japanese conjuror to enable his Excellency to judge of their skill in tricks of legerdemain. An impromptu theatre was soon formed of an apartment, one side of which opened out upon the temple garden, chairs and benches were ranged on the well kept lawn, and the Ambassador Commissioners, the suite, and a large body of officers formed the audience. The conjuror was a gentlemanly looking venerable man clad in ample silk robes. He had as an assistant a wretch who tapped incessantly upon a small drum and by his remarks, unintelligible of course to ourselves he served to amuse the Japanese who crowded behind us. The old man performed many tricks of legerdemain in a manner that equalled anything we had ever before seen but when he proceeded to show the far famed butterfly trick all were fairly wonder stricken. Our Japanese Merlin was seated cross legged about ten yards from us upon the raised platform of the floor of the apartment, behind him was a gold coloured screen, with a painting of the peak of Fusi hama in blue and white upon its glittering ground. He threw up the sleeves of his dress, and showed a piece of some tissue paper which he held in his hand. It was about six inches square, and by dexterous and delicate manipulation he formed it into a very good imitation of a butterfly, the wings being extended, and at the most each was one inch across. Holding the butterfly out in the palm of his hand, to show what it was, he placed two candles, which were beside him, in

such a position as to allow him to wave a fan rapidly without affecting the flame, and then, by a gentle motion of this fan over the paper insect, he proceeded to set it in motion. A counter draught of air from some quarter interfered with his efforts, and made the butterfly truant to his will, and the screen had to be moved a little to remedy this. He then threw the paper butterfly up in the air, and gradually it seemed to acquire life from the action of his fan—now wheeling and dipping towards it, now tripping along its edge, then hovering over it, as we may see a butterfly do over a flower on a fine summer's day, then in wantonness wheeling away, and again returning to alight, the wings quivering with nervous restlessness! One could have sworn it was a live creature. Now it flew off to the light, and then the conjuror recalled it, and presently supplied a mate in the shape of another butterfly, and together they rose, and played about the old man's fan, varying their attentions between flirting with one another, and fluttering along the edge of the fan. We repeatedly saw one on each side of it as he held it nearly vertically, and gave the fan a short quick motion, then one butterfly would pass over to the other, both would wheel away as if in play, and again return. A plant with some flowers stood in a pot near at hand, by gentle movements of the fan the pretty little creatures were led up to it, and then, their delight! how they played about the leaves, nipped the flowers, kissed each other, and whisked off again with all the airs and graces of real butterflies! The audience was in ecstasies, and young and old clapped their hands with delight. The exhibition ended, when the old man advanced to the front of his stage, within arm's length of us all, accompanied by his magic butterflies, that even in the open air continued to play round the magician and his fan! As a feat of legerdemain, it was by far the most beautiful trick we had ever heard of, and one that must require an immense amount of practice.

The Commissioners declined to send for any gladiators to exhibit the

brutal prowess which so astonished and shocked our Transatlantic cousins, and it appeared from what Mori-hama let fall, that the severe strictures in the American history of Perry's Expedition had made the government of Yedo decide that Europeans should witness no more of them. The two facts, that the Japanese know what foreigners have said about them, and that they are very sensitive under criticism, are well worthy of note, and should be kindly remembered through the length and breadth of Christendom.

From the conjuror's theatre we went to dinner, and the Commissioners seemed heartily to enjoy it, using their knives, forks, and spoons with a skill that showed they were ready mimics. They seemed to give the preference to ham amongst the eatables, and champagne amongst the wines, and all the pastry, sweets, and dried fruits, were heartily approved of. They laughed, until they almost cried, at the wild custom of drinking toasts and hurraing for the benefit of the pledged person's health. The junior Commissioners came out very strong at this stage of the proceedings. "Her Majesty the Queen, with three times three," was much to the taste of worthy Suda hanzabro, and when, after an appropriate speech from his Excellency, as much was done for "His Imperial Majesty the Taikoon," he was perfectly electrified, and joined in the hip! hip! hurrah! as loudly as any of the deep-chested Britons. When the party broke up, the Ambassador appointed an early hour on the following forenoon for the final transaction of business, after which the embarkation of the Embassy was to take place, the Commissioners accompanying Lord Elgin afloat to receive from Captain Barker the yacht intended for the Emperor.

We must not omit to mention that, according to Japanese custom, presents had been made to the members of the Embassy, and the senior officers of the squadron. Lord Elgin received a very handsome ornament for a table in the shape of a brace of birds beautifully cast in white metal, and divers pieces of silk. The other members of the suite had five, and

the naval commanders had each three, pieces of a peculiar silk made at an imperial factory. The officers and men who had been sent out in charge of the yacht were especially honoured, and Lieutenant Ward received as imperial gifts a cabinet of lacquer ware, and a porcelain dish, ornamented with paintings in lacquer which were unique. The Commissioners were most careful to point out that nothing we received was to be considered as intended in any way as a return for the "magnificent present" of the yacht—such was their expression, that would be, they said, duly acknowledged by his Imperial Majesty, but we were requested to accept these trifles as proofs of esteem for men who had come so far upon a friendly mission. Lord Elgin wished, before leaving, to make in his turn some presents to the many officials who had been so attentive, and as British diplomatists and men-of-war are not supplied with many articles very suitable for such a purpose, it was difficult to supply the need. Happily our paymaster had plenty of naval blue cloth, flannel, and blankets in store, and these articles, if not very ornamental were useful, and might serve to give some idea of our common manufactures. To these were added soap and chocolate, and some new Enfield muskets, and carbines, the whole forming a medley which, judging by the delight of the recipients, was much appreciated. The pride of those presented with arms was beyond all bounds, and even Mori hama, whose mission one would have supposed to be a peaceful one, grasped the artilleryman's carbine and its long sword bayonet as if military honours were the especial object of his existence. One could not help smiling at this childlike love for arms—and with all disposition to approve of everything Japanese, certainly a man with his dress straw sandals and clean shaved poll, with a long ugly musket in his hand and a British grenadier's belt and pouch over his shoulders, did not cut a martial or imposing figure. This love of guns and swords is extraordinary, for, with the exception of petty rebellion, it is now some centuries since there was any demand

upon the military spirit of Japan, and the people and chiefs are anything but a fierce or blood thirsty race yet to carry arms is the ambition of every Japanese, and the right to wear two swords is a stamp of gentility indicating that the person so distinguished is above the trading class. Each of the sixty great princes, the barons of the Japanese empire, spends the major portion of his revenue in guns, powder, and arms, and each of them has an enormous body of idle serfs, who at his bidding become soldiers. Sharp swords, and bows and arrows, constitute as yet the principal armament of these hosts, but every effort is being made to make and obtain muskets or rifles, and to drill the natives in the European style. Throughout the period of our stay in Yedo, drilling of men was constantly going on under the direction of Japanese officers, instructed by the Dutch at Nagasaki, and there was an eternal target-practice with muskets in more than one of the enclosed batteries.

We awoke early, and sighed heavily, upon the morning of the 26th August, for the day of our departure from Japan had arrived. We have often vowed never again to like one particular spot upon this bright earth of ours more than another—never again to form a friendship upon the shore, but to confine all our likes and dislikes to salt water and sailors. Yet, somehow or other, we are ever departing from such resolutions, and what we felt at leaving Japan, it has been our lot to experience on saying good by (often for ever) to many pleasant places, and many kind friends, in regions sometimes as remote and almost as little visited, as Japan. Our parting tenderness extended even to the gold fish, that *last* morning as we plunged in amongst them, in the mimic pond close to our sleeping apartments, and we could not find in our heart to growl at the poor priest who came down to take notes of the English method of using soap and towel. Our seamen had come up to the Embassy to assist in forwarding down the luggage to the boats. Jack was mightily amused with Johnny, as he called the Japanese, and the feeling was mutual, judging

from the hearty laughter of the porters, priests, and policeman at the pantomime by which our men strove to make their wants understood. On one occasion, turning a corner rather abruptly, we found a jolly foretopman explaining by signs that he wanted something to pour down his throat that would make him dance, whereupon he cut a double shuffle, and reeled about the yard Johnny perfectly understood, and repeated the performance. Jack's broad face beamed with delight. "Yes, that's it, grog!" Come, bear a hand, my fine fellow," he exclaimed, and in anticipation of his want being quickly supplied, he expressed in strongest vernacular his high approval of the Johnnies in general. Happily for the Johnnies, we arrived in time to stay farther proceedings, and sending for Yen-oske the interpreter, we made him explain that Jack upon water, or Jack upon tea, was as harmless as a baby, but that Jack in a state of grog was simply an infuriated Briton, an animal likely to mar the domestic happiness of all within the temple enclosure, and very certain to break the peace. "Ah," said Yen-oske—"ah! all the same as drunken Dutch sailor!" Worse, we asserted, than fifty Dutchmen. "All the same one tiger!" suggested Yen-oske, looking very serious. We told him that tigers the worse for liquor could not be more troublesome. Whereupon Yen-oske explained to his countrymen the effects of grog upon our men in such strong terms, that neither for love nor money could they get anything stronger than tea, and we were happy, if Jack was not.

From daybreak, stout limbed porters, with a mere modicum of clothing, and a few of them very handsomely tattooed, were employed staggering along under cases of curiosities and manufactures, which had left many a purse perfectly empty, and neat looking cages, containing each one or more little dogs, might be seen going seaward under especial convoy. Of these, the sweetest pets—though the first-lieutenant did not think so—that ever graced a drawing room or played at a lady's feet, no less than thirteen eventually mus-

tered on board the "Furious," the property of the "Ambassadors," as our men would insist upon styling the whole of Lord Elgin's suite. These small Japanese spaniels are said to have been of the King Charles' breed, now so rare in England, and the fresh importation of stock ought to be a source of no small delight to those fair spinsters who delight in pretty pets and little dogs. Then of course some of us had to hurry away down an adjoining street to make a purchase, forgotten until the last moment, when the guide was detected instructing the shopman to ask thrice the proper price.

Our last dollar spent, we felt we could then do no more to prove our regard for Japan, and said a kind good by to all our acquaintances in the temple, presenting the worthy dignitary who was at its head with our last drop of eau-de-cologne, which he drank to our happy meeting at some future day. The native police attached to the Embassy looked *triste* at our departure, doubtless they had good cause, for we opine that they had enjoyed many an extra feed of fish and rice, many a grateful pipe of fragrant tobacco, pleasant snoozes in shady corners, and many jolly evenings over bottles of good sake, since they assumed the high office of watching the strangers who had so unceremoniously thrust themselves into the good city of Yedo. To be sure, their responsibility was great, for had the Ambassador and his followers insisted upon latch-keys, and taken to wringing off knockers, larking about the streets, or disturbing the peace in any way, these unfortunates, including even the Lieut Governor and Yen-oske, would have been soundly bamboozed until we behaved better. Fortunately for our guardians, who were to be rewarded in proportion to our virtues, we were flatteringly assured through Yen-oske that the British Embassy far surpassed Russians, Dutch, and Americans. We fear that in Japan they have learnt to flatter!

After breakfast, horses were brought for those who wished to be early on board, and as we passed through the temple gate, an imperial procession, bearing a royal feast to Lord Elgin,

was met. Never was a more solemn affair; every man in it looked as if the business of carrying royal dishes was a serious matter. Officers and men were clad much alike, in light silks or cottons, of a black and white striped pattern, very neat, and the royal servants all had a particular crest upon each arm, and on the front and back of their dress. It was almost a fac simile of the Irish shamrock or trefail. We had before remarked that the retainers of the different princes or chiefs bore the particular crest or arms of their master, so that heraldry is evidently a Japanese institution. All the viands were carefully boxed up in large black lacker-ware cases, and were sent cooked from the royal kitchen. Those that partook of the feast described the dishes as being very palatable. As in China, nearly everything was stewed, and served up in small fragments, requiring only chopstick and spoon, and very little exercise of the teeth. Fish and vegetables formed the basis of all the numerous *entrees*, and it would be quite worth Miss Acton's while to visit Yedo to learn how many changes may be rung with a stewpan upon those two articles alone. Instead of sitting at the table to feed, the royal attendants made our stiff-jointed countrymen squat upon mats according to the custom of the country, an exception being made in favour of the Ambassador. Japanned tables, each about the size of our ordinary tea trays, standing on legs nine inches high, were placed between every two Englishmen, these tables being loaded with smoking hot dishes, one of which was always delicious rice. Everything was served upon lacker-ware,—dishes, plates, tumblers, and spoons, being all of that material, either red or black, with a slight ornamental work in imitation gold or silver. The attendance was perfect, and so was the extreme cleanliness with which everything was served. Meantime we went to the imperial dockyard to embark, under the imposing escort of a couple of mounted officers, and preceded by two policemen dressed in their official costume, with quite as many colours in it as Joseph's could have

had. The official in charge of the yard was the Japanese whom we have before mentioned as speaking English with a strong American negro accent. He had asserted that he learnt English in a college in Yedo, from native instructors educated at Nangasaki. We asked Mori-hama about him one day when the Imperial Commissioners were present, and he repeated to them what we had been told. They laughed, and contradicted the statement, adding that our friend had learnt English in California! We guessed his tale. He had doubtless been one of those many Japanese seamen who have in former days been blown to sea in a native coaster, picked up by some American whaler, carried to California, and there had dwelt until the opening of his country to European intercourse enabled him to return, through American intercession, without forfeiting his life, according to the old laws of Japan. Mori-hama, without speaking, shook his head, signifying that we were right. When we therefore met the worthy, we hinted that his fiction of an American or English college in Yedo would not do, for that we knew, from pretty good authority, that he had acquired his knowledge of English in the United States. Totally unabashed, however, he vowed he had never been out of Japan, and it was evident that, as yet, it was not fashionable, or *comme il faut*, in Japanese society, to own that one had been beyond its limits, vagabondising about the great world. He had learnt a very great deal, with a large proportion of evil, and truth was not in the unfortunate man. He had a knowledge of sailing and carpentering, but boasted that he was well versed in navigation and astronomy. A sextant happened to be at hand, and he was asked if he could observe the altitude of heavenly bodies with it. "Oh yes!" he could even take a lunar! He was asked to measure a very simple angle. It must be owned that his assurance was wonderful, for he took up the instrument and proceeded to work with it upside down! "You are out of practice, my friend," said we. "Yes" was the rejoinder.

"I hab'n done him for so long, that I forget how to ~~fix~~ him." Although he could not "fix" a sextant, he was up in some ordinary practical seamanship, and could build a boat upon European principles. He pointed to several very nice decked boats, schooner rigged, which were in the bay, and said they had been constructed under his supervision, and that he had taught the crews to work them, and that, it was evident, they did very cleverly. To us it seemed melancholy that the only Japanese we had met whom it was impossible to like, should have been one who, more than any of his countrymen, had lived amongst Christians. Intercourse with foreigners, as in the case of many Asiatics it has been our fortune to meet, seemed to have destroyed the national characteristics, without substituting anything good in their place. The influence such men must have in prejudicing such an inquisitive government as that of Yedo for or against European or American intercourse, must naturally be very great, and it was unfortunate that they should have so indifferent a specimen of the results of allowing Japanese to leave their own country.

The 26th August being the birth day of his Royal Highness the Prince Consort, we, as loyal subjects, had not omitted to dress our ships with flags to do honour to the occasion, and the roar of our salutes at noon pealed through Yedo just as the Commissioners and Ambassador were affixing their signatures to the Treaty. Great was the excitement occasioned amongst the population by the ships being so rigged out, the salutes, and the fact that the Ambassador was going to embark officially, accompanied by the Commissioners to hand over to them the beautiful yacht 'Emperor,' and the city and bay became alive with Japanese, anxious to view and share in the gaiety. The day was bright and beautiful—Queen's weather again—and it was indeed a general holiday. Native craft, filled with pleasure seekers, dotted the sparkling waters of the beautiful bay, all the government boats were out, their stern sheets loaded with well dressed personages, who, we had been told, were

probably high officers, enjoying the privilege of seeing us "*meibon*," or inognito. The officers belonging to one of the Japanese men of war visited us in a body, and soon spread themselves over the entire ship, inspecting and making notes of everything with praiseworthy industry. One was soon aloft on the yards and masts, examining the fittings, measuring the size of ropes and blocks. Going into a cabin in which hung the portraits of those two naval worthies, Admiral Sir John Franklin and Sir John Barrow, we found a group of Japanese formed round them. No sooner was it explained through Yenoske who they were, than a native officer made careful notes of their names, and then cleverly sketched in his book an outline of their features. Winterhalter's large portrait of her Majesty they were in ecstasies with and seeing us take off our caps on turning towards it, the good fellows immediately made likewise their respectful obeisance to the likeness of our sovereign. They asked a host of intelligent questions about her dominions, fleets, and armies. It was evident that the higher officials were pretty well posted up in the general state of Europe. For instance to one group we showed a portrait of that much loved admiral, Lord Lyons, and spoke of Sebastopol. The Japanese immediately said, "that was a great city you took from Russia," and subsequently they asked if we had been at the taking of Canton? But invariably, when speaking of affairs out of Japan, they looked nervous, and, beyond a passing remark, flew off from the subject as if it was interdicted. Even Mr Hewskin, who spoke Dutch, a language very generally known amongst the officials, could never get them to converse at their ease upon such topics.

There was in the numerous boats around the ships a fair sprinkling of women or ladies, as well as many children. They all seemed of a highly respectable class, and none of the graceful nymphs of the tea or peach gardens came afloat to increase the damage they had already done to the hearts of our susceptible blue jackets. We believe this was in consequence

of an injunction of the police, under orders from some higher quarter—possibly the Commissioners thought that, amongst other foreign fancies, it might enter the head of the English to carry off specimens of the pretty little pets in the tea-gardens, insisting upon our right to purchase them under the head of “unenumerated articles” in the new tariff. Anyhow, black teeth prevailed upon this occasion amongst the ladies, who in other respects were a charming addition to the scene of animation and pleasure. About three o’clock the barge of *HMS “Furious,”* bearing the British Ambassador and suite, was seen leaving the shore, and at the same time a native boat with the Commissioners, in full costume, proceeded towards the yacht. The dress of these latter gentlemen was more than ordinarily handsome, especially that of the Lord High Admiral Captain Barker, the senior naval officer, as the deputy of the naval Commander in Chief, received the Commissioners and the Earl of Elgin on board the yacht, and in a short speech expressed his sense of the honour conferred upon himself in being deputed to hand over to the Commissioners this token of good will and friendship. The Commissioners replied in equally warm terms, and then the English ensigns were hauled down from the “Emperor’s” mastsheads and ensign staff, and the Japanese colours were substituted. This act being formally carried out, the Japanese forts fronting the city saluted with a royal salute of twenty-one guns, and uncommonly well they did it too. We returned it, and assuredly all will join in the prayer that the friendship thus saluted may be lasting between us, and beneficial to the good people of Japan. Not the least interesting part of this day’s doings was the moving and working of the “Emperor” directly she became Japanese, under the management of a native captain, engineer, and crew. Her machinery was of the most recent construction, horizontal cylinders, trunk engines, and other peculiarities, yet they mastered all these, under the English officers, after a week’s instruction, having, of course, previously understood an

ordinary old-fashioned engine. After passing round the squadron, she disembarked all her English visitors, and we had the pleasure of seeing the yacht proceed towards the city, to land the Imperial Commissioners.

At first the Japanese suggested that they should call the yacht the “London,” out of compliment to our capital, which alone, they believed, could compare with their own, but for some reason or other, they eventually named her the “Dragon,” and, as such, *HIMY “Dragon”* will doubtless be of great use as a pleasure boat to all but the imprisoned monarch for whom it was intended. A few weeks after our visit, when the ambassador of France, Baron Gros, made his appearance in the Bay of Yedo, he found the “Dragon” steaming about, and we heard that his excellency made more than one trip in her, under the safe charge of a Japanese captain and engineers.

It was late before all our farewells to our Yedo friends were over—their final act was to bring off some five-and-twenty robes of honour as presents from the Emperor to Lord Elgin. They were wonderful articles, of the richest silk, stamped or dyed with the loveliest patterns—sunflowers and pumpkins prevailing. In cut and shape the robes resembled dressing gowns, though much larger, and they were quilted with raw silk to a thickness of at least four inches! The Councillors of State, seated round the Taikoon in such robes at an official levee, must be as gorgeous a sight as a tulip bed. As the officers deputed to present these dresses on board the “Furious” begged to be allowed to arrange the royal presents according to their custom, the quarter-deck soon presented an appearance which would have tried the nerves of the oldest and most experienced officer in the British navy, so much more did it resemble Swan and Edgar’s than any place under a pendant.

Two hours before daybreak on the 27th August we weighed and proceeded to sea, not without a hope and prayer that in our wanderings we might yet one day revisit Yedo. Our stay there had been a bright oasis in the desert-like monotony of

our existence in China, and we hailed with joy, on behalf of our professional brethren employed in protecting commerce in the far East, the prospect of an occasional visit to the interesting and healthy islands of Japan. The Peak of Fusi-hama shone far above the ranges of mountains in the interior a short half-hour, and we bid the "peerless one" a long farewell.

Calm and majestic as Fusi-hama looks from the sea, the "matchless one" was born of volcanic action. If Japanese history tells true, the birth of the young lady—for she is a mere infant in age amongst mountains—was attended with a fearful convulsion of the whole island of Ni pon, and in the selfsame night, in the 285 B C, that the great cone of Fusi hama rose from the plain, not far from it was formed the great lake of Mitan—as if the crust of the earth had sunk down in one spot, and bubbled up in another. Fusi hama was an active volcano for many centuries. The last great eruption occurred on the 23d day of the 11th moon 1707, when, with two violent shocks of earthquake, the crest of the mountain opened, vomited flames, and hurled cinders for many leagues, and on the 25th and 26th, huge masses of rock and hot sand were projected over the adjoining country, and even in Yedo, fifty miles distant, ashes fell to a thickness of several inches.

Fusi-hama has, it is to be hoped, grown less dangerous as she has grown older, for we were told that no volcanic fire existed now in the crater. But hot springs are numerous, and earthquakes, alas! sadly destructive in the island of Ni-pon, and there seems reason to fear that the volcanic fires merely slumber, and are by no means extinct.

Our pleasant task draws to a close; we will not take our reader out into another gale of wind, in a paddle-wheel frigate, one such trial ought to be quite enough for any one. It blew so hard, and the wind was so villanously fair, that we could not even muster the shadow of an excuse for not pushing ahead for China, and, *mal gré, bon gré*, were forced down the east coast of the Japanese group at the exciting rate of eleven miles an hour, leaving all the wonders of the Suwo nada Sea, its labyrinth of islands and commerce laden waters, for some future day. We grieved to think of leaving Hioga, the new port within Kinko Straits, unvisited, as well as Ozaka and Miako, of which huge cities it is the seaport and outlet. We feel sure the reader will sympathise with us as, turning from Japan, we looked forward to the precious tossing about that was in store for us at sea, with unsavoury Shanghai at the end of our voyage!

THE LUCK OF LADYSEMDE.

CHAPTER V.—THE LADIES' BOWER.

THE two ladies of Willan's Hope sate in the western window of the solar, as their apartment was called, enjoying the last gleams of the declining sun. On each side of the deep embrasure formed in the massive wall by the bold splay of the window sides, contrived so as to throw as much light as possible within from a small external opening, there ran a low stone seat, and the space thus occupied being raised, as a kind of little dais, above the general level of the floor, it was the most cheerful position in what was, it must be confessed, but a dark and gloomy sitting room, at that hour especially. Not that there was actually much to be seen from the window, after all, for its position had been chosen rather with a view to security than with any forethought as to the amusement of those who might look out of it: it commanded only the square court inside, never very lively, and at this moment duller than usual, for most of the household had just been summoned to their evening meal, and there was not a living being in sight. The effect produced by the shadow of the old keep upon the wall opposite might have been delicious perhaps to the eye of an artist, but to those who were now watching it—not being artists—it was simply depressing. Yet Dame Elfhild was an artist too—a most enthusiastic and prolific one—after her manner. She wove webs like Penelopes in one particular, that they seemed never ending, though no one was suspected of unpicking them, but the suitors, alas, were among the things that had been. An artist, too, of most original design, for the birds and beasts and flowers which grew beneath her fingers had surely never prototypes unless in some lost geological formation, though they, or something very like them, seem to have been unanimously adopted as models by all fair embroideresses in subsequent generations.

The elder of the two occupants of the window seat would have justified, in great measure, the old cellarer's description, making due allowance for figurative and argumentative language. The nose was certainly pointed, the complexion was not what it once had been. It seemed very probable that she had been a beauty in her day: there was still remaining a bright black eye, good teeth and a striking cast of features, which, in the bloom of youth, had no doubt been sufficiently attractive. But five and thirty years had changed the brilliant brunette of her girlhood into the sharp visaged elderly woman, and while clearer complexions, even with homelier features, might have retained much of their freshness and power of pleasing, the more strongly marked lines which had once given Elfhild's face so much expression, had hardened—it might be the more so because she had never known the love of husband or child—into an expression of a very different kind. The bright glance was now rather uncomfortably piercing, and the sharp cut features wanted softness and repose.

Gladice, who sate reclining with a sort of indolent grace opposite her kinswoman, was one of those figures to which a single failure in symmetry would have been fatal. Tall, and luxuriantly formed, her fair rivals, in the pride of their sylph-like slender noses, accused her perhaps, even as it was, of wanting delicacy. But there was an admirable proportion of outline, and a queen-like majestic ease in all her movements, which would have won most men's admiration, even if the large sweet eyes and open brow had not at once challenged their love. Picot had not overrated her, and could it avail to quote such humble admirers, every man and boy in and about the old tower was prepared to swear that their young mistress had not her match in the three counties, and to do battle in that quarrel as well as such churls

might. But then Gladice had always a bright smile and a kindly word for every one beneath her—man, woman, or child, a less common virtue than now, it was only on noble knights and gentlemen that Gladice ever frowned. She had indeed seen but little of the knightly world, for it had been her guardian's policy to seclude her rather than otherwise, and what she had seen of it rather offended her taste than excited her imagination. She had lost her mother when little more than a child, and had since owed to Elshild most of the comforts and protection of a home. For it must be said, in all charity, of the deceased Sir Amyas, that the company he had most loved to see at Willan's Hope, though excellent at *mêlée* or wassail, had very few other accomplishments to recommend them. In the rare and short visits paid to Ladysmede during Sir Godfrey's occupation, Gladice had scarcely found a change for the better in that respect, so that if her estimate of the ruder sex was not a very favourable one, it was hardly the fault of any over-romantic expectations so much as of circumstances. She had been present once or twice at the occasional jousts and festivals of the neighbourhood, but neither Sir Amyas nor Sir Godfrey stood high in their neighbours' estimation, and until her father's death made her an heiress, and, as such, a mark for all aspiring eyes, it seemed that Gladice's charms had not produced that sensation which her aunt's had done, if Stephen was to be credited, in days gone by, certain it was that neither glove nor token of hers had graced the helm of any knightly candidate who entered the lists for honour and lady's love.

But it was a dull enough life in the old tower, and Gladice found it so, though she would scarcely have confessed it. There was a great emptiness in her heart and mind Elshild, though kind to the motherless girl, was not a person to attract much love, and the young heiress had grown up in a dreamy sort of existence, with hazy longings for something indefinite and impossible, feeling an instinctive dissatisfaction with the realities which surrounded

her, but quite at a loss to replace them by anything better even in her own imagination. She had not that other world of books to turn to, so fascinating, so satisfying, sometimes so dangerous, to young and ardent minds, not content with the material world they live in. Even if she had been able to obtain them, it is by no means certain that they would have presented any distinct meaning to those bright intelligent eyes. The very highest accomplishments (and reading was a very high one then) will rust for want of use, and if Gladice could read the motto that was painted over the wide fireplace in the old hall—a somewhat difficult task for a stranger, it was so begrimed with smoke—and follow out a well known psalm in her breviary, memory had nearly as much share in it as early education. There had been a chaplain priest at Willan's Hope in Sir Amyas's time, but even the old knight himself was well aware that the loss of his teaching found its way to his daughter's ears the better, and one of the first acts of authority which the young heiress had exercised, with the full approbation of her aunt and the consent of Sir Godfrey, had been to purify the household from the presence of the unworthy clerk, and one or two other disreputable inmates. Since then, such simple religious offices as were required had been performed there by one of the Benedictines of St. Mary's, the good brother Ingulph, who came up from the monastery at stated times, and was always welcome—not the less so because he brought them news from the world without. He would carry with him also occasionally some rare manuscript volume from the monastic library, of which he had the charge, not the treatises in bad Latin and questionable theology, which formed the staple of their collection, and which would have been of little profit, in any sense, to his fair listeners, but Lives of the Saints in Norman French, and even such more profane and secular entertainment as old Turol's *Roman de Roncevaux*—

'De Karlemagne et de Rollant
Et d'Oliver et des vassals
Qy moururent en Roncevals,'

which Gladice especially listened to

with delighted attention. Not that these were much adapted to enlarge her views of real life, for the actual heroes with whom she had made acquaintance were wonderfully unlike saints, and were a very debased type of the Rolands and Olivers. Some of the happiest hours of her life, however, had been those spent in listening to the good monk's monotonous chant as he went again and again through the well known histories, for one advantage it certainly was in the scarcity of authors and readers, that a work was not laid aside as finished after a single reading, and forgotten as soon as possible in the fresh interest of another. Gladice was perfectly at home in the few authors she had read thus by deputy, and could have told every story at last quite as correctly and much more prettily, than the monk himself, the only fear was lest there might have been a little confusion in the details for as Brother Ingulph elected, for conscience' sake, to temper his secular with his religious instruction, and generally read a miracle and a knightly *geste* alternately, it was difficult for his hearers always to separate the exploits in their own minds, and to remember exactly which was attributed to the saint, and which to the paladin. But these hours of enjoyment could come but seldom: the volumes were too valuable for the monk to dare to trust them out of his own possession, indeed, under any rule more strict than that of Abbot Martin, he would not have been allowed to carry them beyond the walls at all, and at other times, when the weather would not admit of the out-door enjoyments of which she was so fond, or when old Warenger was too cross or too busy to attend his young mistress, Gladice sat at home, sang to her hound till she was tired (for Elfhild had no ear for music), teased, out of pure good humour, the little page who attended them, till he was ready to cry, and then kissed him, which made him shed tears in earnest, for the boy was nearly twelve, and thought shame of such treatment, until her aunt would scold at such unmannerly behaviour,

and then she would sit still awhile, and look out of the window into the court below, at nothing, or take up her embroidery, not to work, but to lean back lazily and think—of nothing also, it must fairly be supposed, still somewhat to the scandal of Dame Elfhild, who, so long as daylight and needle held, was never at a loss for occupation, but Gladice hated embroidering, and would sit for an hour together, watching her aunt's industrious fingers in a sort of pitying admiration.

It was not to be expected that in the conversation of two ladies, condemned by fate to so much of each other's exclusive society, and one of whom was young and beautiful, the great subjects of love and marriage should not often be discussed. The elder had a very unselfish wish to see her young relative honourably wedded—the happily was to follow of course. Perhaps some regret that the caprice of an arrogant beauty had prevented such a lot from being her own, had some share in the feeling. At all events, she had that evening not for the first time been chiding Gladice for her coldness. If such an accusation should seem a most improbable one for a maiden aunt of unblemished reputation to bring against her younger and more attractive relative, it can only be answered that, in the lapse of centuries, perhaps feelings as well as manners may have changed.

"Nay, but good aunt Elfhild," said the younger lady now, as she had said before, in answer to some of her aunt's admonitions—"why trouble me with such matters? wedlock will come all in good time—if need be." And Gladice closed her eyes and leaned back against the wall, as if in real weariness of the subject.

"It may come when you have little choice, niece," returned the elder, "if you are so self-willed now. It is not to be thought that the king, or those who have the rule in his absence, will permit fair estates like these to rest, in these unquiet days, in the weak hands of a woman."

"Well, but say, dear aunt, would you have me set forth, as a damsel-errant, in quest of adventure?"

"No, but I would have you take the adventure when it came."

"O me!" said Gladice, "that is because I could not look with your eyes upon Sir Alan Beaufaire."

"He was a goodly young knight," said Elfhild, "and did his devoir gallantly."

"So did his horse, and was the goodlier of the two, and besides, was not so much given to jesting."

"Niece, niece," said the elder lady, gravely, "I wish this jesting mood of thine may never turn to sorrow! But I was not thinking of Sir Alan, any more than he thinks of a certain graceless maiden, he has taken the Cross, as I hear, and is on the way for Palestine."

"Wherein I commend him heartily," replied Gladice, "he will find Saracens to run a tilt at there that can give good blows in return—more fit for a man to deal with than the wooden poppet he thought so much of striking on the nose that day."

"Patience, child! you would be like those cruel dames we have heard of, who would have their champions fight for their love with sharp swords instead of arms of courtesy, and were ill content till they saw their blood. Shame on you, maiden! it is a noble sight to see gallant gentlemen exchange good blows in love and charity, but for aught beyond—it is no sight for Christian women."

"I deare no man to venture life or limb for me," said Gladice, "nor yet to risk suffocation in his helmet, like that fat French knight let them try the strength of their spears where spears are needed, and fight under some better badge than a woman's love token."

"Then if Sir Alan come home from Jerusalem with an eye thrust out, or a cheek fairly slashed by a Saracen blade, he may hope to win some grace at his lady's hands!"

"I said not that," replied Gladice, with a little toss of disdain.

It was at this point that their conversation was interrupted by tokens of unusual excitement in the little fortress. Steps were heard moving rapidly up and down the stone staircases, and three or four retainers, hastily adjusting their armour, hur-

ried across the court. At the same time a trumpet-call sounded faintly, as from the other side of the walls. They had little time to speculate as to what great adventure was to break the calm of their quiet household, when Dame Elfhild's grave tirewoman entered the apartment with less ceremonious deportment than usual, and brought tidings that the Knight of Ladysmode was approaching the tower. Even his visit was an event of such an exciting nature in their monotonous life, that the nerves of the decorous Judith were pardonably shaken. But when she was followed by the little page, with the additional information that Sir Godfrey had a companion—a stranger knight, the boy was sure, because, as he had noticed with the particular observation common to his years, he rode a bright sorrel horse with three white fetlocks, which neither he nor Croft Harry, the two great authorities on such points, had ever seen before—then even her mistress's curiosity was visibly roused, and Gladice condescended to some further inquiries. And when the page returned from a second reconnaissance, and announced that the tall knight, now in the act of dismounting below, bore the cross upon his shoulder, all were prepared to welcome a visitor of unusual interest where a visitor of any kind was a rarity.

Sir Godfrey was more courteous in his greetings to his kinswomen than he usually cared to be. He presented Le Hardi with all due formalities to both ladies, and as soon as the Crusader had engaged Gladice in conversation sufficiently to make such a movement practicable without awkwardness, he himself requested a moment's speech with the elder hostess, and drew her apart into the embrasure of the window. There he briefly made her acquainted with his views for the marriage of his ward, and requested her good offices in the matter. Elfhild had already been looking forward anxiously to so desirable an event, and as she glanced again at the stranger's tall form and martial bearing, and marked with what courteous deference he was addressing himself to her fair niece, with what

an eager attention and gentle smile he caught up her slightest word, while his eyes were fixed on her face in respectful admiration, she had already come to the conclusion in her own mind that such an arrangement was in every respect most desirable. This was none of Sir Godfrey's coarse roisterers, on whom she had often feared he would insist upon bestowing his ward's lands and person, and from whose approach Gladice would recoil, as she did sometimes even from her guardian himself—but a noble knight, no doubt of name and repute, a crossed soldier of heaven, and cast in such stalwart earthly mould as ladies loved to look upon. Such as Elfhild might give in the matter was promised readily, though in carefully guarded language, for Sir Godfrey was one of those who, in any proposal which it pleases them to make, prefer acquiescence to approval.

"There is some trifling disparity of years you would say," said he, "but my fair cousin is no juling child, and if I know aught of her fancies, can see other merits in a lover besides a smooth face and a voice like a glee man's."

"You speak wisely, cousin," replied the lady. "a proved knight is far better worth a maiden's favour than a beardless squire, and Gladice has discretion as you say—but in deed, continued she, bridling a little at the thought of her own maiden dignity committing itself so far in praise of any man, "I have seen many a younger knight less fitted to catch a damsel's fancy, and if I may judge from her smiles—which are not so freely given, Sir Godfrey, as some I could name—it will need no great treaty to make them favourably acquainted."

"It were best so," rejoined the knight, "for her choice lies, as I may tell you plainly, between these espousals and the cloister. Sir Nicholas has the king's special sanction in this suit, as well as mine, I should be loth to force my fair cousin's inclinations, and, as you both know, have given her large indulgence, but I have to answer to his majesty in this matter, and it is his gracious will—the more especially as he is himself

absent, and there are said to be evil counsels in the kingdom—to see these fair manors bestowed in trusty hands."

"His majesty judges well," said Elfhild, "and this noble knight, you say, is much in his favour?" Elfhild was loyal, and the alliance was becoming more and more desirable in her eyes.

"King Richard loves and trusts him much, and he is here now with the royal warrant upon other and important service. But mark me—not a word of the king's will as yet to Gladice, nor seem yourself over-anxious in this matter—it might hinder what we both desire for to say nought of that contradiction which lies in all womanhood—saving your favour, loving cousin—and which makes them only to be guided with any certainty as you would a ship, by turning the helm contrary way, she in particular has a strain of the old de Burgh blood in her, like myself, and will eat her meat none the better for bidding."

The lady smiled, having possibly some of the de Burgh spirit, though not of their blood, or conscious that there was a virtue of self-assertion pertaining to her sex, which men mis-called contradiction. But it was time for them to rejoin their companions. By a silent gesture she signified that she understood Sir Godfrey's warning, and led the way back to where Le Hardi sat, still holding his fair neighbour in pleased and earnest converse. He rose from his seat as the older dame approached, and, standing courteously at her side, addressed his conversation for a while to her exclusively, with the same easy and fluent grace with which he had secured at once the attention of the younger Sir Godfrey, always embarrassed in his attempts to make himself agreeable to his ward, found himself doubly at a loss in the presence of the polished Crusader, whose conversational success he was watching with an admiration not unmingled with a very unreasonable jealousy.

Elfhild now laughingly rebuked her niece for having so long neglected her duties as a hostess, in not having offered their visitors the usual hospitalities of the tower. Sir Godfrey had

his own reasons for not declining them. Rich wine of Gascony, and delicate confections made by Elfild's own hands—for here again she was Gladice's superior—were speedily set before them, and furnished Sir Godfrey with an excuse for silence, and the Crusader with further opportunities of unembarrassed conversation. Many a stirring tale of the wars, many a welcome fragment of information touching the fortunes of some absent warrior, known to them either in person or by fame, nay even more than one private anecdote of the redoubted *Cœur de Lion* himself—many a delicate conceit and graceful compliment flowed from his ready lips, to the delight of his fair listeners. What if he did use freely the license of the *trouvère*, and fill in the details of his story from the wealth of his own imagination? such has been the privilege of the good talker in all ages, whether professional or not; nay, even if some of the anecdotes themselves were the happy invention of the moment in what golden age of social life did those who talked of their neighbours confine themselves to truth?

So fascinating was the Crusader's converse, so beautiful looked Gladice in her unwonted animation, so generous was the wine, that only the in-

creasing gloom of evening warned Sir Godfrey that it was time to separate such excellent company. Successful, as it seemed, almost beyond his expectations, the knight was in the gayest humour, and found it difficult to conceal his own satisfaction within the prudent bounds which he had prescribed to Elfild. He obtained the willing promise of both his kinswomen to honour him with their presence at a hunting party early in the following week, and with a burst of courteous speeches which rivalled his companions in vigour if not in grace, requested their permission to order his train homewards. Both ladies thought it not unbecoming to accompany their guests as far as the main entrance which opened from the upper story by a flight of steps into the outer court. Standing on the covered landing place they watched them take horse. The Crusader twice bowed low, and waved his hand in graceful farewell, before he slackened the rein of his impatient sorrel. The gay train of horsemen after the usual preliminary plunging and curvetting, got into order and wound through the gates. Old Warenger was heard giving the word to raise the drawbridge and make all safe for the night, and Willam's Hope looked doubly lonesome in the gathering darkness.

CHAPTER VI — THE CHASE

Sir Godfrey had evidently been at some pains in his preparations for his fair visitors at Ladysmede. Probably he had been indebted, in some of his arrangements to the finer tastes of the Crusader. To say that there was no stint in all the coarser essentials of the banquet, that every accessible animal which furnished food for man had been put under requisition, from the stall-fed ox to the smallest marsh fowl, whose excellence lay in its rarity,—that the wines were costly, and the ale strong—would be only to say that the knight did not grudge, upon such an occasion, the entertainment which he was wont to lavish upon ruder guests. But both Gladice and her aunt were conscious of something in their reception which

was a refinement upon the usual blunt hospitalities of their kinsman. It seemed that some one had been stationed so as to give early notice of their approach for they were met nearly a mile from the manor and escorted to their destination by the two knights in person, attended by a party of mounted lances, whose pennons were gay with the blue, buff, and silver which were the colours of Bonville of Willam's Hope. The very slightness of the early repast which was served to them on their arrival, before the hunt began, was a shrewd token that other taste than Sir Godfrey's had been consulted in the contrivance of it, and Sir Nicholas' Gascon squire, who attended them with such quiet and dexterous service,

had very much the advantage of poor Raoul, who stood there watching Gladice's every motion, eager to be of use, but whose life at Ladysmede had given him so little real experience in feminine ways and requirements, that his zeal to serve her, and his jealousy of the Gascon, made him seem more awkward and embarrassed than usual.

The arrangements for the chase had been going on from an early hour. Foresters had driven in the game from the outlying cover, hounds had been carefully selected and lightly breathed, a choice of swift and steady horses stood ready saddled, and horns from the courtyard at intervals sent up those cheering woodland notes, which for near a thousand years have been music to the ear of an Englishman. The day was calm and mild—there was no wind astir to turn an arrow from its mark a hair's breadth, the sun was bright and cheering, and the party rode out in high spirits to their sport. Gladice, declining the gentle palfreys which were offered for the ladies use, rode her own noble black steed, perfectly broken to her hand, and carried a light cross bow, rather as a part of her due equipment for the field, than with much view to its use, for her delight was rather in the inspurting exercise and the excitement of the chase, than in any display of her skill as a markswoman. Dame Elfbild was to accompany them for a while, but there had been erected at an angle of the wood, commanding the best view in the directions in which the game was most likely to break cover, a small rustic pavilion, tastefully arched with green boughs and hung with garlands of flowers, to which she could retire at pleasure with her female attendants, and still share much of the sport, even aiming a shaft or two, if so minded, at the unfortunate animals who were purposely driven by the foresters in that direction.

There was no lack of game, for in all that concerned its preservation Sir Godfrey, like most of his order, was a rigid disciplinarian. Red deer and roebuck, as the most honourable victims, were reserved, as far as possible, to fall by the bows of the knightly sportsmen, or to be pulled

down wounded by the great lurcher-like greyhounds which Picot and his comrades held in leash for that purpose, but foxes, hares, and badgers met a like fate at less noble hands, or not unfrequently, owing to the very numbers of their foes, escaped both from their hasty aim and from the wrangling pack of hunting dogs which accompanied them. The foresters had received orders to drive in as few boars as possible, and to allow even these to escape, in order that no possible danger might chance to the fair sportswomen from the sudden charge of one of these formidable enemies when turned to bay, a precaution, however, against which Gladice protested energetically to Picot (whom she had recognised on the field to his great pride and delight), when he informed her that such had been the especial request of Sir Nicholas.

"I love the sport better, Picot, when the poor beast can fight as well as run. I could draw an arrow at a boar with right good will, if he showed his tusks at me."

"Now the saints keep your sweet ladyship!" replied the hunter with a low reverence, "but please you to cast your eye on old Tostig yonder, how he makes but poor shift to lump along with one leg shorter than its fellow by a hand's breath, well, that came of a boar that ripped his thigh up—I saw it, though I was but a lad then, and 'tis a truth that such beasts, when they be wud mad, see no differ betwixt a lady's leg and a forester's."

The heaps of slaughtered game went on increasing, and the party were getting almost weary of sport, when a shout of more than usual excitement was heard from a distant point of the wood side, and a longer and peculiar wind from the chief foresters' bugle. Sir Godfrey had just dismounted, and walked in that direction to view the results of the day, but his voice was now heard shouting to the others:

"A stag of ten a foot! heard ye Giles' mot? ride up, Sir Nicholas, ride up! My horse, ye loitering knaves! what are ye staring at?"

It was the first game of such royal degree that they had seen. He came

in sight, trotting out in his stately grandeur with antlers tossing as if in haughty disdain, and only quickening his pace when an arrow, aimed at a long distance by Sir Nicholas, slightly grazed his side. Then he shook himself, and burst rapidly away down the sloping lands towards the river. The hounds were quickly loosed, and all who were sufficiently well mounted followed in pursuit. Sir Godfrey was left behind still shouting for his horse, and his voice was heard by the others, as they swept down the valley, thundering loud imprecations on the grooms who were hurrying up with him. It is to be feared that his discomfort caused some amusement to his fair cousin, for a smile of intelligence passed between her and Sir Nicholas le Hardi, as their horses kept pace, stride for stride, over the level meadows. Gladice was a perfect horsewoman, and the narrow ditches which intersected their course here and there did not check her ardour for a moment. Close behind her rode that silent and trusty retainer, Cropt Harry, who had been chosen by the careful Warenger for those qualities, and for his quick eye and hand in all that pertained to horsemanship, to accompany his young lady upon all such occasions, and never to be far out of reach of her bridle rein. He had earned his sobriquet in a somewhat questionable exploit of his early days, when he had been detected in some mistake as to the lawful ownership of some stray cattle, and had lost his ears by the knife of the Saxon who recovered them. But it was one of those acts which were held as little more than amiable weaknesses in those good old times, and though Harry was ready still to quarrel with any of his fellows who reminded him of it, it was rather as affected loss of ears than loss of character. They had galloped nearly two miles, and the horses of those who were worse mounted were gradually dropping behind, when they came upon the wide and deep brook which formed the boundary of Rivelaby, and fell into the river between Lowcote and Swinford Mill. Whether Gladice would have paused or not, in her

present state of excitement, might have been doubtful, but Cropt Harry's voice was heard behind in rough but earnest tones, warning her that he would surely be held accountable for any mishap that might occur through overboldness, and Sir Nicholas, reining up his own horse with difficulty, added his entreaties that she would be pleased to wait the issue of the chase where they now were, or to ride higher up the stream where they might find a ford. Reluctantly she so far consented as to ride back slowly with her attendant, while the knight still followed on the track of the hounds. Clearing the brook himself with some little difficulty—for though of no formidable width, it was a serious obstacle to the heavier horses of those days—he rode on, cheering the hounds, and gaily waving his hand to his late companion. But the good dogs, staunch as they were, were tired with their morning's work, and hunting much more by view than scent, it was not long before they seemed to lose all trace of their game in the thick cover beds behind Lowcote. It seemed probable that the stag had taken the river, and in that belief, after vainly riding for some time in the hope of recovering the trace, Sir Nicholas turned his horse's head, and with some disappointment called in the hounds and was returning slowly towards Ladysmede. Just then a sleut hound, which had been slipped by one of the foresters after a wounded roe, crossed the knight's path, and attracted his attention. At first the dog appeared as much at a loss as the knight was, but just as it passed him, it uttered a low short queening note, and set off with increased speed on what seemed a fresh scent. Sir Nicholas followed, and in a few minutes the hound led him into a path which he had some difficulty in pursuing on horseback through the oaks, until at last, fearing to lose sight of him altogether, he was compelled to dismount and follow him on foot. He was not able, under this disadvantage, to keep him long in view, and would have given up the pursuit altogether, when, on emerging suddenly from the thickest of the cover, he saw that the

hound had come to a stand before the door of a peasant's hut. He was on the island occupied by Cuthwin the basket weaver. The rude door was closed, and the dog stood with his fore feet raised against it, breaking out now and then into a short eager howl. It was clear that, unless the dog's instinct was unusually at fault, the object which he had tracked so eagerly, whatever it was, was inside. After one or two impatient knocks, which received no attention, the knight applied his foot to the door vigorously, and, without any very great exertion of his strength soon burst its fastenings. The hound dashed in before him, and taking no notice of the peasant who stood within, gazing at the knight in stupid consternation, busied himself at once in one corner of the hut, where bundles of half-prepared withes were piled up nearly to the roof. Sir Nicholas, after bestowing a hasty curse upon Cuthwin for not having opened the door, bid him remove the bundles amongst which the hound was now scratching so eagerly as to excite the knight's curiosity and suspicion. The man obeyed so slowly, and showed so much real or assumed awkwardness in his movements—obstructing the dog, as it seemed rather than aiding him—that the knight, giving him a buffet which sent him staggering against the wall, proceeded himself to pitch aside the bundles. The hound grew more and more eager, and before the pile was fairly opened to the bottom, he dragged from their concealment the skin and other portions of a newly killed deer.

The knight turned round upon Cuthwin with a look of quiet fury, before which the peasant shrunk.

"Saxon thief," he exclaimed, grasping him by the throat, "what is thy wretched life worth, dost thou think, when this comes to thy master's ears?"

Even the instinct of the hound saw in the unhappy peasant a detected criminal, springing upon Cuthwin, as the knight's hand still clutched his throat, he fastened his teeth in his shoulder.

Sir Nicholas laughed, for he saw better sport before him than even the day's hunting had afforded, re-

moving his hand, and stepping backward to give the dog room, he cheered him on his prey.

"At him, good hound! (I would I knew his name) ha! ha!—tear him! Now, Saxon, tooth against tooth!" (for Cuthwin had the dog's fore paw in his mouth, and was biting it in desperation to make him let go his hold).

But in stepping back to enjoy the combat with greater advantage, the knight's foot slipped on the bloody entrails of the stolen deer. Vainly attempting to recover himself, he fell heavily backwards over the osier bundles.

Cuthwin had succeeded in drawing a sharp broad knife from his girdle, and was hesitating whether to use it against the dog. Opportunity has made many a man of ordinary honesty a thief, it may make a coward a murderer. He no sooner saw the Crusader fall than his resolve was taken. With one strong blow he buried the knife in the hound's chest, and flung the poor brute from him, howling in his death agony. In an other instant before Sir Nicholas could recover his feet, his enemy was kneeling on his chest. So helpless was the position in which the knight had fallen, that though he saw the other's movement in time to grapple with him as he came, his powerful strength was quite unable to shake him off, and Cuthwin, though somewhat short in stature, was muscular and active, and though weak from recent illness, had for the moment all the unnatural energy of a desperate man. One knee was pressed upon the knight's windpipe almost to suffocation, a first hasty stab had been turned aside by the buff hunting coat, and the hand was raised again, and the eye watching the opportunity to strike in a surer spot with steeper aim, when the door of the inner apartment opened, and a second time the blow was turned aside—this time by a woman's hand. Cuthwin looked round with a wild howl of rage, and found his wrist clutched in the convulsive grasp of the late occupant of the sick chamber. Risen from her couch, pale and wild, with her long dark hair floating loose about her, and her eyes dilated with excitement,

she scarcely looked like a being of earth. The peasant checked the execrations that were rising to his lips, and gazed at her with an awful reverence. Wonder and superstitious dread were stronger within him, for the moment, than either vengeance or self preservation.

"Hold!" she cried, speaking with some difficulty from the violence of her emotion, "art thou mad? Fly—leave him to me! Fly, I bid thee!" she repeated, as the man still remained immovable, with his eyes fixed upon hers in stupid terror—"if thou wouldst buy thy life for an hour

Slowly, at her word, removing his weight from the chest of his prostrate foe, who had now ceased to struggle, the peasant rose to his feet. Then starting as it seemed into some comprehension of his own danger, with the knife still in his hand, he rushed out through the open door.

If the pale vision which had thus interposed between them had startled Cuthwin, still more remarkable was the effect which it seemed to have produced upon his antagonist. The desperate efforts which he had been making, as far as his position would allow, to ward off the murderous aim of his assailant, had ceased at once, but not from exhaustion. His gaze, too, had been fixed with a sort of fascination on the form before him, and his whole frame shook with an emotion stronger than the Saxon's. Raising himself partly on one arm, as the other relaxed his hold, he too seemed to have lost at once all consciousness of the deadly struggle in which they had been engaged, and to have every sense and thought absorbed in this unexpected visitant. As Cuthwin rose and left him free, he half raised himself also, and then, as if weak and dizzy, sank back upon the osiers with a half-suppressed cry, and covered his face for a moment or two with his hand.

"Isola!" he half cried, half murmured—"Isola! again!"

When he withdrew his hand and opened his eyes, it was upon what seemed to him vacancy. She whom he had thought he saw was gone. He sprang up and looked wildly round him. It was not all a dream

there lay the bound on the floor at his feet, writhing in the throes of death, his foot was on the hide of the deer.

"Isola!" he cried again, louder than before, but no voice answered.

He rushed from the hut into the open air, a choking was in his throat, as if the peasant's murderous pressure were there still. The strong man felt sick and faint.

He opened the collar of his surcoat, and felt the cool fresh breeze revive him. Throwing back still further the thick buff leather from his panting chest, he saw the stain of blood on the vest beneath.

"By heaven," he muttered with a laugh as if to reassure himself, "it was well the churl had not force enough to drive his blow home!" He leant against a willow stump, and seemed for a few moments as if trying to recall his thoughts. From this mood he was roused by the winding of a horn, and the shouts of some of the hunting party at no great distance. He started to his feet, and casting an irresolute glance towards the hut, at first seemed hesitating whether he should re-enter it. But he turned away, and hastened back to the spot where he had left his steed, and remounting him, rode off in the direction in which he had heard the sounds. It was not long before he fell in with his own esquire and one or two others who had followed the chase by a more circuitous route, and were now engaged in recouping the baffled hounds, after trying in vain to recover trace of the stag.

"I had well nigh lost myself in those villainous coverts," was all the remark he made to Dubois, as he galloped back to rejoin his companions. Sir Godfrey, finding himself at a disadvantage at starting, had not followed the chase far, and though he had by this time vented most of his wrath upon those about him, he was still in rather a bitter mood. It was some consolation to him, however, under his own disappointment, to find that those who had been more fortunate at the outset had returned at last unsuccessful, and he began at once to banter his guest on the subject. At any other

time the Crusader would probably have retorted the attempted jest upon the author in a few sharp words which would have left him the victor, as was commonly the case in any such contest with Sir Godfrey, and it was his unusual silence now, under what the latter had intended as a stinging attack, which attracted his friend's attention, and made him notice the expression of his face.

"Holy Mary, man, what makes you look so white? hast caught an ague down in the fen yonder?" said de Burgh, cutting short his banter, and looking at his friend with some surprise.

Le Hardi muttered an inaudible reply.

"I have heard some of my cowardly knaves tell that there walk fiends in Lowcote marshes by night," continued Sir Godfrey in a lower tone, and speaking half to himself—for it misgave him that his companion was in no mood for jesting, "an such scurvy company were like to face a gallant knight of the cross in broad daylight, I could fancy that the stag we have lost had turned himself into some such evil shape, to scare the stout rider who pressed him so closely."

It had evidently been Sir Nicholas' first intention to be silent altogether on the subject of his adventure in the peasant's hut, but either he was irritated by his companion's looks and questions, or determined to be revenged upon the man who had so nearly taken his life, or he merely spoke on the impulse of the moment to divert from himself a scrutiny of which he was becoming impatient, especially as Gladice and her attendants had ridden up during the latter part of the conversation.

"There is more mischief on foot down in yon swamp than you dream of, de Burgh," he replied, "and what concerns you more nearly than the company you speak of—at all events for the present," he added, regarding his friend with a smile which was scarcely pleasant.

"What mean you?" asked the other with an oath, his curiosity and his temper both a little roused.

"I mean that there are others on your lands who love to hunt the deer

as well as yourself, and I will be bound to say take their full share of their lord's venison." He seemed careful to place his information before his friend in as disagreeable a shape as possible, and there was still a smile on his lips as he spoke, which increased Sir Godfrey's annoyance, as perhaps it was intended to do.

"How!" exclaimed de Burgh, passionately, "of whom do you speak, and where? Is this jest or earnest, Le Hardi? or are you passing riddles on us all? I am some what slow at finding entertainment in such matters, as you know."

"I speak in earnest enough, and plainly enough, in such poor words as I can bethink me of: you have a serf here, lying, as I may say, within a bowshot of your house, who has a taste for something daintier than black bread and dried ling—for which I am not inclined greatly to blame him, seeing that he never stole fat buck of mine. In all sad soberness, my good friend," he continued in a grave tone, as he saw that he had tried his companion's patience as far as it would well bear, "I fell in with a false knave in yonder thicket, where he has some sort of kennel of his own, who had with him the spoils of a good buck, killed I dare avouch either last night or this morning: the thief escaped me, for it was but an ugly place to follow him, or I promise you I had brought some better account of him."

Sir Godfrey made no other reply than to summon round him, with a rich variety of expletives shouted at the full pitch of his lusty voice, all such of his retainers, horse and foot, as were within hearing. His excitement during the sport had been mere apathy compared with his present state of mind.

"Ho, Pirot! lary knave, hast no ears? No, curse thee, nor eyes either, when they steal deer under thy very nose! Hollo, Giles! leave handling of those brutes that have twice thy sense, fool, and come hither! What is this I hear? the knight went on, as they gathered round him in dismay—"must knights and gentlemen turn keepers of their own game, forsooth? What boots it to maintain a follow-

ing of idle loafers like you, if deer-stealers live at free quarters here among us, and never a one of ye the wiser? Or are ye all in league with them? Who is this fellow that the noble Sir Nicholas hath tracked to his lair in the thicket yonder? Come,—which of ye all, now, can lie the loudest?"

Picot was the first to respond to this encouraging invitation.

"So please you, Sir Godfrey," said he, humbly, "there is one Cuthwin, a basket maker, has built him a cabin down yonder amongst the Staffel dykes, for the convenience of his craft, but for any harm he does, beyond disturbing of a waterfowl's nest on a chance time,—and the birds lie so thick there that they starve each other —"

"Plague on thy knave's tongue! said the knight, "here are the good deer being carried off before my face, and thou art thrifty in the matter of wildfowl's eggs!—Was this the man you lighted on, think you, Sir Nicholas?"

"There is little doubt of it," replied the Crusader, "the hut from which I started him did seem to have signs about it of basket making, or suchlike work. A somewhat short, thickset man, is this friend of thine, worthy Picot?"

"With a cast in his left eye," added the hunter.

Le Hardi had not thought it necessary to publish the whole of what had passed between himself and Cuthwin feeling that a personal encounter with such an adversary was hardly conducive to his dignity. At this moment his squire, Dubois, who had come forward during the latter part of the discussion, declared that after he had lost sight of his master, and was engaged in recouping the deer bounds, he had caught sight of the figure of a peasant who might answer to such a description, running along the dyke side among the willows, in a direction to which he pointed.

"It was he—there can be no doubt of it," exclaimed his master.

"And why not have stopped him at once, sirrah," said Sir Godfrey, still in high wrath, "instead of keeping your tidings till now?"

"I crave your pardon, Sir Godfrey," said the squire with an obeisance studiously respectful, "I was waiting the return of my master, Sir Nicholas, nor can I be sworn to know a knave from an honest man at a hundred yards the first time I see him."

Sir Godfrey flashed an angry glance at him but he had other matter to attend to.

"Ride down after him, Baldwin! Raoul! run, Picot and the rest of ye! See that ye hunt him down, there are enough of ye, I wot, if there were as much as one man's wit among every ten. Let me see none of your faces again till ye bring me some account of him, dead or alive! Will it please you to ride too, Le Hardi, and see the chase? Over the ford, ye fools, some of ye, towards Lowcote, instead of keeping close at one another's heels like a flock of geese, after the one who thinks himself the wisest!"

Both knights set spurs to their horses, and made for the ford, for it was in the direction of the hamlet that Dubois had pointed as the fugitive's probable course. Some of the others who were mounted took such a line as to intercept him if he should have doubled back towards his own dwelling. The footmen spread themselves over the meadows, and the new chase commenced in earnest. Even Gladice forgot her compassion in the excitement of the moment, but what compassion, in any case, could a well-born lady, properly instructed in the rights of property, feel for such a hardened criminal as a deer stealer? She rode slowly forward along the hill side with her attendants, awaiting with some interest the result of the chase, and meanwhile laughing heartily at poor Raoul's discomfiture. The young squire, radiant in green and gold, was mounted that day upon a noble looking Flemish mare, whose many accomplishments were rather showy than useful, perfect in curvets and demivoltes, and other unproductive performances, she failed as signally as any prodigy of modern education when a demand was made upon her practical powers. With an ambition which deserved a nobler fate, Raoul had now charged the

brook at the very spot where he had observed Sir Nicholas succeed in leaping it had disappeared for a few moments bodily, horse and man, had emerged a miserably drenched and souled wreck of the smart gallant of that morning, and was now suffering under the satirical condolences of Dubois, who had found a narrower place lower down, and had crossed in more prudent fashion by dismounting, and leaping over first himself, and leaving his well-trained horse to follow him.

A very few minutes brought Sir Godfrey and his friend to the other side of the ford, whence they pursued their course down to the lower meadows, which were divided only by half-stagnant ditches fringed with willows. This direction would be the only safe one for the deer-stealer, because there only he could hope to baffle his pursuers, for he could not cross the river but by reaching Swinford Mill, and in the higher open ground above, his movements could hardly fail to be at once detected under so many watchful eyes. Giles, with two or three of the other foresters, eager by such display of zeal to retrieve their damaged reputation in the eyes of their lord, had plunged across the brook in a straight line from the starting-point and were now able to practise as they were in wind and limb to keep pace with the knights' heavy horses over the spongy ground.

Suddenly, from one of the ditches in front of them, a hum in head and shoulders were slowly raised.

'See ye there' shouted the forester, 'who first caught sight of the figure—' see yonder—there he is.'

The men rushed forward, but Sir Godfrey spurred his horse far in advance. Vociferating madly, and brandishing his hunting spear, he rode as if prepared to launch it when within distance.

'Hold' cried Le Hardi—'hold, de Burgh, it is a woman.'

The figure rose hurriedly into full view and seemed to gaze for a moment in helpless amazement at the knight's threatening aspect—then she uttered a cry of terror, and dropping a bundle of reeds or rushes which she seemed to have been carrying, took rapidly to flight across the fields,

gathering up what portion of her scanty garments might interfere with her speed, and deaf to the united shouts of the whole party which were summoning her to stop. The knight rode on to the ditch, and urged his horse to take it in his stride. But the stout Norman gelding was blown from the pace at which he had been pressed over the heavy ground, and stopping short at the very edge of the ditch refused the leap, nearly unseating his rider. The foresters, by Sir Godfrey's orders, dashed on to overtake and capture the fugitive, but she was swift of foot, had a fair vantage in the start, and for some time maintained it. She made straight for the uplands, with the view, perhaps, of gaining the shelter of the woods. Sir Godfrey's shouts had attracted the attention of the rest of his scattered party, all of whom catching sight of a flying figure in the distance and Giles and his fellows in hot pursuit made no doubt but that it was the deer-stealer himself, of whom they were in chase and struck across from different points in the hope of intercepting him. Le Hardi sat still on his horse showing little interest in the matter, and Sir Godfrey was beginning in his own mind to question the wisdom of having thus diverted the attention of his followers from the real object of their search, when Picot, who came prancingly having heard that it was a female to whom they were giving chase declared at once that it could be no other than the wife of the delinquent basket-maker.

'His wife' exclaimed de Burgh, 'excellent! then look to it that she be taken, Picot! it were almost as good as catching the fellow himself, she shall tell us of his hiding place, or her skin shall suffer for it.'

The pursuit was continued, and the struggle was against too great odds to be long maintained. Gradually the distance lessened between the victim and her foremost pursuers, and two or three of the horsemen were now fast coming up with Giles and his men, who would soon decide the event. Still it might have been doubtful whether she might not have reached the cover, had not the sudden view of Gladice and her party on

the higher ground compelled her to diverge from the direct line she was taking. It was soon over then. Straining on to the last, the wretched woman sank exhausted on the ground, and the foresters, with such shouts of ignoble triumph as their panting lungs permitted, closed upon their prey.

The two knights rode up, and Sir Godfrey began to question his unlucky prisoner with his usual violence. She lay grovelling on the ground, hiding her face, and moaning in abject terror.

"Speak, beast!" said the knight, "where is the miscreant whom they call your husband?"

Swytha,—for she it was—either could not or would not reply.

"Speak! or I will bid my fellows here cut the life out of thee with their dog-thongs." He leapt to the ground as he spoke.

There was still no answer beyond a low moan.

"Here,—lift her up, one of ye," he said to his men. But before they had time to obey, he seized her himself by the coarse red hair which hung matted over her face and back, and swung her to her feet. She clasped her hands and shrieked for mercy.

Eager to see what was going on, and believing that it was the dear stealer himself whom she had seen pursued, Gladice, in contempt of old Wrenger's sensible remonstrances, had ridden near enough to the group to hear some of Sir Godfrey's threats, and to find, to her horror, that it was a woman who was the victim. Throwing herself from her horse, she pressed to Sir Godfrey's side, and laying her hand timidly upon his arm—for she feared him in this violent mood—besought his pity. He turned round upon her almost savagely.

"Rude off, girl—these are matters which concern not such as you—would you plead for thieves and run-aways? Wrenger, see your lady safe bestowed at the manor—we will follow you straight. Here, quick, some of you gaping varlets,—tie up the hag to the thorn stump yonder, and lash her till she finds a voice."

"What is your will with me, noble

gentlemen!" shrieked the woman, trying to wrench herself from the men's grasp, and to throw herself on the ground again at the knights' feet—for hitherto, in her terror and exhaustion, she had seemed scarce to understand why she had been thus hunted down. "I know nought of Cuthwin! I was but cutting flags!" and again she shrieked loudly as the foresters forced her forwards, and made preparations to tie her hands. Gladice, in an agony of shame and horror, now appealed to the Crusader to intercede.

But Swytha's shrieks had been heard at some distance, and had brought a new actor upon the scene. Along the woodside, in an opposite direction from Ladymade, two horsemen were approaching Sir Godfrey's party at a rapid pace, though the attention of these latter was so fully occupied that the strangers were almost close upon them before they were perceived. The younger of the two, who rode a little in advance of his companion, was himself in hunting dress, and carried cross-bow and other appurtenances of sport. Either he did not see, or he took no notice of, the superiors of the party, but checked his horse as he came up with the foresters, who were now binding the struggling Swytha, and in a tone of authority ordered them to desist. The voice of command was not without its effect upon men who had been always used to obey. They paused and hesitated in their office, and some gazed at the young stranger in stupid astonishment, while others looked round to Sir Godfrey, to see how he would deal with the interruption. He stepped up to the horseman, and spoke calmly enough, though his eye flashed.

"Master Waryn Fohot," said he, "what have you to say to my men?"

"Sir Knight," replied the other, "what do your men here on my father's lands?"

Sir Godfrey looked round him for an instant. It was true, they were some dozen yards on the other side of the boundary line which, traced from stone to stone, divided the two domains. Making no reply to Fohot's question, he shouted to Giles to bring the woman back,

"Not so, with your good leave," said Waryn "Hold!" he cried, bringing his horse so rapidly forward to intercept their movements as nearly to overset one or two of Sir Godfrey's men, and laying his hand on the shoulder of one of those who were dragging Swytha—"leave go, surrah! I will have no such dealings here, what wrong has the woman done?"

"None, none!" shrieked Swytha, "I swear it, noble sir, I know not what they would have!"

"What strange insolence is this!" said the knight, "what mean you by meddling thus between me and mine?"

"I will meddle no further than I must, Sir Godfrey, but I will see no woman handled in this fashion within the Foliot liberties,—nor out of them, without inquiring somewhat into the matter."

"Lo, here have we a champion of dames indeed! I give ye joy, young sir, that you have found worthy cause at last in which to make your first essay, so far as I know, in the gallant deeds of chivalry! Hark ye, good Giles—cut me one of my lady's delicate tresses with thy hunting knife—she hath but little gear besides to spare that I see—and we will stick it in this doughty squire's cap for a love-token."

Waryn coloured at the taunt, but answered it with a quiet smile "You shall be welcome to your jest, Sir Godfrey, so that you will be content to bid your fellows let this poor wretch go—she is, as I may say, now waif and stray of ours, and for any harm she has done, I trow that she has got a fright that may last her lifetime for a warning."

"She is my own bondswoman, and I shall deal with her as I please," returned de Burgh, "I will flay the life out of her, without leave asked of yours, I warrant me—here before your very eyes, if I see fit. Bring her on with you, men—do ye hear me?"

"Let go!" shouted Foliot to the men who held her, raising the butt of his steel cross-bow over the head of the nearest.

"Now the fiend have ye for a pestilant young braggart! are ye mad?"

said Sir Godfrey, stepping hastily back before Foliot's fiery horse, with which he had already cleared a space round him "Will ye set yourselves, two men against a score, in this churl's quarrel! Ride at him, Baldwin and some of ye! drag him from his horse, and keep him quiet—but have a caution of using him over roughly."

Baldwin made a movement of obedience, but the follower who was in attendance on young Foliot dashed between his master and the squire, and with a powerful arm forced Baldwin's horse back upon his haunches.

"I count the odds in mine own favour, Sir Knight," said Foliot, who had meanwhile disengaged Swytha from her captors, who had made but faint show of resistance "I dare swear these honest men will be slow to fight in an unmanly quarrel, and I see one of your party on whose aid I shall surely reckon if I require it, a knight who has done battle for God's honour against misbelievers will hardly stand by and see a Christian woman beaten like a hound."

Sir Godfrey, dismounted as he was, would have made at the speaker, but the Crusader interposed. However he might have been affected by Waryn's appeal, Gladice's eloquent pleading had already secured his protection for Swytha. He threw himself between the disputants, and with difficulty succeeded in drawing Sir Godfrey aside, while he motioned to the younger to be silent. He represented to his brother knight that such a scene, end how it might, was hardly decorous in the presence of his fair relative, and winning from him a very reluctant consent to let the woman go. De Burgh's temper was rather violent than malignant, he had no desire, when his reason could make itself heard against his passions, to discredit himself in the eyes of either of his guests, and he had now transferred his wrath for the time from the peasant to her protector.

"At a fair lady's suit, Sir Nicholas, conveyed to me by a brave knight like yourself," said he aloud, turning so that all might hear him, "I consent to forego all further question as to this woman's guilt—do with her what ye both will. But for you,

Waryn Foliot, if I have not chastised your insolence here and now, you may partly thank the name you bear, and partly this good knight's presence. I take shame that a stranger should be witness to this unseemly brawl. You shall answer this again."

"My thanks shall be bestowed where they are due, Sir Godfrey, I seek a quarrel with no man, and I am no match for you in loud words. I will answer for this matter to my self, full lightly—and to others, as I may." With a formal salute to the whole party, he turned his horse, and with his follower rode slowly away.

Gladice had recovered herself sufficiently from a scene which had both shocked and alarmed her, to tender her acknowledgments to her kinsman for his compliance with her entreaties, and she had the discretion to do so as warmly as if the boon had

been more graciously bestowed. This homage tended in some degree to smooth the knight's ruffled temper, and to put him on better terms with himself. After giving brief orders that the search after Cuthwin should be continued, taking no further notice of the woman, who had eagerly obeyed a sign from the Crusader and made her escape into the wood, he led the way home to the manor. But he was still chafed by the occurrences of the morning, and the loud laugh and light jest, which had been so ready on his lips a few hours ago, were not heard on their return. The Crusader, too, was silent and thoughtful beyond his wont, and Gladice remembered that the party round the little table at the old tower had seemed to her far gayer and more pleasant than the costly banquet spread for them at Ladysmede.

CHAPTER VII.—THE CLOISTER.

The little Guilo, so strangely thrown upon the protection of the good fathers of Rivelaby, soon found himself at home among them. Though quiet, he was by no means shy, and he possessed in perfection that marvellous facility with which a child adapts himself to the most opposite tastes and habits of his elders. Never accustomed to the companionship of other children of his age, he had nothing to miss or regret on that score, in his new position, and in many respects, the quiet ways of his new found friends were probably more to his taste than much which he had seen and heard at Ladysmede. To the monks themselves, in the dull routine of their conventual life, their little visitor was more than welcome. To the devout and contemplative among them, the soft features, and grave yet lustrous eyes, undimmed by sin or sorrow, and the innocent thoughts and words, were as an angel from heaven, to the restless, the curious, and the discontented—and many such there were—the boy was a link between them and the world they had lost. At all hours when speaking was allowed to the brethren by the rule of their order, he might be seen the centre of a group of eager

and admiring faces. Seated on the great table in the refectory, with his friends on the benches round him—or by the warm fire in the infirmary, where the elder brethren made him welcome when the evening was chill—or in some sunny nook of the battlements which protected the terraced walk above the cloisters, which commanded a fair view of the rich and level country round, Guilo held his little court, and received, at first with some embarrassment, but soon with a quiet childish dignity, the homage of a disinterested devotion which would have made the poor monks but indifferent courtiers elsewhere. He slept in the abbot's chamber, and took his meals at his table, and Abbot Martin would gladly have kept him as much as possible under his own immediate eye, but his younger chaplain was one of the few who showed no pleasure in the boy's society—poor brother Tobias, the elder, was nearly blind—and the superior was too anxious for the happiness of his little charge to put any more restraint upon his movements than was actually needful. The only injunction which he laid upon the brethren, and to which he bound them by their vow of obedi-

ence, was that none should presume to question the boy as to his own history, or the cause of his having been placed at Rivelshy, not that it was probable that Giulio could have enlightened them much on either point. Whatever knowledge the abbot himself might have of these matters, it was a subject upon which he never spoke. The sacrist, little gracious as he was to others, took especial notice of the child, and was indefatigable in his endeavours to provide him such amusement and entertainment as might be found within the old walls of the monastery suitable to his tender years. He showed him all the lions of the establishment—the image which had spoken (long ago) the place in the thick wall of the great crypt, where for some unknown crime a guilty brother had been built up alive in days of stricter discipline a hundred years back—and might still be heard at midnight making vain attempts to get out. He told him the marvelous histories of all their reliques, of which they had a great store from the head of Joseph of Arimathea down to the nail parings of a saint unknown to all of which the boy listened with wondering eyes. He pointed out to him the skin of the voracious Dane ruled fast under the iron scroll work on the north door of their great Church of St. Mary, nearly the whole surface of one of the folding valves was covered with this horrible parchment for the pirate captain who had been caught in his retreat with the sacred vessels in his possession had been tall and stout. Brother Simon, again, would take him down with him to the stew ponds where the great carps splashed and tumbled, and had become so tame that it was the boys' great delight to see them struggling for the bread almost out of his hand. He only wondered how the monks could have the heart to eat them afterwards and always refused his own pittance if it contained anything which reminded him painfully of the great heads and open mouths of his poor murdered acquaintance, by which he not only kept the fasts of the Church in stricter fashion than his companions, but also avoided

some risk of choking, for Brother Toly of Cornwall, who ate of them somewhat greedily on maigre days, had gone about coughing with a bone in his throat for a fortnight, a living and moving homily (which the sacrist took occasion to enlarge upon) against the sin of gluttony.

But perhaps some of Giulio's happiest hours at Rivelshy were those which were spent by the abbot's permission with Ingulph in the library where the good brother would read to him out of some of those volumes of which Gladice was so fond, and of which their house had an unusual number—the collection of their Norman abbots since the Conquest, those rare treasures of old romance, in their delicate clothing of creamy vellum sparkling here and there with rich devices in red and gold and blue, tempting and beautiful to the eye as their grand old rhymes were harmonious to the ear, nor was the monotony of the Benedictine's sonorous recitation after all ill suited to their stately rhythm and was far better than a misplaced prosaic emphasis. The boy thought it all perfect in. His eyes would light up his cheeks burn and he would question his entertainer in such pertinent and sometimes perplexing fashion, that the simple recluse would often raise his eyes in admiration, and prophesy that such a promising student must rise to be an abbot at least. Poor Ingulph! forgetting that his own dreamy studies and stores of useless knowledge had left him still humble monk of Rivelshy—that even his poor office of librarian was due to his presumed honesty rather than his attainments—he still clung fast to the bright delusion that learning held the keys of the Temple of Fame, and forgot also the still more glorious truth, that the elysium to which she beckons her worshipper is around him and within him at every step.

It must be confessed that the librarian was often guilty of indulging his young pupil and himself in these profane studies, when it would have been more in accordance with the rules of his order that their reading should have been of an altogether graver cast, and Wolfert the chaplain, who would gladly have pro-

nounced an anathema against every shade of lighter literature, had once or twice vainly hinted to the abbot that Giulio was getting into rather dangerous hands. But Abbot Martin, if he had less learning than his chaplain, had more sense, and he never felt it a duty very incumbent on him to inquire too closely how the hours in the library were employed. Ingulph compounded with his conscience by an occasional confession of inordinate indulgence in respect of his favourite recreation, and took his penance and read his romance quietly. And Giulio had no conscience in the matter. They would sit there together, happy enthusiasts, the child and the child-like, reading or talking of Arthur or Charlemagne, till the bell for refectory summoned them from the banquet of heroes to the pulse and lenity of common life.

It was on one of these occasions, scarce a fortnight after the boy's arrival, when he and his friend were wrapt in these regions of fancy, that the great bell of the monastery rung out its deep mellow boom somewhat more rapidly than usual. It was one of the glories of the house, and had been baptised by no less a hand than that of an archbishop, with much pomp and ceremony, by the name of Shoshannum—"song of rejoicing."

"It can never surely be refectory time!" exclaimed Giulio, starting up at the sound.

"No, my child," replied the monk, rising also and looking out of the narrow window into the great court—"it must be ringing for a chapter extraordinary."

It was as Ingulph supposed, all the office bearers of the abbey were summoned to attend their superior in the chapter house on urgent business. Abbot Martin met his brethren with a very grave and troubled countenance, and when all were seated according to their dignities, and the shorter rule of the order had been read, and other routine business duly gone through, he rose and made known to them the purpose for which he had called them together. A royal messenger had arrived with a rescript from King Richard, now

in Palestine, in which, after reciting the need which his majesty had of money in order to maintain the protracted war against the infidels, full powers were given to three trusty knights whom the king had sent to England to receive from his loving and faithful subjects such contributions as their good will and loyalty would readily supply. And the amount which, with the advice of his chancellor, it was supposed that the house of Ruvelshy might be expected to contribute by way of loan—for, as the abbot assured them with somewhat bitter emphasis, nothing was required for which they would not have his majesty's promise of repayment—was the sum of three hundred marks, which moneys the good knight Sir Nicholas le Hardi had charge to receive of them, and for which he would give them an obligation ready prepared under the royal seal. Having thus briefly laid the contents before them, and besought their counsel and assistance, he handed the rescript for such as pleased to read—one of those ominous looking combinations of wax and parchment which seem to have borne in all ages a strongly marked and very unpleasant family likeness.

There was an unanimous groan from the assembled chapter.

"Three hundred marks!" exclaimed the prior in consternation, "it is a fourth part of our net rents."

"When will his gracious majesty repay us?" asked sub-prior Simon, who was a simple minded man.

"At the Greek kalends," said Wolpert to him in a whisper, "here it is distinctly set forth in the terms."

The rescript was in Norman French, and the sub-prior's eyes were indifferent, he was perfectly satisfied.

"There is scarce sufficient in the chest, as my lord abbot knows, for the daily expenses of the house," said the treasurer, "and there is little more coming in to us this side Christmas."

"I would it were in my power," said the abbot, "to give any effectual help in this matter from my own resources, but I have already bestowed that which I had from the Knight

of Ladyemede in discharge of my bond to Nathaniel of Cambridge, and in sad truth, as some of ye may well bear me witness, the accounts of the abbacy are not in so prosperous a state as might be wished, and it will be long ere they be brought round again. This sudden demand," he continued, looking round upon his helpless counsellors, "will go nigh to ruin us, and yet I see not how we shall evade it. If the king were within the realm, I would not delay to seek his gracious majesty at once, and humbly lay the true account of our present poor estate before him, he has been wrongfully informed about our means, by some that are no friends to us, and I fear we are fallen into the hands of the spoilers."

"There has no such strait befallen our house since the time when the Danes were here last," said the sacrist, "then it was that the little image of St Pancratius (he was of lead) fell down and broke the skull of their great earl Hingar, as he sat drinking himself drunk in the refectory. A most righteous vengeance!"

"Righteous indeed!" said the abbot, "have we the good saint there yet? I do not remember to have seen him. But we are scarce so worthy of such interposition as our holy predecessors."

"He was new cast of solid silver," said the sacrist, "and set up in the north chapel, I have heard say his majesty William Conqueror laid hands on him in the evil days."

"The lead had been safer," said the abbot, "but it reminds me well that we must see what resource we may find, in our sore lack of money to meet this demand, in the valuables of which we are possessed. Good King Hezekiah stripped the gold from the temple to bestow on pagans, and I trow we wretched sinners must not be over nice. Have you the inventory at hand, brother?"

The sacrist unlocked a small chest, and produced the roll.

The abbot glanced at the list, and read some extracts from its contents.

"Here is the great super altar, of the twelve Apostles, in silver tricked with gold, set up by abbot Walkelyn out of the gifts of King Canute and

his queen, the estimated value thereof three hundred pounds of silver."

The sacrist shook his head.

"I admit," said the abbot, "it has a look of sacrilege, but—"

"Alas that I must say so!" interrupted the prior. "the blessed Apostles were melted down when my unworthy cousin Ratpert fled his bail and went off to Normandy, and our uncle had to pay his fines to the king, they have been but silver washed ever since."

"It is my negligence not to have looked into these matters before, and seen to the roll being corrected," said the abbot, trying to conceal his vexation. He went on reading.

"Item, a cross of silver five feet long."

"Here is the cross," said the prior with alacrity, opening an armoury in the wall.

"Tis but of slight workmanship," said the abbot, weighing it in his hands—"Item, the shrine in which the bones of St Fabian were placed by Beorwulph of blessed memory, covered with plates of solid silver, inlaid with gold, the weight of the same—"

"The shrine was foully broken, and the gold and silver carried away, by one who called himself a commissioner from King Stephen," said the prior, "but the blessed relics are safer, it may be, in the plain oak coffer we had made for them afterwards."

"Heaven grant it may be so!" said the abbot. "What have we next?—Two censers of silver, richly gilt, the work of Alan the goldsmith."

"Alas!" said the prior, "the same miserable Ratpert—the shame of our family—is shrewdly suspected of having taken them with him to Normandy. St Mary assail him! they were never seen since then."

"Item, two thuribles of silver gilt—Did he take them too?"

The prior was silent.

"They were of the same pattern," said the sacrist, by way of apology.

"Item, a finger of St Macarius, in box of gold, with rubies in the cover thereof."

"The box, I fear me, is gone," said the prior, "but he left the finger."

"Deo gratias!" said the abbot, gloomily. "It seems to me, however,

brethren, that we have here a hat rather of our losses than our possessions. Nevertheless, poor as we are, I fear we must make ourselves poorer yet. It will need," said he, after going a little further into the inventory, and suggesting some few articles of value which might be sold or pledged to help towards the sum required—"It will need that we sell the bell *Shoahannum*, the prior of Cottesford, I know, would gladly buy it of us, or, it may be, take it in pledge."

"I would rather break him up with my own hands, and sell him for his weight of metal," said the sacrist, with more feeling than usual, "they of Cottesford have been scheming to get him from us these seven years past, I could never lay me down in peace if I thought they were ringing him."

"Some means must be taken to raise the money," said the prior, "unless my lord abbot thinks he can avail ought with this Sir Nicholas to plead our poverty with the king, and take somewhat less for our share. I dare to say he can deal in the business much as he lists."

"He is a second Rabahakeb, and worse than his master, or I much misjudge him," said the sacrist.

"The money is expected of us within fourteen days," said the abbot, "Sir Nicholas's stay in these parts being limited to that time, and the knight purposes coming hither in person to receive it."

"His majesty has no doubt heard," said the sacrist, "that, by the grace of his ancestors, we of Ruvelsby have a right to our own mint and impress, but there goes other matter besides a royal licence to the coining of groats. He must think we poor monks have the lost secret of the Arabian gold makers, of which I have heard brother Wolfert discourse."

"There is no doubt that such a secret exists," said the chaplain, with the blandly supercilious tone of superior information.

"If you could chance to light upon it, now, within this next fortnight, in the course of your reading, brother," said the sacrist, "it would

stand our fraternity in better stead than even your '*archemallus denariorum*,' which is to be."

This was a great controversial work on which the chaplain had been engaged for some time, in which he hoped to prove, by many Christian arguments, that the obnoxious canons, of whom the Benedictines were especially jealous, were the antitypes of the thief in the sheepfold, the goats in the parable, and the frogs in the Revelation.

It was evident that the abbot had little help to expect from his council. On one point all present were agreed, that their superior should have full powers, in the present emergency, to deal in the matter as he might judge best for the interests of the house, and either so to treat with Sir Nicholas as to obtain, if possible, some mitigation in the terms of the royal demand, or to procure the sum required by sale or pledge of the conventual property. And having by this means considerably relieved their own minds, and behaved, as the prior considered, very handsomely towards their abbot, the chapter broke up.

Abbot Martin returned to his lodging with a heavy heart, feeling more burdened with the weight of public care than elated by the public confidence. He found Giulio waiting his arrival, and smoothed his brow and laid aside his anxieties for a while to talk kindly and cheerfully, as he always did, to the boy. Giulio would sit quiet and silent for hours in the chamber, if the abbot was engaged with his chaplains, or with other visitors, on the various matters of business which such a position involved, and he had a natural discretion in the use of his ears and tongue, which was more than some of the older heads in the monastery could boast of. But when alone with any one of his friends, and when his own confidence was invited, he had usually either a series of questions to ask, or a long story to tell. At present he had both. He had been watching the procession to and from the chapter-house, and had much innocent curiosity as to the ceremonial, which was the most important

he had yet witnessed since his introduction to cloister life. Especially he was curious to know why one monk (who was under penance for going to sleep at lauds), figured there with the unusual ornament of a lantern hung round his neck—in the daytime, and why brother Andrew called him Diogenes? To which the abbot was obliged to reply with a smile, that there were many rules of the order difficult of explanation to a child, and that brother Andrew was always fond of a joke, and meant his answer as a hint that it was well for little people not to be over-curious. But Giulio had also his tale to tell. He had watched from the window of the porter's chamber the departure of the royal messenger and his attendant men at arms, and was full of natural boyish interest in the sight, and more especially in the device on the small square banner borne before him to mark his office—the three lions of England, which he now for the first time saw displayed. And it was with some little sense of increased personal importance that the boy went on to inform the abbot, that in the person of the king's official he had recognised an old acquaintance.

Abbot Martin had made but an indifferent listener to the boy's details of all he had seen, being somewhat preoccupied with his own troubles, but he was startled into attention by the last few words, and asked his little companion hastily whom it was that he had seen.

"It was—I cannot mind his name, but it was the squire who came to Ladysmede with Sir Nicholas."

"And did he see you, my child?"

Nay, that Giulio could not tell, but he had seen the squire from the window and knew him at once.

Had Giulio ever spoken to him at Ladysmede?

No, not that he could remember, but he had seen him there often, and was quite sure he was not

mistaken, he wished he could remember his name.

Here was a new source of uneasiness to the abbot. If this squire had recognised the boy at the window, he would carry the news to Sir Godfrey at once. Abbot Martin knew that he would be acting against the law, such as it was, in receiving him at Rivelisby without the knight's knowledge,—still more in detaining him against his will and he had reasons which were sufficient to determine him not to give him up, except under the strongest compulsion. Sir Godfrey indeed was not a man to inquire very strictly, in a matter where his own pleasure or interest was concerned, whether the law was for him or against him, and the law most prevalent in the good realm of England, in these days, was the law of the strongest, administered by armed retainers instead of bailiffs and parchments, and having at least the advantage of being remarkably intelligible, and very speedy in execution, and in point of hap-hazard justice, not much behind a modern west country magistrate or a Welsh jury. If Sir Godfrey should learn the place of the boy's refuge, he would lose not a day in reclaiming him, and what resistance could be made to his powers, legal or illegal, by the monks of St Mary? The troubles of the house were multiplying, and for this last, at least, the abbot felt that he must be held mainly responsible.

"I have been to blame," he said to himself—"much to blame, I had need to have kept the boy carefully from the sight of strangers, but in any case his presence here among us could hardly have been kept secret long. Well," he continued half aloud, laying his hand on Giulio's head as he spoke, "I will not fail me, by grace of Mary, in my duty here, better foes without us than within—*Exurgat Deus, et dissipentur*."

THE WITCH OF WALKERNE.

It would probably be impossible at the present time to find, within the three kingdoms, any person of ordinary education who entertains a belief in witchcraft. We believe in spirit rapping and in table-turning, in homoeopathy and mesmerism, in Miss O Smith, who exhibits her extraordinary powers in animal magnetism at 540 New Oxford Street, and in Mr J Smith, who exhibits his extraordinary powers in prophecy at Utah. The doctrine of "Credo quia impossibile" never had more numerous disciples than now, but we do not believe in witchcraft. This scepticism is, however, of very modern date. Even at the early part of the last century belief was general, and we have only to go back about two hundred years to find it universal. From the days when Eleanor Cobham, the wife of a duke and the aunt of a king (after walking in solemn penance for her witchcrafts, "hoodless save a kerchief, through all the most crowded streets of London and Westminster, to offer a "taper at the high altar of St Paul's"), went to her life long imprisonment at Kenilworth, whilst her accomplice Bolingbroke paid the penalty of his crime on the gibbet at Tyburn, down to those when Arch bishop Cranmer directed his clergy to make strict inquiry after all "witchcraft, and suchlike craft invented of the devil," and Lord Chief Justice Coke declared that it would have been 'a great defect in government if so great an abomination had passed with impunity,' no one doubted the existence or questioned the power of the witch.

When Ford lays his cudgel across the shoulders of Falstaff, supposing him to be the "wise woman of Brentford," he only does what all around approve. Ford is a gentleman and (excepting his groundless jealousy) a man of sense. In the presence of a justice of the peace, a clergyman and a physician, of his neighbour Page, and the several

members of their families, he inflicts brutal chastisement upon an old woman, and not a word of remonstrance is uttered. There can be no doubt that Shakespeare has here given us a true picture of the feelings of his day. He has embodied the grander and more terrible ideas of witchcraft in the tragedy of *Macbeth*. There is scarcely an ingredient of the witches' cauldron for which an authority could not be found in some of the trials of that day. The details of the enchantment, the sailing in a sieve, the "pilot's thumb," the "finger of birth strangled babe," the "rat without a tail," were all objects of terror in an age when it was believed that the life of the king had been endangered on his return from Denmark by a storm raised by these very means,—when the king himself had presided in person at the trials of the witches, "taking great delight to be present at their examinations,"* and had employed his royal pen to prove alike their existence and their criminality. The tailless rats were peculiarly objects of terror. Imps, "in shape somewhat like a rat but without tail or ears"—"things about the bignesse of mouses"—"things like moles, having four feet a-piece, but without tayls," meet us on every page of the witch trials. A little later we come to the times of Matthew Hopkins, the witch finder. Then we see Sir Matthew Hale presiding at the trials of the Bury St Edmunds witches, and Sir Thomas Brown, author of the *Religio Medici* and of the *Inquiry into Vulgar Errors*, giving the evidence on which those unhappy wretches were sent to the gallows. We find Baxter and Wesley declaring that the belief in witchcraft was essentially connected with the truths of Christianity, and, almost in our own day, Johnson doubting if not believing in the existence and power of witches.

The statute which made witchcraft a felony punishable with death, was

not repealed until the year 1736, nor had it become obsolete. A trial of the most solemn description took place under its provisions on the spring circuit of 1712, before the judge of assize at Hertford. The several collections of State trials, so rich in the earlier cases, contain (as far as we have been able to discover) no report of this very remarkable trial, though it is frequently referred to in various law treatises. There exists, however, a full, minute, and trustworthy account of the whole proceedings, in a very scarce tract entitled "A full and impartial Account of Sorcery and Witchcraft practised by Jane Wenham, of Walkerne in Hertfordshire, upon the Bodies of Anne Thorne and Anne Street, &c., the Proceedings against her, from her being first apprehended till she was committed to gaol by Sir Henry Chauncy, also her Trial at the Assizes at Hertford, before Mr Justice Powell, when she was found guilty of Felony and Witchcraft, and received sentence of death for the same, March 4, 1711 12 4th Edit. This tract was written by Mr Francis Bragge, one of the principal actors in the transaction. He was a young man of family and education. He had recently taken his degree at the university of Cambridge, and appears to have been, at the time in question, reading sometimes with his maternal grandfather, Sir Henry Chauncy, and sometimes with his father, the Rev Francis Bragge, vicar of the neighbouring town of Hitchin. We shall draw largely upon his narrative, with the view of rescuing from oblivion the only record of this very remarkable trial, and throwing some additional light upon one of the most interesting and at the same time most obscure pages in the history of human nature.

The village of Walkerne, the scene of the events we are about to narrate, lies a little more than four miles eastward from the Stevenage station of the Great Northern Railway. Nestling in a narrow valley, and embowered among gigantic elms, the low tower of the church, and the thatched roofs of the farmhouses, are hardly seen until the traveller is close

upon the entrance to the village. Few places probably have changed so little in the last hundred and fifty years. Yew-trees, clipped into the most fantastic forms, attest the antiquity of the gardens they adorn, and the low roofed warm mud cottages, swarming with chubby rosy-cheeked children, are evidently unconscious of the existence of Mr Edwin Chadwick and all other symptomatic diseases. At the extreme north end of the village stands the Rectory, a fitting residence for some learned fellow of King's College, Cambridge, in the hands of which venerable Society the patronage of the living is vested. Successive incumbents have impressed upon the Rectory the marks of their individual tastes; one added a library of such dimensions, and so well stored, that his parishioners were wont to call it "the Doctor's barn fu'o books." Another smoothed the lawn which slopes down to the clear stream, over which a foot-bridge leads to the church, and made it brilliant with calceolarias and the scarlet verbena. Thus the Rectory has experienced more change than any other part of the village, and retains but little of what it was at the time to which our story relates. It occupies, however, the same site, and the alterations have been so gradual as scarcely to destroy the identity.

Our narrative does not, as might be supposed, relate to any obscure or remote locality, or to a dark or ignorant period of history. Walkerne is within an easy afternoon's ride of London, and the literary intellect of England has never shone more brightly than in the year 1712. Dryden had set, but Pope had risen. Addison was painting his genial portrait of Sir Roger de Coverley, and, sickening with envy at the rising luminary which threatened to overpower all other lights, was scheming how he might dim its brightness, and "cuff down the rising merit" of the "little nightingale of Twickenham." Arbuthnot, unnamed, had just sent forth from the press his *History of John Bull*. Careless, kind hearted Steele was living at the old cottage, which still stands surrounded by parallelograms of modern brick, half-way between London and Hampstead. Looming large in

the distance, his gigantic proportions developing themselves more and more as he recedes from sight, a darker and grander mystery clouding his features and enveloping his form, Swift towers above his comrades, stern and lonely Dictating to ministers, and domineering over peers, the poor proud vicar of Laracor was at that moment more courted, followed, flattered, and feared, than any man in England. Night after night he returns to his lodgings—"at eight shillings a week—in Bury Street, sighing for the willows of Laracor, and pouring out his heart in childish prattle to the woman who loved him through all the trials of his strange career—the star at whose setting a darkness more terrible than death descended on his soul. Nothing is too minute, nothing too trivial, to be recorded in the touching pages of that "Journal to Stella." But on one subject he is silent. Day after day he dines with "neighbour Van homrig, yet no word escapes him of her whom he has made world famous to eternity—with whom, years afterwards, he sat under the laurels at Celbridge—laurels planted by her hand to signalise his fame. A few short years pass, Laracor and Celbridge are both lonely. The willows and the laurels find no hand to trim their branches or weave them into chaplets. A gaunt figure sits by the fireside in the Deanery of St Patrick's. Months and years pass away but it utters no word and makes no sign. Day and night, in silence and in darkness, it lives on, a strange and a terrible spectacle. It dies. Earth, only earth at last, to earth. Let us stand reverently in the dingy aisle of St Patrick's, by that grave where the shell which once held, and through dark dread years survived, that mighty intellect, has long since mouldered into dust, let us not seek to penetrate a mystery too deep for us to fathom, but meekly trust that the Great Searcher of Hearts has mercifully dealt with him whom he so loved and so chastened, on whom he showered down his rarest gifts, and inflicted his most terrible doom. Let us fancy that

the gentle spirit of Hester Johnson and the passionate soul of Vanessa still hover lovingly around, and in the divinity of glory which encircles its head, let us forget that the feet of the idol they worshipped were of clay!

But of Swift and Pope, of Arbuthnot and Addison, the world of Walkerne, though within thirty miles of London, knew nothing. They cared neither for the *Spectator* nor for the *Rape of the Lock*. Sir Roger de Coverley and Miss Bell Fennor were nothing to them. They were busily employed in hunting a witch, and a very absurd farce, which, but for the good sense of one man, would have turned out a very deep tragedy, was being acted in that village by high and low during the month of February 1712.

One of the parishioners of the Rev Godfrey Gardiner, the rector of Walkerne, was an old woman of the name of Jane Wenham. She was married and had children, but her domestic life had not been happy. She was suspected of too close an intimacy with the devil, and as no Sir Cresswell Cresswell then sat to adjudicate upon matrimonial differences, her husband adopted the simpler plan of sending the town-crier round to proclaim that he would not be answerable for her proceedings. The husband soon afterwards died miserably, and his death was of course attributed to the witchcraft of his wife. Nor did her vengeance stop there. The wife of Richard Harvey, whom the husband had employed in some step of this extrajudicial separation, lay sick. Jane Wenham "went under the window where the sick woman lay, and said, 'Why do they let this creature lie here? why don't they take her and hang her out of the way? and that night the sick woman aforesaid died.'"* A child of Susan Aylot, who had nursed Harvey's wife, was the next victim, and soon after another child sickened and died through her enchantments. Her time, when not occupied in murder, was passed in sending bumpkins on fools' errands, in bewitching cattle, and making elderly rams and discreet

* Deposition of Susan Aylot.

owes stand on their heads in the fashion of the performing elephants at Astley's.* Living a solitary parish in her cottage, how she kept body and soul together is a mystery. Somehow or other, however, she managed to live on, in miserable poverty, the object of the hatred, terror, and contempt of every one around her. Abundance of abuse must have been showered upon her, she appears, however, not to have become wholly callous, for one morning meeting a neighbour, one John Chapman, he applied to her the very words which the little foot page addressed to Queen Guinever when the magic mantle revealed her infidelity to the astonished eyes of the knights and dames of King Arthur's court, whereupon Jane Wenham, feeling no less indignation than her royal prototype, sought vengeance for the wrong at the hands of a neighbouring knight, Sir Henry Chauncy, of Ardley Bury. We shall now avail ourselves of Mr Bragge's narrative, which begins as follows:—

"It often falls out that by the overruling providence of Almighty God the most hidden and private wickednesses are discovered by the very means used to conceal them, and so it happened to Jane Wenham. One John Chapman a farmer at Walkerne, had long entertained a suspicion that the strange deaths of many of his and the neighbours' horses and cattle were occasioned by the witchcrafts of this woman and thought that he himself had suffered by them to the value of £200 in a short time, but not being able to prove any thing upon her, he did not inform against her but waited till time should present a favourable opportunity of convicting her. And soon after, an accident fell out, which in its consequences brought on this prosecution. I shall relate it in the very words of the information of Matthew Gilston, servant to the above said John Chapman, taken on the 14th day of Feb 1711 12, before Sir Henry Chauncy.

Matthew Gilston, of the parish of Walkerne says, upon oath, that on New Year's Day last past he carrying straw upon a fork from Mr Gardiner's barn, met Jane Wenham, who asked him for some straw, which he refused to give her, then she said she would take

some, and accordingly took some away from this informant.

"And farther, this informant saith, That on the 29th of January last, when this informant was thrashing in the barn of his master, John Chapman, an old woman in a riding hood or cloak, he knows not which, came to the barn door, and asked him for a pennyworth of straw, he told her he could give her none, and she went away muttering.

"And this informant saith That after the woman was gone, he was not able to work, but ran out of the barn as far as a place called Munders Hill (which is above three miles from Walkerne) and asked at a house there for a pennyworth of straw and they refused to give him any, he went farther to some dung heaps and took some straw from thence and pulled off his shirt, and brought it home in his shirt, he knows not what moved him to this, but says he was forced to it, he knows not how. Thus far this informant. It was also further observed by some persons who met this Matthew Gilston running on his fool's errand that he went at a very great pace and when he came to a river he did not go over a bridge in his way, but directly through the water. This odd story, and the strange account the boy gave of it, made his master John Chapman, suspect that Jane Wenham had played this trick upon his servant and soon after, he meeting her told her of it and in heat of anger called her a witch and bitch. After the scolding bout was over, this Jane Wenham thought she had got an advantage over her neighbour Chapman and that she would make him pay for his words accordingly on the 9th of February she applies herself to Sir Henry Chauncy for a warrant against this man for calling her a witch expecting not only to get something out of him but to deter other people from calling her so any more, besides this show of innocence might make her the less suspected for the future."

Sir Henry Chauncy is known by his *History of Hertfordshire*, which was published in 1700, and is still the standard history of that county. He was a man of high position and ancient family, the lineal descendant of the Chauncy de Chauncy who rode by the side of William the Conqueror at Hastings, and whose name is inscribed on the Roll of Battle Abbey. He was educated at Caius

* Deposition of Thomas Adams.

College, Cambridge, called to the bar by the Middle Temple, of which learned society he was successively reader and treasurer, he was a sergeant-at-law, Recorder of Hertford, and one of the Justices of the Principality of Wales. He is said to have sat for a single day on the bench of one of the superior courts at Westminster, when the Revolution of 1688 deprived him of his seat. He was unquestionably a man of high rank in the profession of the law, of liberal education, and considerable learning. Perhaps the most remarkable circumstance connected with these transactions is the part which it will be seen was taken by such a man and the various members of his family. In the first instance, however, he seems to have acted like a man of sense, he refused to interfere, and recommended the parties to refer the matter to one of their neighbours. Jane Wenham named the Rev Mr Gardiner, the rector. Chapman consented, and to him they went to decide the dispute. Mr Gardiner advised them to live more peaceably together, told Chapman to give the old woman a shilling, and sent them away. Jane Wenham was dissatisfied with the award, and in a passion dropped the unlucky words, that "if she could not have justice there, she would have it elsewhere." She left the rectory, passing through the kitchen, where there sat a servant girl of Mr Gardiner, named Anne Thorne who had just returned from the surgeon's, who had set her knee, which, by some accident, had been put out of joint.

Within a few minutes after Jane Wenham's departure, Mr Gardiner, his wife, and Mr Francis Bragge, the author of the narrative we are quoting, who happened to be in the house at the time, were alarmed by a "strange yelling noise in the kitchen." Mr Gardiner immediately went to see what was the matter, and found "Anne Thorne stripped to her shirt sleeves, and wringing her hands in a dismal manner, and speechless. He calling out, Mrs Gardiner and Mr Bragge came immediately to him. Mrs Gardiner, seeing her servant in that sad condition, asked her what was the matter with her? She not

being able to speak, pointed earnestly at a bundle which lay at her feet, which Mrs Gardiner took up and unpinned, and found to be the girl's gown and apron, and a parcel of oaken twigs with dead leaves wrapped up therein."

When Anne Thorne came to herself, she declared that, during the few minutes that Mr Gardiner and the others had left her, she had found herself compelled to run to a place half a mile distant, to reach which she had to climb over a five-barred gate with her dislocated knee, that she was met by a "little old woman muffled in a riding hood," who set her to gather the sticks, made her strip herself and wrap up the bundle in her gown, and "gave her a large crooked pin" to fasten it up with. Mrs Gardiner immediately proceeded to "burn the witch," that is, she threw the bundle which was supposed to be bewitched into the fire. The charm was successful whilst it was burning, in came Jane Wenham. She of course was the "little old woman," and Anne Thorne was bewitched.

"The next morning," says Mr Bragge, "being the 12th of February, after she had had a pretty good night's rest, her mistress asked her whether she thought she could go to Mistress Adams's house (a near neighbour) to fetch a few pease. She said she thought she could and went with Mistress Rose Adams (who had breakfasted that morning with Mistress Gardiner) to her house. Having got her pease as she was coming home she met Jane Wenham, who asked her why she told such stories of her, as if she had bewitched her? Anne Thorne answered she had said nothing but what was true and she was the cause of all her disorder. To this Jane Wenham replied, If you tell any more such stories of me, it shall be worse for you than it has been yet, and shoved her with her hand. As soon as Anne Thorne had limped home she told her mistress with a great concern that she had met Jane Wenham and what had past between them. When this circumstance was pressed upon Jane Wenham afterwards before Sir Henry Chauncy, she denied that she had met Anne Thorne, saying that she was at that time at Weston, three miles off, to disprove which Thomas Ireland made oath that he saw her in the town within three minutes of

the time the girl said she met her; which yet might possibly be false, although he had all the reason in the world to believe his senses, if the solution Jane Wenham gave of it afterwards may be admitted as truth, when she said that although it was not she that met Anne Thorne, yet it was *her familiar in her shape*. But of this more at large, when we come to speak of her confessor."

We have not space to follow Mr Bragge through his very minute account of the occurrences of the next two days. They were passed by Anne Thorne in vaulting over gates, making efforts to drown herself, falling into fits, in which she vehemently denounced Jane Wenham for tormenting her.

"Upon this some that were present were for bringing Jane Wenham to the maid, and accordingly went for her. She had locked herself in, and said she was not well, and refused to come. They used all the fair words they could think of to persuade her, not without offering her money, if she would but come and speak to the poor girl, but all to no purpose. Then they sent for the constable (who had just received a warrant from Sir Henry Chauncy to apprehend her upon suspicion of felony and witchcraft). When the constable was come, they told her he was there, and desired her to open the door by fair means, and not to force them to do it by foul. She answered, she knew what she had to do better than they could tell her, on which they broke open the door, that was locked with two locks and brought her to the maid, who was lying speechless, in very great misery and torture, but all the time very sensible. As soon as Jane Wenham spoke to her, her colour came into her cheeks, and she started up crying, 'You are a base woman, you have ruined me!' and flew upon her to scratch her, saying, 'I must have your blood, or I shall never be well.' She scratched Jane Wenham in the forehead,

with such fury and eagerness that the noise of her nails seemed to all that were present as if she were scratching against a scabbard, yet no blood followed. Jane Wenham, holding her head still, and saying, 'Scratch harder, Nam, and fetch blood of me if you can.' Yet still no blood came, although her forehead was sadly mangled and torn by the girl's nails."*

These cruelties were perpetrated on the 13th of February 1712, a time within the memory of the grandfathers (nay, possibly even of the fathers) of men now living, in the rectory house of Walkerne, within thirty miles of London, in the presence of the rector, of his wife, of Mr Arthur Chauncy the son, and Mr Francis Bragge the grandson, of Sir Henry Chauncy, under the authority of the warrant he had issued, and of the constable he had appointed to execute it! The story is told by Mr Bragge himself, not only without shame, but as a matter for which all parties concerned deserved credit, for he closes his long narrative with the hope that it will satisfy all "that in this prosecution nothing has been done but upon good grounds, and having now fairly represented our doings to the world, we submit ourselves to the reader's impartial judgment, and rest fully satisfied in having discharged our duties. And thus, *liberavimus animas nostras!*"

"After this the company began to expostulate with Jane Wenham, telling her she was a wicked witch to abuse a poor young innocent creature at that rate, that she had been reported a witch for above twenty years, and other things they said to that effect. Then Jane Wenham protested she was innocent, and offered to be tried, by searching her body, to see whether she had any teats, or by throwing her into the water. One of the company replied, there

* Drawing blood from the witch was an approved specific. In the proceedings against Jane Clarke and others, the witches of Great Wigston, at the assizes held at Leicester, August 4, 1717, it is stated that "they had another cure which was infallible when they could come at it, and that was to fetch blood of the witch, and thus they continually practised upon all occasions if they could get an opportunity, but the witches were so stubborn that they commonly called the constable to come with the assistance of a good number of people, to hold them by force whilst they were blooded. The old woman's skin (they deposed) was so tough that they could never draw blood by scratching, so they used great pins and such instruments for the purpose. — (From a very curious manuscript preserved in the Town Museum of Leicester.)

was no occasion for it at present, but only desired her to let him hear her say the Lord's Prayer. She made several attempts to do it, but could not, always missing two or three sentences. Mrs Gardiner bad her try whether she could say it after her, and repeated it sentence by sentence slowly to her, but neither could she do this, to the amazement of all the bystanders. It was observed, though she tried ten times, she could not say this sentence, 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us,' nor that, 'Lead us not into temptation.' After this Jane Wenham was kept in custody of the constable, and the maid was pretty well that evening. To all the account I have given of this day's occurrences, Mrs Gardiner, Mr Chauncy, Thomas Ireland, and many others, were witnesses, and attested upon oath all circumstances as I have here related them. The next morning being Thursday the 14th of February, Sir Henry Chauncy came down to Walkerne, to the house of John Trigg, and Jane Wenham was brought before him. Mr Gardiner and Matthew Gulston were severally examined, and gave in their informations upon oath. While this was doing, Anne Thorne fell into a violent fit, and at last seemed to be dead; they carried her out into the yard, and brought the old witch to her, upon this the blood came immediately into her face, and she sprang up with great strength and fury to scratch Jane Wenham, but was prevented by the interposition of the people, who took her away. Thus was before a great multitude of spectators, who all declared their belief that the maid was bewitched, and that this woman had bewitched her.

'After this the maid was well enough to be examined and gave a large account of what happened to her, being the same in substance with what is above related. I would insert the informations at large, but they being all but long repetitions of the account already given, which was with great care collected out of those informations of Mr Gardiner, Mrs Gardiner, and Anne Thorne, and confirmed by the attestations of Mr Chauncy and Mr Bragge, who saw most of these things done, I shall omit them, as very tedious, and now unnecessary, but shall find it needful by and by to insert some others, which were not already taken notice of. But to proceed. Sir Henry ordered four women to search Jane Wenham's body, directing them to inquire diligently whether she had any teats, or other extraordinary and unusual marks

about her, by which the devil in any shape might suck her body. After about an hour's search and consultation they returned, and affirmed that they found no such teats or marks about her body. It being now pretty late, Sir Henry ordered them to appear again before him the next morning, at his own house at Ardley Bury, and left Jane Wenham in the constable's hands."

On her appearance before Sir Henry Chauncy the next day, another formidable name was added to the list of her prosecutors. The Rev Mr Strutt, vicar of Ardley, finding that the poor ignorant woman was not able to say the Lord's Prayer, became forthwith convinced that she was a witch, and set about to obtain a confession from her. The mode he adopted must be told in Mr Bragge's own words.

"The next day (being the 15th) they all came before Sir Henry again, at Ardley-bury, where the first that gave evidence was Mrs Gardiner, who confirmed all the particulars above related, giving her maid an extraordinary character for her sobriety, diligence, and good temper, by which she had gained the love of all the neighbourhood. Before Mrs Gardiner gave her information, Jane Wenham fell on her knees at her feet begging her, for God's sake, not to swear against her, and used many expressions of fear lest she should be sent to jail not without dreadful imprecations on herself if she were not innocent, and declared herself ready to submit to the water experiment, but Sir Henry would by no means allow of that sort of trial, it being illegal and unjustifiable.

"The Reverend Mr Strutt, minister of Ardley, asked her before all the company whether she could say the Lord's Prayer? She answered she could, and attempted several times to do it going on very readily till she came to 'Forgive us our trespasses,' &c, which she could not repeat, nor these two sentences together [Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil], but would thus express 'em [Lead us not into no temptation and evil], or [Lead us into temptation and evil], or [Lead us not into no temptation, but deliver us from all evil], and thus she was try'd six or seven times together. When she found she could not with all her endeavours say the Lord's Prayer, she try'd to excuse herself by alledging she was much disturbed in her head by the hurry she was in, saying she wanted rest. Upon which Mr

Strutt promised to come to her, and try her again the next morning. In the mean time the poor maid had another dismal fit, as before, and was recovered out of it by prayer. Soon after she had another, and when her eyes were shut, the witch was brought to her privately; then she immediately flew at her again with great fury, saying, 'Are you come to plague me here, too? You are a base woman;' and more to that purpose. Next day, being the 18th, the Reverend Mr Strutt, according to his promise, made to Jane Wenham, to try her once more whether she could say the Lord's Prayer, went down to Walkerne, and called upon Mr Gardiner to go with him to the prisoner at the *White Horse* in the town. When they were come thither, they found one Mr Archer, of Sandon, a relation of Jane Wenham's, with her. They went into a room, and desired that she might be brought to them; which being done, Mr Strutt told her, in the hearing of Mr Gardiner, that he hoped she was now in a good temper, and her head settled. She answered, yes, and that she had a good night's rest. Then Mr Strutt reply'd, that he was come according to his promise, to see whether she could say the Lord's Prayer; she answered she believed she could, for she had try'd several times in the night, and she made no doubt but she could say it; and accordingly she essay'd several times to do it, but could not, making the same blunders as before, tho' she could repeat the rest of the prayer perfectly well. After this, Jane Wenham was asked whether she had any hand in bewitching Anne Thorne! To which at first she gave no positive answer; but upon Mr Strutt's telling her, that if she was guilty of such a vile fact, it would be the best thing she could do, both for the salvation of her own soul and the good of others, to confess. Then she began to relent a little, and desired Mr Strutt to go with her into another private room, and she would declare to him what she had to say; but he being desirous that Mr Gardiner, the minister of the parish, and her own kinsman Archer, should hear all, pressed that they might be present, which she consented to; and before Mr Gardiner, and her cousin Archer, Mr Strutt first asked her sincerely to tell him whether she was a witch! She said she was; then he asked her again, whether she had not a hand in bewitching Anne Thorne! She said she had a hand in bewitching Anne Thorne, but there was another who was as deep in it as herself. Then he asked her what induced her to do such a wicked act? She reply'd

the girl had once vexed her. Then it was thought fit to ask her, whether she did not meet Anne Thorne on Tuesday morning as she came from Mrs Adams', and threaten her, as she, the said Anne Thorne, told her mistress! She answered she was not at home at that time. Mr Strutt asked her if it was not herself—whether it was not her familiar in her shape! She confessed it was her familiar in her shape. After this confession in general, that she was a witch, and had bewitched Anne Thorne in particular, they asked her further how long she had lived in this course of witchcraft! She answered above sixteen years, and that it was before her first husband died, who came to a very miserable end, and was supposed to have been bewitched by her. Then they asked her what it was that induced her to enter into this familiarity with the devil? She said it was a malicious and wicked mind; for when any of her neighbours vexed her she used horrid curses and imprecations, on which the devil took advantage over her. After this they desired her to inform them who were her confederates! She named three women of Walkerne. This is an exact account of her confession, as Mr Gardiner added it to his former information upon oath; and Mr Strutt also affirmed to me to be true, and gave it in evidence afterwards at the assizes, of which more when we come to the trial. *Mr Archer, her kinsman, was so fully satisfied with this free and unconstrained confession, that he declared he had not one word more to say in her behalf.*

If there is one thing more than another that inspires a feeling of disgust in these trials, it is the profanation of their high and holy office by ministers of religion. Nothing is too sacred to escape pollution. The simple words first uttered by divine lips on the shores of the Sea of Galilee, and which for nearly nineteen centuries have been lisped by millions of children each evening as they lie down to rest under the shelter of His wing, and have arisen with their morning orisons as they wake from their innocent slumbers, which mingle alike with the pealing of the organ in the grandest of our cathedral services, and with the sob of the penitent on the bed of penury, guilt, and death;—even these have not sanctity enough to guard them from the profanation of superstition, and the worse profanation of cruelty.

It has been well observed by Sir George Mackenzie, that "most of these poor creatures are tortured by their keepers, who being persuaded that they do God good service, think it their duty to vex and torment poor prisoners, and I know, *ex certissima scientia*, that most of all that ever were taken were tormented after this manner, and this usage was the ground of all their confession."

And really ministers are oftentimes indiscreet in their zeal to have poor creatures to confess in this. And I recommend to judges that the wisest ministers should be sent to them, and those who are sent should be cautious in this."

Certainly neither the Rev Mr Strutt nor the Rev Mr Gardiner were entitled to rank amongst the "wisest ministers," but there is no reason to suppose that they were more foolish than their contemporaries, or even that greater wisdom prevails at the present day. It is little more than two years since a witness, a clergyman, at the bar of the House of Lords, avowed that he had drawn up a confession of guilt in the form of a prayer, and commanded an accused person to "go down on her knees and pray that prayer,"† and then appeared as a witness to prove the confession so obtained!

It is curious also to observe how true is the remark of Mackenzie, that "the crime is so odious that they are never assisted or defended by their relations." We find this exemplified in the conduct of Jane Wenham's cousin, Archer, and shall soon find similar conduct even on the part of her own daughter.

We now return to Mr Bragge's narrative.

"As Mr Chauncy was talking with Jane Wenham, pressing her to take off the charm and release the maid from her torments if it was in her power (as she seemed to hint it was by saying the girl should be well), he observed that a pin came into her fingers (I make use of his own words, which I now transcribe from an account of this matter written

by his own hand,) he knew not how, for he was very sure she pluck'd it out nowhere, nor had it in her hands before, at which he snatch'd it from her, saying, 'Are you going to bewitch her again with this pin!' And the maid crying out for her blood, he took Jane Wenham's arm, and ran the pin into it six or seven times, finding she never winced for it, but held her arm as still as if nothing had been done to it, and seeing no blood come, he ran it in a great many times more, still no blood came, but she stood talking and never minded it. Then again he ran it in several times more, at last he left it in her arm, that all the company might see it run up to the head, and when he pluck'd it out before them all, there just appeared a little thin watery serum but nothing that you can call blood. Thus far Mr Chauncy,—after this Jane Wenham was sent away, who passed the rest of the night in singing and dancing as she had done some nights before, saying the maid should be well that night.

It was now thought high time to put the mittimus in execution against Jane Wenham (who had been respited for two days upon her confession), and to send her to gaol, but before she went off, Mr Gardiner, Mr Strutt, Mr Chauncy, and Mr Bragge, went together to her at the White Horse, where Mr Strutt put her in mind of her former confession, and persuaded her to give glory to God by a full and sincere discovery, but to no purpose, she being full of equivocations and evasions now confessing and anon denying what she had confessed. She was particularly asked in what manner she made a contract with the devil! but we could make nothing of her answer, save that *an old man did put upon her*. Being again desired by Mr Strutt to tell him exactly, to the best of her remembrance, the time when she entered into covenant with Satan, she said it was about sixteen years ago. She owned also, as before, that it was an envious and wicked mind that gave the devil this advantage over her. Being asked more particularly, she would give us no direct answer, but said we lay in wait for her life, and would hang her from her own mouth. After this her daughter came to her, and brought her a Common Prayer-Book, which she with tears desired her to make the best use of that she could, and to prepare for death by repentance, but the mother, instead of showing the least

* Sir GEO MACKENZIE, vol ii p 87

† *Minutes of the House of Lords*, Talbot Divorce Bill, Evidence of the Rev. Robert Gage—Query 1998

signs of a relenting mind, or compass for the sad condition she was in, gave her daughter such a base, wicked look as I am not able to describe, and bad her mind what she said to her about some flax, hemp, and other goods, which she disposed of with the greatest unconcernedness, and away she went."

Jane Wenham was thus safely lodged in Hertford jail, but Anne Thorne continued to be tormented: she fell into fits, she saw cats round her bed, her sheets were strewn with crooked pins, and her pillow was stuffed with unnatural cakes of feathers matted together. The cakes were burnt, and "the maid was better, and had no more fits till the assizes, but still was disturbed with the noise of scratchings and appearance of cats till *Mr Chauncy killed one of them that knocked at the door*, and after that the dismal cries ceased." Mr Bragge proceeds:—

"Leave we now Jane Wenham in the gaoler's custody, and let us see what is done at home. Anne Thorne continued to have her fits, but was recovered as usual by prayers; and this night was a discovery made more surprising than anything that has been yet related. As these unaccountable passages brought to mind several old stories of witches, it was among other things remembered, that strange things have been found in the pillow of the person bewitched. This put their curiosity upon searching the maid's pillow (which, I must observe, was a little down pillow, which Mrs Gardiner had herself newly stuffed). This was accordingly done, and there was found in the down a great many cakes of small feathers, so closely joined together that an ordinary force could not pull them asunder. The particular account of this surprising appearance, the reader may expect when we come to speak of Mr Bragge's evidence at the trial, he having spent half an hour the next morning in viewing and comparing two of these cakes to each other with a more than ordinary curiosity. Mr Bragge was very desirous to have some of these cakes preserved, in order to be produced in court, but was overruled by others, who, not without reason, supposing this to be the charm, would have it all burnt, in hopes the effects of it might cease. And it is remarkable that after the burning these feathers the maid was better, and had no more fits till the assizes, but still was disturbed

with the noise of scratchings and appearances of cats, till Mr Chauncy killed one of them which knocked at the door, and after that the dismal cries ceased. I cannot here omit one part of the additional information of Anne Thorne, taken before Sir Henry Chauncy, March the 1st. She says, that in the morning of the 26th of February, as she was lying in bed, she saw a cat sitting in the window, which spoke to her, and told her she should have more pins, and that, casting her eyes on the sheets, she saw a large crooked pin, but would not touch it, and hid her head in the bedclothes, and soon after that looked in the same place, and the pin was gone, as was the cat also. She says also, that on Friday the 29th of February, in the afternoon, Jane Wenham appeared to her at the window, and called to her, bidding her come out of the doors; but she told her she would not come, and repeated the Lord's Prayer; that then Jane Wenham disappeared, but afterwards came twice to the window again, and, finding her reading, went away and troubled her no more."

Thus the interval before the trial passed, but during these weeks what must have been the state of the society of Hertfordshire?

When young Mr Bragge returned to the paternal roof at the vicarage of Hitchin, how must the tea-parties of that lively town have thrilled at his story! When a group of red-coated squires and hard-riding farmers found themselves in a sheltered nook by the side of the cover, listening for the whimper of a hound, how their attention must have been distracted by Mr Arthur Chauncy's account of his slaughter of the cat, how often the wish must have been expressed that their horses would make no more of five-barred gates than Anne Thorne, and how many tales must have been told of cows that had suddenly refused their milk, sheep that had met with unaccountable deaths, butter that would not come, beer that would not work, and dough that would not rise! When Mrs Gardiner retired with the ladies to the drawing-room, how the hoops of those days, almost as capacious as the crinolines of these, must have crowded round her, how many eager ears of young and old must have drank in the tale of Anne Thorne's sufferings! And when the port-

wine circulated in the dining-room at Ardley-Bury, when Sir Henry Chauncy, with the Rev. Mr Strutt on one side, and the Rev. Mr Gardiner on the other, supported by the Rev. Mr Bragge and his son Mr Francis, expounded the law upon witchcraft with all the combined dignity of a Welsh judge, the Recorder of Hertford, and a serjeant-at-law, if some young Templar, fresh from Button's, happy in having received a nod from Addison, or heard a growl from Swift, ventured to hint a doubt, how Sir Henry would put him down, and how the rector and the vicar would groan over the infidelity and sad-duceism of the age!

On the 4th of March 1712, a "fine cold frosty morning" (so Swift tells us), the trial came on. The grand jury found a true bill at once. How could a Hertfordshire grand jury do less on a commitment by Sir Henry Chauncy!

The judge was Powell. Few men look out upon us from the obscurity of the past more amiably than Powell. Swift met him a short time before, and has left a genial picture of him. "In the evening," he says, "I went to the Lord Treasurer's, and amongst other company found a couple of judges with him. One of them, Judge Powell, an old fellow with grey hairs, was the merriest old gentleman I ever saw, *spoke pleasant things, and chuckled till he cried again.*" * Powell presided at the trial of Haagden Swedson for the abduction of Mrs Pleasant Rawlins, and at that of Boan Fielding for bigamy, committed in his marriage with the Duchess of Cleveland. Defoe tells us that "it is reported likewise that another woman being tried before Judge Powell, who, amongst other things that constituted her a witch, had laid to her charge that she could fly,"—"Ay!" said the judge; "and is this true? Do you say you can fly?" "Yes, I can," said she. "So you may, if you will, then," replied the judge; "I have no law against it." And on the trial of Jane Wenham, the old judge being full of fine ladies, the old judge very gallantly told the jury, "They

must not look out for witches amongst the old women, but amongst the young."† Lord Camden said he was the only honest man of the four judges who sat on the trial of the Seven Bishops.‡ His honesty cost him his seat, but on the Revolution he was restored to the bench. Happy was it for Jane Wenham that he was so!

"About nine in the morning, March the 4th, the trial came on before Mr Justice Powell. After the usual formalities, and the prisoner having pleaded not guilty, and put herself on her trial, the jury were sworn, and the witnesses called over, being sixteen in all.

"The first evidence that was sworn was Anne Thorne, who, going to relate what had happened to her, fell into a fit, being taken speechless, with violent convulsions, and was very strong. My Lord said that he never heard that, in any witch's trial before, the person afflicted fell into a fit in court; but for the satisfaction of the jury, he permitted the prisoner to be brought near her, and to speak to her, upon which the girl flew at her with great fury, as usual.

"Then Mrs Gardiner was sworn, who gave a very full and exact account of what had passed, to her leaving the house on Sunday, the 17th of February, when the pins were brought to her servant Anne Thorne. Her evidence was long, and very particular, being the same in substance with the above-written narrative. In the meantime Anne Thorne had another fit, and it being proposed that she might be prayed for in court, my Lord at present was unwilling, saying she will come to herself by-and-by.

"The next evidence was the Rev. Mr Gardiner, rector of Walkerne, who related the quarrel between John Chapman and the prisoner, which was referred to him, told the story of Anne Thorne running the first time to fetch sticks, and the prisoner's coming in when they were burning; proceeded to all the particulars, and concluded with the above-mentioned account of her confession to him and Mr Strutt, he having been an eyewitness to all the strange passages.

"The next was the Rev. Mr Robert Strutt, Vicar of Ardley, who attested the prisoner's confession at large, and deposed that he was present, and saw Anne Thorne in several of her grievous fits, out of which she was recovered by prayer: he said also that he tried the

* *Journal to Stella*, 7th July 1711.

† *Darwin's Tour through Britain*, vol. ii. p. 137.

‡ *19 State Trials*, 990.

prisoner often to see whether she could say the Lord's Prayer, and that she could not do it, naming the sentences she could not say. When he was talking of the recovery of Anne Thorne out of her fits by prayer, my Lord asked him what prayers were used? He answered, 'Several out of the Office for the Visitation of the Sick, and other parts of the Common Prayer.' My Lord was pleased to say, That he had heard there were forms of exorcism in the Romish liturgy, but knew not that we had any such in our Church. However, he was glad to find there was such virtue in our prayers.

"Afterwards, Anne Thorne continuing in her fit, the Reverend Mr Chishull offer'd and was permitted to pray, he used that form in the Office for the Visitation of the Sick which begins, 'The Almighty Lord, who is a strong tower,' &c, and repeated the Lord's Prayer, upon which the colour came into the maid's cheeks, and the jury, and others that were near her, heard her distinctly repeat the petitions of the Lord's Prayer after the minister. It was extremely well taken by all true lovers of the Church, that Mr Chishull should offer his assistance at that time, when its prayers were ridiculed by too many that were present, though indeed his acting in this case was but agreeable to the rest of his shining character.

"Another witness was Mr Arthur Chauncy, who deposed that he was present at the second time of Anne Thorne's running for sticks, that then she went no further than the bottom of White hill, her strength failing her (as is above related), that he followed Anne Thorne at a distance when she went the third time, but behind an hedge so that she did not see him, that he saw her go to the tree, pull off the sticks, wrap 'em in her apron, and come running home. That when she fell down, he and Thomas Ireland took her in their arms, and brought her home, that she was forced from them, and went over a five bar gate as nimbly as a greyhound; which words my Lord taking notice of, he again affirmed upon his oath, that she went over as swiftly as ever he had seen a greyhound leap over such a gate. That he had seen Anne Thorne in several of her fits, and that she always recovered upon prayers, or Jane Wenham's coming to her, and particularly related at large an account of the greatest fit of all, when she was given over for dead, but recovered upon the approach of the prisoner, altho' at that time prayers were sufficient. He related that he pricked the prisoner several times in the arm, but

could fetch no blood from her. That he saw pins in the hands of Anne Thorne, when there were none in her cloaths, nor anywhere within her reach; that he took several of these pins from her, which he was ready to produce. The judge told him that was needless, he supposed they were crooked pins. Then Mr Chauncy, proceeding to relate that, upon hearing a great noise of cats screaming about the house, he went out several times, and saw several of them together, that he heard them cry some times like children; that once he was not able to strike them, but afterwards he killed one of them. Being asked with what he answered, With a setting staff. He said also that he saw the feathers taken out of the maid's pillow that there were several little cakes of feathers nicely joined together, and so strongly cemented, that the first night they were taken out of the pillow, he tried to pull them asunder, but could not do it, and for a farther account of this referred himself to

"The next that was sworn, Mr Francis Bragge, who began to relate that he was present the first time of the maid's running for sticks, &c, but was interrupted by the judge, and asked whether he had any new matter which was not already sworn to? He answered he had some thing new to offer. Being directed to proceed, he said that on Tuesday the 18th of February, he (having heard that strange cakes of feathers were taken out of Anne Thorne's pillow the night before) was desirous to see them. That he went into the room where those feathers were, and took two of the cakes, and compared them together. He said they were both of a circular figure, something larger than a crown piece. That he observed the small feathers were placed in a nice and curious order, at equal distances from each other, making so many radii of the circle, in the centre of which the quill-ends of the feathers met. That he counted the number of these feathers, and found them to be thirty two in each cake. That afterwards he endeavoured to pull off two or three of them, and observed that they were fastened together by a sort of viscidous matter, which would stretch seven or eight inches in a fine thread before it broke. That having taken off several of these feathers, he removed with his finger that viscidous matter, and found under it, in the centre, some short hairs, black and grey, matted together, which he does believe to be cat's hairs. Upon examination of the other cake, he found it exactly resembling the former in all its parts. He said he

did not examine any more of them, but they seemed to be all alike, and that he saw ten or twelve of them. He said also that Jane Wenham confessed to him that she had practised witchcraft these sixteen years. I have been the longer in relating the evidence of this witness, because he gave in no written information before Sir Henry Chauncy. My Lord said that he wished he could see an enchanted feather, and seemed to wonder that none of these strange cakes were preserved, and asked the witness why he did not keep one or two of them? He answered, he would have done it but was not permitted, they being of opinion that the maid might be eased if they were all burnt.

"Then was sworn Mr Thomas Adams, junior, of Walkerne, whose evidence was exactly the same with his information above transcribed.

"Then came Matthew Gilston, who told the story of his running for a pennyworth of straw adding one circumstance, which was omitted in his above-mentioned information—viz, that when upon his asking for a pennyworth of straw at Munder's Hill, they refused to give him any, he saw the old woman in the riding hood again, and that she directed him to the dung heaps, from whence he brought home the straw in his shirt. All the rest of his evidence was the same with his information.

"Another evidence was John Chapman of Walkerne, who said that he had for many years suspected the prisoner to be a witch, that the reason why he did so was because he constantly found, whenever she has threatened him, that his horses, or other of his cattle, dy'd strangely, without any signs of a natural disease, and that he believed he had lost above two hundred pound by her in a very short time.

"Afterwards was sworn Susan Aylott, who deposed that Richard Harvey's wife, and also her child, were bewitched to death by the prisoner, her evidence being the same with her information.

"Elizabeth Field was also sworn. She said that about nine years ago she had a nurse child, and that one day the prisoner came and stroaked the child, saying it was a curious child, or words to that purpose, that soon afterwards, in the evening of the same day, the child was taken strangely ill, one of her legs being so distorted, that the toes were turned back behind the heel, that in two days' time the leg was well, and the other distorted in the same manner as the first had been. That afterwards the child had strange fits and convulsions

at times, and pined away till she died; that she always thought the child was bewitched by Jane Wenham, the prisoner at the bar. Being asked why she did not prosecute her immediately after! she answered, she was a poor woman, and the child had no friends able to bear the charges of such a prosecution. Being again asked whether she was grown rich since! she said she was still very poor, but this opportunity presenting itself, she laid hold of to give her evidence.

"William Booroughts being sworn, said that he had seen Anne Thorne in several of her fits, that he twice brought the prisoner to her, and that both times she recovered immediately, and flew at her to scratch her. He said also that the prisoner was one of very ill reputation, and that he, and several others of the neighbourhood, had suspected her to be a witch for many years.

"Thomas Ireland was the next sworn, who attested that he had been all along an eyewitness to the whole course of the maid's disorder, that he had seen her recover out of her fits at the approach of the prisoner, that he saw Jane Wenham within three minutes of the time when Anne Thorne had said that she threatened her it should be worse with her than it had been yet, that he, hearing a noise of cats crying and screaming about the house several times, went out and saw several of them, which made towards Jane Wenham's house, that he saw a cat with a face like Jane Wenham. That he, with Mr Chauncy, was not able to force Anne Thorne through the gate which was open but she went over the other very swiftly. This, I think, was the sum of his evidence.

"James Burville was also sworn, who said that, hearing the scratchings and noises of cats, he went out and saw several of them, that one of them had a face like Jane Wenham; that he was present several times when Anne Thorne said she saw cats about her bed, and more he would have attested, but this was thought sufficient by the court.

"Uriah Wright and Thomas Harvey being sworn, attested the substance of their informations above inscribed, and added, that they asked the prisoner in what shape the devil used to appear to her—and she said she fancied him to be a cat. This is a short account of the evidence given at the trial, which the reader must perceive that I have designedly abbreviated, lest he should be clog'd with the same things too often repeated.

"Afterwards, the prisoner saying little for herself, but that she was a clear woman, the judge summed up the evidence to the jury in a short speech, and left it to them, whether it was sufficient to take away the prisoner's life upon the indictment. The jury desiring some time to consider it, the court adjourned till three in the afternoon (it being now past one), and then the jury returned, and brought in their verdict that the prisoner was guilty upon the evidence. My Lord then asked them whether they found her guilty upon the indictment for *conversing with the devil in the shape of a cat* the foreman answered, 'We find her guilty of that. Upon this verdict the prisoner received sentence of death, but was reprieved till further orders.'

We have thus given Mr Bragge's report of this most curious trial, word for word. Happily the story of Jane Wenham does not end here. The conclusion sounds more like a fiction than a tale of real life, nevertheless it is strictly true. Powell—all honour to the grey haired merry old judge—exerted himself successfully to obtain her pardon from the Crown and there were men in Hertfordshire more humane and more enlightened than Sir Henry Chauncy, the Rev Mr Gardiner, Mr Francis Bragge, or the grand or petty jury who sat at the Hertfordshire spring assizes of 1712. Colonel Plumer, of Gilston, the ancestor of the late accomplished author of *Tremaine*, gave her an asylum in a small cottage near his own residence. Here she was visited by Dr Hutchinson, who found her living "soberly and inoffensively." "I will take leave to add, he says, "that as I have had the curiosity to see the good woman herself, I have very great assurance that she is a pious sober woman. She is so far from being unable to say the Lord's Prayer, that she would make me hear both the Lord's Prayer and

the Creed, and other very good prayers beside, and she spoke them with an undisssembled devotion, though with such little errors of expression as those that cannot read are subject to. I verily believe that there is no one that reads this, but may think in their own minds that such a storm as she met with might have fallen upon them, if it had been their misfortune to have been poor, and to have met with such accidents as she did, in such a barbarous parish as she lived in."† Such is the account given by Dr Hutchinson, who was one of the King's chaplains, and incumbent of the parish of St James in St Edmund's-Bury, we believe that he subsequently rose to the episcopal bench. He speaks, it will be observed, from his own personal knowledge and observation. It is stated in a note to Defoe's work, before quoted, that "she afterwards became possessed of a comfortable substance, that she did a great deal of good with it to the poor, and became as much the object of their esteem as she had been of their detestation."

Such was the end of the case of Jane Wenham. Would that we could say, as has frequently been asserted, that this was the last case of a prosecution under the statute. In July 1716, a substantial farmer, of the name of Hicke, accused his wife and child (the latter a girl of nine years of age) of witchcraft. They were tried at the assizes at Huntingdon, before Wilmot, they were "visited by several divines," they confessed their crime, and, on the prosecution of the husband and father, the wife and child were hanged at Huntingdon, on the 28th of July 1716.‡ We close this ghastly page in the history of legal, clerical, and domestic cruelty with horror.

* The clause of the statute makes it a capital felony to consult covenant with, entertain, employ, feed, or reward any evil or wicked spirit, to or for any intent or purpose.—*Ibid.* in c. vi.

† HUTCHINSON'S *Historical Essay concerning Witchcraft*, 1718, p. 151.

‡ GOUGH'S *Brit. Top.*, vol. i. p. 439.

ONLY A POND !

It is but a pond, in a quiet meadow, or sheltered amid the ferns of some noble park. A broad oak over-shadows one side of it, and, in the shadow, patient cattle stand, knee-deep, whisking off the flies with monotonously impatient tail, and rejoicing in the coolness. Hundreds will pass it by for the majority disregard the familiar objects of daily life, and see neither wonder nor beauty except in what is unusual or costly. All men can marvel at a meteor, it is only the sensitive and thoughtful who feel undying interest in the stars. Thus it is that many will pass by the Pond, with scarcely a glance, who would pause before an ornamental piece of water, to gaze at a couple of swans regally floating along. The artist, the poet, and the naturalist know better. All poetical minds love a pond. "the eye of the landscape," Novalis calls it, and the thoughtful humourist, to whom we owe *Friends in Council*, severely rebukes the levity, or ignorance, of one who speaks slightly on the subject. "I see you are unworthy to have a pond," he says, "and that you do not know the beauties of it. Thither come the more contemplative insects, and sit upon the waters, or perch upon the top of the reeds. Quiet old fish, who have seen much of life, make their lazy, waving way through the dull waters. You can trace their movements by the light ripples on the top, even when you cannot see the fish themselves. Then perhaps there is a majestic water lily (there was one in my early suburban pond), and what can be more glorious to behold? And then, too, however small the pond, the sky is to be seen in it. And as the little ill shaped bit of glass, in which some exquisite rustic beauty is wont at morning and at evening time to see her fair self reflected, gains (oh ! how surely in the eyes of her lover) a dignity and a felicity from reflecting daily the most beautiful thing in creation that we know anything of, a beautiful woman, so my little pond will never be despised by the ardent

lover of Nature, while, in its stillness, it mirrors completely (giving even more repose to the great scene) the choicest wonder of the physical world."

I am sure of the precious sympathy of this author in a discourse "On the Inexhaustibility of Ponds," and if, by mischance, these pages catch the eye of any reader whose education has been neglected in this direction, he must permit me to rectify that deficiency, by unfolding to him what those who have taken their degree, and are familiar with the "best models," are prepared to feel and say on the subject. If I succeed, he will be the richer in a new source of pleasure. If I fail, he will think me a mild enthusiast, perhaps a noodle, but this, however afflicting can be borne, and will assuredly not lessen my love of a pond. No sarcasms can reach me there. Affection bears a charmed life. I have lolled for dreamy hours by the side of a pool, through the long summer noons of boyhood, watching the rapid whirling of the dragon fly, and the anxious vigour of the frogs—startled from their repose on the branch of a tree emerging from the water—as they swam to the opposite bank, and I have stood for hours net in hand, through the damp and chill of spring and autumn, eager in the search for insects, reptiles, worms, and polypæ, which were to furnish days of study, nor can I decide on which occasion the pond was the source of the greatest pleasure. There are visions of many ponds which memory calls up, but there is one more frequent in its visitings than any other, bringing with it always a breath of happy days. Had I but the cunning hand which could print that scene as I see it, and feel it, even the most supercilious of spectators would confess its charm. It is overhung with oaks and ash trees in negligent grace. On one side is a rich meadow, bright with buttercups, where the lovely cattle of Alderney are chewing the meditative cud, on the other side a winding path leads to a little wood,

with a gurgling rivulet threading its way to a mill stream. Part of its surface is a mass of white flowers, and, in its shallow depths the eye discerns a miniature forest of water-plants. The blue sky, and large lazy summer-clouds, are over all, the birds are singing, the rivulet is gurgling, the sun is shining, goats are bleating, and the grand deep-mouthed bay of a mastiff comes from the distance. That is to me an all most sacred spot, the memory of it is inextricably associated with words and looks that can never grow in different, although often heard and seen elsewhere—for there is a sort of elective affinity which seems capriciously to determine these links of association—and thus the spot becomes idealised to my feelings, and yet were the reader to be taken there, he might shrug his shoulders as he exclaimed "Only a Pond!" Be it so, let all colours of association be sponged away, and the scene owe nothing to its charm but what it can bring itself, the painter, or the poet, or the naturalist, will never pass it without a glance of admiration. Therefore will I seize the reader of neglected education by the button, and convince him that my pond is worthy of his respect.

The Microscope, so potent an instrument in the hands of Science, has latterly become the source of exquisite amusement to thousands. Natural History—always a favourite pursuit—has taken a decided direction towards the world of waters. The sea-side has gained new charms: a dreary novel and shrimps (from London) no longer form the chief entertainments of those who have bathed sailed and paraded. It has been discovered that rock pools are rich in interest, the arrival of the steamer is no longer the one excitement of the day. Even those whose fortunes or avocations do not permit a visit to the coast, may now have imitation rock pools in their drawing room. A new pleasure has been discovered. But it implies expense and trouble, which many cannot or will not bestow, and, on this account, I

propose to show every reader, who has not already anticipated me, something of the amusement and instruction that may be got out of a common pond, with the least possible amount of trouble or expense.

Here, as elsewhere, the first step is half the journey. It is the beginning which intimidates. People form misty conceptions of the pleasure or advantage to be gained in a particular study or pursuit, which remain mere conceptions and unrealised desires, because they fancy that they have not the means and appliances at hand. They don't know how to set about it.

"So men sit shivering on the chilly bank
once in

How great is their delight!"*

The golden rule in study, as in life, is "Make a beginning." It matters not where or how you begin. Begin somewhere, and the rest is simple. Catch hold of the easiest handle, and you will soon pull yourself through. All roads lead to Rome, all rivers run into the sea.

My own beginnings were so ludicrously unsystematic, yet proved so efficient, that the story may profitably be told here. For some years I had read books of natural history with keen interest especially books treating of the simpler animals, and great was the envy which was occasionally felt for those happy mortals who made this subject a pursuit. Why did I not imitate them? Because my time was absorbed in other labours? Sophistical excuse! one has always time to study what one really desires to study. The real difference between the true "worker" and the "potterer" lies in energy and purpose, not in the number of hours at command. If therefore neither time nor inclination was wanting, why did I hesitate? Simply because the appliances, supposed to be necessary, were wanting: a microscope had to be bought, and in those days microscopes were not cheap, as they are now. All the other accoutrements of a naturalist were wanted, and thus, because the study could not be systematically begun

without an expense which made me pause, the desire remained a desire. Is not this the history of hundreds? One spring day, however, I observed some tadpoles swimming about a favourite pond. The word tadpole has, perhaps, no magic in your ears, you would feel no sort of thrill at the sight of a pond full of them? It was other wise with me. The metamorphoses of the tadpole, and several physiological peculiarities connected with its organisation, had thrown a dignified interest over that animal, and a swift resolution was made to make a "beginning." Appliances or no appliances, the plunge should be taken on the morrow.

That morrow came, and brought a brilliant and witty friend to spend the day. He was made a sharer in the newly discovered pleasure. The severe simplicity of historical truth forces me to confess that I don't think my friend had any intense enthusiasm about those Batrachians, I am not sure that he had a very distinct idea of what branch of the animal kingdom they belonged to—but that was of little consequence—to me. He was my guest, and we all know that *visitor* is synonymous with *victim*. The only difference between a landlord and a host is, that the one cheats you out of hard cash, and the other out of soft complaints—a guest is, *ipso facto*, a "mush of concession." He is forced to be interested in your children and your china, your pigs and your pictures, your crops and your grievances. If ever you return his visit, he takes his revenge, but while your guest, he is, body and soul, your property. The reader's experience will, I am sure, feelingly testify to this. Has he not, with suppressed criticism, kissed the moist mouth of "the baby," and nervily declared it to be a remarkably fine child, looking some months older than its age?—has he not detected in its amorphous features that likeness to the father which, by a strange coincidence, it never has to its mother? Has he not meekly allowed the young three-year-old pickle to make perilous investigations into his watch, and found himself released only to be dragged remorselessly through the muck of

the farmyard, to inspect pigs and cattle, on which he tried to look knowing and interested, hazarding an occasional question which betrayed immense and initial ignorance of the beasts and their treatment? His host silently noted this ignorance, but that did not prevent further explorations of improvements in draining and subsoiling. In town, at the club, or at a dinner party, the very talk of such subjects would be quashed, but the man who in Pall Mall may speak disrespectfully even of mangold wurzel, is condemned to be sympathetic and acquiescent on crops in Hertfordshire. I instance the host who farms a bit of his land, but the case is equally true if your host wastes his time and money on any other hobby. The gentleman farmer is not a whit more tyrannous than the botanist, archæologist, or Socialist. If you are not called on to admire pigs, you must inspect "specimens," or hear all about parallelograms—and woe upon you if your host have a grievance or a quarrel! for not only are you called upon to listen to a redundant exposition of all the details, and to hear all the letters and answers that have passed, but you have to share his indignation, and stigmatise conduct which, secretly, you think might wear quite another aspect if the other side were heard. But what does that matter? you dare not express the opinion. You are in the tyrant's power. You are a guest—your blood be on your own head!

I had my guest, and naturally he was called upon to assist in the pursuit of tadpoles under difficulties. It is probable that he was not asked whether he really cared to spend his afternoon in that exultating and instructive manner, and it is certain that whether he "liked it or lumped it," he was seen in the park, walking with one who conspicuously carried a large beer-jug slung on a piece of string. Such were my appliances. No schoolboy ever caught at an easier handle to effect a purpose. This beer-jug was to serve as net and vasculum in one, and it did so. Memorable has the picture remained to me of the two men of letters bobbing with a beer-jug for tadpoles,

amid shouts of Homeric laughter at failure and awkwardness. That Batrachian is not an eminently sagacious beast, otherwise we should have caught few with such appliances, but we caught as many as were wanted, and after placing a little duckweed and a water plant or two in the jug, we returned home triumphant. I told P— (to console his classical mind) that, undignified as our appearance might be in shallow eyes, we had only to assume a certain severity of deportment and style ourselves *cupellophoroi*, to make amazement melt into respect. But whether it was that the long lines of school girls had an invincible tendency to giggling, or that the miscellaneous promenaders had but a dim perception of Greek analogies, certain it is that every one eyed us with something less than admiration. I am always stared at as a monster, when carrying simply my net and vasculum (as it necessary to assure my fair readers that the monstrosity is strictly *impersonal*?)—imagine what it was with a beer jug.

On reaching home, two finger glasses and a tumbler received the noble beasts and thus were three little aquaria formed, which, although wanting all the artistic elegance which the taste of Mrs Bohn, of Essex Street, Strand, has since given to aquaria, for the captivation of amateurs, were to me full of interest and enjoyment, the very makeshift nature of the thing doubtless adding a relish to it. During the unoccupied hours of digestion, and in many other "fringes of time" I watched the development of the animals. They became quite pets at last, nor dare I trust myself to paint the tragedy of their end, when in incautious ignorance I one day allowed the glasses to remain too long exposed to the sun, and found on returning home that all my little ones *had* lived.

It was thus I made a beginning whereby the reader may learn how easy the beginning is. Atank is doubtless more desirable than a finger glass, a microscope is a far more puissant instrument than a lens, but if you begin with finger glass and lens you will in due time find yourself with microscope and tank,

whereas if you don't begin until you have these, it is probable you will never begin at all. Observe, it is said "in due time." There are many who supply themselves with instruments before they have felt the need or learned the use of them. A man buys a microscope, expecting to plunge at once into the world of wonders, and finds he can do nothing with it—knows not what wonders he is to look for. Had he begun with a lens, he would have grown up to the use of a microscope. It is thus Science has grown. It did not begin with appliances. In no department do we begin with patents, these are the inventions of our growing wants.

I soon discovered that a lens was not sufficient. A friend lent me his microscope, and, after tasting the enjoyment of its unrestricted use, I was soon forced to buy one of my own. For those among my readers who rebel against the notion of beginning with out something like a systematic outfit, a list may here be given of the necessary articles. A landing net lined with fine muslin—or even simply a muslin net—to skim the surface and dredge the bottom of ponds, a camel hair brush, to remove the more delicate animals from the net to the bottle, a wide mouthed glass jar (or a pickle bottle), and a wide mouthed phial for the more delicate larvæ, these complete the hunting equipment: there is nothing expensive or cumbrous in that.

Nor are the facilities of the pursuit less noticeable. So rich is almost every stagnant pond, that you have only to dip the jar in, trusting to chance and on raising it to the light you will see a little world in miniature: insects of various shape and colour, larvæ of many kinds and sizes, from the fierce water tiger down to the day fly, water beetles, water fleas, with their coloured bags of eggs, plants rich in colour and graceful in form: there is study for months in that glass jar. If you are ignorant of the names and natures of these objects, all will be interesting, if knowledge have already made the commonest objects familiar, the delight of discovering new or rare forms replaces the delight of general wonderment. How far the studies will

be pushed, depends of course on the leisure and mental disposition of each student, they may remain on the level of mere amusement, or lead up to the heights of physiological science.

A little experience will soon mark out the ponds which are most likely to contain the best preserves, the angler knows a likely stream when he sees it, and where the pike will lie. As a general rule, the older the pond and the more water plants it contains, the richer it will be found, the ordinary duck pond contains little. With our net we skim the surface, and among the mass of leaves and weed we find great varieties of tiny creatures, which we remove with the camel hair brush, or our fingers, and deposit in the glass jar. Or with the net we drag the bottom, and amid the mud, stones, and bits of stick, we find worms, mollusca, and perhaps fish. The process is not difficult, as you perceive. But there are animals much sought after and rarely found, which require another method of search. I will therefore give the reader a bit of advice, for which I should have been very grateful myself, and which he will not find in any other place—it is how to get *Polypes* and *Polyzoa*. So many men of science have asked me how I got my *Polypes* that a detailed description becomes necessary.

The reader is supposed to know the *Hydra*, or Fresh water *Polype*, since, perhaps, nothing in the pond world affords the scientific mind more interest than this remarkable animal, the wonders of which were first revealed in the admirable researches of Trembley,* whose work may be picked up for a few shillings in almost any second hand German catalogue of scientific works, and is worth its weight in gold, although seldom, I fancy, read nowadays. To get some of the *Hydræ* became a pressing desire, I would have given fabulous prices for them. To get Trembley's work was also a pressing desire. Both seemed almost unattainable, and both were easy of attainment, could

one but have known how to set about the search. The booksellers told me the book was rare, and every one I asked, told me that the animals were only to be found in a few ponds. Both statements proved inaccurate. Give an order to your German bookseller, if you don't care to look through catalogues for yourself, and he will quickly get a copy of Trembley. Come with me to a good pond or running stream, and the *Polypes* will no doubt turn up. Between Kew and Richmond there is an arm of the Thames running beside Kew Park, in which *Hydra fusca* is abundant. In the ponds of Richmond Park, especially the one which lies amid the ferns as you go from the Sheen Gate to Combe Wood, *Hydra viridis* is abundant. These are the only two species of *Hydra* the former is much the larger of the two, and is of a whitish brown colour, the latter is of a brilliant green. When in the glass jar of water these animals are discernible enough, but it is in vain to look for them in the pond, or on the weed out of water. I discovered both by accident. In a jar full of water and duckweed which had been left untouched after returning from a hunt, I observed on the following morning certain green spots scattered over the sides of the glass, on raising it to the light, a flash of pleasure ran through me as the long sought *Polypes* were recognised. Further inspection showed quantities hanging to the stems of the duckweed, and waving their tentacles to and fro in search of prey. But no sooner was a bit of duckweed removed from the water, than the *Polype*, before so visible, became invisible, to reappear again on being returned to the water. Thus explained why the *Hydra viridis* had never been detected by me before. No sooner has the eye become familiar with them, than it detects them even out of the water, but the easiest and surest way to get them is simply to let the contents of your glass jar stand undisturbed when it is brought from the pond in a few hours the

* TREMBLEY *Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire des Polypes d'eau douce*, 1744. The discoveries were announced by REAUMUR in the preface to the sixth volume of his monument of industry and sagacity, *Mémoires sur les Insectes*, 1742, pp. li livi, and have since been repeated in all text books.

Polypes, if there are any present, will quit the weed to fasten themselves on the sides of the jar. You can then remove them with a camel hair brush.

Hydra fusca was found in the following way. I had skinned the surface with the net, and after turning over the dead leaves and bits of stick, I noticed something like a patch of mucus, which seemed without life or form, but as everything I did not know was always popped into my jar that it might be known, and as patches of mucus often turn out to contain eggs of molluscs, this new patch was dropped in. No sooner was it in the water than it began to expand its tentacles, and reveal itself as *Hydra fusca*. On re-examination of the net, I found quantities sticking to the muslin and the leaves, and now I can detect them at a glance amid a mass of leaves and sticks. Let the reader only follow the rule of dropping everything unknown into the water, and watching its arrival there, and he will soon learn to recognise these Polypes. The same rule will lead him to the discovery of Polyzoa, those exquisite and highly organised creatures, of which Professor Allman has recently given so splendid a monograph in the publications of the Ray Society.

And now we have got our Polypes, some ingenious reader is curious to know what it is which can render them so interesting, for their appearance as they fasten themselves to the side of the glass, or on the stems of the weed, is not very suggestive. They look like tiny plants, and although as we watch them their tentacles are seen to wave to and fro with what looks like spontaneous motion, and although, further, they shrink up as if alarmed, when the water beetle touches them roughly in swimming past, thereby indicating that they are animals, or very sensitive plants, yet this does not seem to lead to much. There seems but little vista here, one begins to fancy the perspective somewhat limited, their resources of amusement soon exhausted. *Quem scire?*—who knows? The vista may open, and prove inde-

finite, if we are patient. In Natural History patience is the mother of invention, ever finding out something new and strange. And see! we are at once rewarded: the long thread like arms of our Hydra, waving listlessly to and fro, have come in contact with a small worm, a Nais. The poor wretch may wriggle and wriggle with the energy of an acrobat, it is in vain, every twist enfolds him more securely in those fatal meshes, if he becomes trouble some, the other arms will bend over, and make escape almost hopeless. A young gentleman, with more expectations than wit, may escape from the hands of the bill brokers before his expectations are theirs: and so may this Nais escape undigested from the pressing familiarity of the Polype, but the chance is not worth much. We perceive this, as we notice how quietly the Polype draws the reluctant Nais closer to him. There is no fussy ferocity in the embrace, with grave relentless orderliness the thing is done: slowly the elastic mouth expands, receives the worm, and swallows it. Very bulgy and pot bellied that graceful Hydra now appears, but he has secured a good meal, and despising fastidious points of appearance will digest it in quiet.

The Polype appears to be a predatory animal, in spite of its plant like aspect, and as "one touch of eating makes the whole world kin," we begin to take a fresh interest in him, now we have seen him at dinner. Let us try another with another worm. We push a Nais within reach of the drooping tentacles: it is seized, but by a violent and lucky wriggle it escapes. A philosophic friend suggests that in this case the bill broker must be a Jew—being obviously too lenient for a Christian of that profession. I suspect a paradox, and urge an explanation, adding that "the popular theory of the Jew is"

and I am interrupted by this parody of Shakespeare's verse

'Christians that fester smell far worse than Jews'."

"Yes, sir," continues my observant friend, "it is as I say: much as

* 'Lilies that fester, smell far worse than weeds'—SHAKESPEARE. *Sonnets*

the Hebrew discounter may be disposed to prefer his interest to yours, and to act on the preference, the rapacity and hardness of the Christian accommodator, surpasses that of the Two Tribes, as well as that of the undiscovered Ten Tribes. The Jew has his conscience, but the Christian has had his, and flung it to the dogs—who turn away from it in disgust.”

While this exposition has been made, the Nasa, which had escaped from the Jew (if Jew he be) has unhappily fallen into the clutches of a Christian rival, the impetus of fear drove him from one into the grasp of the other. There is no longer hope. What is this? The Jew also has now seized the wriggling tail of this unfortunate individual, whose head is already in what schoolboys call “chancery.” It is pull devil pull baker, now. Both tug steadily—and both begin to swallow! Unless the body should split in two, and the rivals be pacified by each having a half, it is probable there will be a pretty quarrel presently. Let us watch it. Each gulps down his own end, with steady systematic energy, and now there is scarcely a bit of the victim unswallowed, the two rapacious mouths get closer and closer to each other, as the bridge of worm between them gets smaller. What will come of it? which of them will refund? *Refund* is a word odious in the ear of all the tribe, tis not to be alluded to. Neither of these amiable persons seems in the least disposed that way, and—can it be possible?—our Christian friend seems opening his maw still wider, while the Caucasian appears to be of Shyllock’s way of thinking when they offer to spare his life, but confiscate his goods.

Then take my life and all oh! spare not that
You take my house when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house You take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Rather than disgorge, he suffers himself to be dragged into his rival’s maw. ’Tis a pretty sight, this of the

half-swallowed gentleman resolutely holding on to his bit of worm, though somewhat circumscribed in his movements. The denouement interests us. One bill-discounter discounting another is too exhilarating a spectacle to be disregarded. Unfortunately we have forgotten the nature of the beast. One jackal will not eat another. One polype cannot digest another. Honour among thieves! If those who prey on the rest of mankind were to begin preying on each other, social arrangements would be disturbed. Alas! yes, and thus it is that the Jew, being of a meeker temper, allows the worm to be sucked out of him and is then himself allowed to make an honourable retreat, empty, but with a whole skin. My friend points in triumph to this proof of his generalisation, and almost persuades me to forswear pork.

The reader now begins to see that the Polypes may be more interesting than their appearance promised. A closer acquaintance with them will raise his regard. In a scientific point of view, the mere fact that the Hydra is one of the simplest of animals, and indeed is the very simplest of those large enough to admit of experiment, gives it a peculiar value. Let us notice here a single point. What is called the stomach of the Hydra is a mere cavity in its substance, not an organ, not even a distinct bag. It is nothing more nor less than a folding-in of the outer skin, as when the finger of a glove is inverted,—and this must be understood more literally than is the case with the higher animals, in whom also the mucous membrane which lines the whole extent of the digestive cavity, from the mouth downwards, is said to be a folding in of the external envelope—a position which the transcendental anatomist may lawfully assume, but which the histologist must impugn, for the mucous membrane is as distinct from the skin as connective tissue is from bone. But in the Hydra no such difference between external and internal exists. There are microscopists who deny this, but I have convinced myself of it by very careful examination, and the proof is seen in Trembley’s celebrated experiment.*

wherean the Polype was turned inside out—the skin becoming the stomach, and the stomach the skin—yet digestion went on as well as before. Now it requires very little reflection to assure us that no animal having a mucous membrane lining its digestive cavity, could replace that membrane by its external envelope, if, therefore, the Polype shows such a difference to being turned inside out, it must be because there is, in truth, little difference between the inside and the outside—in other words, it has no special membrane lining the digestive cavity.

What then asks the reader, innocent of anatomy. Why then a very interesting question arises. We saw the Polype swallow a worm, and we said the worm would be digested, but now we find that it is indifferent whether the worm be inside a cavity supposed to be specially allotted to digestion, or a cavity formed out of the external skin. We know that Digestion—in the scientific meaning of the word—is effected by the agency of gastric and intestinal juices, secreted from peculiar glands formed in the mucous membrane, these juices acting chemically on the food, and we are naturally led to inquire how it is the Polype can have the juices if it have not the glands, how it can have the glands if it have not the mucous membrane, or anything analogous to it, and how it can digest if it have no chemical means of digesting? This is only another way of putting the paradoxical question, "Can Polyphes digest at all?" On a former occasion an attempt was made in these pages* to show that even the more highly organised Sea Anemones were incapable of digesting, in the proper sense of the word, and of course those arguments apply with more force to the Hydra. I will, however briefly state what the true answer to this question seems to demand. If by Digestion we understand any and every mode of rendering food fit for assimilation, we must of course admit that the Hydra digests, no less than an alderman, but to give

the word this latitude of meaning is to destroy all scientific nomenclature,† and to confound Digestion—which is the special function of an organic apparatus—with Cooking, Carving, Mastication, and all other modes of preparing food for assimilation. On the other hand, if we limit the term Digestion to express that complex of chemical and mechanical actions which takes place in the alimentary canal, it is clear that the Hydra, which has no alimentary canal, and no secreting organs, cannot be said to digest. If in its stomach it effects any chemical change whatever on the food it swallows, the means by which it does so must be unlike all those at present recognised. In fact, so simple is the organisation of the Polype, that it is in vain to seek there for those organs which we meet in the higher animals. It has no organs of secretion, no organs of circulation, no organs of respiration, in fact, it has scarcely any differentiation of its substance into separate tissues, or even an approach to it. Leydig, indeed, has discovered cells which he calls muscle cells. But these—granting them to be muscle cells—exist only in one species, at least I have never been able to detect them in *Hydrifusca*, although they are readily found in *Hydravertis*. The mass of the body seems to be composed of a gelatinous contractile substance, which has a tendency to break up into Amoeba like portions.

And what is an Amoeba? some will ask. One of the pond inhabiting curiosities which may profitably employ your microscope, and which, therefore, may claim a few words of digression in this place. The Amoeba (formerly called *Proteus*) is certainly the simplest of all organic beings, for according to the majority of writers, it is nothing but a microscopic bit of gelatinous substance, without any differentiation of parts, it not only has no "organs," but no tissues out of which an organ could be formed, and although I am disposed to agree with Auerbach‡ in believing the Amoeba to be a single-

* See Magazine for June 1857.

† Etenim equivocaciones et malis deceptions verborum sunt *sophismata sophistarum* —BACON *De Augment.* v. c. 4.

‡ AUFBACH *Leber die Einselligkeit der Amæben* in the *Zeitschrift für Wissenschaftliche Zoologie* vii. 365.

celled animal (the cell wall and nucleus being discernible under proper treatment), yet even this amount of organisation is assuredly small enough. Imagine an animal which has independent existence, which moves, feeds, and propagates, and is nevertheless only a single microscopic cell, and you will admit that a less elaborate mechanism for the performance of vital actions cannot be conceived. How can it move? How does it feed? How can it propagate? These are questions which you may perhaps answer for yourself after a patient and amused investigation. But first let us see how the animalcule is to be obtained.

The Amoeba is found among the debris of organic matter in the mud bottom of almost any pond. Very true, you imagine then that nothing can be simpler than the process of securing one? If ever you have sought for needles in a haystack, it is probable that you considered the process somewhat more laborious than the result could justify. In vain you are assured that there are hundreds of needles to find them, can only be a lucky accident. Very much the same process is that of hunting for a microscopic animalcule in the mud of a pond, and to save you from this baffling search, here is a simple method of making these Amoebæ in any quantity. Place a small bit of meat—no matter what, provided it has not been cooked—into a tumbler three parts full of water, allow this to stand for two or three weeks in the sunlight. Green vegetation will quickly appear. At the end of the second or third week, if you dip your "finder" (a glass tube, sold at all microscope establishments) into the decomposed sediment, and place the drop on a glass slide under the microscope, you will soon discover one or more of these interesting animals. How is one to be recognized? By its peculiarity of movement. An irregular mass, having no shape at all, is seen to change that no shape every instant. Out pushes a corner of the mass, gets larger, is drawn in again, or has another corner pushed out beaded, or opposite it. The elder Mathews used to tell a story of a despairing pig driver whose pig had broken loose, and who stood

in helpless misery, exclaiming, "Oh Christ! he'll run up *all manner of streets!*" The Amoeba seems inclined to run up *all manner of streets at once*, thrusting out its legs in all directions, and in simultaneous distraction. By "legs," of course, I do not mean the locomotive organs which in higher animals are so named. The leg of the Amoeba is quite a temporary organ—a mere bit of the body, pushed out anywhere for the purpose of progression. The elastic substance prolongs itself in one direction, a rush of granules is seen to set in, and enlarge this prolongation, till perhaps the whole substance passes into it, and thus the animal has dragged itself forward. Half a dozen such legs may be formed at once, and taken in again. Thus does the Amoeba deserve its original name of Proteus—he of many shapes—

' If shape it could be called
That shape had none

Arms and legs are clearly superfluous to an animal with so accommodating a body: they are improvised when wanted, and abolished after their service is performed. We, nobler animals, cannot imitate that, but if our bodies are not so accommodating, our minds—that is, some of them—seem little less so, for there are men who improvise opinions and principles as the Amoeba improvises legs, looking in all directions at once, and changing with every changing impulse.

In these incoherent rambles which the Amoeba makes over the glass-slide, he meets occasionally with a bit of food which tempts his appetite: how will he appropriate it? Hands, to carry it to his mouth, he has none. Mouth, to receive it, he has none. Stomach, to digest it, he has none. One feels inclined to pity the hapless young gentleman who, to all theoretical appearance, must die of starvation in the midst of plenty. But Nature has provided even for this tiny existence. The care which extends throughout the universe will not fail even this microscopic point of life. We saw the Amoeba dispense with legs and arms, we may now see him dispense with mouth and stomach, 'tis an accommodating creature, taking life by the

cannot handle. There is the food, and he is seen deliberately *wrapping himself round it*. He will soon become all mouth and stomach. The food will be received into the substance of his body, a portion of which gives way, and closes again. There, such of it as is available, will be assimilated, and the undigested remains will find their way out as they originally found their way in.

It is not easy to watch the process of propagation, and we have as yet only general presumption in favour of the idea that the *Amoeba*, like the rest of the organic world, has any such function. If it be truly a cell, its propagation is probably the same as that of other cells—namely, a spontaneous division, forming two cells out of one. But hitherto I am not aware of any observer having indicated what is the real process.

To return from this digression to our *Hydra*. One of the remarkable points in its structure is certainly the existence of an immense number of minute capsules, each containing a spring, or thread, which, though coiled up within it, is easily made to dart out. *Agassiz* terms them *lasso cells*, on the assumption that they are used like the lasso to entrap prey. The capsules resemble oil flasks, and the neck of each is furnished with three hooklets, so that the supposition is, that the long lasso threads envelop the victim, and hold it against these hooklets. And as if this supposition were not already sufficiently hazardous, Naturalists have added the further hypothesis of a poison secreted by these capsules. They are hence called "netting organs," and "urticating cells" and have been also found in all Sea-anemones, Jelly fish, and in *Planaria*. How little foundation there is for this hypothesis, and how many contradictions it meets with when confronted with facts, have been shown in these pages, and need not therefore be longer dwelt on. Enough if the attention of the speculative reader be called to one point respect-

ing them, if the hypothesis of their secreting a poison be accepted.

In the animal series the lower forms are excessively simple, the higher forms excessively complex. In the course of its development, the higher animal passes through stages which are analogous to these gradations in the series, that is to say, it begins with a simple, and ends with a complex organisation: it *was* homogeneous, and has *become* more and more heterogeneous, by a gradual succession of *differentiations*. The lowest animals have no muscles, no nerves, no "organs." The early embryo of the highest animal is equally without muscles, nerves, organs. It has been the very natural tendency of transcendental anatomists to assume that this succession of differentiations must follow an order having reference to the proportionate importance of each step, and that the functions of Nutrition and Reproduction being the most important, these organs would be the first to appear. But observation by no means confirms this assumption. "The spirit of man," says Bacon somewhere, "feigns in Nature a simplicity and uniformity greater than really is." Here, in the *Hydra*, we have an animal in whose homogeneous substance the very first differentiation that has taken place is the establishment of capsules, with hooklets and threads, said to be organs for the secretion of poison, and thus before any other organs, or differentiations have taken place which could minister to the functions of Nutrition and Reproduction. Whatever the function of these thread capsules may be, they demand attention as the very first differentiation which the *Polype* shows, for the muscle cell only exists in one species, and even that is far less *special* than the thread capsules.

But perhaps you care nothing for transcendental anatomy? You think transcendental synonymous with moonshine, and anatomy "nasty!" *De gustibus*. I might deprecate both opinions, and loudly, dithyrambically, expound the enjoyments and advan-

* See Magazine, January 1857, Art., 'New Facts and Old Fancies about Sea-Anemones'

tages to be derived from speculation and anatomy (the latter, by the way, by no means nasty when the subject is one of these simple animals, but a study which may be followed in the drawing room if necessary), but I will no longer play the part of a tyrant-host, and you shall be released from further demands on your visualorial complaisance. Maga invites you to her liberal board, but is far from insisting that you shall eat of all the dishes. Pay your money and take your choice. Your half crown is as good as that of the most transcendental of anatomists, and it is probable that you have more of them. Besides, our polypes are far from being dependent upon speculative questions for their high interest. Hood, in his humorous parody of George Robins, describes a courtyard in g owing terms, and having, with due emphasis, particularised its pump, adds, in typographic eloquence—

' THE PUMP HAND !'
WITHIN REACH OF THE SMALLEST CHILD !

In imitation, I would say the polypes have handles within reach of the smallest intellect, and even your capacious brain, dear reader, will find matter for wonderment and amusement in these tiny creatures.

Consider, for a moment, their sublime indifference to injuries. It is one of the advantages of having a simple organism, in which each part is a repetition of the others, that wounds and injuries do not seriously interfere with the vital actions. If you cut the polype in two, it will not die—it will become two polypes, a new head and tentacles will grow on the one half, a new body and continuation on the other. These may again be cut into pieces, and again they will reappear, like the heads of the mythic Hydra after which the polype is named. They seem equally indifferent to diseases as to injuries. I once saw a *Hydra fusca* part with nearly half its substance, which was decomposing, and having relieved itself of this useless mass, remain sticking to the glass beside its companions, where it continued for many days, "doing as well as could be expected," and probably developed a new half, though it escaped my observation.

In more complex organisms, having particular parts of the structure allotted to the performance of particular functions—or, as the physiologists say, *specialised*—the removal of these parts is the destruction of the functions. In the higher animals, Nutrition is closely dependent on Circulation, and Circulation on Respiration, and Respiration again on Nervous agency, while the Nervous agency is in turn dependent on a due supply of arterial blood. Thus does each part of the mechanism depend on the other, and a finger pressing on the heart, or a wound opening an artery, suffices to arrest this wondrous mechanism. Not so in the simpler polype. There all parts do the work of all, and the "nine lives" attributed to the cat is true of the hydra.

Simple, also, is the method of reproduction in the polype. Like the plant, it reproduces itself in two ways, by budding and by generation. To see a fish having three or four juvenile fishes growing out of the parent's side, or even an oyster "budding" young natives, would certainly astound both the laity and the philosophers, especially the latter, in spite of their greater familiarity with animal paradoxes. But no one seems astounded to observe a polype with young polypes growing from its side, all actively engaged in seeking their own food. The laity are not astonished, because they think of a rose tree with its colony of buds, and accept the fact as if there were no paradox in it, the philosophers, because they have learned that gemmation (budding) is one of Nature's modes of Reproduction, exemplified by many of the simpler organisms.

What is this process of gemmation? Is it, as the physiologists assert, a peculiar mode of Reproduction, and deserving of a separate category? I cannot think so. I admit that a peculiar name may be necessary to mark the phenomenon, and to distinguish it from other phenomena of Growth,—such as the mere increase of size, or the reproduction of parts which have been cut off, but any attempt to distinguish Gemmation as a special process must meet with such difficulties, both of observation and reasoning, that it cannot main-

tain itself against close criticism. The reader will pardon the positiveness with which I thus express my opinion, in opposition to that of philosophers for whom I have the profoundest respect, but long investigation of this point, with the full knowledge of what had been said on the other side, has led me to the conviction that when a polype buds, the process is identical with that which takes place when a polype is cut in two and reproduces its lost parts,—that is to say, that budding is simply Growth in a slightly divergent direction.

Let us pause for a moment to consider this question, which is one of considerable importance in reference to the general subject of Reproduction. Professor Owen has advanced an hypothesis, which is not only the most ingenious, but also the most elucidative that has yet been offered, so that we cannot wonder if it has met with wide acceptance. But the very scientific merit of this hypothesis—the distinctness of the positions on which it is based—affords us, I believe, the best means of discrediting it. Had Professor Owen confined himself to useless but impalpable, and therefore imposing, generalities, his great authority would have kept antagonists at a disadvantage, but he has instinctively chosen the more philosophical and more dangerous position of definite assertion of fact. His theory is, that the primary germ cell, from which the animal is developed, has a progeny of derivative germ cells, which, instead of becoming transformed into the tissues of the animal, are retained unaltered in the body, and these unaltered cells can develop into new animals under proper conditions, just as the primary germ cell did. In other words, the original egg has become subdivided into an immense multitude of eggs, the great majority are employed to form the body of the bird, and those which are not so employed retain their capacity either of becoming new parts of the bird, or new birds.

Here, it will be observed, a distinct fact is stated—the existence of unchanged germ cells. On the accuracy

of that statement the theory rests. Is it accurate? In Professor Owen's Lectures we read the following — "In the fresh-water Polype, the progeny of the primary impregnated germ cell, retained unaltered in that body, may set up, under favourable stimuli of light, heat, and nutriment, the same actions as those to which they owed their origin *certain of the nucleated cells do set up such action*—those, *e.g.*, in the *Hydra fusca*, which are aggregated near the adhering pedicle or foot, and the result of their increase by assimilation and multiplication is to push out the contiguous integument in the form of a bud, which becomes the seat of the subsequent processes of growth and development, a clear cavity or centre of assimilation is first formed, which soon opens into the stomach of the parent, but the communication is afterwards closed, and the young hydra is ultimately cast off from the surface of the parent. This mode of propagation is termed gemmation. It differs from the development of the hydra *ob ovo*, inasmuch as the impregnated germ cell which set on foot the process is derivative and included in the body of the adult, instead of being primary, and included in a free ovum."* Professor Owen does not say that he has seen this, and his silence emboldens me to say that if he, or any other practised microscopist, will take the trouble to watch the process of gemmation either in *Hydra fusca* or *Hydra viridis*, he will find, 1°, That no such nucleated cells (in fact, no cells whatever) are aggregated near the foot. 2°, That the buds arise from every part of the body, except the tentacles, and not merely at the base. 3°, That no kind of differentiation is visible in any part of the body before budding has commenced. So at least it has uniformly appeared to me, and I refer with confidence to what Professor Huxley has said incidentally on this very subject. Describing the process of gemmation, he says, in opposition to Professor Owen—"The bud is from the first in communication with the cavity of the body, of which it is a mere diverticulum, whose walls

* OWEN *Lectures on the Comparative Anatomy and Physiology of Invertebrate Animals*, ed 1855, p 124

are a little thickened at the extremity. No special cell, or group of cells, can be discovered as the centres whence growth proceeds. No 'integument' is pushed out by anything beneath it, but the outer layer of the body of the animal thickens and grows *pari passu* with the growth of the bud. No especial accumulation of derivative germ cells can be seen in any part of the body of any *Hydrozoan*, and before gemmation commences there is no distinguishable difference of texture between the part in which gemmation commences and any other portion of the body. Furthermore, if a complex *Hydrozoan*, such as *Physophora* or *Agalma*, be examined it will be found that there is no histological distinction whatsoever between that part of the body which is to give rise to a free swimming generative zooid and that which produces merely a bract, a tentacle, or a stomach.*

Now, it seems to me that the whole question resolves into a question of fact. Unless the germ cells which Professor Owen's hypothesis assumes to be accumulated near the base of the Polype can really be found there, or something equivalent to them can be found the notion of elevating Gemmation into a distinct process—a peculiar form of Reproduction essentially distinguished from the reproduction of lost parts, or Growth—must entirely be abandoned, since it is only on the hypothesis advanced by Professor Owen that the notion can have any but the most superficial plausibility and to abandon that hypothesis is to abandon the very strongholds of the position. Now, with regard to the fact here in question, I have no hesitation whatever in saying that the unchanged germ cells are *not* to be found in the Polype and this leads me to doubt whether they are ever found elsewhere as the origin of buds or reproduced limbs, although it is but right to quote the following state-

ment, in which Professor Owen invokes the testimony of an accomplished observer—"The reproduction of parts of higher animals has also been found to depend on pre-existing cells retained as such. Mr H D S Goodair has shown that in the lobster, so noted for the power of reproducing its claws, the regenerative faculty does not reside at any part of the claw indifferently, but in a special locality at the basal end of the first joint. This joint is almost filled by a mass of nucleated cells surrounded by a fibrous and muscular band. This fact admits of another interpretation, at any rate, we demand proof of the nucleated cells being unchanged germ cells, and above all, we can fall back upon the position that in the Polype no nucleated cells whatever form the starting point of the bud.

Besides Gemmation, our Polypes propagate by Generation—that is to say, by impregnated eggs. Professor Owen has argued with great force against the dominant conception of an essential distinction between the process of Generation and the process of Gemmation,† and as I have endeavoured on a former occasion, in this Magazine, to show that there is not only no essential distinction between the two processes, but none also between them and Growth, the subject need not be further pursued just now. I would simply suggest to the student the desirability of his choosing the *Hydra* for study, there is much yet to be done with it. Respecting the development of its ova and spermatozoa, the statements current even among the highest authorities are vague, and in some cases decidedly inaccurate. It is inaccurate, for instance, to say that the ova are developed near the base, and the spermatozoa near the tentacles. I have found ova developed in all parts, and spermatozoa sometimes developed in the same capsules with

* HUXLEY *On the Asexual Reproduction and Morphology of Aphis* Linnæan Trans. vol. xxii. p. 217.

† See his valuable little book on *Parthenogenesis* 1849. Compare also HARVEY *On the Identity of the Bud and the Seed* 1857. VOY SIEBOLD *On a true Parthenogenesis in Moths and Bees* translated by DALLAS, 1857. LEUCKART *Zur Kenntnis der Generationswechsel* 1858. CLAUS *Generationswechsel und Parthenogenesis im Thierreich*, 1858. VAN BENEDEN *Mémoires sur les Vers Intestinaux*, 1868.

the owl. My opportunities have not permitted such a patient and consecutive study of this subject as would justify a definite exposition of the course of development, but the microscopist will find there is much to be gleaned in that field.*

Thus the reader perceives how, from mere amusement, the Polypes will lead up to the highest problems of science. Indeed the same may be said of nearly all the inhabitants of the pond. The mind must bring its own curiosity, its impatient activity, its patient endeavour, and there will be no lack of material on which it can work. Each student will follow his own bent. One will select a particular group of animals, and follow them through all the opening paths of Observation and Experiment. Another will delight himself with a general and indiscriminate watching of the forms and habits of all that come under his notice, and this, perhaps, will be the best course for the beginner. He should familiarise himself, as far as books and opportunities will allow, with every animal form and peculiarity. Having thus amassed a stock of general knowledge he will find that, on subsequently devoting his attention to one or more groups, the one will illustrate the other. The very immensity of the field of Natural History is at once the temptation and excuse to naturalists, who limit their knowledge to one group, or even one section of a group, and thus we find men learned about Birds and ignorant of Reptiles, or minutely acquainted with Coleoptera, and sublimely indifferent to Crustacea. But no one who looks at Natural History in the light of culture rather than of erudition, will need argument to prove that even special investigations can only be carried on with effect when issuing from general knowledge.

That Natural History may be pursued as culture of a high order, few will doubt that it may be so pursued even amid laborious professional avocations, and carried so far as to

create a distinguished name among naturalists, we have many examples that of Mr Broderip may be mentioned as especially noteworthy, since his duties as a magistrate have not prevented his becoming a learned and accomplished man of letters, as well as a naturalist of universal appetite, and an observer among observers.† Yet such is the popular prejudice respecting Natural History, and the implied contempt with which many persons speak of it, that I am tolerably certain some of Mr Broderip's professional brethren have more than once jarred on his feelings by the sort of compassionate tone with which they have alluded to his pursuits. Who is there that has not been irritated by some large and "practical" gentleman, pretending sympathy on the ground that he, too, was formerly addicted to the pursuit. "I was very fond of collecting shells when a boy," he tells you, earnestly convinced that in the collection of shells, and in sticking butterflies on cork, consists the whole scope and purpose of Natural History. The influence from which is, that you, no longer, alas! belonging to even the most elastic category of boyhood, are devoting your energies to a pursuit which flattered the propensities of your large friend, when in jacket and trousers, but which has long ceased to obtrude itself amid the important avocations of his life.

Were this man worth an answer, the best answer would be to take a drop of water from a vase, and place it under the microscope, requesting him to look. His wonderment, if he had brains, would repay you for his previous contempt. I say if he had brains, because it is remarkable how slightly all stupid people are given to wonderment at the marvels of nature, unless these marvels assume gigantic or terrific appearances. You state a paradox to one, expecting to raise his eyebrows, he remains perfectly placid, assents implies that he knew it all before, or that there is

* A very able paper on the Anatomy of the Hydra was published by ROUGER *Mém. de la Société de Biologie*, 1852, iv. 337. The paper of CORDA *Anatomie Hydrae fusce cum talibus tribus*, Bonnæ 1838, and ECKER *Zur Lehre vom Bau der contractilen Substanz der niedrigeren Thiere*, should also be consulted.

† Since this was written, Mr Broderip has been suddenly taken away.

nothing surprising in it. Nor indeed is there anything surprising in it, to him, for surprise can only exist where there has been previous expectation, where knowledge already exists, and as he knows nothing of those laws of Nature which seem, in the present case, to be contradicted, he is perfectly quiet under the apparent contradiction. To one ignorant of the laws of gravity, there can be no surprise in seeing gravitation "suspended." But on the supposition that your practical friend has brains, and an intellect open to the reception of wonder, "which," as Bacon finely says, "is broken knowledge," the spectacle revealed in that drop of water is likely to fasten even his attention.

"A drop of water." If I remember rightly, some ingenious writer has made a book with that title, and a very interesting book it may be. The drop of water is a microcosm—the world in miniature. Manifold are the creatures swimming, crawling, feeding, and fighting in it. Many of these moving atoms, which we mistake for animals, are really plants, and every day the number of these claimed by the botanists increases. Does this surprise you? Do you marvel how experienced men can fail to distinguish between a plant and an animal? The truth is, the distinction is sometimes impossible. One source of confusion is the vagabond and active nature of many plants, which lead a roving youth, before settling down into the stationary respectability of middle age. As roving youngsters, they are indistinguishable from animals, and until they have betrayed their origin by their subsequent history, we have no clue to their character. Is not this also true in our own world? We read by the light of splendid triumphs the significance of many an idle, wayward, dreamy boyhood, which alarmed parents and tutors with grim promise of the gallows, or general ruin.

'Take any drop of water from the stagnant pools around us,' says Professor Rymer Jones, 'from our rivers, from our

lakes, or from the vast ocean itself, and place it under your microscope, you will find therein countless living beings moving in all directions with considerable swiftness, apparently gifted with sagacity, for they readily elude each other in the active dance they keep up, and since they never come into rude contact, obviously exercise volition and sensation in guiding their movements. Increase the power of your glasses, and you will soon perceive, inhabiting the same drop, other animals, compared to which the former were elephantine in their dimensions, equally vivacious and equally gifted. Exhaust the art of the optician, strain your eyes to the utmost until the aching sense refuses to perceive the little quivering movement that indicates the presence of life and you will find that you have not exhausted Nature in the descending scale. Perfect as our optical instruments now are, we need not be long in convincing ourselves that there are animals around us so small that in all probability human perseverance will fail in enabling us accurately to detect their forms, much less fully to understand their organization. Vain indeed, would it be to attempt by words to give anything like a definite notion of the minuteness of these multitudinous races. Let me ask the reader to divide an inch into 22,000 parts and appreciate mentally the value of each division having done so, and not till then, shall we have a standard sufficiently minute to enable us to measure the microscopic beings upon the consideration of which we are now entering.*

If we remember that a line is the twelfth of an inch, and that the *Monas crepusculus* of Ehrenberg is said to be the 2000th part of a line in diameter, we can understand the statement that a single drop of water may contain "five hundred millions of such individuals—a number equaling that of the whole human species now existing on the surface of the earth."† It is true that the majority of these infusoria are plants, not animals, which somewhat lessens the wonder, but, even with this deduction, it remains sufficiently marvelous.

"Leeuwenhoek was little aware," says Professor Owen, "how large a prospect of organic life he was opening to our view, when, in the year 1675, he communicated to his scientific friends his

* RYMER JONES. *The Natural History of Animals*, i. 98.

† OWEN. *Lectures on Comp. Anat. of Inverteb.*, p. 19.

discovery of the little bell-shaped animalcule now known as one species of an immense class, and called the *Forficula cornicularis*. His observations were published in one of the early numbers of the *Philosophical Transactions*, much discussion on the subject ensued, and called forth the wit of the philosophers of the day. However, the records multiplied, and now we have obtained a view of the Infusoria, which shows them to be the most widely diffused, and by far the most numerous, of all the forms of organised life. Wherever Ehrenberg went in his travels with Humboldt, he there detected with his microscope some of the manifold forms of these animalcules; and wherever his pupils have repeated his observations, the same phenomena have been presented. When Sir James Ross and his companions in accordance with their directions, took up the film from the surface of the Antarctic Sea, that film in its dried remains was found to consist of silicious cases of the Infusoria, in the mud brought up from the depths of the ocean, at the highest southern latitudes sounded by the deep-sea line, they were found, and they have also been detected in the mud adhering to specimens dredged up at Melville Island by Captain Parry, so that from North to South Pole, and in all intervening latitudes, these animalcules are diffused and extend the reign of animal life beyond that of the vegetable kingdom."

In this eloquent passage the reader will now have to substitute the word *Infusorium* for *animalcule*, since it has been proved that the majority of these organic beings are not animals at all, and the last clause of the last sentence must be modified. But what a picture it then presents! and with what interest we follow the Professor in his subsequent speculations —

"Consider," he says, "their incredible numbers, their universal distribution, their insatiable voracity, and that it is the particles of decaying vegetable and animal bodies which they are appointed to devour and assimilate. Surely we must in some degree be indebted to these ever-active scavengers for the salubrity of our atmosphere. Nor is this all they perform a still more important office, in preventing the progressive diminution of the present amount of organised matter upon the earth. For

when this matter is dissolved or suspended in water, in that state of comminution and decay which immediately precedes its final decomposition into the elementary gases, and its consequent return from the organic to the inorganic world, these wretched members of nature's invisible police are everywhere ready to arrest the fugitive organised particles, and turn them back into the ascending stream of animal life. Having converted the dead and decomposing particles into their own living tissues, they themselves become the food of larger Infusoria, as, e.g. the *Rotifers*, and of numerous other small animals, which in their turn are devoured by larger animals, and thus a pabulum, fit for the nourishment of the highest organised beings, is brought back by a short route from the extremity of the realms of organic nature."

Enough has been said to indicate the reach and interest of the study these Infusoria afford, and the student will find no lack of abundant material either for observation in the ponds, or for meditation in the writings of observers. The great debt which science owes to the patience of Ehrenberg, will be appreciated even by those who merely turn over the leaves of his magnificent work, and is recognised by all serious students. It is a debt which more than makes forgiveness for any errors he may have diffused. One general error is that of the supposed complexity of organisation of most of these Infusoria. This has been repeatedly refuted, and was easy to refute. In general, his interpretation of what he saw seems to have been as unfortunate as his observation was admirable. There was to many minds a sort of fascination in the idea of increasing the marvel by finding in these atoms an organisation as complex as that of the higher animals, and it received a sanction from the undeniable fact that a few of these (the *Rotifers*) really had some approach to organisation of a higher kind. But there are few observers who now believe that muscles, nerves, organs of sense, or indeed "organs" of any kind, can be found in the vast majority of Infusoria, and when it is added that the majority have turned out to be of vegetable nature, the notion of organ-

isation analogous to that of higher animals vanishes into thin air.

In his recently-published *Essay on Classification*, Agassiz makes sad havoc with this supposed division of the Animal Kingdom, hitherto styled *Protozoa*—

'With reference to the Infusoria' he says I have long since expressed my conviction that they are an unnatural combination of the most heterogeneous beings. A large number of them the Desmidiæ and Volvocinæ are locomotive Algae. Indeed recent investigations seem to have established beyond all question the fact that all the Infusoria Anenters of Ehrenberg are Algae. The Enterodella however are true animals but belong to two very distinct types for the Vorticellidæ differ entirely from all others. Indeed they are, in my opinion, the only independent animals of that group and so far from having any natural affinity with the other Enterodella I do not doubt that their true place is by the side of the Bryozoa among Molluscs, as I shall attempt to show. Isolated observations which I have been able to make upon Paramecium Opalina and the like, seem to me sufficient to justify the assumption that they disclose the true nature of the bulk of this group. I have seen for instance, a Planaria lay eggs out of which Paramecia were born which underwent all the changes these animals are known to undergo up to the time of their contraction into a Chrysalis state, while the Opalina is hatched from Distoma's eggs.*

I may here borrow from my note book of October 1856 an observation which has probably relation to that mentioned by Agassiz. Examining some leeches, less than the third of an inch in length, I was struck with the quantity of little bodies floating in the general cavity (peritoneal space) and seemingly endowed with spontaneous motion. On cutting one of the leeches in two, these bodies swam out, and revealed themselves to be Infusoria, very much resembling the *Cercaria*, but imperfect acquaintance with the Infusoria prevented my identifying the species. As there were no eggs visible in these

leeches at this time, I was disposed to conclude that these Infusoria were the embryos of the leech, but developed viviparously, instead of oviparously, as is commonly the case. The only alternative was to regard them simply as having passed into the body of the leech with the water, but now that the *Cercaria* is known to be the embryo of Distoma, that supposition loses its probability, and the Cercarian Infusoria I noticed in the leeches were most likely developed from the leech's eggs.

But not to make further excursions into science, let us content ourselves simply with watching the spectacle in this drop of water. Microscopic as all these creatures are, we notice grades of big and little even here. Not only do they prey on each other with a ferocity unsurpassed by their betters, but they also have their parasites, like their betters. What parasites living on these atoms? So it is Nature is sympathetic, and makes the whole world—food. Look at that elegant Vorticella—the bell-shaped animalcule. It lives, you observe, parasitically on the body of that pretty water flea, and has established a small colony of its kindred on that good "allotment." There it sticks, making a vortex in the water with its restless cilia, and drawing into its mouth any available food,

'Where the flea sucks there suck I.'

is its motto where the rambling, restless animal transports itself, there will this tenacious parasite be transported also, and so it sees the world. But observe it closely, when it has ceased to shrink up at contact with some foreign body or "in alarm" at some vibration it is now extended to its full length and you perceive that in its turn this parasite has parasitic plants established on it. We have all laughed at Thackeray's poor Irishman having always some poorer Irishman living on him, as he lives on society, and here we see the very system carried on by the tiny demizens of that tiny ocean.

* AGASSIZ *Essay on Classification*, 1859, p. 290.

THE COMPETITION SYSTEM AND THE PUBLIC SERVICE.

WE purpose to write something on the subject of the Competition System and the Genius of Oram. What we are about to say will be distasteful to a large number of readers, but it will perhaps induce them to think whether they have got hold of a living fact or a popular delusion. There is an idea abroad in these times—a very rampant and obtrusive idea—that no master is so badly served as the Public, because hitherto his choice of servants has been so restricted. And a necessary deduction from this is, that if the area of selection were extended, the Public would be better served. The cry has been very general of late for “the right man in the right place”—a very intelligible and appreciable demand, if we only knew how to supply it. It is often said, that instead of the right men we have got none but the wrong men, and that we always shall have the wrong men whilst favour is more potential than merit, and Government nominees are pitchforked into the Public Service without a thought of the manner in which their public duties are likely to be discharged. Some other process than that of unchallenged nomination, whereby the Public Service may be efficiently recruited, is therefore clamorously sought, and as people are wont to rush from one extreme into the other, it is proposed to substitute for an entirely close an entirely open system. The Public Service is to be the public service in every sense. The best man, or rather the best boy, is to win. A competitive examination is to determine the question of admission, and the number of “marks” is to be more potent than the word of the chief Minister of the day. There is something so plausible in such a proposal, that it is admirably calculated to carry the public by storm. And yet we have the strongest possible conviction that it is altogether a mistake.

There is no denying the fact, that the idea of what is called a “governing class” is not a popular one. What is meant is a governing *caste*—people with a sort of hereditary title to the

leaves and fishes of the State—the great family of the Tite-Barnacles, ever clinging to the rock of the public service with a glutinous tenacity which nothing can dissolve. According to modern satirists, it is the wont of these Tite Barnacles to serve the public by reading the *Morning Post*, and eating jam with a paper knife. Now, doubtless the *Morning Post* is a fact easily to be substantiated, the paper-knife is not incredible, but the jam must be taken in its figurative sense, typifying doubtless the sweets of office, for, materially, we apprehend that the article is not in much demand. The idea is, that a number of young men are billeted upon the public service, for the sole purpose of affording them board and lodging at the expense of the State—that they draw every quarter from the public treasury a certain amount of public money, and do nothing for the public except in this great matter of the eating of jam. To speak plainly, it is a popular notion that the Tite Barnacles, old and young, lounge away a certain portion of every day, when not more pleasantly engaged, in the public office to which their family interest may have consigned them, and that they are as guiltless of any capacity for public affairs, or any desire to be acquainted with them, as the horses in their fathers’ stables. But this, after all, is only a popular delusion. In the first place, the number of hereditary place holders is not great, and only a portion of them belong to the aristocratic classes. In the next place, *ceteris paribus*, an hereditary placeholder is likely to be a better public servant than his colleagues—a point, and a very important one, on which we shall presently descant more at length. And thirdly, the number of incapable public servants bears a very small proportion to the really hard-working and efficient men of business, who spend the time between ten and four every day in the conscientious performance of their duties.

But apart altogether from the

question of competency, there is a natural feeling against anything like a vested interest in the Public Service. Why, it is asked, are a few families to monopolise all the best offices of the State — why is connection, interest, accident in any shape, to be more potential than character, worth, intelligence, knowledge, every intrinsic quality that makes the man as distinguished from the name? The answer is simply that it is so, and that it must be so, and that if it ceases to be so in the Public Service, the Public Service will be the exception and not the rule. What but accident regulates success in other callings? Doubtless there are thousands of men with the highest probity, the best habits of business, the largest spirit of enterprise, who, for want of the accident of a little hereditary capital, are kept down to the dead level of retail trade, whilst men, their inferiors in capacity and in industry, are realising large fortunes, as merchants or bankers, simply on account of the accident of a certain amount of hereditary capital. Now, as regards the Public Service, interest or connection, or whatsoever else it may be called, is the hereditary capital of the upper classes. It is very right that men having neither family nor fortune, yet being possessed of those innate qualities which are most useful to society, should have a fair chance of working their way to the front. But it is no greater hardship that they should be precluded by Circumstance from making their way to the front rank, as traders in goods, in money, or aught else, than as soldiers, or administrators, or public servants of any other kind. Yet what if any one should propose to hold up places in breweries or banking houses, or any other great money making establishment, to public competition? — would he not simply be called a lunatic? It is said, and truly, that what a man earns for himself — the growth of his industry, his enterprise, or his intelligence — should be inviolably his own, to be handed down to his children. But is the position, and the interest therefrom accruing, which a man earns by meritorious public service, less his own than that which

he acquires by some successful adventure in trade? It appears to us that it is not less, but more his own. Success in commercial enterprises may result from some fortunate accident, but no man carves his way to the front rank in the Public Service with no other sword than that of Accident. If he makes for himself a good position, it is because he has energy, industry, and intelligence. He cannot in such a position make for himself a large moneyed capital, for even the best prizes of the public service are very moderate in extent. The capital which he makes, as before said, is influence, and why should he be told that this is to be taken from him — that what he has worked for through long years, and fairly earned by the sweat of his brow, is to be of no service to his children? Is not, in effect, such a judgment to deprive a man of the capital which he has been laboriously heaping up, just as much as though you were to throw open snug places in breweries and banking houses to public competition? It may be said that the object is to obtain better servants for the State. But if better public servants are to be so obtained, might we not, by the same process of public competition, obtain better beer and more honest bankers for the benefit of the Public?

It may be said that as public servants are paid for by the Public, and administer the affairs of the Public, the Public have a right to a share in the administration, and that the best mode of giving them this share is by allowing them to compete for places in the public service. But what is there that the Public does not pay for? It is possible that if the affairs of the State were better managed, taxation would be reduced. But is it not also possible that if certain large estates, or certain gigantic breweries, were better managed, and landholders and brewers looked for smaller profits, bread and beer would be cheaper than they are? But this is not generally held to be a convincing argument in favour of putting up Broadacres and Meux and Co to public competition. The plain fact is that there are and ever have been monopolies in every conceivable de-

partment of business, public or private, and that it is really no greater hardship to the outside community that they cannot make their way to official place and position because they have not family influence, than that they cannot make their fortunes in commerce or trade for want of family capital.

Moreover, even as regards the Public Service itself, the principle of public competition is, after all, only brought into partial operation. Junior clerkships in the public offices, artillery cadetships, and other minor appointments of the same kind, are competed for by boys who have not arrived at the full growth of their intellect, and whose official capacity as men cannot be tested by such competition. But we do not hear that higher appointments are competed for, or that it is intended to extend the system to any point of practical utility. Theoretically, it is true, official promotion depends on merit, but everybody knows that practically this is not the case. And it appears to us, that if the object be to give the Public a share in the management of their own concerns, the competition should be, not for the initial appointment to office, but for the subsequent official rise. In this, however, we are in some measure forestalling what properly belongs to a later stage of the argument. All we desire here to advance is, that the principle of public competition is only partially recognised, and that too in the least serviceable manner. What really concerns the public is, not that they should be permitted to go in for clerkships at £80 a-year, but that they should have a chance of obtaining those higher offices, the due performance of the duties of which really affects the interests of the country. It may be said that men appointed to such offices have previously proved their capacity, and that on account of this proved capacity they are appointed. But still more capable men may be passed over. The fitness is not comparative fitness tested by competition. An examination is one thing, a competitive examination is another. A man of proved capacity, it is said, is not required to undergo the ordeal of

an examination. But it is reasonable that a young aspirant should be called upon to prove that he is not absolutely an ass. If, however, the vindication of the principle demands not merely that fit men, but that the fittest, should be appointed, it is surely of more importance that the test of comparison should be applied in the higher than in the lower places of the public service. To say that the outside public are admitted to a share in the government of the country, because a few clerkships and cadetships are held up to public competition, is in reality a mockery and an imposture. Such application of the principle is wholly a mistake. If the theory, that the public have a right to have a hand in the management of their own concerns be a sound theory, and if it be capable of practical development, it should not be restricted as it is to the competitive examination of boys. It is either good for all, or good for nothing.

The argument, therefore, in favour of the competitive principle, based upon the common right of the Public to manage their own affairs, is practically of little account. We must look for the real defence of the system in the allegation that competitive examinations contribute to the increased efficiency of the public service. We are likely, it is supposed, to obtain a better class of public servants if the choice be not limited to those who have some kind of family or personal interest, whereby they may obtain entrance into the service by simple nomination. It must be admitted that the hypothesis is not an unreasonable one; indeed, it may appear to be a self-evident proposition, that to extend the area of selection is to increase the efficiency of the service. But it is worth while to examine it somewhat, that we may ascertain whether, after all, it is a demonstrable fact, or merely a plausible delusion.

In the first place, then, we do not hold with Mr Dickens and other "administrative reformers," that the Tite-Barnacles are absolutely and entirely nuisances, to be rudely dislodged from the great rock of the public service. The hereditary place-

holder is an unpopular animal, but he is not as black as he is painted. We have shown that theoretically there is nothing so abominable in this handing down from father to son of the capital acquired during a life of official service. Practically, it is still less offensive. As a rule, it may be alleged that the best public servants are those who have been, so to speak, "born and bred" in a particular department. We do not mean that an infusion of new blood from time to time into all departments of the public service is not expedient—nay, necessary. If there were no such new blood, old traditions would be too pertinaciously worshipped, there would be no escape from the trammels of time honoured routine. But routine is not a bad thing in its way. Indeed, we do not know how the public service could thrive without it. It is quite as necessary that some—nay, that the majority of official men should keep themselves steadily in the groove as that every now and then one should be found with courage to work out of it, and ability to do good in the more eccentric course. It would be curious—if it would not be disastrous—to experimentalise upon a public office for a month, and see how its affairs would be managed by a number of administrative reformers with what they call "large views." In their attempt to get rid of the red tape, they would soon find themselves so hopelessly entangled in it that the affairs of the country would be brought to a dead lock. The working machinery of government is dependent for its just action on the efficiency of the routine men, and the most efficient routine-men are those who bring with them to their duties the traditions of the department—who have been brought up in the office, and trained and disciplined in its formalities. In the junior grades of the public service, indeed, it will commonly be found that the most efficient men are those who have been trained under the eye of some senior in the department. There is no more important service that the head of a department can render to the State than the education of the public servants placed under him, but it is a difficult, a laborious

duty, and few men can accomplish it without something more than a public interest in their subordinates. The best-trained and most efficient servants in a public office are generally, therefore, men whose fathers or uncles or elder brothers have been in the department before them. They may be a little too much addicted to red tapery and routine, but we repeat that in the rank and file of the public service this respect for the traditions of the office is necessary to keep it in working order, and that original conceptions are serviceable only to the State when they are confined to the few. An intimate acquaintance with forms and precedents, and a clear understanding of the system of record-keeping observed in the department, are the acquirements most useful in official subordinates. They may be despised by administrative reformers, but only they who know the nature and the extent of public business can fairly calculate the saving of time in the aggregate resulting from adherence to a system which appears to involve loss of time in individual cases. Everybody knows that a short-cut is often a very long cut. There may be more directness than is supposed in circumlocution, after all.

Now, it is easy to perceive that if our public offices were to be stocked with men appointed thereto on account of their superior talents and acquirements, there would be a general repugnance to this routine work and drudgery of detail. A few clever men in a public department, especially in the higher grades of it, are doubtless very serviceable, but who would like to be at the head of a department full of clever men? and of clever men, too, occupying their positions by virtue of their cleverness. Such men are likely to think, if not to say, that they did not compete for the privilege of doing drudgery work that might be equally well, perhaps better, done by the slowest of their competitors. "What is the use of cramming and competing for this!" exclaims a clever youth, rejoicing in the number of his "marks," when he is told by a chief clerk to copy a despatch, to do a sum in

addition, or to index a volume of correspondence. But young Tite-Barnacle, be he of the upper or lower class of Barnacles, takes kindly to this kind of work. His father or his uncle has done it before him, and he knows its importance. He does not set up for a genius, and if he has only copied so many folios, he can draw his salary at quarter day with a not unpleasant sense of having earned it by good public service, though of a humble kind. He knows that he must walk before he can run, and that flying is somewhat out of his way. But your competition men are only too likely to begin flying at once, and if they do, we may be quite sure that they will never make good public servants.

Indeed, although there has not been much time for the system to develop itself, old departmental officers are already beginning to discover that the young men who are drafted into the service, with the lustre of some great competitive success upon them, do not bid fair to become useful public servants. They may be brilliant classics or profound mathematicians, but brilliant classics and profound mathematicians are not wanted in our public offices. What is wanted is something which no competitive examination can test. But the notion of book learning as a test of qualification for the public service is such, that we hear even of appointments in the Irish constabulary being held up to public competition, upon the same fond principle of literary examinations, as though any book knowledge could render a man expert in the catching of thieves or the suppression of riots. There is something almost ludicrous in the truth, that active habits are not developed by sedentary pursuits, and yet appointments, as we say, for which a certain robust manhood is the best qualification, are to be competed for, like all the rest, by enervated book worms. If there is to be any competition at all for what may be called out-of-door appointments,—let there be an out-of-door examination, and let Activity and Robustness have their ‘marks,’ instead of Algebra and Moral Philosophy

This much with regard to the Home Service. Of the civil service abroad, and of the principle of competition as applied to it, something more may be said. The most important branch of the Public Service which has been thrown open to competition is the Indian Civil Service. Up to the year 1854, appointments in this service were the individual patronage of the members of the Court of Directors of the East India Company, and, by courtesy, of the President of the Board of Control. The new India Bill, which passed into law in that year, deprived the East India Company entirely of their civil patronage, and threw all the ‘writerships,’ as they were then called, open to public competition. This was thought by some people to be “a great improvement”—firstly, because it was an act of justice to the British public, who were to be suffered to participate in the loaves and fishes of the Indian service, and, secondly, because it was an act of justice to the Indian public not to place the government of the country in the hands of the sons and nephews of East India Directors—poor creatures like Metcalfe and Elphinstone—but to confide it to Jones, Brown, and Robinson, or any other young gentleman from Trinity College, Dublin, who might go in to “compete” and succeed. It is too soon for us to pronounce any opinion upon the practical results of the experiment. The only thing that we really know is, that it is stocking the service with “a different class of men.” It is natural that the old class of *employees*—the ‘vested interest’ men—should speak slightly of their new comrades. We are bound, therefore, to make allowance for some amount of class prejudice. In India it is said that the initials C. S., which used to represent the “Civil Service,” now signify something, the imputation of which may be ungenerous—uncharitable—perhaps untrue. But the fact of the competition men being altogether a “different class” remains unassailable. The question is, whether, regard being had to the peculiar circumstances of Indian service, they are a better or a worse class

Now, what we have before said on the subject of "vested interests" with reference to the home service, is equally true with respect to the Indian Civil Service. The hereditary placements were by no means the worst description of men for the purpose. It was natural that a "close service" should be denounced by the outside public, that a monopoly of public employment should be cried out against by all who expected to profit by the opening of the trade, but the "abuse" which called forth so much invective, was, after all, anything but an unmixed evil. Looking through the lists of the Indian Civil Service for the first half of the present century, you will doubtless see from time to time a comparatively small proportion of new names. The old familiar patronymics continue to meet your eye. A. they disappear from the top of the list, they reappear again at the bottom. The son takes the place of the father, and ere long the grandson appears. Now, this it has been the custom to represent as an injustice to the community at large. Is our Anglo-Indian Empire maintained it is asked, for the benefit of a few favoured English families? Not for a few English families it is hoped, nor for many English families, but still if it were for the few, and not for the many no great injustice would appear, when we come to look searchingly into the matter. He who devotes the best years of his life to Indian service, has small chance of acquiring for himself any interest in other directions such as will enable him to provide for his children in any other profession than his own. The principle that meritorious service establishes a claim upon the State, and especially in behalf of the employment, in the same line of life, of the children of the deserving public servant, is generally admitted. The new India Bill especially provides that a certain portion of the remaining patronage of the Indian

Council shall be set aside for the children of Indian officers. There was in reality very little necessity for a legislative provision of this kind, for, in the natural order of things, the children of Indian officers were tolerably sure to obtain their share, or more than their share, of the Indian patronage. But, at all events, this public recognition of the claim is not in accordance with the outcry against hereditary placements. If such a principle be just under any circumstances, it is especially just in the case of the Indian officer, who, his life being one of exile, cannot make interest with the dignitaries of the Church, the Law, the Army, the Navy, &c., in England, like his brethren at home*. His withdrawal from the area of competition throws a larger share of the general patronage into the hands of the community at large, and therefore he is fairly entitled to some what more than his share of the particular leaves and fishes appertaining to his own profession.

We have next to consider how far this exclusiveness affects the efficiency of the public service and the interests of the governed. We all know how much has been said lately by administrative reformers about putting the square blocks into the round holes, and the round into the square. Now, the Indian service is a very peculiar service, and the very alleged defects of the old system were among its most striking advantages. The young man who went out to India encrusted with the traditions of the Company's service, was emphatically the round man in the round hole. His angularities had been rubbed off before he set his foot on Indian soil. He had been orientalised, more or less, from his childhood upwards. He had a kindlier interest in the natives of the country, he adapted himself more readily to its customs, he was less of a stranger and sojourner in India than those who have gone to India the first of

* This as a general rule there may be exceptions for example that excellent man the late Lord Hardinge after being Governor General of India came to be Master General of the Ordnance and afterwards Commander-in-Chief of the British Army. In both offices he gave largely of his patronage to the officers of the Indian army.

their race. If a young man, on his first arrival in India, was received into the house of his father or his elder brother, it was an incalculable advantage to him, in a public no less than in a private sense, but even if no such advantage were enjoyed by him, the traditions and associations by which he was surrounded made him a better public servant. The natives of the country liked him better, and respected him more. They clung to the old hereditary names, and confided in the men who bore them. But they have no faith in the new men of the competition system. We have heard—and if true, it is a significant fact—that the native money-lenders of Calcutta charge the young civilians of the new school three or four per cent more in the way of interest for money advanced than they exact from the hereditary placemen who went out from Haileybury under the old nomination system. They look upon the new men as belonging altogether to a different and a lower caste. They are not the Brahmins of the public service. It is felt that they do not carry with them the guarantee of an accredited lineage. The same feeling that actuates the money lender, inspires men in other relations of life. They feel that there is no guarantee for the public good conduct and competency of the new men, any more than for their personal honesty and competency in matters of business. There is no name, honoured in the public service of India, to vouch for them—no name, the dignity of which is to be supported, and therefore they are not only less respected by others, but less respected by themselves.

We do not say that this fact has been lost sight of by the advocates of the competition system, for in all probability the majority have never been cognisant of its existence. But it is a very important one, nevertheless, and greatly to be held in remembrance by all who would now endeavour still further to generalise the public service in India. The Indian Civil Service, we repeat, will henceforth be officered by a totally different race of men, and if, as appears only too probable, a consider-

able reduction of official salaries follows close upon the abandonment of the service to public competition, it needs no great amount of acumen to perceive that the appointments will be competed for by men of inferior social position and general attainments. Say what we may about the advantages of the Indian Service, people will look askance at it. They prefer a humbler position and a smaller income in England. The competition for the Indian Civil Service is by no means brisk, though all our professions are overstocked, and there is really no competition for the Indian Medical Service, although the medical profession at home is more overstocked than any. To diminish the salaries of any of the competition services would necessarily be to attract to them an inferior order of fitness and capacity. It is strenuously, therefore, to be deprecated. If, as we apprehended, the character of the Indian Civil Service is already deteriorated, what is it likely to become when its emoluments are greatly reduced? We are by no means sure that, under the new system, a higher order of literary merit will be permanently secured to the service. But even if it be demonstrated that the competition system must draft into it men of greater abilities and more extensive learning, it does not follow that therefore they will be better fitted to perform the particular duties required from them. What we have now to say on this subject is, for reasons stated above, especially applicable to the Indian Service, which is of a peculiar and exceptional character, but it applies to public service of all kinds, and we desire it to be considered in its general, not its particular, acceptation. Every year the principle of competition is brought into more extensive operation, and soon there will not be a place in the public service not determinable by the number of "marks".

If this system insured the stocking of the public service with the best men obtainable for the performance of the required duties, we might overlook the hardship which it necessarily entails on those who fairly consider that they have a better right

than their neighbours to a share of the patronage of the State. But we very much doubt whether the public service will be any the better for this display of public virtue. And our doubts are based simply on the fact that the qualities required to make good public servants are, save in a few exceptional cases, precisely those which are least likely to be tested by a competitive examination. It would be disingenuous to endeavour to support our argument by showing that the nature of the test is, in most cases, altogether at variance with the qualifications to be tested, that the examination papers appear to be intended for nothing more than to exhibit the learning of the examiners. This is the fault of the Civil Service Commissioners, or of whomever is responsible for the determination of the test, not the fault of the system itself. The test may be very bad, but if the system be a good system, the test may be improved with a favourable result. But our own conviction is, that, the system being bad, no improvement of the educational test can make it a good one. We may cease to demand from candidates for the Public Service that they should write imaginary dialogues between Plato and Bacon, or analyse the feelings of Lord Clarendon in the Island of Jersey, but as we do not know any kind of examination to be substituted for such questions as these, which can really elicit the relative fitness of different candidates for the office competed for, the nature of the test is a matter of very little concern.

To a preliminary examination (not competitive), before admission to the public service, there can be no sort of objection. Candidates for admission to public colleges, civil and military, are examined, and if such examination be held necessary when what is sought is only permission to be educated, and pre-existing defects can be remedied, it is, *a fortiori*, more desirable when the education of the candidate is at an end, and he must carry with him into the public service all the defects of imperfect scholarship, with small prospect of his educating himself. But a high degree of qualification is not required

If a young man can read and write, compose a little decent English, do a few sums in arithmetic, and answer a few simple questions in history and geography, all the rest, with ordinary capacity, will follow in due course as the result of official training. The young men who, under the old system, were drafted into the public service on the recommendation of influential friends, were generally well educated. There has recently been a marked improvement in the character of public school education, the ordinary branches of knowledge are not now neglected, as they once were, to the exclusive exaltation of the dead languages. A certificate from some esteemed scholastic institution would, in most cases, be sufficient guarantee for the fitness of a young man for the situation of a subordinate clerk in a public office. But if such certificates are not to be trusted, there might, as we have said, be a special examination of candidates for office, but not after the models which we find in the first report of the Civil Service Commissioners. We wonder how many heads of departments could answer even a moiety of the questions which we find in the examination-papers appended to this report. We have heard, indeed, some of the most distinguished public servants of the day acknowledge that, if their chance of admission to the service had ever depended on their passing a decent examination in such papers, they would never have had a seat in a public office, and that, after a life spent in the service of her Majesty, not without credit, they are as incompetent to answer such strings of questions without bungling, as they were when on the threshold of their career.

And, after all, we must remember that our great object is, not to stock the public service with clever boys, but with useful practical men. How far general proficiency at school and at college indicates the possession of those mental qualities which enable a man in after life to rise to eminence in whatever calling he may adopt, is a question which has been often discussed, and never satisfactorily determined. It is easy to cite great names on one side or other of the

controversy, easy to show how men distinguished at the universities have risen, especially in the Law, to the highest professional eminence, easy to show how men distinguished in after life have cut no figure at all at school or at college. So far as illustrative examples are concerned, we look upon it very much as a drawn battle, and for the advocates of the competition system, with whom the *onus probandi* rests, a drawn battle is a defeat. It is in the experience of almost every educated man, that youths of the highest promise at school or at college, or at both, fade away, somehow or other, into absolute obscurity, leaving no footmarks upon the sand. Old schoolfellows meet and ask one another what can have become of —, or —, who distanced all competitors so thoroughly and so easily. 'He ought to have done something,' is a common remark in such cases. In all probability, the clever, overworked boy, who has carried everything before him by reason of a certain quickness of apprehension and tenacity of memory, has no talents for active life. He is wanting, perhaps, in perseverance in constitutional energy, in knowledge of men, or perhaps only in physical health. He is not of that robust manhood which constitutes the best materials of the public service. And, therefore, he has subsided into inaction and obscurity. If he had gone in, at the age of eighteen or twenty, for a competitive examination he might have got the highest number of marks, but he would have done nothing afterwards to justify the soundness of the test. Examples of such failure as this are at least as common as instances of the early promise realised by the future career. It would be preposterous to assert that such early promise is never realised or realised so rarely that we ought to regard it with suspicion rather than with confidence. But its realisation is not so general that it can be urged as a conclusive argument in favour of early competition. If there is nothing in the aggregate result of our experience to tell in favour of an innovation of this kind, it tells against it. For it is for the advocates of the

new system to make out that the balance of evidence is overpoweringly against the old, before they begin to sweep away a state of things under which, in the recent words of the leading journal of England, "we are better governed than we have ever been before, and better than any country of which history leaves us any account."

Now, if comparative fitness for public life is not adequately tested by the competition of many years at school and college, how much less likely is it to be proved by a single competitive examination? There is nothing more uncertain and precarious than such a test. Accidents of various kinds may determine the success or failure of the competitor. Some men are mentally or constitutionally disqualified from shining in competitive examinations. A good memory is a great thing, a good nervous system is a greater. There are — in Baconian phraseology — "ready men, and there are full men. The ready man in most instances will beat the full man hollow. But the man of good memory — serviceable as the quality is, and by no means to be despised — is often a man of a very inferior order of intelligence. He is great in dates and facts; he has a sort of parrot-like power of reproduction. He reproduces without knowing the value of what he reproduces, or without any power of applying the bare facts which he has garnered up to any practical purposes, or drawing from them any inferences or conclusions. He has no original powers of mind, he is not inventive or suggestive, fertile of resource, or capable of any great mental effort beyond the range of certain appointed studies. He is trained up to a given point, and having run his race, he collapses. In the expressive language of the day, he is "crammed," he is fed up like a prize ox, and there is something unnatural and unhealthy in the mental expansion he exhibits. It is not intended to last, and it does not last. The "marks" are gained — the prize is won, and better men than he are "nowhere." In spite of his "ascertained proficiency," he is found, when he enters the public service, to

be little more than a splendid disappointment. He does not do the work that is demanded from him any better than those who have entered office through the murky channel of "jobbery" and "nepotism," nay, perhaps he does not do it so well, for, proud of his success, he is likely to feel himself above the work which devolves upon him as a junior clerk in a public office. He is not content to grow into an useful public servant. He expects to eventuate a full fledged statesman at once, and, instead of copying despatches written by his superiors, to write despatches of his own in the style of Clarendon or Gibbon. If he had learned less, he would probably be able to do more. But from the much that he has learnt in books he can draw little to aid him in action. It rather stands in his way and impedes his progress, than helps his advance as a profitable servant of the State.

It is worthy of observation, too that even if the best candidates are sure to win at any given competitive examination, it by no means follows that in a series of competitive examinations the best men would gain the prizes. The system might be successful in detail, but unsuccessful in the aggregate. And we need not add that such a system can be tested only by aggregate results. What we mean to say is that a candidate, possessing a certain amount of knowledge, and a certain aptness for the expression and application of that knowledge, might fail in June and succeed in August, simply because the qualifications of the June competitors are comparatively high,

and of the August competitors comparatively low. The beaten men of June may be better than the successful men of August. This, indeed, will very often happen.* So young men will fail to obtain entrance into the public service, not because they are not fit for that service (even as fitness is now tested), but because at a particular examination others are found to be more fit. It may be said that, beaten on one occasion, a man may go in to compete a second time, and thus everything may come right at last. But young men are unwilling to cover themselves with failures, and the first may be sufficient mortification to them for one life. The aggregate result, then, of a series of competitive examinations, is not to draft those who have acquitted themselves best into the public service. How far this may be remediable is worthy of consideration. We know that already the success of any glaring incompetency is barred by fixing a minimum number of "marks" as a condition of success. But that minimum may be obtained or even exceeded by an unsuccessful candidate in one month, though it may secure success to another candidate in the next. Might not this in some measure be remedied by allowing the marks of all unsuccessful candidates who have exceeded the minimum measure of success, to be recorded in their favour, so as to exempt them, if they desire, from future competition, and yet to give them a chance of obtaining the prize coveted, at the next examination, or the two next examinations if a greater number of marks be not obtainable by any of

* Since this article was written we have read in the *Spectator* newspaper a letter singularly corroborative of our views. Its brevity enables us to give it entire —

"CONSERVATIVE CLUB.

'SIR — Though little can be added to your article of last week on this head, it is in my power to corroborate many if not all, of its statements.

I will content myself with one. You call competitive examination a literary lottery, and I cannot give a better illustration of the aptness of this term than by citing my own case. I have been nominated to two vacancies, both in the same office both examinations including precisely the same subjects. The first time I was beaten by ninety marks, on the second occasion I obtained thirty marks less than before and then came in first by one hundred. I have only to remark besides, that the clerks admitted under the present system have been found as a rule greatly inferior to their less talented but more practical predecessors. This is owing partly to the evil choice of subjects, partly to the one great mistake — trial by competition. — I am, yours &c

WINWOOD READE."

those who are examined for the first time! By an arrangement of this kind, the average merit of the service would be kept up to a higher mark, and competition would be less a lottery than it is under the existing system. But it is time that we should pass on to other considerations, fatal, as it appears to us, to the very principle of competition, as the cause of excessive mental exertion in early youth.

It is often advanced as an argument against this excessive competition, that the tendency of the severe study which it necessitates in early youth is permanently to weaken both the physical constitution and the mental powers of the competitor. The brain is overwrought—overstrained—and it never recovers, it is said, from this undue tension at the critical period of incipient manhood. The system has not been in operation long enough for us to speak from experience of results of this kind, but arguing from analogy, the effects predicated would seem to be extremely probable. We know what often are the baneful effects of academical competition. When the prize aimed at is merely honorary distinction, the competition is often so severe that the health of the competitor is permanently impaired. The struggle for precedence is necessarily more severe when the object to be attained is a permanent position in life, in addition to the honour of success. We have endeavoured to ascertain what is the result of competition at the military colleges, where commissions in the Engineers and Artillery are hotly contended for. At Addiscombe, now the Royal Indian Military College, but formerly the East India Company's Military Seminary, the contention was the most keen, for the Engineer and Artillery commissions were few in proportion to the great bulk of the appointments to the Line. The Engineer commissions were of course greatly coveted, and the competition was proportionately excessive. From the information before us, obtained from an undoubted source, two important facts are to be gathered—first, that few, if any, ever obtained Engineer commissions, who had not been crammed

for the special purpose before entering the college; and secondly, that a large proportion of those who, by dint of this excessive cramming, obtained the object of their ambition, lived but for a short time to enjoy it. Doubtless many of those who, aided by a special education, obtained Engineers' commissions, were youths of good parts, but it often happened that those who entered the college without any special training, and who obtained Artillery commissions simply by the exercise of their natural abilities, were superior to their comrades who shot ahead of them. This of course is not to be avoided. As long as there is a special educational test, the youth who has got himself into the groove will glide easily to the front. What we have now principally to do with is the fact, that the getting into the groove was a laborious process, involving much exhaustion of brain, and that two or three years hard cramming at the forcing house, two years strenuous competition at the college, and a supplementary year of study and debauchery at Chatham, often used up the physical health and the mental activity of the student. One informant assures us, and we have tested his assertion by reference to the army list, that out of twenty-five cadets who obtained little more than twenty years ago, Engineers' commissions during his two years of residence at Addiscombe, only seven are now living. The majority disappeared from the army list within five or six years after their arrival in India. Not one of the number was killed. Mostly, they were carried off, not by any violent disorder, but by premature decay. On a reference to the army list, by no means the same results appear with respect to the Artillery cadets who passed out of the college at the same time, and a large majority of whom are now living. It is not an unfair inference, therefore, (making every allowance for the evil influences, physical and moral, of a year spent in Chatham garrison), that the constitutions of these young men were enfeebled by excessive study.

It is now intended to extend the system of competition still far-

them. Not only is there to be competition within the walls of the college, but entrance into the college is to be obtained by previous competition. The system under which have grown up the finest services in the world is now to be abolished. In 1853 a similar innovation was proposed. The India Bill brought in by Sir Charles Wood contained a clause throwing open the Engineer and Artillery branches of the Indian Army, like the Indian Civil Service, to public competition. It was contended, however, that as no one had anything to say against those services, and as the most distinguished military commanders of the age had declared them to be unsurpassed by any in the world, it would be wise to let well alone, and not to interfere with the existing system. The good sense of the House of Commons, led in this instance by Mr Monckton Milnes, readily accepted this view of the case, and Government withdrew the obnoxious clause. But although in the interval which has elapsed since that wise decision was arrived at, the Indian Engineers and Artillery have won new laurels, and received the highest commendations from new commanders, the old system of nomination, which has produced such splendid officers as Pollock, Lawrence, Wilson, Mac Gregor, Napier, Baird Smith, Vincent Eyre, and others, is now to be swept away, and admission into the scientific branches of Her Majesty's Indian service is to be obtained only by competitive examination. Perhaps this was a necessary consequence of the transfer of the Indian army to the Crown—the competitive system having previously been introduced into the Royal Artillery and Engineers, but we have a profound conviction that those splendid Indian services, which Lord Hardinge, Sir Charles Napier, and Lord Clyde have declared to be the finest in the world, will never under the new system, maintain all their pristine glories.

We do not require to stock our Civil Service with scholars and book-worms, still less do we want any number of such men in the army. We have as much respect for literary

acquirements as can be entertained by any one, and we accept with gratitude the contributions to our literature made by men who have distinguished themselves in the field. There is abundant time in seasons of peace for the prosecution of such ennobling studies, and every effort should be made to encourage it. But this is altogether a different matter from the forcing system, which we deprecate—the violent efforts now made to bring the young intelligence to a painful state of precocity. Intense study in early youth can never make robust men. What we most want for the public service is the *mens sana in corpore sano*, and the tendency of competitive examination is to deprive us of that to which we mainly owe our country's glory. The manliness of the English character has not been fostered at the cramming tutors, but in the playing fields and on the river, by cricketing and boating, by riding and swimming, out in the fresh country air. The competition which has done most good for the country is the competition of the cricket-match, the boat-race, and the hunting field. Do not let the public service be stunted in ruddy cheeks, erect figures, and good muscular development. A general robustness of mind and body is what we want, and we fear that competitive examinations will help us to neither.

And whilst in all human probability such is the result of excessive competition, with respect to the service itself—whilst the successful few are turning out official failures—what is the lot of the unsuccessful many? We have expressly devoted this paper to "The Competition System and the Public Service." But we may still devote a few sentences to the case of those who never enter the public service—to the effect of the competition system upon society at large. To every young man who competes for a public appointment, and gains it, there may be ten, or twenty, or even a hundred, who lose it. If not superannuated, the losers may go up again and again, but still only a few of the many can ultimately succeed. What, then, is to become of those who are driven back into the desert

with the lustre of repeated failures upon them? They have lost, or well nigh lost, the best years of their life, they must begin again, when too late to commence a new career with any prospect of success. They may have enfeebled their health, and paralysed their energies by over-exertion, and destroyed the elasticity of their minds by repeated disappointments. What is to become of this mass of disheartened adolescence! Can anything be less advantageous to the community at large than thus to encourage parents to train up their boys, before their characters are formed, to "go in" for a particular class of examination, in which failure is far more probable than success, and success only a problematical benefit? Yet this encouragement is now largely given, and the Autocrat of Cram is lording it over the middle classes. What we may expect soon is a terrible reaction. People will in due time be frightened by the numerous failures brought to their notice, and there will be as great a disinclination as there now is willingness on the part of the public to compete for official appointments. Youths of high promise will not be suffered to tarnish their reputations by failures of this kind. The class of competitors will, therefore, deteriorate as their numbers diminish, and the advocates of the competition scheme will find it deficient in the very merits which they have most emphatically claimed for it. Indeed, we begin already to hear parents protesting that they will not expose their sons to the chance of disappointment, and consequent depreciation that they will not incur the risk of tarnishing the dawning reputation of a promising youth, by sending him up to compete with a multitude, among whom may be many of inferior talents and qualifications, to whom some accident may give an advantage in the struggle. The greater the capacity, the more hopeful the prospects of the boy, the more unwilling will the parent be to expose him to the possibility of a defeat which will mortify and dishearten him, and may perhaps so blight his young energies that they

will never again recover their former strength and elasticity.

Moreover, unless we are greatly mistaken, this now dominant competitive system will fail to secure for the public service not only the talent but the respectability also of the country. We confess that we think this matter of the social status of Government *employés* one not to be lightly regarded. A man may not be a more efficient public servant for being what is called "highly connected," but the general tone of the Public Service is elevated by this high connection, and we acknowledge to the weakness of desiring to see our public offices stocked with gentle men. It is common to represent the more aristocratic *employés* of Government as men indolent in the extreme, and haughty beyond endurance, but, like many popular notions, it is a mere delusion—the fact being simply this, that your true aristocrat is always courteous, and that hauteur is the distinguishing mark of the *novus homo*, who, having no intrinsic importance, wears his robes of office jauntily, and thunders from the bureaucratic chair. We cannot think indeed, that the outside Public would have their business done better if young men of good family connections were excluded by the general application of the competition principle from our public offices and that such exclusion will be the result it needs no great acumen to foresee. The competition will, for the most part, be among men who have no family interest, and who go in for a place in the Public Service because they have no prospects in any other direction. The field will in time be left clear to these men, and Government employment will become a sort of refuge for the destitute.

It must be remembered—and we shall dwell a little upon the point, for on looking back at what we have written, we find that we have not yet sufficiently insisted upon it—that the inducements to enter the Public Service are not great. The one great advantage of employment of this kind is its certainty. When we have said this, we have said everything in its favour. There is a

certain fixed salary at the outset—a certain progressive augmentation, and a certain pension for the declining years of the Government servant. But the pay is small, and the labour, if not in all cases very arduous, wearisome by reason of its sameness and regularity. The necessities of ten to four are not pleasant. They are not, it is true, limited to the Public Service, but in no other service is a man under such strict discipline—in no other service is he bound to conform so rigidly to certain regulations—in no other service does he sacrifice so largely his personal liberty and freedom of will. The best prizes of the service are small in comparison with the prizes of the liberal professions—as the Law, Divinity, Medicine, &c. The same amount of industry and ability which will enable a barrister or a physician to earn from £5000 to £10,000 a-year, will help the public servant to nothing above £1200 or £1500. The appointments even of that amount of eligibility are very few, and even those few are not commonly attainable by means of gradual rise in the service. The system of recruiting among the community at large for public servants of the higher grades, has always been more or less recognised, and it appears now to be the intention of Government to extend it, for the new Superannuation rules are peculiarly favourable to those who are selected late in life to fill certain appointments, on account of special qualifications for the same. We look upon this as a wise and salutary provision, but the regular public service is deteriorated by it, and the inducements to go in at the bottom diminished by narrowing the circle of promotion at the top. The service, then, presenting no great attractions, is it likely that men who can do anything else, or whose parents can do anything else for them, will train themselves by years of hard study to compete for what they may eventually lose by some accident, and which is of little value when obtained? What is really wanted for the elevation of the Public Service is not competition, but a general amelioration of the advantages of official life. On the whole, we incline to think that the Service

is, under paid, and as long as it is so we may be sure that it will not be competed for by men of a high class, social or intellectual.

The new system is as yet only in its infancy—but already we hear complaints from the public offices, that it does not provide the kind of men that are wanted. We expect that these complaints will wax louder and louder, and that Reason will lend an ear to them in time. In the meanwhile, we hope that the new scheme is only to be regarded as an experiment—but such is the tendency to go forward in accordance with the so called “liberal spirit of the age,” that we fear that no government will have courage enough to attempt a wise retrogression. There seems to be a sort of blind necessity impelling our statesmen to make political capital by continual concessions to ignorant clamour. “Everything for everybody, is the cry—‘A clear stage and no favour.’” At present it may be said that the Public Service is in a sort of transition state. It is neither wholly a Patronage service, nor wholly a Competition service, but it is drifting rapidly into the latter. Many public appointments are now held up to open competition, others to a sort of modified, or close competition—competition among Crown nominees. One clerkship is competed for, we will say, by three nominees. It appears to us that this has nearly all the disadvantages of the pure Competition System, and none of its advantages. There is more uncertainty in it than in any other plan, for young Jones may be matched against two stupid fellows and win, and young Brown against two clever fellows and lose, young Brown being in all respects an abler youth than young Jones. And then it is a harder, a more damning fate, to be worsted in a contest with only two competitors than in a contest with fifty or sixty, the disinclination to compete will therefore, in such a case, be rather greater than less. The system, indeed, is a compromise, and as such we may be sure that it will not last long. The public demand will be for open competition, and it is not difficult to perceive that the claim will be

yielded to, until entrance into the service of the State can only be obtained by competition against the whole country. But we have shown that there is not so much justice as some suppose in throwing open the Public Service, that the system necessarily inflicts considerable hardship upon men who have deserved well of their country, and that the public business is not likely to be better done than under the old nomination system. We anticipate a great deterioration, instead of amelioration of the Public Service, as the result of this

concession to popular clamour, and we are content to await patiently the fulfilment of our prediction. The new system, which is now on its trial, is plausible and popular, but many things which are plausible and popular are not wise, and a system, the tendency of which is to destroy the muscle of the Public Service, can never be beneficial to the country. That service is, doubtless, capable of improvement, but improvement, to be effectual, must be gradual. We only accomplish crude innovations when we rush into violent extremes.

TIDINGS FROM TURIN.

TURIN, April 16, 1859

A YEAR has run its round, and something more, since last I addressed you from Turin. No uneventful year, indeed. The political atmosphere here, comparatively unclouded twelve months ago, has lately been storm-laden. Europe has been startled by a martial challenge, and on seeking whence the trumpet notes, so boldly sounded, proceeded, her gaze was presently fixed on Piedmont. The horn of discord, which has made the Continent bristle with bayonets, which has paralysed commerce and industry, and impoverished whole classes in great empires, has been winded by a petty power in Northern Italy.

Suffer me to take a retrospective glance. Of recent events and signs of the times in this country, it is probable that few of your readers are uninformed, but many may not be sorry to refresh their memories by the perusal of a concise sketch of the circumstances that preceded or led to them. It is not necessary to go farther back than to that Congress held at Paris in 1856, in which the representatives of Piedmont were allowed to take their places on an equality with the plenipotentiaries of the great European powers, as a reward for the share—honourable, although small—that their country had taken in the war then just terminated. The alliance of Sardinia with England, France, and Turkey,

against Russia, was mainly the work of Lord Palmerston, to whom, for many other reasons besides that, is the present critical state of affairs to be imputed, more than to any other Englishman. It was justly considered an excellent stroke of policy on the part of the Sardinian Government, to which it gave a prestige and weight that could hardly have been attained by any other means—to which it also afforded an opportunity of pleading the cause not only of Piedmont, but of Italy. This might and ought to have been foreseen. The tendency of Piedmont to stand forward as the champion of the ill-governed and oppressed Italian countries was well known: if the British Government of the day had no intention of backing those claims, it was certainly unwise to place their chief supporter in a position favourable for pressing them, and for enlisting sympathies in their behalf. The thing, however, was done. Lord Palmerston, who for years had taken pleasure in raising the hopes of Italy, afterwards to dash them to the dust, was well pleased to get Sardinia's fifteen thousand men, and the war at an end, an energetic, shrewd, and resolute Piedmontese statesman, Count Camillo Cavour, took his seat in the Congress on behalf of the King his master. On behalf, too, of all Italy. When he entered the assembly where he found his deadly politi-

cal foe, Count Buol-Schausenstein, and the most eminent statesmen and diplomatists of England, France, Prussia, Russia, and Turkey, it was with the determination to fulfil a double mission. With his colleagues he had to arrange the conditions of peace and the future position of the Ottoman Empire, but his other object, much nearer to his heart, was to call the attention of Europe to the state of Italy, and to endeavour to obtain redress of her grievances and a diminution of her sufferings. He did not then pretend to a tearing up of treaties, and to the expulsion of Austria from Italy; on the contrary, he based his arguments on the treaties of 1815, whose violation he imputed to the former power. He particularly addressed himself to the representatives of England and France, by whom he was favourably received, and notwithstanding the refusal of the Austrian minister to discuss the subject, the difficult complications of Italian affairs received some attention, although no sort of solution, from the Congress. Lord Clarendon declared the state of things in Italy irregular, and to be regretted, he particularly referred to the occupation by foreign troops of various points of the peninsula as one which ought to be put an end to by the removal of the causes that rendered the presence of those forces necessary. He pointed out what those causes were, denounced the maladministration of the Papal Government, recommended its secularisation, especially in the Legations, as the best means, combined with the formation of a national armed force, of enabling it to dispense with Austrian armies. Notwithstanding his declaration that he was unauthorised to discuss Italian affairs, Count Buol could not entirely abstain from joining in the conversation, and, with reference to Austrian interference in some of the minor Italian States, he declared that one power had a right to interfere in the internal affairs of another country when called upon to do so by the legitimate government of the latter. This doctrine was strongly combated by Lord Clarendon, who, according to Count Cavour's positive statement in the

Sardinian Chamber a few days after the termination of the conference, displayed the greatest sympathy for Italy, and the most earnest desire to relieve her from the evils that afflicted her. The Sardinian plenipotentiaries admitted that the evacuation of Italy by foreign troops might lead to deplorable consequences, but urged that this danger would be obviated by the previous adoption of certain suitable measures. Thereupon they were invited to state their views, and on the 16th April 1859 they addressed a note upon the subject to Lord Clarendon and Count Walewski. They had hoped, they said, that the Paris Congress would not have separated without taking the state of Italy into serious consideration and that the sympathy shown with the Greek Christians of the East would have been extended to the suffering Latin race of the peninsula. Disappointed in this expectation in consequence of the persistence of Austria in restricting the discussions of the Congress within the limits laid down before its opening, they addressed themselves to their allies, denouncing the system of compression and reaction maintained ever since 1848. The rigour which the revolutionary troubles of that period might have justified in its commencement, had been increased, instead of lessened, by the lapse of time, proscriptions, imprisonments, police persecutions, and state of siege sufficiently proved this, and such means of government kept the Italians in a state of constant irritation and revolutionary ferment. Latterly these had somewhat calmed down. On beholding a popular Italian prince closely united with the Western powers in amity and arms, and sustaining the principles of right and justice in the East, the people of Italy had conceived hopes that peace would not be concluded without something being done for them. They took patience and waited. But, said the note, when they shall know the negative result of the Congress of Paris as far as they are concerned, and that Austria has refused to lend herself to the examination of their grievances, the irritation that

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for a moment has slumbered will awaken more violent than ever, and Italy will again become a focus of revolution and disorder. This excitement of revolutionary passions would be eminently perilous to Piedmont, and could not fail to compromise the firm and moderate policy of her government, a policy which had had the happiest results internally, and had won the sympathy and esteem of the more enlightened nations of Europe. This, however, was not the only danger. A still greater was to be found in the means Austria employed to keep down the revolutionary fermentation. At the summons of the sovereigns of the petty Italian States, who found themselves unable to maintain order, Austria occupied with her armies the greater part of the valley of the Po and of central Italy, and made her influence irresistibly felt even in countries where she had no troops. Extended along the shores of the Adriatic, with a garrison in Parma, and mistress of Piacenza, which, in violation of the spirit, if not of the letter, of the treaties of Vienna, she was labouring to convert into a first class fortress, she pressed upon Sardinia along the shores of the Po and from the summits of the Apennines, and had rendered herself absolute ruler of almost all Italy, keeping Piedmont in a continual state of apprehension, and compelling her to remain armed, and to incur military expenses most burdensome to her limited budget. Disturbed at home by the action of subversive passions excited by the system of violent compression and of foreign occupation that prevailed in neighbouring states, and threatened from without by the extension of Austrian power, the Sardinian Government might, from one moment to the other, find itself compelled to adopt extreme measures, whose consequences it was impossible to calculate. The Sardinian plenipotentiaries doubted not that this state of things would awaken the solicitude of England and France, that they would grant it their serious consideration, and would concert with Sardinia the means of effectually remedying it.

This was the case of Piedmont, as presented by Cavour in April 1856,

just three years ago. It cannot be denied that in its main points it was correctly sketched. The encroachments and general conduct of Austria in Italy admit of no defence. It has been repeatedly and truly said that to her misrule, more than to anything else, is to be charged the present menacing aspect of affairs, and the vast proportions assumed by that Italian question whose very existence she so long denied. After Lord Clarendon's words in the Congress, his expression of sympathy with Italy, and his denunciation of the irregular state of things there in force, it was reasonable to expect that the Government of which he was a conspicuous member would take some action in the matter. If it did so, its efforts were either too feeble to produce results, or they were shattered against the obstinate stolidity and blindness of the Vienna Cabinet. It is clear that they were inefficacious. English governments are but too apt to leave foreign questions to settle themselves, until their attention to them is compelled by an imminent danger. Then they start up in astonishment, as if they had never heard of the thing before, a preternatural activity succeeds to cold indifference, despatch follows despatch, the telegraph wires continually vibrate, Queen's messengers scamper in all directions, and perhaps, although at the eleventh hour, the peril is averted—but this is not always the case, and may not be so in the present instance. The warning which Lord Clarendon and his colleagues seem to have neglected or profited by but little, was not lost upon the Emperor of the French, and the necessity of attending to it was brought personally and terribly home to him by the crime of Orsini and his accomplices in January 1858. Previously to that period, however, as there are strong grounds to believe, the Sardinian Government had succeeded in fixing his attention on the Italian question, and it is certain that the first overtures for a matrimonial alliance between the houses of Savoy and Buonaparte were of an earlier date. To the demands of the French Government for a modification of the laws on the press, Sardinia showed itself

ductile—and indeed could not have done otherwise. But that caused no great sensation here. On the other hand, the publication of Orsini's letter to the Emperor, communicated for that purpose by the French Government to that of Sardinia, was hailed as a fact of extraordinary significance. It was taken as an indication of the favourable disposition of Napoleon towards Italy, and it gave almost heroic proportions to the assassin in the eyes of many Italians who honestly and sincerely denounce assassination. Soon after that, now about a year ago, it became evident that strong hopes of great events, most favourable to the Italian cause, had sprung up in the hearts of many persons here, and especially of those who might be reasonably supposed to obtain an inkling of the plans of the Sardinian prime minister. There was manifest excitement amongst the higher class of Italian emigrants in Turin. Probably during the greater part of last year, but certainly after the much talked of interview at Plombières, Cavour was in frequent and direct communication with Napoleon. This was kept up through at least one confidential agent, sufficiently trustworthy and intelligent to be a mouthpiece as well as a bearer of despatches. And that, under the circumstances, implied no ordinary measure of confidence, for never, in any negotiation or conspiracy, was greater care taken to insure profound secrecy. Persons here have been heard to express their belief that not even the King of Sardinia himself was at all times completely acquainted with all that passed between his minister and the French Emperor. As to the French ministers, it is well known that they are little more than their sovereign's secretaries, and it may be doubted whether, even at the present time, they are initiated in his real designs.

Whilst all this plotting went on, how did Austria act? Had Cavour's warning voice in the Congress, or the opinions there expressed by the English and French plenipotentiaries, or any subsequent remonstrances from the Western powers, produced an effect upon her mind or influenced her conduct? On the contrary, they

seemed but to have augmented her infatuation and confirmed her obstinacy. The conduct of the Emperor Francis Joseph and his advisers was that of those doomed men whom Providence is said to afflict with insanity before hurling them to perdition. Hampered in its finances, detested by large sections of its subjects, disliked by many foreign powers, sympathised with by none, the Vienna government behaved as if it had overflowing coffers, devoted allies, and popularity to spare. Whilst the amiable and accomplished Archduke Maximilian applied all his energies and ingenuity to the difficult task of conciliating the Lombardo Venetians, his brother's government seemed to seek opportunities of exasperating them. I do not share the opinion of those who maintain that no concessions, no conciliations, no mildness of government, would have sufficed, since 1848, to reconcile the Italians to their Austrian rulers. It is quite natural that Italians should now both say and think so, but foreigners, who consider the character of the people, the small sympathy that there in reality is between Lombards and Piedmontese, and the progress which the Archduke Maximilian, notwithstanding the counter-acting influences of the Vienna cabinet, had actually succeeded last year in making in the good will of certain classes, will probably be of opinion that the case was not so hopeless. A mild government, desistance from petty annoyances, and liberal encouragement and patronage of the arts, might have gone a great way. It is useless, however, to discuss this at present. Whatever advantages were to be gained by a gentle course, it was one that did not suit the temper of Austria's government. It was incompatible with her spirit and traditions. To say nothing of paltry restrictions and annoyances, those pin-pricks which, frequently recurring, gall more than a serious wound, the year 1858 was chosen as an appropriate time at which to augment the burthens and embitter the feelings of the Lombardo Venetians. The law of conscription, already severe and odious, was aggravated by ill-advised changes, a change in the

currency was so contrived as to leave a loss upon the holders of certain classes of coin, and consequently to cause a rise in the price of the necessaries of life, which pressed particularly on the lower classes. Beyond her own frontiers, Austria showed herself equally stubborn and ill advised. She maintained a haughty and unbending attitude, testified no disposition to compliance with the wishes of other great powers, maintained her troops in Italian countries where they had no right to be, and particularly thwarted the government of France thereby, by supporting that of Rome in its opposition to all reforms, rendering indispensable the continuance of a foreign occupation of the Papal States. It was in these, indeed, that the gravest cause of strife and complication was to be found. In a note anterior to the one already referred to, Count Cavour had exposed to the French and English ministers at the Congress, and through them to their governments, the deplorable state of the provinces submitted to the temporal authority of the Pope, and especially the state of the Legations, which, ever since 1849, had been occupied by Austrian troops, ruled, *de facto*, by Austrian generals, and kept under martial law. In no part of Italy is the evil of bad government felt more intolerable than in the Adriatic provinces of the Pope, for the double reason that a great deal of intelligence and enlightenment is there to be found, and that they were long under a far superior regimen. Before the French Revolution they were under the suzerainty of the Pope, but had many privileges, and were almost independent in their internal administration. Nevertheless, the dislike of clerical domination was so strong that they rejoiced when, by the treaty of Tolentino, they were incorporated with the French republic. Subsequently, as part of the Kingdom of Italy, their progress in prosperity and civilisation was great—proportionately great their disgust when the Congress of Vienna replaced them under the Papal Government, which, when re-installed, made not the least allowance for the ideas and changes introduced by the French, and persisted

in its old routine of bigotry and oppression. The consequences are well known. The Legations became a nest of conspirators, and repeated insurrections were repressed only by the aid of Austria. It became clear to the commonest understanding that secularisation was the only effectual remedy for this state of things. It was the recommendation of Napoleon III in his celebrated letter to Edgar Ney, but it was strenuously resisted by Rome, which beheld in it the overthrow of its temporal power. With a lay government and the Code Napoleon, what would become of those cherished vestiges of the middle ages, clerical privileges and canon law? Rome resisted, and Austria supported her. Things were at a dead lock. Unless some escape could be found from this embarrassing position, Austrian occupation of the Legations, and, as a consequence, French occupation of Rome, threatened to be permanent. Meanwhile the state of the Legations was a scandal to Europe. Crime was rampant, and the executioner continually at work. In five years, nearly one hundred and eighty persons were shot by the Austrian authorities. Under the existing system there was no hope of a change for the better. In his note of the 17th March 1856, Cavour proposed the complete secularisation and separate organisation of those provinces of the Papal States situated between the Po, the Adriatic, and the Apennines, they still remaining, however, subject to the Pope, who should retain the direction of their diplomatic and religious relations but of no other branches of the public service. The Code Napoleon should be promulgated, with certain necessary modifications, and a lay pontifical vicar should govern, with ministers and a council of state. It is unnecessary to go into details, and indeed this project is pretty generally known. The foreign occupation might then quickly cease, the Papal army of eight thousand men would suffice for the maintenance of order in the Mediterranean provinces. A competent force should be raised by conscription in the secularised states. Such was the project of the Sardinian premier, and certainly it had much

to recommend it. He, as well as the French Emperor, felt strongly that in the Papal dominions, more than in any other part of Italy, reforms were indispensable and most urgent. What did Austria, in presence of all these well founded representations of the growing spirit of revolution in Italy, of the ill suppressed displeasure of France, of the disapprobation of all Europe? She acted as has long been her wont, was stubborn almost to insolence, despised public opinion, maintained, if she did not extend, her encroachments in the duchies, and her severities in the Legations, and acted as if her power were impregnable, and as if a day of reckoning could never come for her. Such was her conduct until the arrival, as we may unfortunately find, of a period at which it was too late for her to retrace her steps.

For, whilst she remained stubborn and stationary, her enemies were active, and their designs became more ambitious and extensive. What might have satisfied them in 1856, appeared altogether insufficient in 1858. She had refused to yield what she had no right to retain, they would attempt to wrest from her that which treaties forbid them to claim. The party which, in 1856 and subsequently, had in vain appealed to treaties against Austria, now proposed to follow her example in their violation. They would even out-herod her in that course. She maintained garrisons where she had no right to have them (even, it was argued, with the consent of the sovereigns whose towns or territory was thus occupied), and was fortifying Piacenza, where the sole right granted to her (by the Treaty of Paris, 1817) was that of *garison pur et simple*. Very well, said her enemies, since remonstrances are lost upon you, and you will neither deist nor depart, we will compel you, and at the same time we will drive you out of Lombardo-Venetia. It is, of course, impossible to fix the exact date at which the Italian party adopted this enlarged and violent project, with a determination not to abandon it, and with a strong belief of being able to carry it out, but we may be quite certain that their courage and confidence did not attain

that height until they thought themselves sure of the support of the French Emperor. To obtain this was the great aim and object of Cavour, when once he lost hopes of aid from England, which he would greatly have preferred. For there can be no question that he sympathises far more with free England than with autocratic France, and it is well known how, for years, he made of England his mainstay. But the Palmerston-Clarendon foreign policy estranged him by its inconsistencies and indecisions. He found it impossible to follow the lead of persons who blew hot one day and cold the next, who were great in sympathy and promises, but lamentably slack in performance, who at one moment advocated the union of the Danubian Principalities, if such should prove, on consultation, to be the will of the Danubian people and who, the moment after, wheeled about, declared against the union, set the will of the people at naught, and expected their friends to wheel and do likewise. But such sudden and extraordinary gyrations are not to everybody's taste, and Cavour refused to make himself a political Jim Crow, even in such illustrious company as that of Lords Palmerston and Clarendon. It is well known amongst politicians here that thus commenced the sort of separation or divergence (breach would be too strong a word) between the English and Piedmontese governments, which ever since has lasted and increased. Cavour, it may fairly be presumed, lost confidence in statesmen capable of such inconsistency. He had heard Lord Clarendon deplore the hard fate of Italy, and express opinions as to what should be done to relieve her, but that gave him little assurance that anything practical or effective would be accomplished in her behalf. He began to understand our Whig foreign ministers, by whose noble sentiments, eloquently expressed, he had been charmed and filled with hope, but by the sight of whose performances—at least in the direction he had been led to expect—he was not destined to be gratified. So he turned sorrowfully from England, and looked inquiringly towards France. Reluc-

tantly, too, I cannot doubt, for the ablest Italian statesman of his day could not but feel that it was not altogether safe for constitutional Piedmont to place her lot in the hands of the despotic sovereign of the French "I love and laud the brilliant valour of the French armies," said a well known member of the Left of the Sardinian Chamber, the advocate Valerio, in the debate of the 7th May 1858, "but I do not forget what sort of liberty French armies brought into Italy towards the end of the last century, and at the beginning of the present." Neither is it likely that Cavour's memory failed him on this point. But to attain his object some risk must be run. From his own speech, on the first day of the debate just referred to, it is clear that the English plenipotentiaries at the Paris Congress held out hopes of a movement, on the part of Great Britain, in the affairs of Italy, which no efficacious steps were afterwards taken to fulfil. The sympathies and convictions expressed were never practically acted upon. It is to be supposed that Cavour waited some time, and did not neglect to refresh the memory of his English friends, before casting himself into the perilous embrace of imperial France. If there be any trait in his character which we are justified in believing sincere and unfeigned, it is his attachment to England, an attachment founded on admiration for the English character and institutions, and increased in warmth by his friendship with many English public men. An Italian friend of Cavour's, who for some years has been in very frequent intercourse with him, assured me that he had seen the firm and energetic Sardinian minister actually shed tears of grief at the failure of all his efforts to induce the English Government to take effectual action in behalf of Italy. He beheld it, on the contrary, drawing closer to Austria. Lord Clarendon's sympathy appeared to have spent itself in words; Lord John Russell, it is true, had vehemently denounced the foreign occupation of Italy, but the Italians could not forget an unlucky speech of his, in which he had declared that to Austria alone must Italy look for her future wel-

fare, as to Lord Palmerston, who has done so much during the last ten years of his career, from 1848 to 1858, to dim the lustre of its earlier period, he has long since been judged and condemned in Italy as one who, to earn a little claptrap popularity at home, has trifled with the hopes, the feelings, and the lives of the Liberal party in this peninsula.

So Cavour turned to France, as his last hope. History, which will hereafter clear up much that must at present be mere matter of surmise, will doubtless one day give the world some insight into the commencement and progress of the negotiations between two of the most remarkable men of the present day. Whatever the exact date at which they began, the world in general had little suspicion of them before the spring of last year, and it was later still before uneasiness began to be felt with regard to the events that might be their result. Indeed, people were long in credulous of the pacts to which the Italian question might bring Europe—the pacts in which we now stand, the brink of a great war. Napoleon's promises of a pacific policy, so long as the rights and honour of France were respected, had been accepted by the multitude—or at least by certain European governments—as sterling coin of purest metal. Lately we have been told that the interests of France are wherever there is a wrong to redress. Such a doctrine as this gives wide latitude, and might easily prove fatal to the much vaunted Anglo-French alliance, and reduce the pompous profession that *L'Empire, c'est la paix*, to mere wind. Notwithstanding Napoleon's declaration that his policy was the preservation of peace, there were many who believed that this was only a temporary blind, a mask assumed to serve a purpose, the simulated gentleness of the young tiger, waiting till claws and teeth were fully grown. There are not wanting grounds for a suspicion that Napoleon III. considers war and conquest indispensable to the maintenance of his dynasty. With an only son the Emperor cannot but sometimes anxiously reflect on the best means of securing his child's seat on the throne of France, and one

means likely to have suggested itself to him is the aggrandisement of his empire. France, he may think, would be the more likely tenaciously to adhere to and stubbornly to defend a dynasty whose fall might be the occasion of stripping her of its conquests. True, that Savoy and Nice are but a petty addition to the great French Empire, but who shall warrant that to such modest strips of territory are limited the ambitious projects of a Napoleon? His desire for military distinction, and confidence in his skill as a commander, are known beyond a doubt, he repines at the lot of a carpet general, "who never set an army in the field" with any more formidable foe in front than the peaceable bushes of the valley of the Marne. There are other reasons too, why the French Faust should have lent a willing ear to the temptations of the Piedmontese Mephistopheles. The origin and traditions of his family give him a natural strong interest in Italy, and he has various grounds for dislike and ill will towards Austria. Personal motives also combined. He had been literally within a hairs breadth of falling a victim to an Italian assassin. No possible precaution, no armed guards or vigilant police, could insure him against the renewal of such attempts, made by desperate fanatics resolved before hand to the sacrifice of their own lives. Within the last few months it was admitted, in a private conversation, by one of the most prominent supporters and advisers of the Emperor, that this personal danger was a strong incentive to him to strive for such changes as might satisfy the Italians and disarm that class of them which ill treatment and loss of hope convert into assassins. That this should be one of the Emperor's motives cannot be considered surprising but it is rather a curious reflection that, should it lead him to war, the lives of tens of thousands—perhaps of hundreds of thousands—of human creatures will be sacrificed to give safety to the existence of one man. I say nothing of the vast designs of conquest that some have attributed to Napoleon, with no better grounds than their own imagination and a seeming probability, such,

for instance, as the carving out of a kingdom in Italy for Prince Napoleon Jerome, the establishment of a Murat at Naples, and even the reacquisition of the Rhine frontier. If he entertains any plans for acquiring Italian provinces, or for planting a relation in Italy, I believe that they are unknown to the Piedmontese Government, and would hardly be ever concurred in by it. There can be little doubt, on the other hand, that Savoy and Nice would be ceded to France. The story goes that in the first instance the King of Sardinia, whilst agreeing to cede Savoy, in return for the Italian provinces that were to be acquired for him, desired to retain Nice, but that peremptory instance from Paris compelled him to give way. He then, it is said, would have stipulated for the command of the army. The brief and decided reply is asserted to have been, "*Là ou la France se bat, elle commande*." This may be a mere tale, but scarcely any one attempts to deny the certainty, or, at the very least, the strong probability, of the cession of Nice and Savoy. "Depend upon it that not a foot of Italian ground will be given up," lately said a deputy, not a born Piedmontese, who is one of Cavour's intimates. The obvious inference is that there is an intention of abandoning ground that is not Italian.

Amongst the reasons that have induced the Emperor Napoleon to back the Italian policy of Piedmont, we must not forget the recent marriage. It is not to be said that the political alliance was a consequence of the marriage, but rather that the marriage was one of the conditions on which France engaged herself. It was so understood here, indeed so obvious was it, that even those who would fain have given another colouring to the affair scarcely ventured the attempt. The war party, who deared and extolled the union as an important step in furtherance of their plans, looked half ashamed of it when it came to the point. It was such a manifest case of barter and sacrifice. It is well known that the hand of the child princess had long been sought by the French Court—as long, I believe I may positively say, as two years ago. The youth of the lady

would have been an obstacle to the marriage taking place sooner than it did, but it is well understood that there were other obstacles to its taking place at all, and that small encouragement was given by the King of Sardinia to the first overtures. Without going into considerations out of the domain of the political writer, it is evident that the disparity of age and the character of the proposed bridegroom could not but cause reflection on the part of a father who had his daughter's happiness at heart. Neither was the proud and ancient house of Savoy likely to consider itself honoured by an alliance with the Buonaparte family. There were abundant reasons, in short, for the reluctance which Victor Emmanuel showed to give his consent. But reasons of state, and perhaps ambition, at last prevailed. There was something strange, to an observer on the spot, in various circumstances connected with the marriage. When it first was stated to be certain, or nearly so, about the middle of January last, it took the Piedmontese public by surprise, for previous rumours had been forgotten or unheeded. The impression made in Turin was most unfavourable, and people openly blamed the King for what they called sacrificing his daughter. The public looked upon the marriage as a settled thing, although it was not officially announced, and their manifest disapprobation seemed rather to dash the exultation of the party which built great hopes upon the alliance. Whether it was to give people time to get accustomed to the idea, and so to lessen the outcry against it, I can not say, but to the last moment, up to a very few days before the wedding, the confidants and adherents of the government spoke of it as still uncertain. Perhaps it really was so. There has been much talk since of certain conventions, before whose conclusion the marriage could not take place or even be considered quite certain, and which were not concluded until the very eve of the ceremony. The formal demand of the hand of Princess Clotilda of Savoy was made on the 23d January, about ten days after the news of the coming event first transpired. On the 29th the contract

was signed, and then, but then only, did the partisans of war, who were also the sole supporters of the marriage, seem to breathe freely, as if they felt relief that all risk was at an end of a defeat of that move in their game. The whole course of the affair had the appearance as if some of the parties to it were ashamed of it, and eager to have it over, whilst others were in desperate fear of something intervening between cup and lip. There were, of course, whilst the thing was pending, many stories current of reluctance on the part of the Princess, of tears shed, of paternal persuasion, and even of paternal hesitation in presence of a daughter's grief, but no one can say what degree of truth there was in this gossip, and the probability is that there was no great difficulty in reconciling so young a girl to an exchange from the dull life and Court of Turin to the splendours of Paris, even though the husband with whom that exchange was saddled might not be exactly to her taste. The comments of the opposition, however, were bitter in the extreme, and, the marriage being taken in connection with the anticipated cession of Savoy as the price of hoped for extension of dominion in Italy, the King was accused, by not a few persons, of having sacrificed his daughter, sold the birth-place of his forefathers, and of having, besides, made a bad bargain—since it was held to be doubtful whether he would ultimately secure and retain the promised advantages. This was harsh measure, for it has not yet been proved, however strongly suspected, that Victor Emmanuel has been actuated by ambitious motives. His admirers scout the idea. The sufferings of Italy, they maintain, alone have incited him to his present hazardous course. Relieve those, and he seeks no personal gains, no transmutation of the little Kingdom of Sardinia into a powerful North Italian State, comprising, as has been suggested, in addition to his present dominions, Lombardy and Venice, Parma, Modena, and the Legations. This may be so, but it is hard to believe. Men act most frequently from mixed motives. The King of Sardinia may feel sympathy and compassion for the oppressed States of

Italy, but probably even his most ardent friends and supporters do not in their hearts believe that he is not, in some measure, urged on by ambition. He has now, at any rate, advanced to a point whence it would be difficult to recede. He might, it is true, if he desired it, and if misgivings grew into alarm at the idea of his small State being crushed and obliterated in the course of the frightful collision between two such powers as France and Austria—backed, as they would in all probability be, before the struggle had lasted long, by the other great governments of Europe—he might, I fully believe, yet draw out of the perilous game, and calm, as far as his own dominions are concerned, the storm his policy has raised. This may appear incredible to persons abroad, who have accepted all the tales that have been promulgated concerning the immense excitement in Piedmont, and the fanatic spirit here prevailing. But if there be a war party here, there is also a peace party, and, moreover, of those who cry out for war, and for Italian independence at any price, there are many who do so with little reflection or conviction of their own, but because they believe that their King wishes it. There is a strong habit of loyalty in this old monarchical country, and the King, although he has never taken much pains to court popularity, is beloved because he is King and possesses immense influence over his subjects. Were it known that he had changed his views, my belief is, that the Piedmontese would quickly acquiesce. The 600,000 Savoyards would greatly rejoice. The province of Nice would certainly not be dissatisfied, and there would be no cause for apprehension of disturbances in the scantily peopled island of Sardinia—the most backward and the least enlightened of all the Sardinian states. There would be other dangers, difficulties, and disagreeables, but they would proceed chiefly from without. The King's popularity in Lombardy, now to all appearance great, would be utterly lost as soon as the Lombards saw an indication of a disposition to settle the Italian question on terms that should not include their complete emancipation

from Austrian rule. Some embarrassment might ensue with respect to the numerous emigrants (now to be reckoned by thousands, and who soon, if the present state of affairs lasts any time longer, will be reckoned by tens of thousands), who flock hither from other Italian countries to take service under the Sardinian flag. But this is a detail, and need not be weighed upon. The finances, grievously burdened by the Cavour policy, would offer greater difficulties. Upon this branch of the subject, however, it is unnecessary to dwell at length. It is of more interest to consider what is likely to be done than what might be done. The truth is, that the country which has been represented as the most eager champion of Italian independence, even though that were to be obtained only by war, is in fact, as far as the majority of the nation is concerned, the one that would be the least willing to run the immense hazards implied in the course advocated by its King and his prime minister. The reason is evident. Piedmont prospers and progresses under her constitutional regime, she is attached to her liberties and her dynasty, and does not desire to risk either or both in a contest for Italian independence,—a question, moreover, which the great majority of the people do not in reality at all understand, or greatly trouble their heads about. But they detest the Austrians, and owe them a grudge for their reverse at Novara. They are told that the King desires war, he himself, with rather unkingly indiscretion, has repeatedly and plainly intimated as much, and so their combined antipathy and loyalty make them throw up their hats and cry '*Viva il Re!*' and '*Death to the Austrians!*'

With the leading incidents of the present year in Northern Italy you are well acquainted, and I may pass them over with a rapid pen. The augmentation of the Austrian army in Lombardy, and the near approach of a strong body of troops to the Piedmontese frontier, followed closely up on Louis Napoleon's ominous address to Baron Hubner on New Year's Day, and nearly coincided with the King of Sardinia's speech at the opening of

the Legislative Chambers, in which he declared his sensibility to the cry of suffering that reached him from various parts of Italy. This speech produced a great sensation, and exalted the hopes of the Italian national party to an extravagant pitch. The Piedmontese press—a considerable portion of which is in the hands of emigrants, and which is quite in its infancy, and distinguished by great intemperance of speech, ludicrous vanity, and very little ability—shrieked its war-whoops as violently as if it thought that its puny notes would pervade all Europe, and raise a crusade against Austria. The only effect they produced was further to embitter the Austrians and inflame the Italians. Count Cavour, all this time, was bent on war. In the month of January, the inquiry was addressed to him from an influential quarter, whether he should be disposed to agree to a congress, could it be brought about, as was not improbable, for the settlement of the Italian question. His reply was a decided negative. He would hear of nothing but war, and a clean sweep of every German from Italian soil. Since then he has seen fit to modify his tone, or, I should rather say he has become less confident than he then was of foreign support for Piedmont, its King, and its prime minister, can only have importance so long as a great power like France was willing to back them with its armies. Prince Napoleon's arrival in Turin, and the quickly ensuing marriage, were a further source of rejoicing and security to the partisans of war. But as war is an expensive pastime, next came the demand for a loan, conceded by the Chamber after a stormy debate, during which the dislike of Savoy to the Cavour policy broke out by the organ of two of the deputies for that province. The conviction that a conflict was at hand became so strong and general throughout Italy that volunteers poured in, especially from Lombardy, eager to serve under the Sardinian flag. The flower of the young nobles of Milan presented themselves to serve as private dragoons. There can be no doubt of the strength of the feeling that impels to such a course. The Austrians

increased their military force and preparations in their Italian provinces. Piedmont had thousands of men working at the fortifications of Alessandria, and she called out her contingent, thereby raising her regular army to at least 80,000 men, independently of the volunteers who were being organised at various depots under the command of Garibaldi and other soldiers of fortune and partisan chiefs. From the opposite banks of the Ticino, Piedmont and Austria breathed defiance at each other, whilst France notoriously prepared to aid the weaker party. War appeared inevitable and close at hand, but Europe—two of whose greatest governments, and the whole of its people except the Italians, were earnest in desiring the maintenance of peace—had not yet said its last word. The voice of public opinion, which, in our century, and in highly civilised countries, the most rigid despotism is powerless wholly to silence, made itself heard—earnest and indignant in England, angry and stern in Germany, in France in small but unmistakable accents.

And how do we stand now, in the middle of the month of April? Certainly in great danger of war, but yet not without hopes of peace. It is impossible to deem one's self safe from war, when two armies which, just ten years ago were hacking at each other in the field, stand, armed to the teeth, with little to separate them save a shallow stream, when so many angry passions have been aroused, and so many interests embarked in the cause of strife. There is then, great peril of a conflict which, if once commenced, would probably quickly grow into one of the most tremendous and sanguinary the world has witnessed. The experience of our own century, fertile though its earlier portion and some of its more recent years were in hard-foughten fields, enables us to form but an imperfect idea of what a general war in Europe would be at the present day, with the enormous armies now on foot, or that could be in a few weeks made efficient, and with the aid of the terrible inventions and appliances of science. Veterans now living—English, French,

German, and Russ — can tell of desperate engagements in which they took part, and which it then seemed could never be surpassed in amount of bloodshed and destruction Eylau, Borodino, Leipzig, Waterloo, recall contests glorious to the victors, honourable to the vanquished, and carnage such as it is to be hoped, for poor humanity's sake, may never again be witnessed. But if we be doomed in our day to see great battles like those, although they may not be more sanguinary, they will be more terrible by the rapidity of the destruction. The war in the Crimea hardly supplies a precedent. There, the engagements in the field were not between armies that could be compared, as regards numerical strength, to those that would be arrayed against each other in such a war as that which has lately been so much talked of, and is still so much apprehended. Since then the art of destruction, which then appeared to have reached a fatal perfection, has made further strides. To the names of Miné and Enfilé is now to be added that of Armstrong. Those names are of themselves worth hosts. A battle now, with a hundred thousand determined soldiers on each side, would be the most frightful butchery, within a short space of time, ever yet beheld. The *morale* of the best troops will not support the sight of more than a certain proportion of their number put *hors de combat*. Those are good armies that continue an engagement until a quarter of their men are killed and wounded before either side gives way. They may be called famous armies, indeed, when they stand more than that. At Inkermann, if I remember well, nearly or quite one half of the English troops engaged were slain or disabled, and still the fight was maintained. But it is a case to which few parallels are to be found, and the English soldier is distinguished above all others for that particular kind of courage, for the extraordinary tenacity and nerve which prevents his knowing when he is beaten and renders him so dangerous a foe. Probably modern improvements in weapons and ammunition will not cause much greater loss of life in battle

than formerly, but the work will be done in a quarter of the time, and the beaten party will suffer more in retreat.

Let us hope, however, though it may be almost against hope, that the sad extremity of war may be avoided. Owing to the exasperation of Austria, to the warlike desires of Piedmont and to the ambiguous policy of France, obstacles have unfortunately been placed in the way of the proposed congress until military preparations have reached such a pitch that it seems scarcely possible they should not have a conflict for their termination. But for this, we might be justified in building hopes on the present attitude of certain persons here, who, a few weeks ago exorbitant in their demands, have recently assumed a more moderate tone, and seem better disposed to content themselves with what may be reasonably claimed and probably obtained, but which, at the beginning of the year, they would have rejected almost with scorn. The cause of this change is doubtless to be sought at Paris, but we have only the effect to consider. Impartial men, not misled by passion, can entertain but little doubt as to what ought to be done for Italy. Austria should be compelled to retire within her own limits and forbidden, under pain of the displeasure and armed intervention of the four other great powers to send a single soldier across her Italian frontier. The sovereigns that have hitherto relied upon her armies to support them in oppression and in refusal of all reforms, would have to yield to the just demands of their subjects. They would probably even forestall these, for their own safety's sake, and because, by yielding moderately with a good grace, they might avoid the extortion of a great deal. There can be no question that the chief grief and evil of Italy are the presence and influence of the Austrian. These removed, things would have a strong tendency to right themselves. The petty rulers of Central Italy would tremblingly hasten to make concessions, or, if any of them could not make up their minds to that, they would have to abdicate. The Italians should be left

to themselves, to arrange their own affairs, and this could probably be done with greater safety now than at any previous time. Misfortune and suffering have borne their fruits, and read their painful but wholesome lessons to the impetuous, but, in many respects, highly gifted inhabitants of the Italian peninsula. There is reason to believe that they have profited by the past, and would be less likely than before to run into excesses and ruin themselves by exaggeration. At any rate, the chance should be afforded them of improving their condition. One thing that there are strong grounds to believe certain is, that the execrable doctrines of Mazzini and his gang are now very little in favour in Italy. The hope of amelioration by more worthy means has been held out to the Italians, and they have gladly clung to it. If deprived of it, the fanatic sect that has so greatly damaged their cause would certainly require fresh vigour and proselytes. But it must be the care of Europe that this come not to pass. The greater difficulty surmounted, she can hardly be embarrassed by the lesser. Active interference would be interdicted to her, but good counsels should not be wanting, and they would surely be readily listened to, when proceeding from powers who had rendered to the Italians the service, priceless in their eyes, of delivering them from the Austrian yoke. As to the Lombardo-Venetians, their case is different, and they must take patience, although they need not abandon hope. There is little sympathy in Europe with Austria and her harsh ungenial government, but her Italian provinces, secured to her by treaties, can be wrested from her only by war, and that is a price which we positively know that Europe is not disposed to pay even to obtain the complete emancipation of Italy from foreign domination. If Austria be wise, she will, whilst desisting from encroachment abroad, seek in good earnest to conciliate at home. Otherwise she may rest assured that her fair provinces south of the Alps will ultimately, and perhaps at no very distant day, slip from her grasp for ever.

To the just, reasonable, and it is

believed practicable arrangement of the great existing difficulty, of which I have briefly indicated the outline, there is now some reason to hope that Count Cavour is disposed to agree. Since his return from Paris, where the main object of his visit is supposed to have been to obtain the admission of Piedmont into the Congress on the same footing as the great powers, innumerable contradictory inferences have been drawn from his words, his manner, even from his looks. One day he was reported gloomy, the next gay, the third again downcast, and in accordance with these changes, probably often imaginary, in his demeanour and aspect, have been the fluctuations in the hopes of the party that considers Italy's malady past assistance from diplomatic medicine, and curable only by trenchant steel. Those hopes are now apparently somewhat less sanguine than they were, and there are also other reasons for thinking that peace, which has been so greatly imperilled, may possibly yet be preserved. We must not, however, delude ourselves. Any day may witness the downfall of such hopes by the act of Austria, who evidently believes that there is a treacherous plan on foot to exhaust her finances by delay. It is well known that her treasury is in no flourishing condition, the expenses of the vast army she now has on foot are prodigious, she chafes like an impatient charger, and fears to see the sinews of war exhausted before war has commenced. At this date, in Turin, some think that Austria will declare war—partly out of impatience at suspense, partly out of suspicion that she is being made a dupe, also perhaps, with the idea of striking a heavy blow against Piedmont before France can come to the rescue. It is true, that before my ink is dry, the telegraph may bring intelligence that affairs have taken a more pacific turn. But on that we dare not reckon. Perplexity and doubt are in every mind, and we can but await, with such patience as we may, the events that Providence has in store. The disarming, or replacing of armies on the peace footing, stipulated by Austria as the condition on which she will consent to the Con-

gress, presents at this moment great difficulties, is resisted by Piedmont, and may very possibly lead to a rupture of negotiations and a speedy resort to hostilities. On this head I will not enlarge, for according to all present appearances, before *Maga's* May number is published the question will be decided one way or the other—the question, that is to say, of whether war or a congress is almost immediately to commence.

In writing from a distance, to a monthly periodical, at such a crisis as this, there is considerable risk of one's remarks losing their interest before they can be in the hands of the public. Even before this letter reaches you, much more will probably be publicly known than it would be prudent at this moment to predict. Here we await with anxiety intelligence of the fulfilment of the promises, given on the 8th instant in the Houses of Parliament by Lord Malmesbury and Mr Disraeli, of a statement of England's position with respect to

foreign powers, and of information as to the negotiations that have been going on. If that statement should be such as to afford good hopes of peace, and should the result realise those hopes, there can be no question but that a very large share of the merit of having preserved Europe from a frightful calamity must be attributed to the British Government, and to its diplomatic agents abroad, and notably to the English ambassadors at Paris and Turin.

This is but a rambling and desultory sketch—a very imperfect glance at an important topic, but the month wears on, and the printer waits for no man. You will make allowance for the omissions and shortcomings which are inevitable when time and space forbid the full development and exposition of a subject so complicated as the present, and the complete elucidation and discussion of which would require a volume, instead of a few pages of the *Magazine*.

V EDETTE,

THE APPEAL TO THE COUNTRY.

It must be apparent even to the most superficial observer that the present crisis is a very serious one, quite unlike any which has occurred within the memory of the present generation. Of party contests we have seen not a few. We have witnessed the displacement of many Cabinets. We have had repeated dissolutions of Parliament in order that the constituencies at large might pronounce an opinion upon questions of great public interest, or decide between conflicting schemes for the advancement of commerce and of industry. But the present dissolution is altogether of another character, and proceeds from a much graver and a weightier cause. Parliament has not been dissolved because the Bill introduced by her Majesty's Ministers for the improvement of the representation of the people has been rejected by the House of Commons. In point of fact there has been no such rejection. The majority of the House, prompted thereto by Lords John Russell and Palmerston, leaders of sections who, upon hardly any other point, could be expected to agree, declined to take the direct issue, and to record their votes broadly against the second reading of the Bill. They took the undignified and unworthy course of passing certain resolutions which, without rejecting the bill, should have the effect of defeating the Ministry—a course which we cannot designate as otherwise than factious. We have no wish to use harsh language or to utter angry words. The deed being done, acerbity is out of place, and vituperation is an implement which we shall not deign to employ. But nevertheless the truth must be spoken, in order that we may be fully aware of the gravity of the present difficulty and the perils which appear to be imminent. If the conduct of the majority of the late House of Commons was not factious, but, on the contrary, constitutional and patriotic, then we shall be writing in vain. If that premise be granted, it would be difficult, nay impossible, to justify the

Ministry for having advised her Majesty to take so strong a step as that of dissolving Parliament. It is with the object of suppressing faction in the future that this appeal to the constituencies has been made.

We shall endeavour to make ourselves thoroughly understood, because it is very important that no false cry should be raised, no mendacious watchword issued on the present occasion. The electors of the three kingdoms are now called on to exercise their political rights, by returning to the new Parliament representatives who shall generally express or at least embody their opinions. Many considerations, of course, enter into the choice of members, but whenever there is a dissolution, there must be one consideration of more weight than any other, of which the electors never should lose sight. This is an APPEAL TO THE COUNTRY, and an appeal implies either a foregoing erroneous judgment, or a positively committed wrong. The deliberate rejection by the House of Commons of an important measure brought forward by the Government, would be a judgment against which the latter no doubt might appeal, in conformity with the principles of the constitution. But this is always, and most justly, regarded as an exceptional and extraordinary remedy, to be adopted only in extreme cases, and on great emergencies. The decision of the House of Commons, when it is distinct and unequivocal with regard to any measure which has been submitted for its consideration, is entitled to the utmost respect at the hands of the Ministers of the Crown. They may, with her Majesty's sanction, use, but they are equally bound to abstain from abusing, the Royal prerogative. They must not lightly throw the country into confusion, they should not do so from any motive which may be construed into a party consideration. We do not say that this rule has been universally observed and never violated. We could point to more

than one dubious or equivocal precedent, but these should serve rather as warnings against, than arguments for the repetition of a step which is at once unconstitutional and pernicious. Those who say—and many are asserting it now, both in the public prints and on the hustings—that the Ministry have appealed to the constituencies in order to obtain a general expression of opinion on the merits of the Reform Bill which they introduced, but which is now abandoned, are substituting a false issue for the new one, and attempting to conceal from the electors and the public at large, the actual question before them. Neither the principle nor the details of the Reform Bill are now under discussion. The late House of Commons might have discussed both the one and the other, and were indeed invited to do so, but the majority of the members, by adopting the resolutions moved as an amendment by Lord John Russell, absolutely destroyed the Bill, without proceeding to reject it. The long debate of seven nights upon the amendment, was productive indeed of much eloquence, but was also rumbling in the extreme. Almost every member who spoke, instead of confining himself to the amendment, took up the Bill and criticised its details according to his peculiar fancy or tenets, objecting to one part of it, commending another, and in variably tendering some suggestions of his own, quite forgetting, or affecting to forget, that those were matters which ought to have been discussed in Committee, certainly not dealt with in so desultory and miscellaneous a manner before the principle of the Bill was either affirmed or rejected. Therefore all that has been gained from the debate, is a vast, conflicting, and heterogeneous mass of opinions upon the subject of reform, which no political architect, however great his skill or admirable his ingenuity, could arrange in a convenient shape. If the Ministerial Bill was, as Lord John Russell described it, a noxious and a dangerous measure, why was it not met with a direct negative? Had it been so rejected, there was an end of it. The Bill would have passed legiti-

mately into the limbo of abortive legislation, and the Ministry would probably have resigned. The answer is, that Lord John Russell knew perfectly well that he could not reckon on a majority of the House, had a division been taken, *aye* or *no*, on the second reading. His own immediate followers would have voted with him, and against the Bill, but the more wary Palmerston, and those who recognised him as their chief, would not have done so, and a great many liberal members, who may be described as unattached, and who have for years maintained their political credit by advocating Parliamentary Reform, durst not have rejected the Bill before its details had been examined in committee. Therefore the only means of defeating the Bill, without absolutely rejecting it, lay in the proposal of an amendment so cunningly devised as to invite the concurrence of almost every member of the Opposition.

The amendment was a trap, and in that trap the Opposition, not the Ministry, have been caught. They have fallen into the pit which the diminutive Nimrod of the Whigs designed for the reception of a nobler game. We must needs say that we had looked for a better, a higher, and a more honourable course of action from the British House of Commons. When Lord Derby undertook, with much reluctance, which was only overcome by considerations of his duty to his Sovereign, the onerous task of forming a ministry, he could not reckon on the cordial support of a majority of the House of Commons. He possessed, however, the entire confidence of the largest compact body in that house—the only one indeed which could, at that time, discharge the necessary functions of Government. The Liberal Party (we adopt, for the nonce, their self made generic name, without acknowledging its propriety), was broken up into sections. There was no union among Radicals. The Whigs were divided, and ranged themselves separately beneath the banners of two leaders who never could act in unison, and more than one lieutenant seemed desirous to try conclusions with his captain. Then there were the Peelites,

a small but talented body, foolishly adhering to a defunct name, who arrogated to themselves the license of the winds of heaven. Lord Palmerston, who had appealed to the country for support, and who apparently had gained it, and vaunted the result not a little, was smitten, like another Frankenstein, by his own created anomaly. The Conservatives alone could carry on the Government, and they could only do so, according to Parliamentary usage, through the forbearance of the Opposition.

Placed in such a difficult position, and having such a tremendous responsibility laid upon him, Lord Derby, with manly straightforwardness, did not attempt to disguise the weakness of his following. Inferior statesmen would have boasted of their strength, and talked vaguely but cheerily about their promises of support. He took a very different course. He told Parliament that, in a crisis, or rather a state of disorganisation hitherto unparalleled, he had, by Her Majesty's desire, and for the sake of the country, undertaken to form an administration, and he asked no further favour than that they would judge him impartially and candidly by the acts of his Cabinet. These were, of course, open to criticism and censure. He did not seek to escape the ordeal to which all ministers are exposed. He did not entreat his opponents to spare him because his following was comparatively weak. All he expected was that they should abstain from factious opposition, and from embarrassing by party cabals the only Government which was possible under the existing circumstances.

For a time it appeared as if the House of Commons was really willing to accept and abide by that arrangement. The great bulk of the Liberal party showed, or at all events expressed, no disinclination to give the Ministry a fair trial, and although more than once ominous mutterings were heard from those benches usually occupied by the Whig magnates and ex-officials, which sounded to the attentive listener like preludes of a coming storm, these again subsided. The Whigs were quite ready for mischief, but they

could not all at once communicate that amiable disposition to the Radicals, who were not by any means averse to an extension of the period of their exclusion from office. So angry indeed were the former with the quiet attitude of the latter section of the Liberals, that they began, with their usual dexterity and unscrupulousness, to circulate reports of a private understanding between the chiefs of the Radicals and the Ministry, and to insinuate that Mr Bright had a most extraordinary and unaccountable influence with members of the Cabinet, and a singular knowledge of its plans.

If the Ministry had contented themselves with doing very little—for pursuing which course of conduct they might have appealed to Whig precedents—if they had exhibited few symptoms of vitality, and performed nothing beyond the bare ordinary functions of a Government—we do believe that they might have held office for a considerable period without being seriously molested. But they had far too high a sense of duty to follow so ignominious a course. There was much work before them, not only of that kind which is constantly arising out of the political exigencies of the day, but heavy arrears caused by the unskilfulness, negligence, and procrastination of their predecessors. They addressed themselves to the performance of that work with a degree of zeal, energy, and success which has been rarely equalled. They undertook practical and useful, not theoretical reforms. They infused new life into every department of the public service, so that in a very short time it became apparent that they were far better administrators than the Whigs had ever shown themselves to be. That their diligence, courtesy, and attention won for them golden opinions from all sorts of men, has not been denied even by their bitterest opponents. The leading journal, indeed, even while exercising its influence against them, has been constrained to acknowledge that if judged by their works alone, Ministers are entitled to the public confidence. It is to their faith or political profession that the *Times* takes objec-

tion We shrewdly suspect that the majority of mankind will hardly coincide with the able publicist in his estimate of the relative value of profession and works in connection with terrestrial matters. We are of the number of those who hold by the ancient opinion that performance is always a much better thing than profession—that the man who does his duty is at all times, and in every place, a more profitable servant than his fellow who merely talks about it. Fluellen could not have uttered such brave words and sonorous crambo as flowed from the lips of Ancient Pistol at the bridge, but he went into the thick of the fight, when the pick purse was skulking in the rear. Recent occurrences have taught us to look with some suspicion on those protesting gentry. We have seen managers of banks who inaugurated the opening of their fraudulent concerns with prayer, and eminent city men who enjoyed a reputation for superior sanctity and godliness, condemned to prison and the hulks for nefarious swindling practices. We have also known instances in which statesmen whose political faith the *Times* would doubtless uphold as highly orthodox, have shown themselves exceedingly tardy in performing that which they had promised with alacrity and even precipitation. Therefore if the merit of works, that is of a proper, conscientious, and diligent discharge of their duty, be accorded to Ministers, the metaphysical objection, we apprehend, can have very little weight. It is in truth not one whit more tenable than the reason which was assigned by the Athenian voter for ostracising Aristides, when he admitted that he had nothing to urge against the man, beyond a certain disgust engendered by hearing him applauded for his justice. Let the public note well and remember this. When, in 1852, Lord Derby formed a Ministry, there arose from the Liberal ranks a demagogue about at the alleged incapacity of the men who were selected to fill the various offices. The red-tape veterans sneered at them as ignorant pretenders who knew nothing of the craft of statesmanship, and declared that they were not competent to conduct the public business for a single week.

That administration was but a short one. It was terminated within ten months from its commencement by a combination of the opposing forces, but within that brief period the Conservatives had proved to the country not only that they were fully competent to discharge the ordinary functions of government, but that they were bent upon introducing salutary practical reforms which their predecessors had evaded, and were determined that every department of the public service should be brought into the highest state of efficiency. So well, indeed, did they perform their duty, that the Liberal party took alarm lest those same ignorant pretenders who had gained admission to the temple of office without pronouncing their peculiar shibboleth at the door, should ingratiate themselves too much with the public, and that they should suffer by the contrast. For years they had been trying to persuade the country that a Tory government was impossible—that if it was attempted everything must go to utter wreck and ruin—that tyranny, jobbery, and corruption of the grossest kind were the certain consequences—that the liberties of the people were in danger, and much more to a similar effect. We appeal to the recollection of every man if such were not the results which were predicted for the country if Lord Derby should accede to office. He did accede, and within ten months they were fain to combine and sink mutual differences in order to eject him and his colleagues from office, not because those predictions had been fulfilled, but because the Government was rapidly becoming more popular than was at all convenient. The intrigue succeeded, the Derby ministry was displaced, and Lord Aberdeen ruled over a Cabinet composed of men of all shades of political opinion. The immediate result was the Russian war, and that manifestation of official helplessness which aroused the wrath of the nation. We do not wish to remove the sheet which has been decently spread over a mangled and unsavoury subject. We shall not ask the public to recall the sensations of disgust created by the unparalleled nepotism of that ex-

altd liberal Lord Panmure—or those of pity not unmixd with contempt which rewarded Lord John Russell for his sorry diplomatic appearances. We shall not do more than allude to Lord Palmerston's playful phantasmagorical glimpse of a Reform Bill which was never drawn, or his introduction into the Cabinet of an Irish peer, who had much better have remained elsewhere. Out of such materials, however—and we have not enumerated or glanced at a tenth part of them—we might, without resorting to the art of the special pleader, frame such a case, fortified by such powerful evidence, that no really unprejudiced man could deny our conclusion that the Derby administration in 1852, was much superior in point of administrative talent, zeal, honesty, and reformation of abuses, to those of which Lords Aberdeen and Palmerston were respectively the heads. Without any elaborate case, we ask if this is not substantially true? Let any man, whatever be his politics, think over the transactions of the last seven years, and we are confident that his opinion will coincide with ours. Well, then, is it the will or wish of the country that those who have governed and can govern well, should be displaced to make room for men who have shown that they cannot govern?

That is the real issue to be tried. The Whigs of course will deny it, for they reckon upon an immediate accession to power, and are as restless as squirrels when the filberts are ripening in autumn. The advanced Liberals—such of them at least as are sincere, and not mere Whigs in disguise—will not admit it, and why? Because good government is not their object, they wish to Americanise our institutions. In that they will never succeed. The old tree is far too deeply rooted to be overthrown by any effort of theirs. If it did fall, they would be crushed by the weight of its descending boughs. The thing is demonstrable, and ought to be apparent to every man of common sense without the ceremony of a demonstration. Our social state is pyramidal. It rests upon the foundation of the working-classes, which is far the broadest, and gradually

tapers upwards towards the pinnacle. Give the lower strata the power to move effectually, and you create or invite an artificial earthquake which may bring down the whole edifice in ruin. The leading Democrats—we intend no offence by the phrase—are for the most part men of capital who employ many workmen. Supposing manhood franchise to be the rule, each workman would, politically, have the same influence in returning a member to the House of Commons as his master. If master and man were agreed, all might go pleasantly enough. When wages were high, and all things comfortable, the master manufacturer might walk to the poll with a following behind him far more numerous than that of any Highland chief in the bygone age of feudalism, and, by inscribing his name first, might derive glory from the length of his tail. But are the interests of master and man, of employer and labourer, identical? It is no sufficient answer to say that they *ought* to be identical, for we are not living in Utopia, but in a busy world where passion, and prejudice, and self interest, sway the thoughts and the actions of men, and create mutual suspicion. We all know that they are not identical. Is it possible to forget or overlook those combinations of the working classes which, under the form of STRIKES, ever and anon paralyse the operation of almost every branch of industry throughout the land? We have seen strikes among the cotton spinners, the iron founders, the colliers, and the miners. Among the smaller trades, strikes are so common that it is a rare thing when none can be specified. Bricklayers, printers, tailors, shoemakers, all know by practical experience what is the significance and effect of a strike, what heart burnings it engenders, and what enormous losses it occasions. That these are great social evils no one has attempted to deny, and yet few will be bold enough to assert that they can be remedied by direct legislation. It is impossible to regulate wages, to dictate arbitrarily to the employer what he shall give, or to restrain the demands of the workman. The mere attempt would bring us at once within the

pale of Communism, and even a partial realisation of the idea would be utterly ruinous to the empire. Let, however, the system of manhood suffrage, or any other which will give the working classes the preponderance of political power, be adopted, and mark the result. From the day when that shall take place, the mutual relations of the employer and the workman will be changed. The latter will be able to dictate wages, the former must either withdraw his capital and abandon his occupation or submit. An absolute majority of electors of the same class will, to a certainty, return representatives pledged to what they consider their own immediate interests. It cannot be otherwise. The Act of 1832 gave the monopoly of political power in many places to the tradesmen and shopkeepers, and the framers of that Act were very sanguine that, in gratitude for such a boon, the electors would thereafter make choice of such candidates only as should be acceptable to the leaders of the Whigs. What was the consequence? For a period, but a very short one only, the wishes of the Whigs were gratified, the reaction, however, soon came, and the electoral majorities, obeying their natural instincts, shook off the yoke of the Whigs, treated them with absolute contumely and returned as members to Parliament men of their own class and occupation. Take Edinburgh as an example. It enjoys a high intellectual reputation, it possesses a famous university and flourishing schools, and it is of further importance as being the centre of the courts of law. The Edinburgh Whigs, especially the lawyers, took a very prominent part in the agitation which preceded the passing of the Reform Act of 1832. They were in fact the leaders of the movement in which the citizen shopkeepers played only a subordinate part. When, therefore, the Act had become law, and two members were allotted to Edinburgh, the Whigs naturally enough considered these seats as peculiarly their own, and they resolved henceforward to return only men of eminence. The first members were Francis Jeffrey, then

Lord Advocate, and the Right Honourable James Abercromby, afterwards Speaker of the House of Commons. The next candidate proposed and carried was Sir John Campbell, then the English Solicitor-General. After him came the Right Honourable Thomas Babington Macaulay, with whom was associated a gentleman who has always commanded the respect and esteem of the whole community, Sir William Gibson-Craig. Such were the political arrangements of Edinburgh down to the year 1847. The members returned were all Whigs of eminence—men who were well qualified, from intellect, official rank, and social position, to represent any constituency, and to them no exception could be made. They were not, however, always returned without a contest. The Conservative party deemed it their duty to make an early trial of strength, but the result showed them that they had no chance against the serried array of the Whig lawyers and citizens. These contests led to a close inspection of the register, and, as was afterwards discovered, an elaborate classification of the electors according to their occupations, political opinions, and polemical tenets, for objects which very soon became apparent.

Thus far the alliance of the citizens with the Whig party had remained unbroken, but there were evident symptoms of restiveness on the part of the former. They had no absolute objections to urge against the candidates offered to them by the Whigs, but they complained that they had too little share in the preliminary deliberations. They alleged, truly enough, that everything was arranged "in the Parliament House"—that is, by the lawyers—without concert with the Council Chamber. They also hinted, with what truth we know not, that since the Whigs had been helped into office, the lawyers of that political persuasion had not been nearly so affable as they were in the days of the reform agitation—that they gave themselves airs which were both ludicrous and offensive—that they invariably took precedence and en-

grossed the monopoly of talk at public meetings—with many other charges and insinuations of the like kind touching the arrogance of the Liberal portion of the *noblesse de la robe*, the pert rustling of whose bombast was becoming odious to the civic ear. Custom, however, exercises a wonderful power in controlling rebellion. People will grumble a long time before they pluck up courage to become really demonstrative. Once let the horse be used to bit and bridle, and he will trot along cannily enough without rearing, if you do not curb him too tightly. But the Edinburgh Whigs committed the mistake of supposing that the urban hackneys whom they had so long bestrode were leather mouthed, whereas they were in reality extremely tender about the jaws. The riders did not remember, or had not the wit to perceive, the deep moral conveyed in Lieutenant Jinkers' lamentations for his fallen captain, the valiant Lurd of Balma-happle: "He had tauld the laird a thousand times that it was a burning shame to put a martingale upon the purr thing, when he would needs ride her wi' a curb of half a yard lang, and that he couldna but bring himself (not to say her) to some mischief, by flinging her down or otherwise; whereas if he had had a wee bit runnin' ring on the snaffle, she wad hae reind as cannily as a cadgers pownie." As ill luck would have it, the Whigs rejected the snaffle, persisted in using the curb, and so the accident occurred.

Gifted with many brilliant qualities as an author and an orator, Mr Macaulay lacked the art of making himself popular as a man. At first the Edinburgh constituency was well pleased to be represented by so distinguished a character, and a very little exercise of care and attention would have made him secure of a seat so long as he chose to occupy it. But Mr Macaulay did not relish personal intercourse with ten-pounders. He belonged or affected to belong to that haughty section of the Whigs, who, imitating the aristocratic grandeur of their Coryphæus Earl Grey, hold themselves aloof from vulgar contact, and sickened at

the breath of the multitude. He rarely visited Edinburgh, took no active interest in its affairs, was not at the beck of every town-councillor, and seldom spoke in the House of Commons. Let us say in justice to him that he was much better employed. He was then writing his History.

Were the malcontent citizens to blame if, when saddled at the bidding of the oligarchical Parliament House to carry a member who would neither visit them, eat with them, drink with them, nor speak with them, they grew restive, reared tremendously, and at last threw off the burden? We can not say that they were. Their patience had been too much tried—their vanity had been terribly galled. They made the effort and succeeded. The Parliament House lost for ever the nomination to at least one of the seats for the metropolis of Scotland. At the general election of 1847, Mr Macaulay was defeated, and Mr Charles Cowan, a respectable citizen and manufacturer, was sent to Parliament in his stead.

Somewhat later Edinburgh repented, and reinstated Mr Macaulay, who took the honour very coolly, and did not mend his ways in consequence. The citizen party then resolved to appropriate the other seat also, and succeeded in returning Mr Adam Black, another citizen, to represent them along with Mr Cowan.

We have given this short sketch of the political history of Edinburgh for the purpose of proving our assertion that in every large constituency that class which commands an absolute majority, will return representatives of their peculiar interests, and will, when that is possible, choose the representatives out of their own number. The ten-pound citizen shopkeepers of Edinburgh form an overwhelming majority of the constituency.

If manhood suffrage were adopted, or if in any other way the working classes should obtain a preponderance of political power, they would in like manner return men to represent their immediate interests only, in which case direct taxation would be imposed to such an extent that confiscation would be the apter term, and

the holders of property, after a faint resistance, would be fain to accept of that as a compromise to escape the unmitigated evils of Communism.

We shall perhaps be told that this is a chimera, phantom, or hobgoblin of our own raising, for the purpose of terrifying the timid. The professed friends of the working-classes are at present very numerous, and are manifesting an extraordinary solicitude for their political enfranchisement. They are lauded for their intelligence, for their advanced state of education for their sobriety, and their prudence, and their claim to be admitted to the franchise is strenuously urged on the strength of these important qualifications. And no doubt, if a man is at once intelligent, well educated, sober, and prudent, he is well qualified, whatever be his station in life, to discharge the duties of an elector. But does that description apply to the great majority of the working classes, by which term we mean those who earn their bread by manual labour? By no means. The minority who answer to that description are the picked men, the aristocracy of their class who gradually work their way upward through the different stages, until they become foremen or independent employers of labour and the suffrage is even now within their reach. The others do not rise, because they fail in one or other of the requisites above set forth. Either they are not intelligent, in which case they cannot be expected to rise, and certainly should not have political power—or they are uneducated, which in this country means, when we speak of adults too indolent to avail themselves of the opportunities of instruction which are within the reach of every industrious man—or they are dissipated and drunken, in which case they can not be trusted with the franchise—or they are careless and improvident, in which case they ought not to have the power of influencing the adjustment of taxation. There is not a single employer of labour on a large scale who does not know this quite as well as we do, and intense, indeed, must be the hatred which Mr Bright and his confederates bear

towards the existing British constitution, when, in the full knowledge of all this they urge the indiscriminate admission of the working-classes to the franchise. Now let us examine a little more closely into these matters, for by doing so we really believe that we shall be able to throw some light upon a disputed question. Among the artisans, especially those engaged in the higher trades, we are satisfied that there is a great deal of intelligence, much shrewdness, ingenuity, and natural power. Living in a free country, and enjoying the advantages of free discussion, they are active, restless, and inquiring, and no man who has ever sought their acquaintance in a proper spirit, will conceal the gratification which he has received from intercourse with the higher artisans. But beneath these there is a mass, with which even those artisans of whom we have first spoken, refuse fellowship. They regard the colliers, and miners, and other numerous sections of workmen who are engaged in coarse, though profitable employment, as vastly inferior to themselves. If they do not despise them, they at all events admit and make no hesitation of asserting that the others are not intelligent enough to exercise the franchise rightly—nay, that it would be a disgrace to any government, and an insult to the popular intelligence, if the roughs were to be placed on a political equality with themselves. So that the common sense of the higher artisans does absolutely repudiate the theories and rebuke the political insanity of such men as John Bright, who would make no distinction whatever in the admission of the working classes to power.

Next comes the topic of education. That, of course, is personal to every man, however difficult it may be to establish a standard. But some kind of education has always been pre-supposed as a qualification for enrolment. When Lord John Russell propounded his abortive measure of Reform in 1852, he tried to muddle together the separate considerations of intelligence and education, and with a lofty disdain of statistics, declared that he did not

think it necessary to adduce any proof of the intelligence or education of the people, seeing that "the experience of every honourable member is sufficient to induce him to concur in my statement." The propriety of expending annually large sums of money for the publication of Blue books and Parliamentary Returns, has often been questioned, and the cool way in which the noble lord got rid of the preliminary difficulty of proving his case, would certainly seem to justify the complaint, for at that very time there was lying on the table of the House of Commons an official report showing that, out of every hundred persons, married between 1839 and 1848 in England and Wales, forty could not write their names, and that the ignorance in 1848 was much greater than in 1839. So much for the education of the masses.

Next we come to their sobriety. That is a painful subject which we shall dismiss as shortly as we can. A glance at the amount of the excise duties levied in Great Britain will demonstrate what the national propensities are, and, in Scotland, we have now, in actual operation, a penal statute, unknown in despotic countries, for restraining the indulgence in drink. We do not challenge its propriety. We simply notice it as a remarkable fact, and the more remarkable, that the very men who are foremost, to the north of the Tweed, in advocating unlimited suffrage, are the same who think it necessary to check the drinking habits of the workman. They will not trust him in the public-house, and yet they ask us to trust him in the polling booth.

Then, as to prudence, and that regard which every well disposed man ought to show for the future fate of his family. We have, in a previous article, suggested a method of opening a wider door for the admission of those of the working-classes who were really bent upon making provision for their families, after their own decease, than was afforded by the late ministerial bill, and we have no doubt that such a recommendation would most cordially have been adopted, but let us note what the

professed friends of the working-classes have said and are saying on the subject of the savings' bank franchise which formed part of the ministerial scheme. They maintain that it was a mere delusion, on the ground that a very small portion only of the working-classes possess the requisite qualification. Is not this tantamount to an admission that the working-classes, collectively, are not prudent and careful? That, be it remembered, is not our allegation, but the allegation of those who are clamouring for their admission to the franchise. We wish to see the better educated, industrious, and prudent represented, and with that view we advocate a franchise apart from household qualification, but we cannot agree to the proposal of admitting the masses indiscriminately, because there is great danger that they would be led astray by the artifices of designing demagogues.

In order to prove that such danger really does exist, we print the following address to the working-classes which has just been issued by the Financial Reform Association of Liverpool —

"If merely for the pleasure of giving your votes at the hustings, it is hardly worth your while to trouble yourselves about the matter: but if you wish for better legislation—constant employment at better wages for every man able and willing to work—lighter taxes and more of all the comforts and necessities of life—you, of all men, have the deepest interest in a real reform of parliament."

In the year ended March 31 1859, according to the public accounts the total revenue excluding that from crown lands, and the receipts called miscellaneous mainly derived from the shamefully wasteful annual sales of what are called old stores, was £66,243,293, of which sum £41,186,357, or very nearly two thirds, were levied in the shape of customs and excise duties—that is, of taxes upon your coffee, your sugar, your tea, your beer, your spirits, your tobacco, your currants for your pudding—ay, and upon your flour of which you make your puddings and your bread, for though the iniquitous corn laws have been repealed, there is still a tax of one shilling per quarter on corn.

The expenditure, during the same year, was £68,277,501. Of this sum

£28,627,103 went to pay the interest and charges on our huge national debt, contracted for the most part in wars undertaken for the suppression of liberty abroad, or to stave off reform at home,—but all said to be for the protection of property. Another great allice, £24,995,849, went for army, navy, the Persian expedition, and the Chinese war, in none of which have you any particular interest, or, at all events, none comparable to that of the propertied classes, who are good enough to rule you, and tax you, and spend your money without giving you votes.

"Well, then—as so much debt has been contracted, and as so much money is annually spent for the supposed protection of property, property ought to contribute its fair share towards the expenses.

"But how stands the fact? Allow me that property paid half the income tax last year, under schedules A and B—half the stamp duties—half the excise and taxes—and all the land tax—its whole contribution to the revenue was £11,202,976, or little more than one-fourth of the produce of the customs and excise duties. Coffee, corn, curries, hops, malt, spirits, sugar, tobacco, and snuff, paid £29,123,583, 12s. 11d.—that is, £17,920,607 more than property.

"Suppose that when any one of you had bought his ounce of tobacco, and paid the tobaccoist a halfpenny for it, a customhouse officer or exciseman were to stop you at the door, and demand twopence halfpenny more for the Government—suppose the same sort of thing were to occur whenever you bought a glass of beer or spirits—and to your wives and daughters when they bought their tea, their sugar, and their coffee—after paying the tradesman a fair price for the articles—what would you think?—what would you say?—what would you do?

"You would not stand it for a week. Yet you are thus imposed upon by indirect taxation, and certain persons belonging to an anti income tax association have talked of it as a fortunate circumstance that you, in a state of 'happy ignorance,' as they call it, are thus hoodwinked into paying so vastly much more than your fair share of the taxation of the country.

"It is true that you do this unconsciously, but are you the less imposed upon?

"On account of its injustice and oppression, and to save themselves, as they think, the same persons would re-

peal the only tax which really reaches the rich, and make up the deficiency by addition to customs, excise, and other taxes which press upon the struggling masses, but you, if you are wise, will go for the abolition of customs and excise duties altogether, and for the substitution of such a property and income tax as will compel every man, the millionaire as well as the daily labourer, to contribute to the just necessities of the State—according to his means—nothing more and nothing less.

"If Parliamentary Reform is to lead to such a change—a change so fraught with blessings to you, your children, and to your children's children—it is worthy of all your exertions night and day, and your wives should give you no rest, sleeping or waking, if, having votes, you give them to any candidates not pledged to use their utmost exertions to effect it.

"But if legislation and taxation are to go on as at present—if the millions wrung from your necessities are still to be spent without any actual control by your nominal representatives, and without any intelligible account of the manner in which they are expended—and if you are still to contribute two thirds of the taxes, to you Parliamentary Reform will not be worth a whiff of tobacco or a pinch of snuff.

"Agitate, then, for direct taxation, for the abolition of customs and excise duties—that is to say, for perfect freedom of trade, of which you have as yet but the shadow, great as are the advantages which have flowed even from that—or it is not worth your while to agitate at all."

There can be no mistake whatever as to the meaning of this precious document. It means confiscation. It urges the working-classes to agitate for representation, in order that the whole burdens of the State may be laid upon property, while labour is to contribute nothing.

Are the advanced Liberals, the great manufacturers, mill-owners, iron-masters, and other large employers of labour, anxious for such a result as this? If not, why have they assisted the Whigs, who are simply scrambling for office, in their attempt to destroy the best, most honest, and most able administrative government which the country for many years has known? Are they really blind to the nature of this political movement? Do they be-

have that the Whigs in the abstract are devotees to the cause of reform? Why, from 1852 to 1858, they were masters of the position, and might have carried a bill. They did not do so. They approached the subject as cautiously as if it had been a red hot coulter, and if, they touched it at all, dropped it with marvellous celerity. But now, when the Ministry have actually prepared a bill, they affect to be indignant at what they are impudent enough to term an interference with their prerogative—propose resolutions framed for the purpose of defeating that bill without specifying what kind of measures would have met with their support—prevent the bill from being considered with a view to amendment by the House—and finally, through one of their chiefs, so complicate matters, by an insolent and braggart defiance which the said chief was fain to recant when too late, as to force on a dissolution of Parliament, which otherwise might possibly be avoided.

This is the result of the Whig manoeuvres, let them gain say it if they can. It is all very well for them to go to the country with the cry that they are the friends of Reform. The friends of Reform!—why, they have just exhibited themselves as its executioners! Had they allowed the Bill to pass the second reading, it would have been in the hands of the House, to be altered according to their will. They might have changed or improved it to any extent, by omission, addition, or otherwise, which surely would have been the best way of ascertaining the opinion of the Commons, and the Ministry would have had the option of abandoning it or of resigning, if the amendments had been pushed too far. At present, what is the question before the country? Is it whether there shall be a further reform or none? That cannot be the question, for Ministers have offered a measure, and are ready to reconsider the subject. Is it as to the details of their Bill? That cannot be the question, because the last House of Commons never approached the deliberate discussion of the details. Is it whether any preferable measure should be adopted? That can hardly be, be-

cause, though Lord John Russell, after he had juggled the opposition into the lobby along with him in support of his resolutions, gave a slight sketch of his present ideas, very different from those which he set forth in previous abortive attempts at legislation, Lord Palmerston, the rival Whig leader, put in a distinct demurrer. Burly Sir James Graham, true to his system of giving the lie direct to his own words and antecedents, seems determined to contest democratic supremacy with Mr Bright, and if he is spared for a few years longer, may figure as a patriarchal Ernest Jones. Mr Bright, again, despising Russell, has a telescopic measure in his pocket, which he can draw out or in to suit the focus of the popular eye. What then is the question before the country? We return to our previous definition. The real question is, whether a good and competent Government shall be displaced, to make way for one which has already proved itself to be bad and incompetent.

Declaim, spout, stutter, gabble or shriek from the hustings as you please, honourable Liberal candidates. Soft sawdust the non electors in order to elicit a cheer! Tell them, with such power of mystification as you possess, which the harness of your own brains will probably enable you to do, that you are champions of the rights of the people abstaining always from explaining what are the precise nature of those rights! After you have exhausted all your eloquence, still the fact will remain patent to the conviction of every honest man in the country that you have conspired to embarrass the Ministry in a most critical juncture of European affairs, and that you have been led to do so, not because you thought this reform measure of theirs incapable of amendment, but because you were determined, if you could, to play the old political game, and eject the present Government, without being able to offer a satisfactory substitute.

We do not intend to maintain that party moves, made only from party considerations, may not, under certain conditions and circumstances, be regarded as justifiable. In the old days, when the line of de-

marcation between parties was defined and distinct—when in fact there did exist but two great parties in the State, to one or other of which, with few exceptions, all Members of the House of Commons belonged—when each party was unanimous and disciplined, and ready to move at the will of a recognised and sagacious leader—the right of governing, if that can be called a right which is merely consuetudinal, was held to belong to the strongest party, its strength being tested by its Parliamentary majority. In the event of there being a decided majority, the statesman who could command that, was almost entitled to expect that the Sovereign should commit to him the great trust of administering the affairs of the nation. If parties were equally balanced, or nearly so, the recognised and honourable course for the Opposition was to wait patiently, until their own ranks were augmented, or until the Ministry of the day committed some error, or indicated their intention to follow some line of policy really detrimental to the public interest. A change of government was then considered, and most justly, to be a very serious step, never to be taken without due deliberation, first, with regard to its propriety if not necessity, and secondly, with regard to the existing probabilities that the party pressing for the change, could, from its own ranks, offer to the Sovereign and to the nation, a Ministry better able to administer, and more likely to secure confidence than that which was to be displaced. And lastly, it was an axiom which no sound statesman ever openly denied, that in times of public danger, whether arising from turbulence or from war, the actual holders of office should receive general support, even although they were not able to command an absolute majority in the Commons.

If, therefore, the Liberal party—for, in default of a more appropriate and definite term, we can only use that which we regard as a pseudonym—had been united, and prepared to offer to her Majesty a government which could command a majority in the lower House, and pursue an independent policy, they might reason

ably, under ordinary circumstances, have objected to the continuance of the Conservatives in power. The mode of expressing such an objection is very simple and well known. Nothing more than a vote of want of confidence was required to reinstate the Liberals in power.

But the real state of that party is far otherwise. It is broken up into sections, which are animated by the spirit of deadly animosity towards one another, and by a mutual hatred, for dislike is far too weak a word, which they do not even attempt to disguise. In the course of last summer, we had occasion to examine the constitution tendencies, reciprocities, and antipathies of that amorphous body, and we then pointed out that, in reality, there was no possible point of contact between the old Whigs and the Manchester Radicals—that they had no community of sentiment, or similarity of aim, and it was absolutely impossible to suppose that they could ever cordially unite. We showed that the Whigs, by merging their traditional and distinctive name in that of Liberals, had lost caste and reputation, and had destroyed their own cohesion, without attracting any new material. We showed that the Whigs, who affect to have some reverence for the constitution, were divided into two sections or squadrons, led by rival chiefs, whose quarrel was inveterate and of old standing. We argued that, come what might, Lord Palmerston would not and could not allow Lord John Russell again to assume the leadership, or even trust him to act in a subordinate capacity, because, as a leader, he had shown himself to be utterly incompetent, and as a subordinate unworthy of trust, and prone to mutiny and cabal. On the other hand, that Lord John Russell would rather keep his own party out of power, or form a separate alliance with the Radicals, than endure the dictatorship, or acknowledge the authority of Palmerston. Since that article was written, no change whatever has taken place. Palmerston and Russell are at one only as regards negotiation. They both took exception to the ministerial bill, but they are not agreed as to a substitute. Russell will not

take a bill from Palmerston, even though it should embody his own propositions. The subject of reform, he hesitates not to say, exclusively belongs to him. It is his peculiar province, with which no one else may interfere. He forgets that, although he was the nominal proposer of one reform bill, which was passed twenty seven years ago, he has since been the real deviser of two abortive measures, which were repudiated by all parties, and are now repudiated by himself! Palmerston will not take a bill from Russell, both because it is not convenient to allow the latter an opportunity of replacing his squandered political capital, and because he, in common with the Whig magnates, has a serious and well founded dread of the ultimate consequences of democratic ascendancy, and will in no wise ally himself with the Manchester Liberals to gain whose support Russell is willing to make almost any concession. The Manchester men, on the other hand, make no secret of their reforming views, which may be briefly stated as comprehending the suppression of all minor boroughs and constituencies, the erection of electoral districts which will give the vast preponderance of power to large towns to the detriment of the counties, secret voting, and a qualification so low as to admit the greater portion of the working classes. Which of these sections is to prevail? Suppose that Lord Derby were displaced, and Lord John Russell made premier on the condition that he should carry through a satisfactory reform bill, what would be the fate of his measure? It would be opposed by the Conservatives and Palmerstonian Whigs as being too ultra in its character, and by the Radicals as not being sufficiently democratic—for the latter party have emphatically declared against instalments, and openly avow that they will oppose every bill which is not based upon their principles. If Lord Palmerston were made premier on the same condition, he would be opposed by the Russellites and the Radicals, and could not, after his conduct on this recent occasion, expect to receive support from the Conservatives. Against the Conservatives and Whigs

combined the Radicals are utterly powerless.

We say therefore that the Opposition, being in such a state of anarchy that they could not form a government capable of carrying a reform bill, was not justified in making any kind of factious demonstration. They might have defeated the ministerial bill fairly and openly, or they might have tried to amend it, but they acted unpatriotically and unfairly, we shall even say disloyally in attempting to overthrow the Government when they were thoroughly aware that they could not provide a substitute.

And their conduct will appear the more odious when we consider what a time they selected for making this offensive party move. The continent of Europe was menaced by a terrific thunderstorm. France, the doubtful ally of Britain, was arming to the teeth, not certainly for the purpose of preserving the general peace. Notoriously she was the backer of Sardinia, a small but ambitious state, inflamed by the desire and stimulated by the hope of large territorial aggrandisement. In Count Cavour, King Victor Emmanuel possesses a minister of remarkable dexterity. Fertile in resource, far seeing, and a profound calculator of chances, we regard him as one of the cleverest diplomatists of our time, but also, considering the situation which he holds, as one of the most dangerous enemies to the maintenance of the tranquillity of Europe. So far as regards the internal reforms of Sardinia and its attitude in opposition to Papal supremacy, we admit that he is entitled to great credit, but Count Cavour was not satisfied with being the minister of a constitutional and well regulated monarchy of limited dimensions, which might be contemplated as a model by the subjects of despotic states, and cited as a proof that even in Italy good government and uncoerced tranquillity might be realised. His sphere of action was too small. He conceived and nourished the hope that his master might one day drive the Austrians out of Lombardy, meditate or absorb the smaller states, and assume the iron crown of Italy. But to do this, Sar-

dinia of herself was powerless. She could not hope to prevail against the force and discipline of Austria, even though all Italy should be in a state of insurrection. Therefore it was necessary to make great alliances, and to purchase future support by exertions of no ordinary kind. The war in which Britain and France combined to baffle the aggressive attempts of Russia upon Turkey afforded the desired opportunity. Austria had hung back, or rather had taken temporary possession of the Principalities for her own behoof, if circumstances would admit, without assisting the Western powers, while she assumed a hostile attitude towards the Czar. To the amazement of Europe, Sardinia all at once appeared as a belligerent power. She not only declared war against Russia, without the slightest pretext, personal to herself, for doing so, but she sent a contingent to the Crimea, in order to support which she was forced to enter the money market as a borrower. A remarkable instance of devotion, for which it is difficult, nay, impossible to find a parallel! The absorption of Turkey by Russia could not affect Sardinia, even contingently. Only giants were in the field. States of medium dimensions were but too glad to escape from the strife, yet here was a valiant dwarf, praying to participate in the *Gigantomachia*, with as little power of rendering actual service to his confederates, as Sir Geoffrey Hudson when he was pleased to vouch a free protection to the Peverils.

It would be ungrateful to treat lightly the promptitude which Sardinia displayed on that occasion, at the same time we cannot shut our eyes to the motive, which clearly was a desire to secure the future co-operation of France and Britain in schemes for enlarging her boundaries at the expense of Austria. The Emperor of France, it would appear, was well enough disposed to adopt the Sardinian views, in so far at least as regards rupture with the Austrians. What his ultimate ideas on the subject of Italian partition may be, admits of serious doubt. That Italy should become a mere appanage of France was the settled conviction of

the first Napoleon, and we have no reason to suppose that the third of that name entertains an opposite opinion. The marriage of his cousin with the Princess Clothilde, showed what value he set on the Sardinian alliance, and then followed that extensive warlike preparation, which has continued down to the present hour, and which most naturally has given an alarm to the whole of Europe. If peace was to be preserved, that could only be through the efforts and firm attitude of the British Government, for no other power had a voice potential enough to restrain. Most strenuously and skilfully did the Ministry apply themselves to this difficult and all important task, and yet it was in the very midst of their negotiations, any interruption of which would instantly have precipitated the war, that the Liberal party attempted to upset the Government!

We call upon the great electoral body to keep these things in view, and not be led astray by empty declamation about the importance of immediate reform. That question is not one whit more important now than it has been any time during these last twenty years. The nation is not pressing for it. No material interest can be promoted by its immediate solution. We have other things to look to, which absolutely concern the safety of the nation, and must be instantly taken in hand.

It seems more than probable that peace cannot be preserved. Sardinia evidently is bent on war, and counts on the support of France. So far from showing any willingness to disarm or reluctance to enter into hostilities, she is at this moment, and has been for some time back, receiving, enrolling, and organising troops of insurgents from the minor Italian states, who have flocked to Turin on the assurance that a speedy opportunity would be afforded them of rioting in Austrian blood. All the world knows that the revenues of Sardinia are not such as to warrant a large expenditure, and we cannot believe that a sagacious financier like Cavour would have gone so far for the sake of mere demonstration. He could hardly expect that Austria would be overawed, and induced to

give up her treaties or her possessions by any show of preparation. He must have anticipated resistance and defiance, and must also have received direct assurance of support from France, or rather from its ruler.

For ourselves, we do not hesitate to say that the fearful responsibility of having kindled a European war, must, in the event of that calamity occurring now, rest with Louis Napoleon. It is of the utmost consequence that the people of England should know who has been the originator of this disturbance, which, ere these pages meet the reader's eye, may have become an awful calamity. We learn from a telegraphic message, that war is likely to be precipitated without any Congress whatever being held, in consequence of a formal demand made by Austria on Sardinia that the latter power shall disband and disperse the legionaries whom she has received into her territory, and that, failing her agreement to do so, war will be immediately declared. We lament that such a step should have been taken, but we are not therefore prepared to denounce Austria as the violator of the peace of Europe. From the very first we have not felt any confidence in the power of a Congress to allay the elements of strife. It might have done so, had all the parties been sincere. But we more than doubt we utterly disbelieve, the sincerity of the Emperor of the French. For many weeks all Europe has been ringing with his military preparations. His troops have been moved towards the frontier, and concentrated in formidable masses. The army of Algeria has been brought over to France. The arsenals are busy, rations and clothing have been contracted for, and every disposition has been made which a great military power would deem necessary for the opening of a difficult campaign. Never indeed, according to universal report, has France so rapidly and effectively brought forth its military power. For this unparalleled preparation there must be some adequate cause. It cannot be from fear that Austria would invade Sardinia, for Austria has not been the aggressor. It can only be to support Sar-

dinia, or rather, under that pretext, to invade the Austrian dominions. No Congress, meeting under such circumstances, could have prevented the catastrophe, and our deliberate opinion is that no human influence would have availed to restrain Louis Napoleon from prosecuting his designs upon Italy. No doubt he was willing—nay, desirous, to prolong the negotiations, and to keep alive the hope that the quarrel might be settled by arbitration, for it is understood that his preparations, though far advanced, are not completed, and that three weeks must elapse before he can take the field. Austria is well aware of this, and has declined waiting until France is ready to cope with her. Hence her summons to Sardinia, and the probability of an immediate conflict.

At such a time it is of vital importance to the welfare of the country, that her Majesty's ministers should receive the general support of the nation, for we cannot disguise our apprehension that before the termination of this war, which now may be regarded as inevitable, Great Britain may be compelled to take an active part. That, we may safely assume, will not be done rashly, nor can any party in this country desire it, for our real interests are identified with neutrality, and no strong sympathies are enlisted on behalf of any of the belligerents. Austria's protectorate of and separate treaties with the minor Italian potentates, by virtue of which she garrisons their towns, and supplies them with a foreign soldiery, have been generally objected to; but no one denies her right to the Lombardo-Venetian provinces which were guaranteed to her by the Treaty of Vienna. Her title to them is indeed the same as that in virtue of which Sardinia holds Genoa, which, from being a republic, was annexed to Piedmont, for a purpose which ought not to be forgotten. "Italy," says the historian of Europe, while treating of the Congress of Vienna, "Italy presented in some respects a more complicated field for diplomacy. The cession, indeed, of Lombardy to Austria, and of the Genoese republic to the kingdom of Piedmont, was at once agreed to

without any difficulty, despite the earnest remonstrances of the citizens of the latter commonwealth, who passionately desired the restoration of their ancient form of government so strongly was the necessity felt of strengthening the States on the French frontier, and, above all, the kingdom of Sardinia, in whose hands the keys of the most important passes from France into Italy were placed. Sardinia, therefore, would be guilty of a gross act of treachery and a public crime to Europe, if she were to conspire with France, as some think she has been doing for her future aggrandisement, by despoiling Austria of Lombardy and Venice, in return for the desertion of her post as a sentinel between France and Italy. Had Austria interfered in any way with the rights of Sardinia, the sympathies of the British public would undoubtedly have been enlisted on behalf of the smaller State, but as there has not been even a shadow of such interference, we can not regard the present attitude of Sardinia as otherwise than dangerous and deplorable, and if, as is most likely, she should be the first to suffer, Britain certainly will not interfere to shield her from the consequences of her folly. With France, we need not say, there is no kind of sympathy whatever. It is a sad thing that we must identify a great, gallant, ingenious, and highly cultivated people with the acts of a single man, and regard his will, his designs, and his motions, as being those of a mighty nation. Yet this is what France has earned by breaking down the ancient landmarks, by abolishing aristocracy, elevating democracy, and practically carrying into effect those very doctrines which Mr Bright and his followers advocate. The inevitable results of manhood suffrage and electoral districts are the destruction of constitutional government, anarchy, and an iron despotism maintained by the military arm, to which millions are fain to submit, even at the sacrifice of their real freedom, their vested rights, and the utterance of their honest opinion. *L'Etat, c'est moi*, is the maxim on which Louis Napoleon lives and rules, and although we are firmly convinced that the great

majority of the French people, comprehending the industrial and commercial classes, who cannot but be sufferers, are secretly averse to war, they are as effectually deprived of the power of utterance as if their tongues had been torn from the root. Therefore, when we speak of France, we do actually designate that mysterious and dangerous man in whose hands real France is a puppet, and with him, we know full well, no section of the British public will sympathise. It is always presumptuous for the uninspired to prophesy, but if we may argue from experience and from historical parallels, the step which Louis Napoleon is now meditating will lead to his utter discomfiture, and to the extinction of his slender dynasty. He cannot hope to confine the war to Italy. He cannot even make war in Italy without violating the Treaty of Vienna, and he can hardly expect that Europe will stand idly by, and allow him to ravage and annex kingdoms and principalities without combining to stay the plague. Does he come as a liberator to restore freedom to Italy? Where is the freedom of France? Will he who, in his own dominions, has stifled the liberty of the press, and extinguished even the vestige of representative legislation, bestow those boons upon aliens, should he become their lord and master? Napoleon and freedom! Besotted indeed must the Italians be, if such a cry shall arise among them.

The country may well congratulate itself that, at such a crisis as the present, Lord Derby is at the head of the Government. The Italian difficulties, which for some time past have caused much apprehension, and which now have eventuated in a crisis, were rendered more complicated and difficult of extrication by the policy of Lord Palmerston, who held out hopes to the Italians which never could be realised. We do not mean to deny to that eminent statesman the credit of a sincere wish that Italy should be better governed, but we demur to the means which he adopted, because they were calculated to give the Italians a false impression, and to make them believe

that England was ready to enforce her tendered and gratuitous advice to their rulers. It is generally understood on the Continent that a great nation like ours never speaks but with a voice potential—that her recommendations may fairly be construed as somewhat equivalent to demands—and that she is prepared, when needful, to give something more than moral support to the cause which she thinks proper to espouse. Advice, however sound and judicious, is rarely useful unless it is tendered with a show of authority, and we must needs say that the perpetual intermeddling of Lord Palmerston and his colleagues with the affairs of the peninsula was neither creditable to England nor calculated to ameliorate the condition of the Italian people. It irritated the princes, it excited the hopes of the revolutionists, and it led to endless complications and confusion. The true policy of Britain with regard to foreign states, is to abstain from all interference, except in extreme cases, to allow each sovereign or independent state to regulate its own affairs, rigidly to observe treaties, and to see that treaties are observed. That is the policy of the present Cabinet, and had those which preceded it acted on the like principle it is more than probable that this crisis never would have arrived. Since it has arrived let us be thankful that the reins of government are in such capable hands, and let all those who love their country manifest that disposition by giving strenuous support to her Majesty's Ministers. If the new House of Commons should prove to be factious and divided—if in the midst of a tremendous war abroad,

when it is possible that the integrity of our own shores may be threatened, we are again to behold the lamentable spectacle of disappointed and broken down statesmen intriguing for office, and contriving pitfalls for their antagonists—if some measures are to be advocated, not because they are advantageous to the country, but because they may be useful for party purposes—if other measures are to be obstructed, not because they are unsuited to the real requirements of the time, but because they do not satisfy the demands of the democrats, or are calculated, from their wise and moderate nature, to put an end to that agitation—then we may indeed despair of the ultimate destinies of the country. But we do not anticipate any such result. We look forward with hope to this general election, believing that the appeal which the Ministry have made for support and confidence will meet with a loyal response, and that the constitution of the new House of Commons will be such as to enable them to conduct the government with a firm hand and a steady aim through the intricate passages of the future. In the midst of the terrible deluge which threatens to overwhelm Europe, uprooting dynasties, effacing landmarks, and carrying ruin and desolation over her fertile fields and beautiful cities, may the ark of Britain ride secure, uninvaded by the waves and unshattered by the tempest, and when in His own good time the Almighty shall see fit to stop the fountains of the deep and bid the plague of waters be assuaged, may it be our high privilege to send forth the dove of peace, and to restore the equilibrium of Europe.

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VOL. LXXXV

CONTENTS

| | |
|-----------------------------------|-----|
| FLEETS AND NAVIES—FRANCE—PART I, | 643 |
| LORD MACAULAY AND MARLBOROUGH, | 661 |
| THE LUCK OF LADYSMEDE—PART IV, | 677 |
| WAR SPECULATIONS, | 695 |
| THE SIEGE OF PLYMOUTH, | 707 |
| THE NEW PARLIAMENT AND ITS WORK, | 731 |
| REVIEW OF A REVIEW, | 750 |
| LINES TO A POLITICAL FRIEND, | 764 |
| OUR RELATIONS WITH THE CONTINENT, | 765 |
| INDEX, | 781 |

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INDEX

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VOL. LXXXV.

FLEETS AND NAVIES—FRANCE

PART I

WAR has ever derived its progressions and changes from the varied proportions and combinations of man power and art power. Man to man, breast to breast, foot to foot, muscle to muscle, was the struggle of the primal state. Man power alone, was the contest of growing civilisation with barbarous strength. When these great elements were nearly balanced came the grand and terrible combats of civilised peoples, the great encounters of intellect and strength, in combination and proximity equality. The past, however, teaches us that there must be ever a proportion in these elements. His story is full of proofs that the one can never become so predominant as to supersede the other. Science in the hands of degenerate manhood has never yet sufficed to withstand the onslaught of new and vigorous races, and the impulses of unscientific valour, or the pressure of multitudes, even if acting with a rush like that of the northern nations, would surge vainly and break against the art and organisation of modern war. This fact, this experience, is of import now—now in the days when the theory is gaining ground, that science has levelled, and will further level, the qualities inherent in nations and

VOL LXXXV.—NO DXXIV.

racés. This can never be. It is contrary to the ordination of the world's government. Science may and will doubtless vary and decrease the differences and gradations in race supremacy, but it can never nullify them. Man must be ever the first agent in war or policy. The power of art he raises around him must be a secondary, though ever effective instrument. This age will try the question more thoroughly than ever it has yet been tested. Steam and projectile power are the two strongest war agencies which science has ever yet set in array against the ascendancy of the native will and valour of man, the most formidable challenge it has ever given to the innate attributes of heart and nature, as the propelling forces of battle. Yet these can never be set in action by mere mechanism: the genius, the courage of man must be always the motive powers which shall direct and propel them, which shall give them a due effect and development. And thus again the diverse qualities of races and peoples must ever appear prominently in the application of science as a war force. Man must be ever the soul to the body.

In negation of this principle, it has been mooted of late, that our seamen and ships will henceforth relin-

quash their old vantage-ground, and that one crew, one ship, will be the same or better than another according to the armament or horse power which it represents. Britannia is no longer to rule the waves. Science will assume the trident. The navies of the world are for the future to be estimated by the most powerful engines and the most destructive guns.

This we believe to be a grand fallacy. As long as there are winds and waves—as long as ships are not self-motive, but require to be guided by skill, and be handled with courage and dexterity—as long as the position and placing of a ship can give her vantage and superiority, so long must seamanship be a power, so long must the people, to whom it is a nature, be capable of holding supremacy on the seas. This nature must, however, doubtlessly be allied with an application of art, and a possession of material somewhat equal to the resources and means of other navies, and then it will and must turn the scale, making equality superiority, inferiority equality. Strangely enough, this change in the proportions of man power and art-power, it is prophesied, will affect most the people who were supposed to have the advantage in both. The tars of old England have long been acknowledged as the seamen of the world, and the number of her sons whose business takes them to the great waters, is equal to the collective marine of Europe, her craftsmen are the workmen of the world, wood and iron are her familiar elements, which she moulds together to do her bidding, steam is the child of her adoption and fostering, her engines are imported into all lands, her engineers are found under every flag, her resources are gigantic, her wealth elastic, and yet, with all these advantages, the voice of public opinion, echoed by nation after nation, rouses her to the knowledge that in all the material and equipment of naval war, in all the appliances of naval force, she is only equal to the great power with which she has hitherto victoriously contested the empire of the seas—that in the ready supply of seamen she may be

inferior. How can this be? It is a problem for the nation to solve. Many are the solutions which have been offered, the changes of material caused by steam, the extensive construction of small vessels demanded by the exigencies of the Baltic and Black Sea campaigns, the succession of administrators, and consequent change of systems, the sacrifice of the country's wealth to the struggles of parties, of its offensive and defensive power to the expediency of estimates and budgets. All these have some reason, some argument, yet none nor all collectively can exculpate the body politic, or the nation itself, from the error, the almost crime, which has thus periled or rendered doubtful our supremacy at sea. And this supremacy is not to us a question of national ambition or national pride, it is a principle of existence. Equality to us is danger—in superiority, manifest and unchallenged is safety. Meanwhile, a country and a people for whom the supremacy has not this vitality—to whom it is not this necessity—to whom it is mere supremacy—have advanced upon us with an energy and an intent, a vigour and a result, which evince a strong and fixed resolve to challenge, and, if possible, to attain it. Impelled by one strong will, aimed at one fixed purpose, the national effort has progressed steadily, strongly, undeviatingly, unattracted by temporary requirements or expediences, to the construction and organisation of a great navy, proportionate in its parts, powerful in its unity and preparation, and the result is, that the peoples of Europe have begun to institute comparisons betwixt the navies of France and England, to speculate on the issue of a trial, and balance the claims for the championship. And these comparisons are not only drawn betwixt the nations, but betwixt the governments, betwixt the effects of despotism and freedom, rulers and the ruled await the denouement anxiously and earnestly, and the proof which determines the supremacy may affect the destinies of the future.

On one side are the natural agencies—material, national fitness, prac-

tical talent, resources of wealth, production and industry, the incitements of ancient prestige and national feeling, on the other, the concentration of power, the will of a man, the resolve of aristocracy. It will be a sad lesson for the world—a sad experience for coming generations, if, in such a contest, the energies of a free people shall prove unequal to the efforts of absolutism. It may not be, that these comparisons should ever be tried by a war test, the contest may be carried on and decided amid the amenities of peace, yet the result, as seen only in the possession of power, in the ascendancy of effort and resource, will have a speech for the nations more telling and effective than protocols or diplomatic notes—may have a casting vote in the great question of peace or war. The assertion of our old supremacy, by the creation and actual existence of a navy—men and ships—equal to its maintenance, may suffice to avert the war test, may tend to suppress the war spirit, to calm the war attitudes which now agitate and disturb the dynasties, the people, and policies of Europe.

Power, if not in principle aggressive, is a great peace maker, a great arbitrator, a great defence.

How comes it, however, that this question of supremacy again arises after the issues of the last war—how can it be resolved without a resort to the same stern trial?—A comparison of the actual state of the two navies, of their possible and probable development, of the policies they represent, the consequences they may produce, can alone give an answer.

France and England—alikes now and rivals—representatives ever of different ideas, different theories, different forces, different elements, the two leading powers of civilisation, cannot alter their relative positions towards each other without affecting the general equilibrium, without influencing materially the progress and direction of that civilisation. France, by ancient tradition, by ancient prestige, and natural policy, has been the military nation of the modern age, has been, spite of revolutions and revolutionists, of

equality and fraternity, the champion of force and arbitrary government, has ever assumed for itself the destiny of conquest. England, as naturally, has claimed and held the dominance on the seas, and has ever set herself in the advance of progressive liberty and intelligence, has ever undertaken the mission of spreading and extending the moral influences and physical benefits of civilisation by migrations, intercourse with the remotest parts of the earth, and by commerce. Should this relationship of principles and forces be disturbed, should the naval and military supremacy be combined in one people, the balance of governing theories would be upset, and an impulse and an opportunity given to the doctrine of force which would afford it a vantage in determining the destinies of man. This question of navies is not, therefore, only a national one, not one of the individual supremacy of the two countries, but one which may have a world wide world felt bearing and effect. Let us investigate it, and first let us examine the naval power of France.

The late prominence of her navy has appeared to act on the world as a surprise. It had been assumed that, content with her military ascendancy and absorbed in its development, she cared little comparatively for her maritime forces, and shrank from the sea as an ungainly element for the display of her puissance. The history of her policy for centuries shows no such indifference. When did she ever voluntarily consent to have a secondary place or play a secondary part in any sphere of action or ambition? Such indifference was not only contrary to all her statecraft, but would have been unworthy of a great country, possessed of a vast sea board, and capable of a great maritime advancement. A navy would have been to France in time a necessity, but it was a policy before it became a necessity. Its creation was a conception of the rulers who first began to concentrate her power, and its development has been a chief policy of every strong government, an element in every great epoch of her history.

The rise and fall of her naval effort will almost indicate the vicissitudes, the strong and weak periods of the history of France. The strong monarchies, the strong ministers, who gave the great impulses to her destiny, ever regarded the marine as a means, an indispensable means, of greatness. Henri Quatre, Sully, and Louis Quatorze, Colbert, Napoleon, all saw that a country whose coasts trended on seas and oceans must be maritime, must be naval, that it was a destiny involved in the position, and that a people so sea-girt must be powerful on the sea, in order to uphold an ascendancy among nations that to be supreme at all, they must be supreme there. Under weak, selfish policies the navy declined, languished, only however to be raised up and revived by the first strong hand which wielded the power of France. And it is thus persistent, this perseverance in the effort, under all circumstances, under all discouragements, after defeat, after stagnation after failure, which proves that the policy is not a temporary one, not an expediency, but one which has been accepted and registered as national one which aims at supremacy on the seas.

A German writer, who has of late commanded much attention says,* 'While the navy of England sprang from the people, lived with their life, and advanced step by step with their gradual growth, we find that of France altogether distinct from the people, and only the plaything of her rulers. This is true in part fallacious in conclusions. The navy of France was indeed distinct from the people, it enlisted not their interests excited no popular pride, was not regarded as an element in the national glory. It is true that it grew not springing not from popular sympathy or national life, it was the offspring of policy, the creation of her rulers. But it was no plaything, it was a powerful agent, emanating in serious intent, aimed with earnest purpose, and developed

by strong resolve. It is well to speak of Napoleon III as the magician, at whose command the navy of France arose, but the design which time, circumstances, and the popularising of the naval service by a preceding dynasty had enabled him to fulfil, was a traditional one which had passed onwards to him, confirmed and strengthened by minister on minister, bureau on bureau, dynasty on dynasty.

The comparison between the navies of France and England fitly commences with the grand struggle in which the resources and power of the two nations were well and sternly tried. It was a trial in which the initiative strength of each was sufficient to make the result a test of their respective pretensions to maritime supremacy. Both had attained a naval strength hitherto unexampled in their annals. The maritime ambition of France had reached its highest development, circumstances had given an extraordinary impulse to the naval force in England. The champions stood opposed in the very prime and pride of their power. Prestige had not yet been thrown into the scale of the balances—national attributes had not then fully declared themselves, and the relative capacity of the two peoples in the construction and maintenance of material was only partially known.

The forces by which these powers were represented, when war placed them front to front, were nearly equal. England showed a total of 304 effective vessels, 108 of which were of the line. France, 246 ships, 82 of the line, and 78 frigates. The proportions are better established by the comparison of ships of the line, for, though frigates are formidable as cruisers and interruptions to trade, and frigate actions have a distinguished place in the naval annals of the war, still "the strength of any navy, considered in a national point of view, is its line of battle."† Making all deductions for unserviceable ships, for those not quite ready, and others

* *Conversations Library*.

† Numbers taken from *JAMES'S Naval History*.

being altered to different classes, the relative strengths were *—England, 115 ships of the line, France, 76. The French ships, however, were of a larger and finer class, mounted more guns, and carried more men, so that, when the weight of metal, number of guns, and the crews are taken into calculation, the disparity is diminished or altogether annulled. The estimate of the man power is more difficult. England entered on the contest with a force of 45,000, and a supply for the sea service of a little more than four millions. The resources of her rival in these respects must have been fully equal, as the complements of the ships were greater, and her preparations evinced no financial scruples. Thus stood the comparison when the war began. Years passed on. The navies of the world were embattled on one side or the other. Whole fleets were destroyed and disappeared, others were built, men were absorbed by thousands, millions were expended in material. The trial was long and terrible—the struggle gigantic and grand in all its phases. Gigantic also and decisive were the results. When it ended,† England had floating on the seas, or in her ports and docks, in commission, and in ordinary, 687 ships, 118 of which were of the line, exclusive of harbour vessels, or those building, 140,000 men were under her flag, and she had assigned nine million to the expenses of her marine. Thus she stood at the issue, though she had encountered the great navies of all the great powers, and had lost ships more in number than those with which she began the struggle. Comparison alone can illustrate the grandeur of this position. France could only muster 69 ships—the official report made by an English minister very much reduced even this number. She had lost during the struggle,‡ betwixt 1793 and 1815, 91 liners, 81 of which had been either captured or destroyed by the enemy,

and 177 frigates and smaller vessels, and had suffered a still greater loss—the loss of prestige—had retired from the great contest, defeated in the trial for maritime supremacy. She had begun by proclaiming that "*La France était la puissance maritime la plus redoutable de l'Europe*," and by assuring her seamen that English ships would never engage the French on equal terms, and had ended, according to the confessions of her own naval chiefs, by considering a successful flight a triumph, and an escape from the enemy a victory. The losses of her rival were heavier even than her own, for the contest had been more varied for her, and her enemies had been the navies of the world. Few comparatively of her ships had been captured, yet by shipwreck, fire, and other accidents, a vast number had been destroyed and swept away.‡ Taken, wrecked, foundered, or burnt, 33 liners and 449 smaller vessels had disappeared from her navy. These had been hardly balanced by the 245 ships which she had taken from the fleets of the different powers, and added to her own strength, and yet at the close she appeared more powerful, stronger in material and man power than at the beginning. *This was supremacy.* Many of the navies which had appeared on the scene became utterly extinct, or reduced in power below comparison. That of Spain was annihilated, and has never since risen again as a power. The Dutch and the Danish sank in rank and importance. That of France, too, was prostrated for the time—so prostrated, so beaten on all points, so dispirited, that it could never have revived, save for the vitality of purpose which makes its existence national, and the vitality of power inherent in the people, to whose greatness it is a necessity.

The German critic ascribes this issue to the great superiority of the English artillery, and the construc-

* JAMES'S *Naval History*.

† Appendix to JAMES'S *Naval History* for the year 1814.

‡ JAMES'S *Naval History*, including the two periods of the war from 1793 to 1803, and thence to 1815.

§ JAMES.

tion of the English ships, and also to the superior organisation of the naval system, utterly ignoring the seamanship, the tactical skill, and the daring attacks, as chief elements of success. Facts do not confirm this conclusion. The old chiefs who fought the battles tell a different story—they say that there was no system of gunnery with them, that the guns were seldom cast loose except for action, and were of a very inferior description, and that the smartness of the fire was due to the natural handiness and impulse of the English sailor, rather than to training, that its effect resulted from our practice of firing at the hulls, and from the skill with which the ships were placed. The French fire, according to its direction and object, was almost equally effective. It was aimed at the masts and rigging, and in every action, general or single, we read again and again of the difficulty which English ships had in securing the advantages of victory, in consequence of the injury done to their masts and yards. They thus suffered less loss of life very frequently, but were also often cut off from the triumphs they had achieved. In most of the instances cited by the German, the great havoc in the French ships was caused by the clever handling of their opponents, and the consequent opportunity they had of raking the decks of their enemy, and making their broadsides tell with most deadly effect. In others, the ships fought yard arm to yard arm, and were so close that the guns were fired without being run out. In these latter instances, it must have been the strong determination of the crews, rather than artillery efficiency, which made the fire so destructive. To hear that our ships were superior in build and strength, and therefore bore better the brunt of broadsides, would rather astonish those who were accustomed then to regard France as our best dockyard, and to use the captured vessels as models and patterns of naval architecture. Some of these exist even now, and were in commission at no very distant date. This is rather a departure from our subject, but the theory of the German

seemed to disturb the conclusions, tests, and comparisons which the events and results of this great war set forth.

The deductions which history warrants are far different. Supremacy—supremacy in art-power, in creating material, in the resources which feed and supply it—supremacy in man-power, was the verdict which this stern trial gave for the nation, which, arrayed against the world in arms, had stood, not only unconquered and conquering, but more vigorous and powerful amid the annihilation and prostration of other navies.

The belief which the close of this era left on the minds of people was that Britain was supreme on the seas, that her seamen were the seamen of the world.

The valour of the French, whether ashore or afloat, is as clear and unquestionable as the noonday. We claim no superiority in this virtue, the records of combats would contradict and annul such claim, but it is doubtless—as doubtless from the war annals—that seaman attributes and seaman character gave to our valour a confidence which dashed at triumphs, and a skill of direction which achieved them.

A new era now commences—in an era of peace. Peace to England means generally a time of disarming and divesting herself of all the accessories of war. She not only lays down the hatchet but buries it, washes off her war paint, and glides into a sort of Arcadian repose, until emergencies rouse her up again to spasmodic efforts which astonish the world. It was long, however, ere the vast material she had collected could be much diminished, or the vast force she had raised be more than partially decreased, it was longer ere France could recover from her defeat, or enter again on a contest of competition. Succeeding years show a diminution of both fleets, yet still the proportions are largely favourable to England.

In 1820, the statement of the year assigns to England 146 line-of-battle ships, 164 frigates, and 146 smaller vessels, making a total of

455 of all classes.* France musters only 58 of the line, 39 frigates, and 38 small craft, in total, 135. In 1830 the vast numbers of Great Britain's war force had dwindled down to 106 liners, 144 frigates, and 102 small vessels, in all 352. France at the same time appears with 53 line-of-battle ships, 67 frigates, and 83 lesser ships, her total of 203 being much more approximate to her rivals. In ten years more the comparison is not much altered. England has shrunk much in numbers, and France has not gained. The totals stand as 284 to 189 ships. The long interval betwixt the war and this period had been one of cessation, a time for using up the old material. Naval schools and designs had given now and then impulses to naval architecture, and petty wars and expeditions kept alive the warlike spirit of the navies—but there had been no great efforts, the comparison had been regarded on one side as hopeless, on the other as certain.

About this period, however, the French marine was shaken out of its long trance of depression. A force or system, to thrive or prosper, must draw a vitality from either popular feeling, traditional prestige or governmental power. It had long been wanting in all these impulses. At last the dynasty of Orleans gathered up the lost thread of the old policy, and Louis Philippe and his son saw in its revival a source of national and personal influence. Under royal favour, fostered and led too by a Prince of the line, the marine began to rise in importance and in public regard. The gentlemen of France, abandoning the contest for crosses and batons in the army, swelled the naval hierarchy, the impulse was felt even among the seafaring classes, the departments, stirred by central authority and conscious of supervision, awoke to practical activity, there was life once again in the great ports, spirit in the navy, and the idea of supremacy began again to unfold itself. By those who would uphold Napoleon the Third as

the author of the French navy, it must be remembered how much he owed to the policy of his predecessor. He entered on a prepared arena, the sources of the new life had already begun to pour into the marine of France—it was for him to impel and circulate them into vitality and vigour. The time favoured him, it was an era of transition—a new and great power was appearing in the naval forces, which was to make all things old—tactics, systems, ships, armaments, construction, were all to be changed by it. It was then that France, starting with the new power, and progressing with its progress, set up to reconstruct her navy, and try again the old question of supremacy. The old ships, the old material, had become obsolete—obsolete in their old shapes and models, and England had thereby lost her superiority in numbers, and once more the two powers stood in a position of proximate equality. The year 1830 may be considered as closing the era of sailing vessels. Then the comparative forces of the nations stood thus—England, 86 ships of the line, 104 frigates, 79 smaller craft, total 269; France, 45 liners, 56 frigates, 87 vessels of lower class, total, 188. These numbers are taken from the Report of the Committee on the State of the Navy, and include only sailing-ships. Sir H. Douglas adds 2 more liners, and 107 steam ships of different classes and horse power to France. This, however, was nearly equal to the number she possessed two years after, and must, therefore, have included those building. Ships would seem to be such facts, that there could be no mistake about them, and yet nothing is so mystical as a Navy List. Every man is able to fit his calculations to his theories, by excluding this class of vessels and including that, by mixing up those afloat with those on the dock, or separating them. The only fair estimate of present strength is grounded on the numbers actually available and efficient. Steam somewhat assists this classification. It cannot ally it-

* Report of Committee appointed to inquire into Navy Estimates. Printed by order of House of Commons. 1859

self with dummies, except, perhaps, in the case of our rejected and despoiled block-ships, and thus by only admitting the steam-ships into the enumeration, we arrive at more correct conclusions. At this epoch, it was evident to all who looked into the future, that the sailing vessel was doomed as an agent in war. It might and would keep a place until steam was further developed, but it could have nothing to do with the calculations, estimates, and comparisons of a future time, save as material of conversion. France and her ruler saw this, and reserved their efforts until the issue of experiments had determined the fittest models and the best means for the application of steam power, and then addressed themselves to the creation of a steam navy with a steadiness and energy of resolve, a uniformity of system, which has produced a result that once more makes the world discuss the problem of supremacy on the seas.

Her rival, encumbered by her old material, and stumbling about amid different schemes and designs, now bent on building, now converting, now taking this model, now that, now centring its strength on one class, now on another, found at last that she had given an opportunity of advance which it would tax all her resources to recover, and saw herself confronted by a navy numerically inferior but in the proportion of its parts, in the efficiency of its material, in its preparation and readiness, equal, if not more than equal. For the first time in its naval history England, which had balanced the fleets of the world, finds herself standing in comparison with one power.

All critics, all reports, all writers, in their estimate of the comparative strength of the countries in steam force, select 1852 as the commencement of the steam era, and draw their conclusions from the progress made by each from that time. The relative standing of the navies was then according to the old ratio. England had 5 steam liners afloat, and 12 building, besides 4 block-ships, 24 frigates, 56 corvettes and sloops, and 66 gun vessels, brigs, &c.

Of sailing ships she mustered 66 afloat and 7 building, 88 frigates, 84 corvettes and sloops, small vessels 45, making a total of steam 176, of sailing 299. France had 2 steam ships of the line afloat, 4 building, 21 frigates, 28 corvettes, 3 on the stocks, 64 small craft, 2 in preparation. Of sailing ships there were 25 available, 20 in construction, 36 frigates, and 150 corvettes and smaller craft, with 27 to be added, constituting a fleet, ready and designed, of 170 steam ships and 258 sailing vessels. In these numbers are seen the old ascendancy, both in the present strength and the future promise, in the possession of the new element and of the old convertible material. We come to the year 1858, and find the statistics numerically unaltered. Still in numbers and in figures Britannia seems to rule the waves. She has raised her steam navy to 464 ships, her sailing force counts 230 more. Against this France shows 264 steam, 144 sailing vessels. Still an analysis of the respective effectiveness of the navies as national forces admits a result rather different from the numbers. In the line of battle power, that which would most essentially affect a contest for supremacy the fleets are equal—each could array 25 ships. In frigates France has a preponderance of 8, but in the corvettes and gunboats—the light infantry the skirmishers, the covering force of future battles and attacks a force too little thought of too much underrated in the calculations—England has still a vast superiority. We shall now however, drop comparisons for a while, and adhere to a statement and dissection of the navy of France, reserving conclusions until we have fairly stated the results and the probabilities of the efforts made by these two great nations for maritime supremacy. The present product exhibited by France is a formidable proof of her power, a worthy test of her resolve, a strong development of her policy. We must again descend to figures, they are dull dry things, but in this case the only real elucidation of facts. The French navy consists now of 29 steam liners, and 2 about to receive engines (which may

be now included) according to the English official report. From other sources there would appear to be one more. We submit a list, tolerably correct, we believe*. Of these, 10 are entirely constructed for the new power, of the remainder, 7 were old ships converted, the others were originally laid down or commenced for sailing vessels and then altered on the stocks in different stages of completion. Out of this number there are five first class ships, one of which is new, and another has only auxiliary horse power, and there are six only carrying 100 guns or upwards†. Thus the line of battle force is represented by 32 ships, mounting 2878 guns, and possessing 20 700 horse power. The 'Conversations Lexicon' asserts as a fact that these ships are all of a very superior class and that in their quality they offer a counterbalance to a

superiority of numbers. This writer appears from the beginning to have indulged in a remarkable fallacy relative to the naval architecture of the two countries. He commences on the theory that the French ships in the old war were very inferior in construction, in durability and strength, and goes on to show that now the comparison is entirely reversed. We believe—from the best and most impartial evidences, from facts and the opinions of practical men who have investigated the subject closely, not viewed it *à la distance*—that the very contrary of this judgment would be the truth. A French writer says on this subject, *En effet, les vaisseaux lancés de 1760 à 1791 furent peut-être les plus beaux, les plus solides, et les meilleurs que nous ayons jamais eus*, and states further, that these same ships illustrated the perfection of

* LIST OF SHIPS OF THE LINE OF FRENCH STRAM NAVY

| Name of Ship. | When Built | When Converted | | Horse Power | Rate | Remarks |
|-----------------|------------|----------------|---------------------|-------------|------|---------|
| Napoleon | 1850 | | New | 900 | 1d | |
| Montebello | | 1850 | Converted auxiliary | 140 | 1st | |
| Austerlitz | 1852 | | New | 500 | 2d | |
| Jean Bart | 1852 | | New | 450 | 3d | |
| Chalormagne | | 1852 | Converted auxiliary | 45 | 3d | |
| Houms | 1853 | | Converted on stocks | 650 | 2d | |
| Dugano | 1853 | | Converted on stocks | 650 | 3d | |
| Tinville | 1853 | | Converted on stocks | 650 | 3d | |
| Enoch Jerome | 1853 | | New | 650 | 3d | |
| Bretagne | 1854 | | New | 1200 | 1st | |
| Ulm | 1854 | | Converted on stocks | 650 | 2d | |
| Navarin | 1854 | | Converted on stocks | 650 | 2d | |
| Warum | 1854 | | Converted on stocks | 650 | 2d | |
| Souvenir | 1854 | 1854 | Converted | | 1st | |
| Fylau | 1855 | | Converted on stocks | 900 | 2d | |
| Redoubtable | 1855 | | New | 900 | 3d | |
| Arcolo | 1855 | | New | 900 | 3d | |
| Algonquin | 1855 | | New | 900 | 3d | |
| Libit | 1855 | | Converted on stocks | 600 | 3d | |
| Breslau | | 1854 | Converted | 500 | 3d | |
| Imperial | 1856 | | New | 900 | 3d | |
| Alexandre | 1856 | | Converted on stocks | 800 | 3d | |
| Leus Quatorze | 1856 | | Converted on stocks | | 1st | |
| Tago | | 1856 | Converted | From | 2d | |
| Donawerth | 1856 | | Converted on stocks | 450 | 3d | |
| Duguay Trouin | 1856 | | Converted on stocks | to | 2d | |
| Duguesclin | | 1856 | Converted | 600 | 3d | |
| Ville de Paris | | 1857 | Converted on stocks | 600 | 1st | |
| Turenne | 1857 | | Converted on stocks | 600 | 2d | |
| St Louis | 1857 | | Converted on stocks | 450 | 2d | |
| Ville de Nantes | 1858 | | New | 900 | 2d | |
| Fontenoy | 1858 | | Converted on stocks | 650 | 3d | |

Some, perhaps of these ships have changed their original rating during conversion

naval art, and excited the envy of all the great maritime powers, not even excepting England. Mr Reed, one of the leaders of the modern school of architecture, strongly confirms this statement. "The science of naval architecture," he says, "was so greatly advanced on the Continent, and so much neglected in England, during the last century, that the forms, dimensions, and speed of the ships of the British navy, were for the most part inferior, class for class, to those of the ships of every other nation with which we had to cope. "Happily for us and for those colonies and states whose liberties depend on our naval supremacy the tactics of our admirals and the bravery of our men won for us much more than we lost by the inferiority of our vessels." Yet, spite of all the concurrent testimony of experience and opinion, the German essayist would fain make us believe that our success was owing to our superior capacity for being rammed, and that the solidity of our planks and timbers, rather than the mobility of our ships, won us our victories. This fallacy is well capped by the assertion that the French have at present gone beyond us in the excellence of construction, and have produced the most superior types of vessels of war. Strangely enough our own authorities would seem rather to encourage this idea, whether from a desire to be humble, or to give impulse to competition, it were hard to say. A wag used to say of a friend, noted for constitutional discontent, that whereas other men always made their geese swans, he delighted to prove his swans to be geese. This is undoubtedly with us a national propensity. In this case, however, we certainly have the swans, whatever we may say of them. The authority we have above quoted, in continuation of his subject, says: "Happily also this inferiority no longer exists. The ships of our navy have not only ceased to be imitations, but have become the models for the navies of the world." All who have had the means of comparison, either under a war or peace aspect, must fully agree with him. Even unpro-

fessional eyes which saw the "Renown" and "Royal Albert" floating side by side in the Rade of Cherbourg with the "Napoleon" and "Bretagne," recognised their superiority in beauty and symmetry, and acknowledged the strong contrast they offered to the heaviness of the "Austerlitz" and the ugliness of the "Donawerth." "Ugliness," Mr Reed is right in saying, "is pardonable in a war ship, if anywhere, yet even here beauty is becoming. More than this, symmetry is strength, and proportion is power as well as beauty. In these respects the English vessels fairly challenged comparison. The practised ken, too, which looked not on ships as masses of woodwork and guns, but as motive things which were to be propelled and handled tactically, which were to buffet with waves, saw, in their lightness and buoyancy, in their capacity for carrying their guns high out of the water, in the fighting space betwixt the guns, qualities which would tell with advantage in exercise or in the real work of war. Even the "Napoleon" the famous type, offered no temptation for copy to those who possessed a "Renown. Those who saw the tests of the Baltic and Crimean operations, must have acknowledged also the handiness and managableness and seaworthy capabilities of our modern ships, and felt that at last, after many trials and haltings betwixt systems, we had attained an excellence in the building art worthy of our naval character and our maritime pretensions. Much has been said of the ten 80 gun ships which were converted, and are supposed to be inferior to anything of their class in the rival fleet. It is true that they are very unequal to the new creations, and should not, or will not, of course, be perpetuated. But as makeshifts they are not contemptible, many of them indeed, in nautical parlance, are good whole some ships, and would hold a good place and do good work in a line of battle. The "Royal George" might fairly be matched with the "Montebello" or "Charlemagne," and the rest would be certainly equal to the

ships in the French navy which had undergone the like kind of transformation. On the components of the new force we may well look with satisfaction, both as to the present development or the future perfection of the science of ship-building. The "Orion," "Renown," "Conqueror," "James Watt," "Princess Royal," "Duke of Wellington," *et hoc genus omne*, whether as models or sea-boats, as specimens of art or engines of war, are, we believe, the best types which naval architecture has yet exhibited to the world, and "in dimensions, forms, means of propulsion, and powers of attack and defence," may be justly said to be "the embodiments of all such sound and well tested improvements as have hitherto been found compatible with the purposes for which ships of war are designed." Thus the French line of battle ships stand before us as a formidable and respectable array of goodly models and engines of war, but there is nought in them to warrant the idea that they assert for their country a supremacy in the art power of construction.

We pass on from the line of battle power to the frigate force, and here we perceive that the greatest effort has been made, and the greatest results obtained—37 frigates afloat, against 28 English, give a prepon-

derance in this arm of 9, and those in preparation will further increase it. The armament and horse-power they represent is also great, being 1216 guns, and 17,000 horse-power. The total force of frigates and line-of-battle ships afloat at the close of 1858 was 69, and of these 16 of the first and 30 of the latter had been constructed in the seven years, giving an average of between 6 and 7 in the year. In the smaller vessels the increase had not been so great, still, however, the French navy was stronger in 1858 than it had been in 1852, by 100 ships of different classes. This was good earnest work, yet after all not so extraordinary for a great power, possessing great resources, engaged in the reconstruction of her navy. It must be remembered that in these calculations we allude only to the ships actually complete, and which might presently be placed on the seas against an enemy. It was good work, yet not enough for the supremacy. The energy and resource of her rival, though taking a different direction, had produced greater results in numbers, and had created an immense aggregate of war power. The comparative results will be seen below —

STEAM SHIPS COMPLETED AND Afloat IN 1858 59

| | 1. afloat in the last year | Frigates, 3000 | Do. 2000 | Corvettes, 1000 | Do. 1000 | Mortar ships | Flotilla, 500 | Do. 100 | Do. 50 | Do. 25 | Do. 10 | Do. 5 | Do. 2 | Do. 1 | Total |
|---------|-------------------------------|----------------|----------|-----------------|----------|--------------|---------------|---------|--------|--------|--------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| France, | 32 | 15 | 19 | 9 | 9 | | 5 | 17 | 66 | 28 | 22 | | | | 222 |
| England | 33 | 17 | 9 | 38 | 35 | 4 | 8 | 29 | 24 | 161 | 15 | 47 | 9 | | 429 |

In respect of numbers this navy would demand no comment—it is not above that which a first rate power might deem necessary for the support of its dignity, though far beyond that which France has for many years been able to maintain, and still farther beyond in power, as this is an effective statement, and includes no

dummies or lame ducks. It challenges attention, however, as to the rapidity and efficiency of its construction, and the proportion of its parts. The same purpose is apparent in both—the same intent coincident. The policy which resolved the one designed the other. That policy is to concentrate all the national

* Reed's Lecture

† The liners receiving engines are included.

strength and force on that element of the naval force which shall best effect the maritime and the military supremacy. Thus we see that the ships of battle and the heavy frigates—all carrying heavy guns, and propelled by great horse power—constitute the main classes of the fleet. The steam transports, too, occupy a prominent place, and a still greater one in the designs for the future. The building of smaller ships, cruisers, gunboats, &c., has been altogether abandoned of late, and omitted in the calculations, whilst the other classes have been increased by extraordinary efforts. All this would seem to denote that the great aim has been to make the navy effective for contest on the seas, and to combine the maritime with the military force of France, and make it an agent, and a powerful one, in the plans and strategies of future conquest and aggression. The director of the present movement in the naval development of his country, has not apparently shown his usual presence and forecast in the recognition and adoption of a coming power. The mind which had foreseen and forthought the probable means by which steam would act, has overlooked the most fitting agents for the introduction of the projectile power, which now looms before us as the chief and most terrible agent in the operations of war. He has provided for defence against it, in the construction of iron cased vessels, but the gunboats and small craft, which, from their mobility and their small size, will be probably the machines by which rifled cannon will be first and most efficiently applied in the purposes of attack, have been omitted altogether in his estimate of the present and future requirements of the French marine. This light force will be henceforth, doubtless, what riflemen are to an army, and by their capability of maintaining a long range and well aimed fire—which would not be possible in the *mêlée* of a general action—will be powerful auxiliaries or opponents of a line of battle.

Another feature in the establishment of this fleet is the enormous horse-power employed. 222 ships

represent 82,044, an amount nearly equal to that required for the aggregate force of the English navy. Of late years, too, the increase has been very great in the larger classes of vessels, and all the new models have been furnished with engines of great power. This may be carried to excess, as there must be always a proportion betwixt the propelled and propelling forces, and it has been rumoured that the "Napoleon" and the ships of that type strain and tear very much, and are driven deep into the water by the great propulsion. This, however, is a matter which may be safely left to the judgment of our engineers, as far as our relative efficiency is concerned, given the body to be propelled, and they may be surely trusted to adjust the propelling power. A still more important consideration in the estimate of this fleet is its cost. The proportion betwixt the expenditure and the result will much affect the comparisons of the ability possessed by the two nations in creating navies. If one can achieve the result aimed at, by one half the outlay which the other is necessitated to make, it must have a great advantage in the application of its resources. This is not a question of aggregate production, but of the relative worth of the work and the relative price at which it has been attained. France required not a fleet for dispersion, but for concentration, desired not a navy which might spread and diffuse its influence in remote seas, but one which would give it weight, perhaps supremacy, in the policies of Europe. A nation, however, so purely maritime as England, must be prepared for all exigencies and circumstances, must be ready armed with every element of attack and defence which her position, her safety, the protection of her commerce, and the connection with her colonies, may demand. There was an outburst of indignation against the departments when the peculiarities of the Russian war showed the need for gunboats and small vessels, and there were none ready. They have since been raised in great numbers, and two-thirds of them have lain idle, still they are a necessary force, we should and must have them, though their

maintenance during the period of their inutility drain the purse heavily. France was fortunate in the time and circumstances of the reconstruction of her navy, and has achieved it with an economy most wonderful for such rapid and efficient results. Much was, of course, due to the system. The same will which designed the steam navy, and proportioned its parts, directed the expenditure also in correspondence, nought was frittered away on alien objects, nought ventured on experiments, the whole available finance was centred on the fulfilment of the one purpose. Thus it comes that France during the seven years has been able to construct, to maintain, to repair, to arm her navy, to keep its dock yards and arsenals effective, to feed, pay, and clothe her seamen, to provide labour, material and ordnance, to undertake new works and improve them at a cost little less than 39 millions, whilst we have expended for the same purposes upwards of 57 millions*. This gives to one nation an average of 5½ millions per year—to the other of rather more than 8—a difference in cost certainly not commensurate with the difference of results. The ratio of these statistics may be explained perhaps, without attributing recklessness, extravagance, or gross mismanagement to one system, or care supervision and arrangement to the other, yet still the excess on the side of England would be almost enough to balance the comparative resources of the two countries. In all the items of expenditure there is a difference in favour of France, but chiefly on those involved in construction and armament, amounting to more than a million and a quarter on the average of years. France is spared the small expenses, the repairs the incidentals, which the dispersion of ships, the fitting and dismantling, the commission of different classes, naturally create, and has, therefore, her whole expenditure not only more limited, but more controlled and more defused by products.

A paterfamilias, whose genius had chosen house keeping for its field, once revealed to us as a fact of his

experience, that the butcher and the baker and the tailor were the least formidable of his difficulties, but that it was the cobbling, the mending, the extras, and the incidentals which made such a hole in the income. It is the same apparently with ship-building the actual work of construction is a comparatively inconsiderable item, but the mending and the altering, the fitting and the unfitting, are so many mad-stroms which suck in the supplies most unconsciously and ruthlessly. That France is exempt and England subject to this drain is the effect of national position. We must, therefore, bear our burden manfully, striving to lighten and alleviate it, by method and system, and we shall do both probably with more wisdom now that we are informed of the causes which impose it.

The inquiry, however, into the relative power of the two navies, as it may affect the ultimate supremacy of one or the other, can never find its real solution in the discussion of present strength—it must depend also on the means and capacity of expansion. Let us see how the comparison stands in this respect. France, in her grand effort, has almost exhausted the old convertible material, and can, therefore, no longer draw from that quarry, and must rely entirely on construction. She has 10 sailing line of battle ships remaining, and of these two only are supposed to be capable of conversion. Of 32 frigates, nine or ten are considered worth transformation into transports. Thus she will very soon have used up the old material, and will then find the strain on the finance heavier and more important. She is known now to have 5 liners building, and 8 screw frigates building, 4 liners and 1 frigate converting. One of these liners has, however, been included in our list. In addition, there is a new element, the iron armed ships†. Of these the committee reports—' Their timbers are of the scantling of a three-decker, they are to have 36 heavy guns, most of them rifled 50-pounders, which will throw an 80-lb hollow percussion shot, they will be

* Report of Committee

† Ibid

cased with iron, and so convinced do naval men seem to be in France of the irresistible qualities of these ships, that they are of opinion that no more ships of the line will be laid down, and that in ten years that class of vessels will have become obsolete." Our own authorities, however, seem to consider the experiment as of doubtful issue, and apprehend that very serious difficulties will attend its practical adoption. It is also as yet a question as to the sufficiency of defence which iron-plates would afford against the extraordinary development of projectiles. No plating will render a ship proof against solid wrought-iron shot and, though the late trials did not satisfactorily establish the effectiveness of the Armstrong bolt against iron, yet it remains to be seen what may be the issue of the experiments with larger and heavier shells. It is our own belief that projectile power will attain such a terrible expansion as to defy defence, and that the idea of protection or impregnability from shot or shell will very shortly be an illusion, and we cannot, therefore, think that it is wise to sacrifice the great qualities of speed and manageableness for an uncertain resistance against attack. It would seem that, as with the old armour, the invulnerability of the shielded mass would be more than counterbalanced by its want of mobility. Nor can we accept these batteries as the fittest medium for the application of rifled cannon to the purposes of attack. These wonderful engines, to give effect to their long ranges, will require to be placed in ships which are under perfect command—which are mobile, and possess great speed. These qualities cannot, we think, be given to the iron plated ships, they will ever be difficult to steer, will not probably move well under steam, and will not be handled with the ease and certainty necessary to insure correctness of aim and great effect for their long range projectiles. This, however, is a problem for practical men, and which experience only can solve. Meantime France has four of this class building, two of

which are nearly complete, and intends to construct two more. We shall doubtless follow in the wake of the experiment if the Armstrong gun do not settle at once the question of defence.

It is contemplated by the French Commission,* "that, in 1860, she will have a steam fleet consisting of 40 steam line of battle ships, 6 iron-plated frigates, 30 screw frigates, 10 paddle-wheel frigates, and 26 steam transports," and that this fleet would be capable of "carrying an army of 60,000 men, with all its horses, provisions, and *materiel* for one month." Nor is this the limit of the expansion. It is projected that the augmentation should progress until the steam navy number "150 vessels of war of all classes, in addition to 72 transports," and until the arsenals, the great military ports, be complete in respect of docks, factories, and buildings, "to meet the requirements of the fleet." A sum of nearly nine millions has been deemed adequate for this purpose, and it is purposed that "the expense shall be spread over the period from 1860 to 1871." Here, then, we arrive at a definition of the extent which the navy of France is destined to attain and it is not such as to daunt or terrify us. It is one that, in the like time, we can easily exceed. The component parts are, however, significant. There will be 45 or 50 liners and 72 steam transports, and these forces would point at something more than the assertion by France of her rightful rank among naval powers. It would suggest that the army of France is to become a power on the seas. Our own prospective increase would carry us much in advance of our rival. At the same period of 1860, it is expected that England may possess 56 steam liners by the farther conversion of 6 sailing vessels, and 34 frigates, with the possibility of converting 27 more, and razeing 13 sailing line-of battle ships. This, however, can only be achieved (and the whole result can scarcely be) by an extraordinary effort. According to the ordinary means and expenditure, the consummation could not be

* Report of Committee

arrived at for many years to come England has been roused to sudden energy and activity certainly, but the proportion betwixt the established strength and the purposed extension of the French navy, shows also that she, in her start, was compelled to resort to an unusual effort, and employ means and appliances which she did not intend to maintain permanently. When the plans here detailed shall be completed, both nations will have used up their old material, and, as the building of a ship costs about four times as much as its conversion, the future extension of each will be as much a question of finance and resources as of constructive capacity.

The building space and building means at the disposal of France are certainly very great. She has her five great ports, containing an aggregate of 73 building slips, with three in progress and 17 docks, with a proposed addition of seven, and these great establishments occupy altogether an area of 865 acres.

Altogether, in achievement and intent, in resource and expansion, we have here a most formidable product, but we see also its limit, its end, and notwithstanding a temporary loss of place, we must feel assured that it is within the scope of the energies and resources of our country far to surpass it, and that we have not lost, nor shall we lose our supremacy in the art-power of production.

The German writer claims also for the French a superiority in the naval armament, on what warranty we can not tell as even his own comparisons contradict his conclusions. At present we believe that our ships are nearly equal in this respect. The total of guns carried by frigates and line of battle ships shows a slight preponderance on our side, and, from personal observation, we are assured that our guns are generally better cast, are much superior in their fittings and gear, and altogether more serviceable. The assumption, that in the theory and training of artillery practice the French have an excellence and superiority of system, we must discuss hereafter.

We have done now with the material, the art-power of the navies, and

we come to the second element, the man power, the *personnel*, the living body, which is to give vitality, motion, and direction to these great masses of wood and guns.

In this man-power lies at present the strength and advantage of France. The Emperor, present as ever, when he contemplated and provided for the creation of the new steam power, saw that the new force required new adaptations, and that a new organisation of the *personnel* was necessary, and thus originated the "Decret sur l'Organisation du Personnel des Equipages de la Flotte," which is now the law of France.

The sources from which and by which this man power is supplied are by the maritime inscription, by voluntary enlistment, and by the advancement of the "Mousses" or boys. The inscription is the enrolment of the seafaring and coast population of France. Over these the State asserts its right to demand and command their services according to the exigencies or wants of the occasion. Levies are made periodically, and all men on the muster roll are liable to sea service from the age of 18 to 50, though two-thirds of the whole number only are supposed to be available. The "Conversations Lexicon" gives the amount of the seafaring population as 300,000, but states also that the inscription list of 1855 included only 162,000 men liable to sea service. The report of the English committee estimates the number of men employed in the mercantile marine, according to the tons of shipping registered at 90,217 men. This includes those attached to the fisheries and the home trade, but may not take in the coasters, boatmen, and the crews of the small vessels. At the lowest figure, this inscription furnishes a ready resource for immediate and ordinary service—a grand reserve for exigency or emergency. The men obtained under the "recrutement par l'inscription maritime" are bound to serve seven years, and may then claim a discharge, or be readmitted under certain conditions. During their service they are, of course admitted to advancement in the different grades of the hierarchy. The voluntary engagement applies to

all men who are anxious to embark under the *drapeau*, and who are under twenty-one years and a half, and possess the requisite physical attributes. The "Mousses" are recruited from the sons of petty officers, sailors, and officials, preference being given to those children whose fathers have died or suffered injury in the service. They are divided into two classes—those who are to be admitted to the school at Brest, and the "mousses auxiliaires." The former are furnished in certain proportions from the five great naval arrondissements, and are received at the age of from 13 to 15. The "Mousses auxiliaires" are chosen by the commissions of the "inscription maritime," and sent to the different divisions. The "Mousses" of both classes can, after a certain period, enter voluntarily for the seven years as novices or apprentices. This source of supply has been so valuable a one, that the minister of marine himself declares that he considers "l'école des mousses comme principale pépinière de nos officiers marins" (war rant and petty officers).

The force obtained from these different sources has been organised according to a new decree under the denomination of the "personnel des équipages de la flotte." The former arrangement of the "équipages de ligne" has been suppressed, and the permanent companies replaced by "compagnies de dépôt," composed of sailors belonging "à une même spécialité professionnelle." By this change, and by grouping the men "par spécialité," it is supposed that there will be a greater facility in arming the ships by selecting from the "compagnies de dépôt" all the elements necessary for navigation and combat. This personnel is divided into five divisions—two of the first classes stationed at Brest and Toulon, and three of the second at Cherbourg, L'Orient, and Rochefort, each being designated by the name of the port at which it is established. The first-class divisions are composed of "compagnies de dépôt," divided thus—one of the "matelots timonniers," steersman, one of seamen gunners, one of seamen musketeers, one of engineers, stokers, &c., two of the

seamen of the inscription, and one of the volunteers. The second class divisions have their *Major* and two companies, one composed of the specialties, and the other of the inscribed and volunteer seamen. At L'Orient there is, besides, a battalion of instruction of apprenticed fusiliers, under the superintendence of officers who have qualified at Vincennes, and at Brest, the *Ecole des Mousses*. From these divisions crews are embarked according to the demand, with a proportion of the specialties of *maîtres* and of seamen. These men having been trained to work and exercise together, readily unite in the organisation of the equipment. The system, too, of the "service intérieur" has been adapted to the new order, and the rules for unity in detail made most stringent. The internal economy of the service has been determined by the Government, so that there may be uniformity of rule, of detail, and of discipline throughout, so that whatever ship a man might be draughted into he would find the same system prevailing, and fall at once into his proper place either for exercise or action. "Il est indispensable pour l'exécution d'un service aussi spécial, et en même temps aussi varié, de tracer à chacun des devoirs de chaque jour, de chaque heure, de chaque instant." The rolls for stations, quarters, or inspection, are always the same, so that men and officers should always find a uniform mode prevailing, in which they had been instructed and trained. This uniformity, leaving nothing to the discretion or fancies of different commanders, insures in all the exercises and evolutions a simplicity and order which cannot fail to promote efficiency.

In the discipline there is the same uniformity. The crimes are all classed, the different punishments prescribed, and a due and legal investigation provided for in all cases. The code is not severe in its penalties, nor vexatious in its operation, for the graver offences there are the cells, the prison, and "la barre de justice," for petty delinquencies the usual penalties, the "escouade de punition," the "peloton d'exercice," stoppage of leave, of the allowance

of wine, &c. But the term of these punishments is short—none exceeding ten days, and always exacted under responsible supervision.

The policy which this fleet designates is, however, the question of the present time.

Mr Reed, in summing up his comments, says "The steady and enormous increase of the French steam navy in large ships appears to point to something very different from a sudden and unsupported descent on our coasts. Two-deck and three-deck steam ships are by no means the most fitting vessels for effecting such an operation. They are intended, as their name implies, for the line-of-battle, and their production in large numbers by the French Emperor is equivalent to a declaration that, if we have to meet his forces at all, it will not be on our coast or in our harbours alone. He is manifestly preparing to meet us if need be, or, if occasion serve, on the open sea, and to contend there for a mastery of infinitely greater value to him than any mere momentary advantage."

This may be a true deduction from facts. Supremacy on the seas is doubtlessly the ultimate, the grand design of the French navy. Yet, what means the extraordinary expansion of its transport power? The French mercantile marine may afford in this respect insufficient means for the requirements of a great military nation, but the Imperial design is as much beyond as the national supply would be below the fair proportion of the transport, to the military power and necessities of the State. The 72 steam ships which are eventually to be an appendage to the navy of France, the 26 which are now in existence, or in instant preparation, what do they portend? Are they necessities? Are they required for the ordinary needs of the nation? If not, what other intent and purpose may they have? There can be only one—that of giving to France a place and a status for her armies on the ocean—of making the seas and channels the sites of floating camps, which should project her military force in any direction, and give to her might the impulse of a concentration capable of attempting

a supremacy by land and sea—capable of annulling the advantages of geographical positions, and giving to a great military population a bridged passage for its ambitions and its aggressions.

History gives little encouragement to any such extended ideas of conquest or supremacy. Yet it may be well to consider what warnings this great line-of-battle and transport fleet may have for us, especially now that the great fallacy of "*l'Empire c'est la paix*" has denounced itself, and great political combinations are again looming ominously before us. It has one especial, one direct, warning—preparation.

This has been already partly heeded. The neglect of former administrations, which had sunk our naval strength far below the standard of national efficiency, or even of national safety, has been redeemed by the energy of the present government. The whole strength and resources of the nation are being applied to the assertion of our supremacy. All available means are employed—all possible agencies directed to the establishment of our old status as a naval power. For the first time, too, in our naval annals, the country has been informed of the actual strength and relative condition of its navy. First Lords do not usually condescend to such enlightenment. It knows now how weak it was, how much stronger it is, how strong it may become.

We are assured of present equality with France, and are promised that ere the year end, we shall be superior to her in the material of naval war. It has been proposed that during this period nine liners should be converted and six new ships launched. Already four of the converted and two of the new berths are floating on our waters, and will be ready before the end of June as engines of war. This is a goodly instalment, and gives us confidence in our resources and in the men who direct them.

Is it, however, enough to be superior to France? Do not the shadows of coming events, the prospective combinations of the future, warn us to prepare for our old position, our old stand-point—England against the

world? It was the position which former wars forced on us it is one which future ones may render equally inevitable it is one for which we should be prepared

In the art-power, the resources for the creation of naval material, we have been, in spite of temporary lapse, and shall be, ever supreme. As builders of ships, and constructors of machinery, we may and shall challenge the world. Our present difficulty lies in a different source—the man power

In her instant supply of man power, and in her organisation, we see the chief and only advance of France towards supremacy, and in this readiness to man a fleet, and in this system of uniformity, establishing an immediate efficiency, rests an advantage which might give her the power of taking the initiative in a war, and of striking the first blow. It is this superiority we must combat. Here lies our weakness—here their strength. Yet in this man power, also, we possess the largest resources and the most fitting elements, though we lack the power of controlling or commanding them. The achievement of this would, we believe, insure for us a supremacy superior to the fear of petty alarms

or the shocks of cotemporary policies. How this may be attained we shall discuss hereafter. It is a great national question, to be well and seriously deliberated upon. Our rulers are resolutely and actively meeting the present emergency. How it may be permanently solved must be the result of many contingencies, and, perhaps, of some years. A standing navy is to us a necessity, but cannot be the absolute creation of a moment. A power which shall perpetuate itself and have a permanent existence, must have deep roots and strong sources of vitality. Such a power the navy of England must become.

Meantime whilst we deliberate and debate upon it, it will be well to keep ever in sight and in memory, ever before us, France's great navy of line-of battle ships, with its preparation for a floating camp, its great arsenals, its great bodies of enrolled trained seamen, and to remember, at the same time, the design which created it, the policy it represents, that we may gather up our strength and our resources, and be prepared to assert before nations the old supremacy of England on the seas.

The voice of war resounding through out Europe has an echo for us. That echo speaks preparation for defence.

LORD MACAULAY AND MARLBOROUGH

THE excellencies and the defects of Lord Macaulay as an historian arise from the same cause. He lives amongst those whose portraits he paints. His characters are not cold abstractions summoned up from the past to receive judgment for deeds done in the flesh; they are living men and women, beings to be loved, hated, feared, or despised, with all the fervency which belongs to Lord Macaulay's character. Hence the charm of his writings. Hence, also, their untrustworthiness. The attention of the reader is excited, his interest is kept awake, his passions are aroused, he devours page after page, and volume after volume, with an appetite similar to that which attends upon the perusal of the most stirring fiction, he closes the book with regret, and then, and not till then, comes the reflection that he has been listening to the impassioned harangue of the advocate, not to the calm summing up of the judge. It would be well if this were the worst. We are reluctantly convinced that Lord Macaulay not unfrequently exceeds even the privileges of the advocate, that when he arraigns a culprit at the bar of public opinion, and showers down upon him that terrible invective of which he is so accomplished a master, evidence sometimes meets with a treatment at his hands from which the most unscrupulous practitioner at the Old Bailey would shrink not only are documents suppressed or garbled, dates transposed, half sentences read as whole ones, witnesses of the most infamous character paraded as pure and unimpeachable, but the very gutters of Grub Street and St Giles's are raked for anonymous filth of the foulest description to cast on the unhappy object of the wrath of the historian.

It is often difficult and sometimes impossible to divine what particular qualities will arouse this animosity

The virtues which receive the tribute of admiration and respect when they exist in this man, appear to excite nothing but contempt when they are found in that, the vices which are venial transgressions chargeable rather on the age than on the individual in one character, are foul and indelible blots on another.

James and William were alike unfaithful to their wives. Lord Macaulay records the "highly criminal" passion of James for Arabella Churchill, and for Catharine Sedley, sneering contemptuously at the plain features of the one, and the lean form and haggard countenance of the other,* but forgetting the charms recorded in the memoirs of Grammont as those to which the former owed her power, and whilst admitting the talents which the latter inherited from her father, denying any capacity in the King to appreciate them. William, on the other hand, married to a young, beautiful, and faithful wife, to whose devotion he owed a crown, in return for which she only asked the affection which he had withheld for years, maintained, during the whole of his married life, an illicit connection with Elizabeth Villiers (who squinted abominably),† upon whom he settled an estate of £25,000 a year,‡ making her brother a peer, and introducing his wife to the confidence of the Queen,§ and Lord Macaulay passes it over as an instance of the commerce of superior minds || In James, conjugal infidelity is a coarse and degrading vice. In William, it is an intellectual indulgence, hardly deserving serious reprehension. In like manner, the inroads upon law attempted by James, under the mask of a regard for the rights of conscience, are justly and unsparingly denounced, whilst the ambition which urged William, by the cruel means of domestic unkindness, to fix his grasp prospectively on the crown of England, long before any necessity for such an invasion of the

* Vol. II 1858 pp. 34, 322.

† Journal to Stella, Sept. 15 1712 note.

‡ Vol. VII p. 96, 1858, vol. IV p. 471, 8vo, vol. II p. 174.

+ Swift to Stella, Jan. 2, 1713.

§ Coxe vol. I p. 34, note.

constitution had arisen, is wise foresight, regard for religious freedom, the interests of Protestantism, and the attainment of the great object of his life—the curbing the exorbitant power of France.*

Lord Macaulay's well known Whiggism sometimes affords a clue to his historical predilections. It is easy to understand why he should take pleasure in perpetuating, in the most exaggerated form of hostile tradition, every story that can tarnish the gallantry and fidelity of Dundee, and in repeating, after reiterated confutation, every groundless slander upon Penn. But this is not always a safe guide. In one instance, and that the most remarkable of all, the case is the very reverse. By a strange caprice the man whom Lord Macaulay especially delights to dishonour, is the very one whose genius shed most honour on the Whig party, who contributed more perhaps than any other to place William upon the throne, but for whom the landing at Torbay might not improbably have been followed by a similar result to that at Lyme, and whose imperishable glory (a glory which has made his name second only if indeed it be second, to that of Wellington in the annals of England) is derived from his long and successful contest with that power to curb which William had devoted every energy of his mind.

Brilliant as were the services rendered by Marlborough to his country grand as was his genius, great and many as were his virtues public and private, that regard for truth which we are about to vindicate as the quality most essential of all to the historian compels us nevertheless to admit that he did not walk from sixteen to sixty-four, through all the mazes of politics, and revolutions of war and courts, in an age the most profligate in morals, public and private, that England has seen—rising

from the humble post of carrying a pair of colours, to the very summit of earthly power—without contracting some stains of the vices prevalent, it might almost be said universal, in his day. Making the most ample allowance for this, enough remains to make every true Englishman look to Marlborough with pride, reverence, and affection, and, moved by these feelings, we shall proceed to discharge a duty we feel incumbent on all honest men, by removing some at least of the dirt which has been so plentifully and so unscrupulously cast upon the Great Captain by Lord Macaulay.

Lord Macaulay's picture of the youth of Marlborough is sufficiently repulsive. He was so illiterate that "he could not spell the most common words in his own language."† He was "thrifty in his very vices, and levied ample contributions on ladies enriched by the spoils of more liberal lovers."‡ He was "kept by the most profuse, imperious, and shameless of harlots."§ He subsisted upon "the infamous wages bestowed upon him by the Duchess of Cleveland"|| He was "insatiable of riches."¶ He "was one of the few who have in the bloom of youth loved lucre more than wine or women."** 'All the precious gifts which nature had lavished upon him, he valued chiefly for what they would fetch.'†† "At twenty he made money of his beauty and his vigour, at sixty he made money of his genius and his glory,"‡‡ and he 'owed his rise to his sister's dishonour' §§

With regard to the want of a liberal education, which by the way is a charge rather against his father than against himself, it is sufficient to observe that he was educated at St Paul's school, and that his despatches show that, at any rate, he was a proficient in Latin, French, and English composition. ||| He appears,

* Vol. ii pp 172, 178 179 to 180 *passim* 8vo. Burnett vol. iii p 129 notes by Swift and Lord Dartmouth & 180, 181. The useful and discreditable part played by Burnett in this transaction comes out more plainly in his own narrative than in Lord Macaulay's brilliant paraphrase.

† Vol. ii p 34 1858. ‡ Ibid p 35. § Ibid p 515. || Ibid p 517.

¶ Ibid p 517. ** Vol. iii 8vo, p 438.

‡‡ Vol. iii 8vo, p 438.

§§ Alison's *Life of Marlborough*, vol. i. p 2, Coxe, 1, 2, 3.

†† Vol. iii 8vo p 438.

||| Vol. ii p 515, 1858.

however, to have passed through his school course, as the Duke of Wellington afterwards did at Eton, without distinction. A competitive examination would probably have excluded both from the army, and the result of Blenheim and Waterloo might have been reversed. He owed more to nature than to education, and Bolingbroke truly summed up his character in the fewest possible words, when he said that he was "the perfection of genius matured by experience."

Plunged at a very early age into the dissipation of the court of Charles II., his remarkably handsome person and his engaging manners soon attracted notice. For the loathsome imputation cast upon him by Lord Macaulay that he availed himself of these advantages for the purposes which he intimates—that he bore to the wealthy and licentious ladies of the court the relation which Tom Jones did to Lady Bellaston—there is no foundation even in the scandalous chronicles of those scandalous days. That he did not bring to the court of Charles the virtue which made the overseer of Potiphar's household famous in that of Pharaoh, must be freely admitted. The circumstances of his intrigue with the Duchess of Cleveland are recorded in the pages of Grammont.* Never, says Hamilton, were her charms in greater perfection than when she cast her eyes on the young officer of the Guards. That Churchill, in the bloom of youth, should be insensible to the passion which he had awaked in the breast of the most beautiful woman of that voluptuous court, was hardly to be expected. He incurred, in consequence, the displeasure of the King, who forbade him the court. Far be it from us to be the advocates of lax morality, but Churchill must be judged by the standard of his day. He corrupted no innocence, he invaded no domestic peace. The Duchess of

Cleveland was not only the most beautiful, but she was also the most licentious and the most inconstant of women. From the King down to Jacob Hall she dispensed her favours according to the passion or the fancy of the moment. She was as liberal of her purse as of her person, and Marlborough, a needy and handsome ensign, no doubt shared both. But the coarse charge of receiving "infamous wages" can, however, be brought against Churchill with no more truth than it can be said that he was "kept by the most profuse, imperious, and shameless of harlots," because he entertained a daring and successful passion for the beautiful mistress of his King.

Two stories are current with regard to the amour. One Lord Macaulay accepts, the other he rejects. The first is, that upon one occasion the King surprised Churchill in the apartment of the Duchess, upon which the lover saved the honour of his mistress (such as it was) by leaping from the window. With regard to this it is sufficient to say that Hamilton, who must have known the story, if true, and who would have delighted to tell it, is silent. The other is, that Marlborough, in his prosperity, refused a small loan to the Duchess. This story Lord Macaulay very properly rejects. He had good reason to suspect its falsehood, for it is told by his own witness, the authoress of "The New Atalantis," whose filthy pages, full of imputations upon William, even more foul than those upon Marlborough, Lord Macaulay has honoured by transferring from them to his own, in some cases almost word for word, the abuse for heaping which upon the great Whig General she was paid by the Tories. Little do the readers of Lord Macaulay suspect that his eloquent denunciation of Marlborough is but a *rechasse* of the forgotten scurrility of a female hack scribe, whom Swift used to call one of his "under spur-leathers."†

* P. 279.

† See the history of "Count Fortunatus," *New Atalantis*, vol. 2. p. 21 to p. 42. The passage is too long, and parts of it wholly unfit, for quotation. Any reader, whose curiosity may lead him to verify our assertion may compare p. 27 with Macaulay, vol. 1. 8vo, 1856, p. 284, containing the account of Marlborough's marriage, and pp. 28, 31, 41 and 43, with vol. 1. p. 437, 8, and vol. 2. p. 251, 252, 253.

Such is the history of the amour of Churchill with the Duchess of Cleveland. A pure and ennobling attachment, to which he remained faithful till the grave closed over him, soon dispelled his passion for the lovely and inconstant Duchess. This cold, sordid profligate—for such Lord Macaulay would fain persuade us he was—married, at the age of eight-and-twenty, a beautiful and penniless girl, after an engagement prolonged by the poverty of both parties.

To judge of the animus which pervades the whole of Lord Macaulay's account of Marlborough, it is only necessary to observe the mode in which, with regard to him, he treats the passions and the virtues which, through all ages, have been most certain to awaken the sympathies and secure the respect and attachment of mankind.

Lord Macaulay's intimate acquaintance, if not with human nature, at any rate with the writings of those who, in all ages and all languages, have most deeply stirred the heart of man, might have told him that the tale of young passionate love mellowing into deep and tender affection, living on linked to eternity, stronger than death, and deeper than the grave, was fitly the object of feelings far different from those which it appears to awaken in his breast. It is a singular fact that two of the most vigorous writers of the English language appear to be in total ignorance of all the feelings which take their rise from the passion of love. We know of no single line that has fallen from the pen of Swift, or from that of Lord Macaulay, which indicates any sympathy with that passion which, in the greater number of minds, affords the most powerful of all motives. The love of Churchill and Sarah Jennings seems to inspire

Lord Macaulay with much the same feelings as those with which a certain personage, whom Dr Johnson used to call "the first Whig," regarded the happiness of our first parents in the garden of Eden. It is difficult to say whether the following passage is more distinguished by bad feeling or bad taste, by malignant insinuation or jingling antithesis—

"He must have been enamoured in deed, for he had little property except the annuity which he had bought with the infamous wages bestowed on him by the Duchess of Cleveland: he was insatiable of riches. Sarah was poor, and a plain girl with a large fortune was proposed to him. His love, after a struggle, prevailed over his avance: marriage only strengthened his passion, and to the last hour of his life Sarah enjoyed the pleasure and distinction of being the one human being who was able to mislead that farnighted and surefooted judgment who was fervently loved by that cold heart and who was seriously feared by that intrepid spirit."

Such is the language in which Lord Macaulay records a love, as constant and fervent as any recorded in the pages of history, or even of fiction.

Marlborough's letters, written to his wife in the decline of life, and at the summit of his fame, breathe a passion as warm, a tenderness as devoted, as that which inspired the young and ardent lover to brave that poverty which Lord Macaulay asserts was "the earthly evil he most dreaded."* to win her hand, and years after his death, when that hand was sought in second wedlock by the Duke of Somerset, she replied, "If I were young and handsome as I was, instead of old and faded as I am, and you could lay the empire of the world at my feet, you should never share the heart and hand that once belonged to John Duke of Marlborough."†

* Vol. II. p. 516, 1858.

† Lord Macaulay makes a foul and groundless insinuation against the Duchess in relation to her interview with Shrewsbury in 1690 on the subject of the provision for the Princess Anna. His words are as follows—"After some inferior agents had expostulated with her in vain, Shrewsbury waited on her. It might have been expected that his intervention would have been successful for if the scandalous chronicle of those times could be trusted he had stood high, too high, in her favour." No one ought to know better than Lord Macaulay that Sarah Jennings passed through the ordeal of the court of Charles the Second with a reputation perfectly unimpaired, that no breath of scandal ever tainted the purity of her character. Yet he makes this infamous imputation on no better authority than a doggerel lampoon, entitled

That the passion of James for Arabella Churchill smoothed the early steps in her brother's path to fame, may be admitted. "*Cela était dans l'ordre*," is the remark of Hamilton, "in the court of Charles it was not esteemed shame. Beyond this, no blame can fairly attach to Marlborough. His sister was some years older than himself. He was a mere boy when the connection began, and was hardly twenty at the time of the birth of the Duke of Berwick. Taking into account the manners of the day, the amount of moral reprobation with which Churchill's acquiescence in the feelings with which his father and the rest of his family, according to Lord Macaulay, regarded the connection of Arabella with the Duke of York, will be but small.

We now come to the charges of avarice and fraud. "The applauses justly due," says Lord Macaulay, "to his conduct at Walcourt could not altogether drown the voices of those who muttered that, wherever a broad piece was to be saved or got, *this hero was*

a mere Euclio, a mere Harpagon, that, though he drew a large allowance under pretence of keeping a public table, he never asked an officer to dinner, *that his muster-rolls were fraudulently made up, that he pocketed pay in the names of men who had long been dead, of men who had been killed in his own sight four years before at Sedgemoor, that there were twenty such names in one troop, that there were thirty-six in another*"†

As "*L'Avare*" was first acted in 1688, it is certainly possible that the Jacobites may have applied to the great object of their hatred the name of Harpagon, but as Pope was not born until 1688, the voices "muttering that Marlborough was a mere Euclio," which had to be drowned in 1689, must have been confined to the readers of the "*Aniularia*" of Plantus, about which the Jacobites in general would probably have said, like Edie Ochiltree, "*Lordsaake, sir, what do I ken about your Howlowlaria!—it's mair like a dog's language than a*

"The Female Nine." We have bestowed no small amount of labour in the endeavour to discover this forgotten trash, but without success. We have exhausted all sources of information (and they have not been few) open to us, and we shall feel greatly indebted to any reader who may be able to direct us where we can obtain a sight of the "contemporary lampoon" which Lord Macaulay considers as sufficiently trustworthy to entitle him to cast a slur upon the character of a woman who, whatever other faults she might have, has up to this time borne an unsullied reputation for a virtue rare in that age and that court. Lord Macaulay, when he penned this sentence, had before him (for he refers to it) the evidence that at this time Shrewsbury was not even on visiting terms with the Duchess. (See her narrative, p. 33.) Lord Macaulay calls the Duchess "*an abandoned liar*," and says that, "with that habitual inaccuracy which, even when she has no motive for lying makes it necessary to read every word written by her with suspicion, she creates Shrewsbury a duke and represents herself as calling him 'Your Grace'." He was not made a duke till 1694* (note, vol. iii. p. 565.) The Duchess does nothing of the kind. The "habitual inaccuracy" is not hers, but Lord Macaulay's. Writing long after 1694 and when Shrewsbury had been a duke many years, she speaks of him as "The Duke," and relates what she said to "*His Grace*." She does not, as Lord Macaulay asserts, represent herself as calling him "*Your Grace*," or use the words "*Your Grace*" at all, though Lord Macaulay marks those words with inverted commas. Would Lord Macaulay think himself justified in denouncing as an "abandoned liar" a writer who in the present day should refer to the Duke of Wellington's victories in the Peninsula without specifying that he was a viscount at Busaco, an earl at Badajoz, and a marquis at San Sebastian and Toulouse, and that he was not made a duke until the 3d of May 1814, a fortnight after the war had terminated? Is it necessary to read with suspicion every word written by the gallant historian of that war, because he habitually speaks of "Lord" Wellington—a title which as *strictness* the Duke never held at all, inasmuch as it is appropriate to a baron, and the Duke was raised at one step to the rank of a viscount!—or are we in this article bound to speak of the "habitual inaccuracy," the gross perversions, the outrageous abuse, and the personal rancour of *Mr. Macaulay*?

* *Memoirs of Grammont*, p. 280

† Vol v p 64, edit 1858 Vol iii p 565, 8vo

man's." This is, however, one of those anachronisms into which Lord Macaulay's love of the picturesque sometimes misleads him. It hardly claims a passing notice, and must not divert us from the serious inquiry we are pursuing.

The charge of avarice has been repeatedly brought and repeatedly answered. It was the stock charge of the libellers and pamphleteers of the day. Even Swift stooped so low in his "Letter to Oranus" as to accuse Marlborough of having risked his life rather than lose a pair of old stockings. Such calumnies answer themselves. His declining, when in poverty and disgrace, to accept of the generosity of the Princess Anne, his repeated refusal of the government of the Netherlands, with its princely income of £60,000 a year, his generosity to young and deserving officers, his application of all the money at his private disposal amongst the wounded officers of the enemy after the battle of Malplaquet, his liberal provision during his own lifetime for his children, these, and many other facts, attest his disinterestedness and generosity, public and private. These were not the acts of a Euclio or a Harpagon.

The latter part of the paragraph we have quoted contains a more specific accusation, nothing less, in fact, than that Marlborough was guilty of the vulgar crime of obtaining money under false pretences. We have searched through the proceedings which took place on the fall of Marlborough in 1712, through the writings of Swift, (not a merciful or scrupulous adversary) through such of the pamphlets of the day as we have been able to obtain, without discovering any trace of this very serious charge. Lord Macaulay here, however, cites his authority in these words: "See the *Dear Bargain*, a Jacobite pamphlet, *clandestinely printed in 1690*,"* and we can therefore judge what kind of evidence, unsupported by a single tittle of confirmation, he considers sufficient to convict so great a man of so mean a crime. We have, however, experienced no little difficulty in verifying Lord Macaulay's citation. We searched the rich stores of the Brit-

ish Museum, we applied to friends noted all over the world for their extensive knowledge in the by-paths of history, we sought the assistance of those whose business it is to collect and vend scarce tracts and pamphlets—all in vain. The *Dear Bargain* eluded our search. At last we discovered that we had made our cast too wide. We hit off the scent in the Advocates' Library, and ran into our fox in a thicket of pamphlets, No 193, ff 7 1 A A A 7 4, which cabalistic numbers we here transcribe for the benefit of future inquirers.

The *Dear Bargain* is a quarto pamphlet of twenty four pages, closely printed in double column, without title page, or date, or the name of the author, printer, or the place where it was printed. It is as scurrilous as and more stupid than the generality of such publications. William is accused of contriving the death of his English soldiers by sending them to die of starvation and disease in Holland, where, the author says, "you might see them sprawling by parcels, and groaning under the double grips of their bowels and their consciences,"† in order that "the Dutch, the Danes, and other foreigners may possess our country." Mary is an "ungrateful Tullia,"—"astonishing barbarous nation, scandalising Christianity," and "driving her beasts over the face of her dead father." Churchill is "Judas on both sides," with "nothing in his conduct, from one end to the other but mere Judas and damnation." James is "King Lear," "our lawful King who has shown himself upon all occasions a Lover of his people, an Encourager of trade, a Desirer of true liberty to tender consciences, an Hater of all injustice, and a true Father to his country."‡

Such is the *Dear Bargain*. Will Lord Macaulay indorse the testimony of his own witness? We hardly think he will. Yet it is upon this testimony alone that he makes so foul a charge. The words of the pamphlet are "He excelled in giving false muster rolls, even twenty in one troop, and thirty six in another, putting in names, some killed in Monmouth's Rebellion, others dead in

* Vol. v p 64, note

† Page 11

‡ Page 24

England since, and alive at this day, out of all service, the hats of which have been shown to me.* The picturesque addition that these men who, according to the nameless and ungrammatical author, were both dead and alive, had been "killed in Marlborough's own right four years before at Sedgemoor," is a creation of Lord Macaulay's own strong inventive faculties. The author of the *Dear Bargain* drops a naked, nameless, misbegotten calumny in the streets, where it lies forgotten for a century and a half, and would have perished, as it deserved, but Lord Macaulay picks up the founding, dresses it, decks it out, introduces it to the world, adopts it, gives it his own name and the sanction of his character, and it may, in all probability, live and flourish as long as the English language lasts. Does Lord Macaulay think that the historian has no higher duty, no deeper responsibility than this? Would he rise in his place in the House of Lords, and break the strange silence which has enshrouded his eloquent and impassioned tongue so long, by bringing such an accusation, on such testimony, against any one of the generals who are at this moment leading our troops in India? If not, by what process of reasoning can he reconcile to his conscience to record this charge on tablets far more lasting than *Hansard* or *The Times*, against the memory of a man who has been dead a hundred and fifty years—who cannot denounce the calumny—who cannot disprove the charge—who cannot call the slanderer to account? Lord Macaulay cannot plead ignorance of the infamous character of his witness. Upon another occasion, where he addresses himself to the task of attempting to clear William from the infamy attaching to him from the massacre of Glencoe, he says "We can hardly suppose he was much in the habit of reading Jacobite pamphlets, and if he did read them, he would have found in them such a quantity of abuse and rancorous invective against himself, that he would have been very little inclined to credit any imputation which they might throw on his ser-

vants. He would have seen himself accused, in one tract, of being a concealed Papist, in another, of having poisoned Jeffreys in the Tower, in a third, of having contrived to have Talmaah taken off before Brest. He would have seen it asserted that in Ireland he once ordered fifty of his English soldiers to be burned alive. He would have seen that the unalterable affection which he felt from his boyhood to his death for three or four of the bravest and most trusty friends that ever prince had the happiness to possess, was made a ground for imputing to him abominations as foul as those which are buried under the waters of the Dead Sea. He might, therefore, naturally be slow to believe frightful imputations thrown by writers whom he knew to be habitual liars on a statesman whose abilities he valued highly, and to whose exertions he had, on some great occasions, owed much"†

Such is Lord Macaulay's description of the Jacobite pamphleteers. The witness, who is utterly unworthy of belief when he deposes against William, is, however, wholly unimpeachable when he gives evidence against Marlborough. It is on the sole testimony of one of the vilest of these "habitual liars" that Lord Macaulay asks his readers to believe this foul charge. It is upon this evidence that he has given the sanction of his name and reputation to slanders against Marlborough, as false, as foul, as contemptible as some which we can ourselves remember to have been current with regard to an equally illustrious man. It is to be hoped that no future historian will arise to play the part of a "chiffonier" amongst the dirt-heaps of St Giles's, — to transcribe from filthy broadsheets, and tattered and forgotten pamphlets, page after page of malignant slander against the Hero of the Peninsular War, and to give the result of his foul labour to the world as the life and character of Wellington!

We shall now proceed to examine an accusation even more serious, and to investigate the grounds on which Lord Macaulay has thought himself

justified in denouncing Marlborough in distinct terms as a "murderer." That we may run no risk of misrepresenting Lord Macaulay, we copy the whole passage word for word.

"William, in order to cross the designs of the enemy, determined to send Russell to the Mediterranean with the greater part of the combined fleet of England and Holland. A squadron was to remain in the British seas, under the command of the Earl of Berkeley. Talmash was to embark on board of this squadron with a large body of troops, and was to attack Brest, which would, it was supposed in the absence of Jourville and his fifty-three vessels, be an easy conquest.

"That preparations were making at Portsmouth for an expedition, in which the land forces were to bear a part, could not be kept a secret. There was much speculation at the Rose and at Garraway's touching the destination of the armament. Some talked of Rhé, some of Oleron, some of Rochelle, some of Rochefort. Many, till the fleet actually began to move westward, believed that it was bound for Dunkirk. Many guessed that Brest would be the point of attack, but they only guessed this, for the secret was much better kept than most of the secrets of that age.† Russell, till he was ready to weigh anchor, persisted in assuring his Jacobite friends that he knew nothing. His discretion was proof even against all the arts of Marlborough. Marlborough, however, had other sources of intelligence. To those sources he applied himself, and he at length succeeded in discovering the whole plan of the government. He instantly wrote to James. He had, he said, but that moment ascertained that twelve regiments of infantry and two regiments of marines were about to embark, under the command of Talmash, for the purpose of destroying the harbour of Brest and the shipping which lay there. 'This,' he added, 'would be a

great advantage to England. But no consideration can, or ever shall, hinder me from letting you know what I think may be for your service.' He then proceeded to caution James against Russell. 'I endeavoured to learn this some time ago from him, but he always denied it to me, though I am very sure that he knew the design for more than six weeks. This gave me a bad sign of this man's intentions.'‡

"The intelligence sent by Marlborough to James was communicated by James to the French Government. That Government took its measures with characteristic promptitude. Promptitude was indeed necessary, for, when Marlborough's letter was written, the preparations at Portsmouth were all but complete, and if the wind had been favourable to the English, the objects of the expedition might have been attained without a struggle. But adverse gales detained our fleet in the Channel during another month. Meanwhile a large body of troops was collected at Brest. Vauban was charged with the duty of putting the defences in order, and under his skilful direction, batteries were planted which commanded every spot where it seemed likely that an invader would attempt to land. Eight large rafts, each carrying many mortars, were moored in the harbour, and some days before the English arrived, all was ready for their reception.

"On the 6th of June the whole allied fleet was about fifteen leagues west of Cape Finisterre. There Russell and Berkeley parted company. Russell proceeded towards the Mediterranean, Berkeley's squadron, with the troops on board, steered for the coast of Brittany, and anchored just without Camaret bay, close to the mouth of the harbour of Brest. Talmash proposed to land in Camaret bay. It was therefore desirable to ascertain with accuracy the state of the coast. The eldest son of the Duke of Leeds, now called Marquess of

* Vol vii p 133, edit of 1858

† *L'Hermilage*, May 15 [25]. After mentioning the various reports, he says, "De tous ces divers projets qu'on s'imagine aucun n'est venu à la connaissance du public." This is important for it has often been said in excuse for Marlborough, that "he communicated to the Court of St Germans only what was the talk of all the coffee houses, and must have been known without his instrumentality."—*Note by Lord Macaulay*, edit of 1858

‡ *Life of James II*, 522, MACPHERSON: 487. The letter of Marlborough is dated May 4. It was enclosed in one from Sackville to Melfort, which would alone suffice to prove that those who represent the intelligence as unimportant, are entirely mistaken. 'I send it,' says Sackville, "by an express, judging it to be of the utmost consequence for the service of the King my master, and consequently for the service of his most Christian Majesty." Would Sackville have written thus, if the destination of the expedition had been already known to all the world?—*Note by Lord Macaulay*, edit. of 1858

Caermarthen, undertook to enter the basin and to obtain the necessary information. The passion of this brave and eccentric young man for maritime adventure was unconquerable. He had solicited and obtained the rank of Rear-Admiral, and had accompanied the expedition in his own yacht, the *Peregrine*, renowned as the masterpiece of shipbuilding Cutts, who had distinguished himself by his intrepidity in the Irish war, and had been rewarded with an Irish Peerage, offered to accompany Caermarthen. Lord Mohun who, dear as it may be hoped, to efface by honourable exploits the stain which a shameful and disastrous brawl had left on his name, was serving with the troops as a volunteer, innamed on being of the party. The *Peregrine* went into the bay with its gallant crew, and came out safe but not without having run great risks. Caermarthen reported that the defences, of which however he had seen only a small part, were formidable. But Berkeley and Talmash suspected that he overrated the danger. They were not aware that their design had long been known at Versailles, that an army had been collected to oppose them, and that the greatest engineer in the world had been employed to fortify the coast against them. They therefore did not doubt that their troops might easily be put on shore under the protection of a fire from the ships. On the following morning Caermarthen was ordered to enter the bay with eight vessels, and to batter the French works. Talmash was to follow with about a hundred boats full of soldiers. It soon appeared that the enterprise was even more perilous than it had on the preceding day appeared to be. Batteries which had then escaped notice opened on the ships a fire so murderous that several decks were soon cleared. Great bodies of foot and horse were discernible, and by their uniforms, they appeared to be regular troops. The young Rear Admiral sent an officer in all haste to warn Talmash. But Talmash was so completely possessed by the notion that the French were not prepared to repel an attack, that he disregarded all cautions and would not even trust his own eyes. He felt sure that the force which he saw assembled on the coast was a mere rabble of peasants, who had been brought together in haste from the surrounding country. Confident that these mock soldiers would run like sheep be-

fore real soldiers, he ordered his men to pull for the land. He was soon undeceived. A terrible fire mowed down his troops faster than they could get on shore. He had himself scarcely sprung on dry ground when he received a wound in the thigh from a cannon ball, and was carried back to his skiff. His men returned in confusion. Ships and boats made haste to get out of the bay, but did not succeed till four hundred sailors and seven hundred soldiers had fallen. During many days the waves continued to throw up pierced and shattered corpses on the beach of Brittany. The battery from which Talmash received his wound is called to this day the English man's Death.

"The unhappy general was laid on his couch, and a council of war was held in his cabin. He was for going straight into the harbour of Brest and bombarding the town. But this suggestion, which indicated but too clearly that his judgment had been affected by the irritation of a wounded body and a wounded mind, was wisely rejected by the naval officers. The armament returned to Portsmouth. There Talmash died, exclaiming with his last breath that he had been lured into a snare by treachery. The public grief and indignation were loudly expressed. The nation remembered the services of the unfortunate general, forgave his rashness, pitied his sufferings and execrated the unknown traitors whose machinations had been fatal to him. There were many conjectures and many rumours. Some sturdy Englishmen, misled by national prejudice, swore that none of our plans would ever be kept a secret from the enemy while French refugees were in high military command. Some zealous Whigs, misled by party spirit, muttered that the Court of Saint Germain would never want good intelligence while a single Tory remained in the Cabinet Council. The real criminal was not named nor till the archives of the House of Stuart were explored, was it known to the public that Talmash had perished by the basest of all the hundred villainies of Marlborough."

"Yet never had Marlborough been less a Jacobite than at the moment when he rendered this wicked and shameful service to the Jacobite cause. It may be confidently affirmed that to serve the banished family was not his object, and that to ingratiate himself with the ban-

* *London Gazette*, June 14 18, 1694, *Paris Gazette*, June 16 [July 3], BURCHETT; *Journal of Lord Caermarthen*, Baden, June 15 [25], *L'Hermilage*, June 15 [25], 19 [29].

ished family was only his secondary object. His primary object was to force himself into the service of the existing government, and to regain possession of those important and lucrative places from which he had been dismissed more than two years before. He knew that the country and the parliament would not patiently bear to see the English army commanded by foreign generals. Two Englishmen only had shown themselves fit for high military posts, himself and Talmash. If Talmash were defeated and disgraced, William would scarcely have a choice. In fact, as soon as it was known that the expedition had failed, and that Talmash was no more, the general cry was that the king ought to receive into his favour the accomplished captain who had done such good service at Walcourt, at Cork, and at Kinsale. Nor can we blame the multitude for raising this cry. For everybody knew that Marlborough was an eminently brave skilful and successful officer. But very few persons knew that he had, while commanding William's troops, while sitting in William's council, while waiting in William's bedchamber, formed a most artful and dangerous plot for the subversion of William's throne and still fewer suspected the real author of the recent calamity, of the slaughter in the Bay of Camaret, of the melancholy fate of Talmash. The effect therefore of the foulest of all treasons was to raise the traitor in the public estimation. Nor was he wanting, to himself at this conjuncture. While the Royal Exchange was in consternation at the disaster of which he was the cause, while many families were clothing themselves in mourning for the brave men of whom he was the murderer, he repaired to Whitehall, and there doubtless with all that grace, that nobleness, that suavity, under which lay, hidden from all common observers, a soured conscience and a remorseless heart, he professed himself the most devoted the most loyal, of all the subjects of William and Mary and expressed a hope that he might, in this emergency, be permitted to offer his sword to their majesties. Shrewsbury was very desirous that the offer should be accepted, but a short and dry answer from William, who was then in the Netherlands, put an end for the present to all negotiation. About Talmash the king expressed himself with generous tenderness. 'The poor fellows fate, he wrote, 'has affected me much. I do not indeed

think that he managed well; but it was his evident desire to distinguish himself that impelled him to attempt impossibilities'."

We are willing to accept this passage as the battle-ground on which to decide the question how far Lord Macaulay's treatment of evidence entitles him to confidence as an historian. We do so for two reasons. First, it is selected by Lord Macaulay himself as the strongest case against Marlborough, and secondly, the evidence lies in a very narrow compass, and is to be found on the shelves of every ordinary library. The reader may therefore easily judge for himself, and from a short examination supply himself with a measure by which to gauge the amount of confidence to be placed in other statements.

The charges are four in number.

I That Marlborough, making use of certain sources of information peculiar to himself, discovered the design of the Government to make a descent upon Brest, and revealed it to James, and through him to Louis.

II That the information so communicated by Marlborough enabled the French Government to take such steps, and that they did thereupon take such steps as rendered the expedition abortive.

III That Talmash was by these means "lured into a snare, and, to use Lord Macaulay's own words, "perished by the basest of all the hundred villanies of Marlborough."

IV That Marlborough was thus the real author of the slaughter in Camaret Bay, and the "murderer of Talmash," his object being to get rid of Talmash as a personal rival, and to force himself back into the service of the Government and the possession of the important and lucrative places from which he had been discharged two years before.

It is impossible to deepen the shades of this picture. If it be true, Marlborough was a monster of depravity, if it be false, and if it can be shown that Lord Macaulay had before him the evidence showing its falsehood, we should be sorry to put

* 'Shrewsbury to William, June 15 [25] 1694, William to Shrewsbury, July 1, Shrewsbury to William, June 22 [July 2]

into plain English what Lord Macaulay must be held to be in the estimation of all honest men.

To fix this charge upon Marlborough, Lord Macaulay relies upon the revelations contained in the Stuart Papers. Until the archives of that house were explored, the "real criminal" was not named, nor "was it known to the world that Talmash had perished by the basest of all the hundred villainies of Marlborough."

These papers, therefore, are the authority upon which Lord Macaulay relies, and we shall proceed to show from these very papers that every one of the charges is groundless, that the guilt of one man has been laid upon the shoulders of another, that the "real criminal" has been shielded, that evidence has been garbled, that facts have been suppressed and the whole transaction so distorted and disfigured, that it is impossible to recognise its true features. These are grave charges. If we do not conclusively establish their truth, upon our heads be the responsibility.

In the original Stuart Papers, published by Macpherson, under the date of May 1694 † is a report headed "Accounts brought by Captain Floyd, lately arrived from England."

Floyd was groom of the bedchamber to James, and was much employed by him as an emissary to his adherents in England ‡. "In the beginning of March" 1694 § Floyd, by the direction of James, went to England and sought interviews with Russell, Shrewsbury, Godolphin, and Churchill ||. Of these four, all, except Churchill, held office under William. Russell was First Lord of the Admiralty and High Admiral. Shrewsbury had just received from William the seals of office as Secretary of State, the King saying as he placed them in his hands, "I know you are a man of honour, and if you undertake to serve me, you will do so faithfully"—at the same time raising him to a dukedom, and conferring upon him the Garter ¶. Godolphin was First Lord of the

Treasury. Churchill alone was out of office, and in disgrace, having only just been released from a prison, in which he had been confined on a charge notoriously false, and supported by the most infamous perjury.

Churchill received Floyd with expressions of loyalty and attachment to James, and of contrition for his conduct towards him. Beyond these general and vague protestations, Floyd received nothing from Churchill. *He derived no information whatever from him.* It is important to keep this fact in view as it throws light upon the whole of Marlborough's conduct with regard to the exiled family. It may be admitted in the outset that his correspondence with the Court of St. Germain's can on no ground be justified, but no single instance can be pointed out in which James derived any benefit from that correspondence. Marlborough was throughout faithful to William, or perhaps it would be more correct to say he was faithful to England and to the cause of religious and political freedom, in all his acts. Fair words and fallacious promises he unhappily lavished upon James, and his character must bear the stain of his having done so.

Floyd then went to Russell, who received him with warm protestations of devotion to the cause of the exiled family, backed by many oaths and imprecations.

Shrewsbury, through his mother the Countess, assured Floyd that he had only accepted office under William, "in order to serve James more effectually thereafter." But the conversation with Godolphin was the most important. The First Lord of the Treasury received the emissary of James "in the most affectionate manner imaginable," and informed him "that Russell would infallibly appear before Brest, the land officers being of opinion that the place might be insulted [i.e. assaulted], although the sea-officers were of a different opinion that this would give a just pretext to his Most Christian Majesty [Louis] to send troops to that place." ** Floyd adds, "he reiterated his protes-

* Vol. iv 512 8vo

‡ Vol. i 245

† MACPHERSON Orig. Pap. vol. i 480

§ Vol. i 480

‡ Vol. i 479

¶ MACAULAY, iv 505

** MACPHERSON, Orig. Pap. i 483

tations with the greatest loyalty to your majesty."

There is evidence which fixes the date of this conversation between Godolphin and Floyd within a very narrow compass. Floyd, as we have seen, went to England at the beginning of March. Immediately after giving the account of his conversation with Godolphin, he goes on to narrate one which took place with the Countess of Shrewsbury, in which she alludes to the prorogation of Parliament as a future event, without any expression from which it can be inferred that it was immediately to be expected. Parliament was, in fact, prorogued on the 25th of April.* So that we have it clearly established that the conversation between Floyd and Godolphin was at any rate some time before that day. Floyd returned to France, reported his proceedings to James and the Earl of Melfort, by the latter of whom his report was translated into French, and "*carried to Versailles on the 1st of May 1694*."† Taking into account the time thus occupied, the rate of travelling in those days, and bearing in mind the conversation with Lady Shrewsbury, it may fairly be inferred that Godolphin's information was given to the agent of James not later than the middle of April. It unquestionably reached Louis *on the 1st of May*.

Marlborough's letter, which Lord Macaulay treats as being the result of secret sources of information to which he alone had access—as the first communication of the design to Louis—as the occasion of the steps taken by the French government for the fortification of Brest—the cause of the failure of the expedition, and of the death of Talmash—was not written until the 4th of May, three days after Louis was in possession of the formal report, drawn up by Melfort from Floyd's narrative, and weeks after Godolphin had betrayed the whole scheme to the emissary of James.

Marlborough's letter is not dated, but the compiler of the *Life of James*‡ and Lord Macaulay himself§

concur in assigning the 4th of May as the date, and what appears to show conclusively that they are correct is, that Marlborough says "*Russell sails to-morrow*." Russell did, in fact, sail on the 5th of May.¶ Marlborough says that he had only learnt the news he sends on *the very day on which he writes*. If so, Louis was in possession of the intelligence before Marlborough. It may be said that Marlborough was equally guilty in intention—that Godolphin had merely forestalled him in the wicked act. That is not the question we are discussing. At present we are inquiring whether Lord Macaulay has or has not given a true account of the transaction. But even this charge cannot be maintained. It is far more consistent with the fact of Marlborough's intimacy with Godolphin, and with his conduct on other occasions, to suppose that he was acquainted with the design upon Brest, but concealed it until he thought, as was the fact, that revealing it could do no harm. He might well suppose that information conveyed only the day before Russell sailed, would be of no service. The fact is, that the letter of Marlborough was perfectly harmless. The French Court had long before been informed, not only by Godolphin, but also by Lord Arran,‡ of the design upon Brest. They had taken precautions to fortify the place, and it was perfectly well known to William and to Talmash that they had done so.

William, writing to Shrewsbury on the 18th of June, after the failure of the attempt, says, "You may easily conceive my vexation when I heard the repulse our troops had experienced in the descent near Brest, and although the loss is very considerable, yet in war it is always mortifying to undertake anything that does not succeed, and I own to you that I did not suppose they would have made the attempt without having well reconnoitred the situation of the enemy to receive them, since they were long apprised of our intended attack, and made active pre-

* Gazette

† MACPHERSON, i. 480

‡ CLARKE, ii. 582

§ Vol. vii. p. 184, edit. 1858

¶ Gazette

¶ Life of James, ii. 823

parations for defence, for what was practicable two months ago was no longer so at present" *.

Shrewsbury in reply says, "I never was so entirely satisfied with the design upon Brest as to be surprised at its miscarrying, especially since the enemy had so much warning to prepare for their defence. But I always concluded it was not to be attempted, in case their preparations had made it so impracticable as it is related now to appear to those who viewed it from the ships, but that then they had full power to try what could be done on any other part of the coast they should find more feasible, though the advantage should not altogether be so considerable as seizing a post at Brest" †.

William's next letter (which Lord Macaulay quotes) says, "I am indeed extremely affected with the loss of poor Talmash, for although I do not approve of his conduct, yet I am of opinion that his too ardent zeal to distinguish himself induced him to attempt what was impracticable" ‡.

These letters distinctly negative Lord Macaulay's assertion that the leaders of the attack upon Brest were "not aware that the design had been long known at Versailles" §. It is impossible that William could have written the letters we have quoted—that he could have used such expressions as that the enemy had been "long apprised of the intended attack"—that the plan was practicable "two months ago"—that he could have commented as he did upon the conduct of Talmash—if, as Lord Macaulay asserts, Talmash had been led into a snare, or if the first information had been conveyed to the French court by a letter written on the 4th of May, the day before Talmash set out on the expedition. On the contrary, William treats Tal-

lash throughout as having braved a danger which he knew, and which he ought not to have encountered without further precautions.

Nor is this all. Barchett, the authority to whom Lord Macaulay refers, narrates with great particularity the attack upon Camaret Bay, observes upon the "early advice" which had been given to the French of the intended attack, and uses no expression whatever from which it can be inferred that there was any surprise in the matter. Lord Caermarthen, in his *Journal*, states that they found the place stronger than they had anticipated, and describes the precautions advised by Cutts and neglected by Talmash, but he never intimates that there was any suspicion of treachery or "snare." Lord Caermarthen also gives an account of the death of Talmash, but is altogether silent as to the exclamation which Lord Macaulay asserts the dying general made "with his last breath, that he had been lured into a snare by treachery."

Lord Macaulay appears to have derived his account of the death of Talmash from Oldmixon, of whom he elsewhere says that "it is notorious that of all our historians he is the least trustworthy" ¶.

All the other accounts simply state that Talmash died like a gallant soldier (as he undoubtedly was), "more concerned for the ill success of the action than for the loss of his own life" **. Oldmixon goes into more minute particulars, on what authority does not appear, but though Lord Macaulay has clearly derived his account from Oldmixon, the two historians directly contradict each other.

Waiving for the present the question of how far Oldmixon is entitled to credit, let us see what his account

* *Shrewsbury Correspondence*, p. 45.

† *Shrewsbury Papers* pp. 44, 45, 46.

‡ It is remarkable that Lord Macaulay appears to be incapable of transcribing correctly. He quotes the above letter thus: "The poor fellow's fate has affected me much. I do not indeed, think he managed well, but it was his ardent desire to distinguish himself that impelled him to attempt impossibilities. William's letter is better English, and in better taste. Such colloquialisms as 'poor fellow' belong to the free and easy school of the nineteenth century. Perhaps some future Macaulay may adopt phrases even more nautically far from fair."

§ P. 510.

¶ P. 11.

¶ Vol. II. 240, edit. 1858.

** *Ralph*, 504.

is. "The brave general, Talmash, was mortally wounded, and being conveyed to Plymouth, died there a few days after. It is certain he believed himself betrayed. His last words were very remarkable, and prove beyond all question the correspondence the French had with *some of King William's council*. 'I die contented,' said he, 'having done my duty in the service of a good prince, but I am very sorry the government is betrayed.' He knew who were the traitors, and named them to a person who stood at his bedside, that he might discover them to Queen Mary in his Majesty's absence, that she might be upon her guard against those *pernicious counsellors* who had retarded the descent, and by that means given France time so to fortify Brest as to render all approaches to it impracticable."*

Now, if this account is true, those to whose correspondence with France Talmash referred, were "of King William's council," *which Marlborough was not*. The traitors whom he "knew and named" to the nameless person who "stood by his bedside," were "*pernicious counsellors*," who had access to the Queen, *which Marlborough had not*. They were persons who had "retarded the descent, and by that means given France time to fortify Brest." This Marlborough never had the power to do, and has never been accused of doing, even by Lord Macaulay. It is clear, therefore, that if Talmash did, as Lord Macaulay asserts, "exclaim with his last breath that he had been lured into a snare by treachery," he also declared that that treason was perpetrated by some person who by no possibility could be Marlborough—possibly Godolphin, possibly Shrewsbury, possibly both, but clearly and distinctly *not* Marlborough.

It is stated in the life of William, published immediately after his death, and about eight years after these events had taken place, that "it was common talk at London and elsewhere, long before the fleet went out, that the design was upon Brest, and that the French themselves were so sensible of it that they took all the

precautions imaginable, by planting batteries, making intrenchments and bringing numerous bodies of regular troops to defend themselves against the impending danger."†

Ralph, referring to Boyer, states that it was "town talk in London some months before it was put in execution"‡ Kennet§ uses the same expression, and adds that "it is certain that the French had time to provide themselves against the design." Luttrell, in giving an account of the despatch which brought the tidings of the defeat, says "The French certainly knew of our design, having about 10,000 foot and 4000 horse of veteran soldiers encamped there ever since the 22d of April, and 10,000 militia within the town. Vauban, the engineer, was also there, and fortified every pass." Here, then, we have the united testimony of contemporary historians—of Floyd, of Shrewsbury, of James, and of William—that the design upon Brest had been long known to the French court, that the precautions taken in consequence by the government of that country were known to the English government, that it was town talk in London, long before the fleet sailed, that Brest was their destination. We have Godolphin's communication to Floyd in April, Lord Arrans to James some time before, we have the 1st of May distinctly fixed as the date of a formal communication to Louis: we have the fact of troops being assembled in April—of the fortification of Brest, not hurried with skill, deliberation, and completeness, we find Lord Macaulay citing the very authorities upon whose pages these facts appear, and yet deliberately asserting that the secret was faithfully kept until Marlborough, through some secret channels, discovered it on the 4th of May, the very day before the fleet sailed, and "instantly" revealed it to James, and that the failure of the expedition and the death of Talmash were consequent upon the information thus conveyed.

Let us turn to Lord Macaulay's narrative, and see how he treats this

* OLDMOYON, III. 92

† RALPH, p. 504

‡ *Life of William* p. 378

§ Vol. III. p. 664

transaction. Godolphin and Shrewsbury were high in office, and deep in the confidence of William. The reader will seek in vain in the narrative of Lord Macaulay for any indication of their share in the transaction. The opprobrium due to their treachery is showered down upon the head of Marlborough, who, as we have seen, held no office, who was forbidden the royal presence, who was but just liberated from the Tower, who might well feel incensed at the ingratitude of the monarch whom he had helped to place upon the throne, and be readily pardoned for expressing contrition for his desertion of his former master.

It must be admitted that in no view of the case can the conduct of Marlborough in this transaction be justified. But his offence seems rather to have been against James, in seeking credit for a service of no value, than against William, and we must not weigh too nicely the conduct of a man whose head was in peril between two equally implacable sovereigns. It must be remembered, too, that at this time a large proportion of the people of England still considered James as their rightful sovereign, that the Dutch troops of William were foreigners, and looked upon by many in the light of enemies and invaders, as much as the French troops of Louis. The correspondence of Marlborough with James must therefore be regarded as an offence of a very different character from what it would have been had it been carried on with a foreign potentate, or had Marlborough, like Russell, Shrewsbury, and Godolphin, enjoyed the confidence of William. Prizing as we do the benefits conferred upon us by the Revolution, we are apt to forget in how different a light from ourselves those regarded William who had seen him only a few years before placed on the throne, in compliance, it is true, with religious and political necessity, but no less truly by means of treachery and falsehood, from the stains of which, unhappily, Marlborough himself was not free.

Our present task, however, is not to determine the very difficult question of what amount of blame is

justly to be awarded to Marlborough, but to examine how far confidence can be placed in even the most specific and deliberate statements of Lord Macaulay. Nothing can exceed in minuteness of detail and positiveness of assertion this particular charge against Marlborough. At the same time it is difficult to say whether it excels most in the *suggestio falsi* or in the *suppressio veri*. It is not true that it was by means of Marlborough's information that the French Government were enabled to fortify Brest,—it is not true that Talmash was lured into a snare,—it is not true that he and Berkeley were in ignorance that the design upon Brest was known at Versailles, and that steps had been taken for defence,—it is not true that Marlborough was the cause of the failure of the expedition, or of the death of Talmash,—and it is a monstrous and a foul calumny that Marlborough was his "murderer." The instances of "*suppressio veri*" are almost as remarkable. The treachery of Shrewsbury is suppressed, the treachery of Godolphin is suppressed. The reader would never discover from Lord Macaulay's narrative that either of them had anything whatever to do with the transaction. Floyd's intelligence is suppressed, Lord Arran's information is suppressed, Melfort's communication to Louis is suppressed, the fact of the fortification of Brest in April is suppressed, the correspondence between William and Shrewsbury is garbled, and the dying words of Talmash, which afford the clearest proof of the innocence of Marlborough, are distorted into evidence of his guilt!

We would willingly suppose that Lord Macaulay had been misled by other historians who might have been biased by the party feelings of the day. But this unhappily is impossible. He quotes and refers to the very documents we have laid before the reader—the very documents that disprove his assertions. The evidence was in his hands which proves incontestably that James was in possession of the information in April, that Godolphin had communicated it to Floyd during that month, and that Louis was in possession of

it certainly not later than the first of May, that it was known to the English Court that the French King was aware of their intentions, and that precautions had been taken for the protection of Brast. Yet Lord Macaulay persists, year after year, and edition after edition, in reiterating this monstrous accusation—designates this as “the foulest of treasons,” “the basest of the hundred villainies of Marlborough,” and showers down upon him such appellations as “traitor,” “criminal,” and “murderer.”

We have been amongst those who have shared most deeply in the universal admiration due to the genius and eloquence of Lord Macaulay. In his own department we still regard him as unrivalled. He is beyond comparison the greatest master of brilliant and unscrupulous fiction that has ever adorned the language or disgraced the literature of England. It is impossible for any English man—it is impossible for any honest man, to rise from a perusal of this attack upon Marlborough, and an examination of the evidence upon which it rests, without feelings of the deepest indignation.

Here, for the present, we pause. We have done enough to put the reader upon his guard as to how he accepts even the most confident and positive assertions of Lord Macaulay, and to show the kind of services to history which have been deemed worthy of being rewarded by a peerage.

The mischief done is incalculable. Probably no book that has issued from the press since the *Waverley Novels*, has had so universal a circulation as Lord Macaulay's *History*.

The poison has spread far and wide. It has entered into and corrupted the life-blood of modern literature. Lord Macaulay has proclaimed to the

whole civilized world, in tones which reach its remotest corners, that the first of England's military commanders, one of the greatest of her statesmen and diplomatists, the man who, at a period of peril to our religious and political freedom, wielded more than sovereign power, and to whom we owe more perhaps than to any one other man the blessings we most prize, was a “prodigy of turpitude,” “that he was stained with every vice that most degrades humanity, that he was a profligate, a cheat, a traitor, and a murderer.” Lord Macaulay—we say it deliberately—has stated this, having before him and referring to the very documents which prove the falsehood of these charges. The antidote to this poison may work slowly, but it will work surely. Many years may elapse before the still small voice of truth can be distinctly heard above the torrent of eloquent declamation and the din of popular applause. Lord Macaulay, probably for his life, may enjoy the triumph of having successfully held up the greatest of English generals to the contempt and execration of the world. The hour of retribution may be distant, but it is certain. Reputations such as that of Marlborough cannot die, and the avenging spirit lives and breathes in thousands of manly and honest hearts. Even now we hear on all sides murmurs which grow deeper and louder each succeeding year, which shape and syllable themselves into the expression of a growing belief, gradually finding utterance from the lips of men who read and think, that wherever party interests or personal predilections or aversions interfere, Lord Macaulay is not to be trusted either to narrate facts accurately, to state evidence truly, or to award the judgment of History with impartiality.

THE LUCK OF LADYSMADE.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE FLIGHT

SCARCELY an hour after the struggle between Cuthwin and the Crusader in the basket-makers hut, Father Giacomo might have been seen to enter it. He knew nothing of what had passed there, but he had paused in his walk from the Manor more than once, as he observed figures moving rapidly in the meadows beyond, which were those of some of the party engaged in the search for the deer stealer, and it was not until he had reconnoitred the position carefully, that he at last presented himself at the door, for it would by no means have suited him to have his own communications with the occupants of the hut made public. He knocked hastily, and without waiting for any reply, pulled the leathern thong which moved the latch, and admitted himself. It need hardly be said that neither the basket maker nor his wife were within. Cuthwin himself was at that moment lying in one of the broad shallow meres near Lowcote, like some amphibious animal, with nothing above the water except his head, and that cunningly hidden by a small patch of reeds, perfectly secure in his hiding place, as long as he could maintain his position, and his daily habits had made him almost insensible to the bodily discomfort, while he feared the wrath of his liege lord Sir Godfrey (and with good reason) even more than his old enemy the ague. So effectual was his plan of concealment, that his pursuers—amongst whom Poot, it must be confessed, was not especially ardent,—though they continued their search until dusk, returned at last unsuccessful. Swytha was still cowering in the wood, exhausted more from terror than fatigue, and afraid to return to the hut, or even to move, though in her case all danger was over. It did not surprise the Italian to find the outer room unoccupied, for even in their more legitimate occupations, the basket-maker and his wife were as much abroad as within, nor did the remains of

the stolen buck, over which he stumbled in the dim light within the hut, betraying the fact that Cuthwin was employed at times in other business than his baskets, seem to strike his present visitor as a very novel or startling discovery, either it had not been the chaplain's business to inquire how their sick guest had been supplied with the delicate food which she needed, or he had inquired, and been perfectly satisfied with the explanation, it would have been better in his eyes for Sir Godfrey's table to have lacked fat venison all the season, than that it should not have been forthcoming, at that particular juncture in the peasant's hut. The body of the poor hound lay unseen in the shadow behind him as he threw open the door, and merely uttering an impatient ejaculation at Cuthwin's carelessness, in thus leaving exposed the palpable evidence of his unlawful deeds, he passed to the door of the inner chamber, and knocked again. Still receiving no reply to his summons, he opened it, and softly entered.

She whom he sought was there. She sat on the low couch, her hands clasped together, and her eyes fixed upon the opposite wall. So absorbed had she been, as it seemed, in her own thoughts, that she had either not heard, or heard as in a dream, the knock which had announced him. And she started to her feet, and looked as one suddenly awakened, when he entered and stood before her. The priest slightly started too, as he met the wild and excited gaze, and saw the flush upon the thin cheek.

"Has the fever returned, Isola?" he asked, in the low gentle tone which he had used in addressing Giulio, so different from his usual manner, that many who had held ordinary converse with him might have failed to recognise the voice of the speaker—"How is it with you to day, *carissima*? your looks alarm me."

"I am well," she replied quickly,—
"quite well—better, I would say."

Giacomo drew near, took her hand in silence, and counted the beats of the pulse. She forced a smile, as she remarked his grave and anxious face.

"I am much better," she said, more quietly, "stronger even than yesterday." But her colour went and came.

The priest shook his head. "It is always thus," he said, "you over-rate your own strength. Nor have you kept yourself as quiet, mind and body, as I bid you," he continued, taking up a rosary of large black beads which lay on the bed by her side, and fixing his eyes upon her with a reproachful smile.

"But I am better and stronger," she replied, taking the rosary from him,—*"only that I felt some little faintness a while ago, and then your sudden coming startled me."*

He looked at her still anxiously. "I had surely thought," he said, "you might have left this place to-morrow, or the next day at farthest, but now—I much doubt whether I dare risk the journey; we must wait yet a few days longer."

"I think," said his companion, hesitatingly, "I think I might go to-morrow—I am surely strong enough. I am willing to go, if you see fit." She cast her eyes upon the ground, and trembled visibly.

The priest looked at her with some surprise. "Strange!" he exclaimed, speaking to himself apparently, rather than to her, and falling into something of his old habitual tone—"Strange! then the mood is changed, it would seem! It was but yesterday, Isola, that you would scarcely listen to me when I showed you how absolutely needful it was, for every reason, that you should quit this place at once—that is, as soon as might be with reasonable care for your health, and now—I could almost fancy you were impatient to be gone! It was madness, as I plainly told you, nothing short of madness, to have come here at all, but it would be little less for you to dream of venturing on a night-journey, such as ours must be, while your whole frame throbs as it does now, with what I much fear is a fresh access of fever.

It is idle, I know, to find fault with the past, but would to heaven this last rash step of yours had never been taken! it has well-nigh cost you your life already, and it may yet cost you what you will say you value more."

"Oh! Giacomo mio!" said Isola, clasping both her hands on his, and speaking with an agonised and entreating vehemence in her native Italian—"forgive me, but do not speak—do not try to reason with me! You cannot feel, you cannot know—how should you! the strong compulsion that has dragged me hither! You think I have no pride, Giacomo, no woman's shame, I have—I loathe and curse myself, a hundred times in the day, you could never say to me one half the bitter words I heap upon myself! You—forgive me, what did I say! you are never bitter to me—you never reproach me, though I know what you must think, but I know it all, and feel it all, and do not spare myself—but I have no will, Giacomo, I have no will! I can do no other than I have done, but I will go, if it please you, I will go!" She flung herself from him on the rude couch, and hid her face in an agony of tears and shame.

He gently raised, and tried to soothe her. In a few moments, by a strong effort of self control, she was becoming calm again, when they heard the outer door open cautiously, and some one enter the hut.

Giacomo sprang up instinctively, and moved towards the door of the room in which they were sitting. "It is Outhwin returned," he said carelessly, recovering himself.

"Swytha!" said a voice without,—*"Swytha, are you there?"*

It was not the basket-maker's voice—that they both knew at once. Giacomo laid his hand upon the bolt, his companion grasped his arm, pale and trembling.

"Swytha!" said the voice again, in a louder tone, and then a hasty step approached the chamber door, and a hand tried its fastenings.

The priest held it firmly closed for a moment or two, with the look of a man hesitating as to his course of action. Then, motioning Isola towards the couch at the end of the

apartment, and raising his hand as a warning to be silent, he rapidly drew from under his cloak a short bright dagger, and holding it so as still to conceal it from observation, opened the door and stepped quietly out, closing it behind him, and stood confronting the unexpected visitant, calm and self possessed, whatever thoughts might be passing within him.

Not so the intruder. Startled he might very naturally have been, as the sudden appearance of the Italian in the doorway almost forced him backwards, but it was something more than momentary astonishment which made him recoil yet a step or two further, when he recognised Father Giacomo's eyes, brighter even than usual, gleaming upon him in the twilight.

"Keep off!" he cried, flourishing the staff in his hand with a sort of wild gesture of defence, but dropping it again as he saw the priest's unmoved demeanour—"saving your reverence, good father, how you startle a man—who would have thought to meet with your worship here, of all unlikely places?"

"Nay then, Master Picot," returned the priest, "I might rather ask, I think,—if I were curious in matters that concern me not—what might be the purpose of your visit—which seems, however, to be something of a private and confidential nature?"

Picot had staggered back among the displaced oser bundles, and was steadying his footing with some difficulty, which might account for a degree of embarrassment and want of readiness in his reply.

"Well, the truth is, father, I came here—Cuthwin, look you, has brought himself into trouble—Sir Godfrey had some tidings this afternoon of a stolen buck, and we have orders to take him, if he may be found."

"And you came here, then, for that purpose?" The priest had stepped forwards so as again to bring himself close to the forester, and was holding him captive, as it were, with his piercing glance.

"Nay," replied Picot, shuffling again rather uncomfortably—"I scarce expected, as I may say, to find

him here—he gave us all the slip, and is gone clear off, I reckon." And he gave a brief but not very clear account of the afternoon's adventure.

"God help him, poor knave!" said Giacomo, "but you, my good Picot, like a trusty servant,—having had your eye on his misdoings for some time, I think—you gave your master this information?"

"Why—no," said Picot hesitating still more uncomfortably—"no—it was not from me Sir Godfrey heard it first, I had my suspicions, it is true—I confess I had suspicions, but—"

"Suspicions! my excellent Picot, you wrong yourself, when you find a peasant broiling venison, it becomes rather more than a suspicion that he makes himself free of his lord's coverts."

"Holy Virgin!" said the hunter, making an attempt to cross himself, "may I never—"

"Hold!" said Giacomo—"do not waste your oaths, I know all."

"Well!" said Picot doggedly, recovering himself a little, and speaking more at ease than before, "if the devil will have it so, there be no help for it. Much good there comes of a man being tender hearted! 'tis the first time, as I remember me, I ever turned soft, and I warrant me it will be the last. He said the child was dying with the fever, and mine did die—and he begged hard of me—and I swore him to kill nought but a young roe, but he could never stay his hand there, I might have known, and now he has struck down as fine a buck as goes within our liberties! How thou hast come by thy knowledge, Father Giacomo, thou canst tell better than I"—and he eyed the chaplain with his old misgiving—"but thou must e'en do thy worst with it, if it like thee."

"Nay, Picot," returned the priest, "had I meant you harm, remember, I could have done it ere now. I do not say I think much the worse of you, that you came here even now to help a friend in trouble, though he be somewhat of a hardened sinner against forest laws. I have your secret—if you knew all, it is well for you that I have, it shall rest safe with me. And now," he continued, laying his hand upon the hunter's

shoulder, "I have my secret too, and I think I may trust you with so much of it, at least, as will not bring you into trouble. I take it, you and your fellows have charge to make farther search for this unlucky Cuthwin!"

"Giles and Herwald will be on the watch by daylight," said Picot, "I go to Sir Godfrey for farther orders to-night."

"To-night then it must be," said Giacomo, after some moments' thought. "I shall need your service here, Picot, it shall be well paid, and I will not forget the obligation."

"If it be nought against my lord Sir Godfrey," said the forester, looking at him suspiciously.

"In no way against Sir Godfrey, nor against any man, rest assured. Will you do my bidding?"

"I will," said Picot. If he did not hate the chaplain less, he feared him more. Giacomo was a subtle observer of men's looks and tones, and he read in the forester's brief reply earnestness at least, if not good will. He knew that there are occasions when a show of implicit confidence becomes the only safe precaution.

"I have a friend here who needs to take a journey to night, and is too ill to walk, you can provide me with a safe beast, and accompany us yourself as far as we shall need your service."

"I will do your errand if I can," said Picot, "Rob Miller hath an easy-paced mare, but I doubt if he will be over ready to loan her, though he will do as much for me as for any man, but your reverence spoke of payment, and Rob will do that for money which he would scarce do for good-will."

"You shall be paid liberally, Picot—never doubt of that, but in this matter the fewer we take into council the better. Keep the money for thyself, and ask no one's leave for the hiring but the good beast herself, you need no guide to the miller's stable but the moonlight, and Grizel has done a night's work in your service before now."

The hunter started, and made some inaudible exclamation. What ever books it was that the chaplain

studied, they contained, it was perfectly clear to Picot, very minute information as to his own daily life. He began to be very seriously alarmed, not so much from fear of Father Giacomo's making use of this information to do him any mischief with Sir Godfrey, as from the indefinite dread of having an eye thus unnaturally conversant with his private actions. His religious views, as far as they went, had a good deal of the old gloomy pagan leaven, and he was beginning to entertain a horrible suspicion that for some of his misdeeds he was being handed over, body and spirit, to do the work of the evil one. But he dared not show disobedience now, from that time forth Father Giacomo was his acknowledged master.

The chaplain had calculated upon his advantage, and used it to the full. "An hour after nightfall," he said, "you will be ready here within call, if any of your fellows should be on the watch to night, and seem likely to interfere with our movements, you will know how to provide them with occupation in some other direction, our way will lie through Lowcote."

"It shall be done, father," said the forester, with humble acquiescence, "I will not fail you, but I must wait upon Sir Godfrey now, and it will be dark within an hour."

Picot left the hut, and the chaplain, after making fast the door behind him, returned to Isola, whom he found trembling with anxiety, but calm and self possessed.

"We have no choice left now," he said,—"this place is no longer safe for you," and he explained that the basket maker was a fugitive, and that the miserable dwelling was liable at any moment to be searched.

"I knew it," she said, "and therefore I had made up my mind, as I was about to tell you, to leave it, if it were possible, even this night." And she told him something, but not all, of Cuthwin's discovery and flight. "I am quite ready." She looked up into his face with a smile.

"Yes, this very night it must be," said Giacomo. "It is a terrible risk, yet better for you at this time than discovery. The air is wonderfully warm and still, and we must hope

that you will take no harm. And now I must leave you for a while, for I must to Ladymede, to make some needful preparation for this journey I will return as quickly as I may, and, meanwhile, I will leave the outer door wide open, you need scarce fear that any search will be made so soon, but if it should so mischance, the only safety is that the place should appear deserted. Swytha can hardly fail to come back soon, warn her of this, and now—try to rest, and be hopeful.”

“I will pray,” said Isola, as he went out.

He left her there alone, weak and helpless, and with the consciousness that at any moment she might be subjected to rude questioning, or even actual violence, from any of the retainers of Ladymede who might discover her. But miserable experience had steeled her nerves against the worst sense of danger, and there was in her mind an agony of other thoughts which left no room for fear. She drew forth again the rosary which had attracted Giacomo's remark, but after gazing at it for a moment, laid it aside again, as if the struggles of her soul could not be satisfied by any form of words which it suggested, and casting herself on her knees before the little ivory crucifix that hung against the wall, pressed her hot brow against it until the sharp portholes almost cut the skin, and gave unconscious utterance to her broken cries of supplication.

“Son of man!” she cried—“who didst suffer human shame and death!—have pity on me—Holy Virgin mother, pray for me!—great has been my guilt, and oh! bitter, bitter has been my punishment! Yet in this, at least, I have not sinned—this vow have I kept! I made it in madness, but I have never shrunk from the burden of it, though thou knowest it has lain heavy on me!—give me yet strength—and oh! give me repentance!”

Long she leant there motionless, and it was dark within the chamber when she arose. She made some hasty preparations for her flight, and when Swytha's stealthy footstep was heard entering the hut, she was calm enough to rise and welcome the terri-

fied woman, and even to offer her such poor comfort and encouragement as might be drawn from the fact of Cuthwin's having as yet eluded capture. But Swytha was chilled and wearied with her long hiding in the wood, was sore and exasperated by the savage treatment she had received, and was too much absorbed at the moment in the selfishness of her own sufferings to have any very lively sense of her husband's danger, or to receive her guest's kindly expressions of sympathy in the manner they deserved. The fire, too, had gone out, and it cost some time and pains to rekindle it, a process to which she at once devoted her whole attention, scarcely condescending to reply to Isola's gentle words further than by indistinct monosyllables and groans of suffering. As the flame rose, however, and began to crackle cheerfully among the dry thorns with which she fed it, her powers of conversation, such as they were, seemed to return as she brooded over the kindly warmth, and she narrated, for her listener's information, the story of her own danger and deliverance, with many a broad Saxon curse upon the Knight of Ladymede. Then, and not before, she appeared to interest herself in the fate of Cuthwin, and having heard all that Isola had to communicate, broke out again into a mixture of lament and imprecation. Her anxiety for her husband took the form of hearty abuse, he was a fool, and a foul thief, for meddling with the deer at all, he would never take her warning, and doubly a fool, and poor blind owl, for getting himself found out. And now they had driven him out of the country, and she should be left to starve—what was to become of her? Cuthwin would never dare to come back, and where was she to find him? And then, turning the bitterness of her spirit against Isola, —vexed with her, perhaps, because she had listened to her wild outburst of passion in silence and patience, and had not even thought it necessary to take up the defence of the absent Cuthwin—who, if he had been within hearing, would most assuredly have replied to the attack with somewhat different weapons—

she proceeded to impute all their misfortunes to the having to do with folks who were too dainty for their ways of living.

Finding her first attempts at consolation so ungraciously received, Isola had relapsed into her own thoughts, which were bitter enough, and Swytha's whining complaints and reproaches had only been listened to mechanically, with a dull feeling of disgust, but now she ventured quietly to remind her that the stolen venison had been first brought home for the sick child, from whom, in deed, she had caught the fever immediately on her arrival. Had she been acquainted with the previous habits of the family, she would have known that it was not the first time that Cuthwin had taken advantage of his neighbourhood to the mere and forest to improve his ordinary fare.

"It never did the child good," replied the woman, "but as for thee,—it be nought but the good deer haunch and wildfowl meat, that my poor man chanced hanging for, that hath kept the life in those dainty limbs, I reckon."

There was enough of truth in the peasant's unfair and ungracious taunt to bring the colour into her guest's pale cheek, accustomed as she was to the woman's coarse speech and selfish nature, and she found it somewhat difficult to reply, she felt that she was unquestionably indebted largely for her recovery to Cuthwin's breach of forest laws, although it was no care for her which had first led him into such dangerous practices. Nor could she forget that they had given her shelter under their roof, or that Swytha had tended her in the extremity of illness, though it had been with a grudging service, which had been liberally paid. It would have been useless to try to convince the peasant of her injustice, which after all was but one of the forms in which grief expresses itself in rude and unreasoning minds, and she was sorry to feel that she was leaving her in trouble which she was powerless to relieve, and which she could even be accused of having brought upon her. Isola's answer was in such gentle tones as might have made her peace even with a harder nature.

"I am sorry indeed," she said, "if I have any part in leading poor Cuthwin into this distress, but pray you take comfort, he is in safe hiding, let us be sure, for the present, and I will promise you that Father Giacomo—and, as you know, he has wondrous means of getting information—shall seek him out when the search has cooled a little, and provide you both with some safe shelter and employment out of all fear of Sir Godfrey's vengeance.—And I shall not trouble you longer, Swytha—I am leaving you to-night."

The woman started, and raised her head from her hands, probably she heard the intelligence with some regret, if so, her regret took the same form as her distress about her husband.

"Going away?" she said, "ay, go—go! welcome sorrow, and farewell friends! we took thee in thy trouble, and now ours is come, and we might chance to have some use of thee, 'tis 'God be with ye'—Ay, go, I would not seek to keep thee."

"But, good Swytha, bethink thee, if I were discovered here, and Sir Godfrey learnt that you had been harbouring me without his knowledge—Father Giacomo has told you that I had the mishap to anger him in times past—I should only make him doubly bitter against ye both, which I should be right loth to do, and discovered I must surely be now, were I to stay. It is for your sakes and mine that I must go, and trust me I will not forget your good deed."

The truth of what she said was so evident even to Swytha, that the latter contented herself with shaking her head, and entering her protest against the argument by a deep groan. She did not trouble herself to ask any questions as to her guest's movements, but applied herself in silence to the preparation of a meal from some collops of the venison which she produced from its concealment among the rafters. She was still thus employed when the priest returned, she took but little notice of his entrance, and when he addressed her with a few words of condolence, made no reply beyond an impatient and repelling gesture.

"Do you feel strong enough to set

forth, Isola?" he asked, "it will be time soon, the night is fair and mild, and the moon will be rising shortly." He came close to her, and whispered other words in a low tone.

"As you will," she replied, "I am quite ready, and have no fear."

Giacomo threw off his cloak, and from a large wallet which was slung round his person produced a flask and a small silver cup. "I would have you drink this," he said, "it will give you strength, and you will need it."

But Swytha had now concluded her preparations, and had disposed the results of her cookery upon the rude bench which served for a table. There was little in the appointments of the meal to tempt the fastidious taste of an invalid, but the hot steaks of freshly broiled venison, which she placed before them on the thin barley cakes, sent up an appetising savour which might have been lost under a more elaborate process.

"She will need meat as well as drink, if she is to journey far," said the hostess—"she has taken little enough since morning. She condescended to no further invitation, but proceeded to satisfy her own craving for food. Neither her grief for the lost Outhwin, nor any qualm of feeling as to the penalty which he might yet have to pay for these unlawful delicacies, prevented her from eating with a ravenous enjoyment. Still, she turned a restless glance from time to time to where Isola was seated, and gave utterance to a grunt which might be charitably construed to express complacency when she saw that the priest had persuaded her to take the food which in truth she much needed.

"It is time that Picot were at his tryst," said Giacomo, when their repast was ended, and he left the hut to reconnoitre. The moon was just showing her circle above the woods, and all was calm and still. Except the occasional shrill cry of the coots and other waterfowl in the surrounding marshes, not a sound of life was to be heard. After walking slowly round to ascertain as far as possible whether any one was on the watch, he coughed loudly. A similar sound answered him from the thicket of

osiers, and following its direction, he found the forester in waiting with the animal of which he had spoken. It was led in silence to the door of the hut, and in a few moments Isola was seated on it, carefully guarded from the night-air by a wrapper of warm skins. Picot showed some surprise when he found that the chaplain's companion was of the weaker sex, but that was a point on which he neither wished nor dared to make remark or objection. Swytha had relapsed into a sullen apathy, and took little heed of her guest's kindly farewell. The forester led the way, the priest walked close by the side of Isola, half supporting her in her seat as they moved slowly over the rugged track, which was treacherous in the darkness even to the carefully-planted steps of Grissel. In silence they proceeded until they reached the broader pathway which led to the hamlet of Lowcote. Then, as they emerged from the low brushwood of the swamp into the more open country, and the moonlight fell on the clear road before them, Father Giacomo, satisfied that the beast justified Picot's recommendation in being both sure and steady, found that his charge no longer required his exclusive attention, and called the forester to his side. There seemed now to be but little risk of their movements having been watched, and he ventured to enter into conversation with him, but in a subdued and cautious tone.

"How far is it reckoned from hence to Michamstede?" he asked.

"To Michamstede?" said the forester, "twill be full twelve miles, I warrant me, by the nighest road."

"I almost thought it had been further," said the priest, with a sigh of relief.

"The lady never thinks to travel so far to-night?" rejoined Picot, in a whisper, casting a look of rude compassion towards her.

"Hush!" said the priest—"you know the road thither!"

"That do I well, night or day, I was born within a mile of it."

"And the mynchery, if I remember rightly, lies just on the outside of the town?"

"Outside the north gate, before we

cross the bridge, I have a sister there who is under-portress."

"This well," said Giacomo, "thou seest, friend Picot, I have some discretion in choosing a guide, to the mynchery of Michamstede are we bound to-night, even at the risk of disturbing thine excellent sisters alumbers. Bring us but safely to the gates, however, and I will not fear to make my peace with her, and to send thee home contented with this night's work—if ever man of thy craft were content with honest earnings."

They were silent again as they reached the little cluster of habitations that lay grouped round the chapel of St Bride at Lowcote. There was little need, it is true, of such precaution, for the hamlet lay asleep, early as it was, and there was not a light to be seen in any of the dwellings. They stopped, at a whispered bidding from the priest, at the lych gate which led into the chapel-yard, and drew aside under the shadow of a solitary yew which grew beside it. There Picot was left alone in charge of the lady, while Father Giacomo passed in, and entered by a low side-door into the little sacristy. He was absent not more than two or three minutes, but when he returned to them, the forester started with surprise, and scarcely suppressed a loud ejaculation. It was only a deep whisper from the priest, which reassured him that the figure which had now joined them was not that of a stranger. He was clad in the ordinary dress of a yeoman, and long straggling locks of dark hair gave quite a different character to the strongly defined eyebrow and full black eyes which, set in the close-shaven head of the ecclesiastic, seemed to have an unnatural power of looking into others instead of at them. Few would have recognised the chaplain of Ladysmede in his present guise, even in broad daylight, and Picot, whose notions were very limited upon all subjects except woodcraft and who had all a child's appreciation of the marvellous, found his awe of his companion by no means diminished by this simple act of transformation. Isola was evidently

prepared for it, and, without any remark from her, the little party again proceeded on their way. Grizel's pace was an ambling shuffle, easy enough to the rider, and fast enough to put to full test the forester's practised powers of walking, but the Italian, with long active strides which seemed to cost him hardly any exertion, kept up easily with the animal on the other side, and was able to support Isola in her seat whenever they came to any broken ground, or their road presented any other difficulty. They soon left Lowcote far behind, and in reply to Giacomo's anxious questioning, his companion had declared that she felt but little fatigued by the exertion.

The evening, when they set out from the basket-makers' hut, was bright, and very warm for that late season. The moon, nearly at her full, had risen clear and well defined, and it seemed that, if such a journey must be undertaken at all, a night better suited for it could scarcely have been chosen. But the forester, to whom Giacomo could not help communicating his own satisfaction on this important point, did not assent to the remark as cordially as the other expected. His more experienced eye had detected, even before they reached Lowcote, symptoms which had made him glance round the horizon more than once with some inward misgiving, though he had judged it useless to alarm his companions with what was very likely to be a groundless foreboding. But now the air was becoming unnaturally still, and the temperature almost oppressive, the busy cries of the waterfowl in the marshes had ceased, and even the dull gurgling flow of the river, which ran close below them, might have been fancied to have stopped, so little was it audible. A dark gloom—it was too regularly uniform to be called a cloud—was spreading over the sky behind them, though as yet the moon shone out unobscured in the opposite quarter. The priest had been walking for the last half mile in silence, with his head bent, as buried with his own thoughts, and the first who made any audible remark upon the ominous change in

the appearance of the sky was Isola, who now threw back the wrappings from her head with a sense of suffocating oppression, and looking round her, noticed with alarm these indications of a coming storm. She at once drew Giacomo's attention to the threatening veil which was now rapidly widening and deepening around and above them. A single hasty glance convinced him that her fears were likely to be too well founded.

"Picot," said he, "I dislike the look of the weather, what say you?"

"I say," replied the hunter, whose opinion on the subject had been for some time decided in his own mind, "that 'tis but a question now whether we may win to our journey's end before the storm break, or no; for, I confess, a blacker promise I never saw in the heavens. We might move some thing faster, if so be the lady could bear it."

"I might bear it, I think," said Isola, "but I am taxing your strength sorely already—let us hope the storm will pass."

Some attempt was made to quicken the pace of the party, but their road soon led through a rougher country, and became little more than a succession of steep ascents and descents, which demanded the greater caution, as they were in many places thrown into shadow by the overhanging thickets on either side. Already large drops of rain had begun to fall, the outer edge of the deep pall of cloud was gradually creeping over the moon's disc, and it became evident even to the most unwilling comprehension that in a few minutes the threatened storm would burst upon them.

"Is there any possible shelter within reach," inquired Giacomo, "where we might abide until this pass over?"

"There is none, to my knowledge, nearer than William's Hope," replied Picot, "and that is more than a mile."

"And I should scarce choose to seek it," said the priest, and again he tried to make more speed, while the heavy drops fell thicker, and a sharp flash of lightning brought out vividly for a moment every object on their path, and, as it passed away, seemed

by contrast to leave them in almost total darkness, and indeed the moon's friendly light had now almost disappeared.

It seemed madness, however, in Isola's condition, to think of facing the weather at its worst. On the suggestion of the forester, it was determined to turn aside into a wood close at hand, and there to seek protection at least from the heavy rain, which would soon have drenched them to the skin, in the hope—which Picot, however, said little to encourage—that the storm might after a while exhaust its violence, and enable them to pursue their journey. The lightning blazed round them in quick recurring flashes, frightening even the patient animal on which Isola rode, before they could gain this comparative shelter, and the thunder seemed one continuous roll, peal succeeding peal almost before the first had died away in the distance. They made their way with some difficulty into a small dell, on the side of which two or three oaks of larger growth formed a canopy, which for the present was quite impervious to the rain, and here it was determined to await the possibility of the weather clearing. Having lifted Isola from her seat, the priest placed her in a half-reclining position against one of the oaks, where a partial hollow in the stem formed a kind of rude seat, and where she was perfectly protected from the weather. If it had not been for their more helpless companion, neither Giacomo nor the forester would have considered it any hardship to have bivouacked there until morning, nor, indeed, would there have been any need for serious anxiety even on her account, had not her recent illness made any such exposure dangerous. The few words she spoke were cheerful and courageous, but it was evident that the fatigue of the journey had already told severely upon her weakened frame, and that her strength was rapidly failing. Still, it was now but four or five miles to the nunnery at Michamstede, and once there, she would be sure of rest and quiet, and such careful treatment as her state

required—better, indeed, as Giacomo was well aware, than many a royal and noble lady could command in the chambers of her own palace, with all the aid which wealth and power could buy, for whatever skill in medicine and surgery that rude age might boast, was chiefly to be found in the monastery or the convent. And the Lady Brunhild, abbess of Michamstede, had a reputation for leech-craft which had spread far and wide, and almost rivalled the more miraculous virtues of the Holy Well, which had first decided the site of the mynchery. There was no fear but that her cloister-gate would be opened at any hour to a woman in sickness or in peril, but Giacomo had other grounds also on which he intended that Isola should appeal to her protection, and was not to be dependent for his reception there merely on the good will of Picot's relative, the portress at the gate—a connection of which, as may well be supposed, he had been wholly ignorant until that evening.

But the storm still raged with steady violence, and the forester, who had several times left their shelter to make examination of the weather from the higher and more open ground, returned each time with the same unfavourable report. Giacomo, anxious and impatient, had spent nearly an hour of weary delay, partly in striving to support and cheer his companion, conversing with her, however, but sparingly, and in a low voice, and partly in walking restlessly backwards and forwards, under the ample shelter of the trees. Picot had just returned from his last unprofitable reconnaissance, and the priest had once more put his hopeless question as to any favourable sign in the sky, when a single crash, like the splitting of some huge rock, burst over their heads, a stream of lightning played, as it seemed, upon their very persons, and Isola, with a faint cry, fell forwards on the ground.

Strong nerved as he was, Giacomo started as the thunder broke over them, and for some moments both were blinded by the flash. But he had heard Isola's cry, and had already raised her in his arms, before Picot had recovered himself sufficiently to

be conscious of what had happened. No exclamation broke from the Italian's lips as he supported the insensible form, and he did not even utter her name. His first impression was that she was dead—that the lightning had struck her. It was too dark to see her face, but there was neither breath nor pulse, and the limbs hung powerless. Whatever his feelings were, he had long learnt to control them, and even in the agony of his first belief he was calm and self-possessed. In a quiet voice he called Picot to his assistance, and the forester's emotion, when he understood the cause, would have appeared to an outward observer much the stronger of the two. He groaned aloud and wrung his hands, partly in honest sorrow, and partly, it must be confessed, in a selfish personal horror of his position. The priest stopped his demonstrations by a hand laid quietly on his shoulder.

"She has fainted," he said, but he did not believe his own words.

"She is dead, poor lady, God help us!" said Picot, crossing himself.

But the priest was right. At that moment the lightning flashed again, almost as vivid as before, and lighting up for an instant the features of the three with ghastly distinctness, then all became doubly dark, but Giacomo's keen glance had marked a slight out upon the forehead of Isola, from which the blood was trickling. She had but swooned, partly from nervous terror at the fearful proximity of the lightning, and partly from the weakness and fatigue against which she had struggled so long. Yet her danger had been imminent, the tree next to that against which she had rested had been rent and twisted as if it had been a lath.

"Quick, Picot," said the priest.—"hold her, thus—softly—for an instant."

The forester knelt down, and received from Giacomo his still insensible burden, while the latter searched in the darkness for the cordial which he carried in his wallet, and strove to pour a few drops into her mouth. Her breathing was returning, but it was still some minutes before any degree of consciousness

seemed to be restored. At length a faint pressure of Giacomo's hand gave the first token that reason was still there, as well as life. Then for the first time a low cry, or rather murmur, of joy and relief escaped his lips.

"And now, alas!" said he to the forester, "where can we carry her? Is there no human dwelling to shelter it may be a dying woman in such a night as this?"

"Willan's Hope is close by," said Picot. "I know of none other nigher than Brock's ferry, and that may be hard upon two miles."

"To Willan's Hope, then, it must be," said Giacomo, slowly and thoughtfully, "we may carry her so far, you think?"

"We may carry her easily enough," returned the forester, "were I certain of the path, I had need to know the tracks in these holts well enough, but a night like this bewilders a man. If I could once make my way to Wade's Oak, now, it would save us full half the distance, and 'tis but a step thence on, by a plain road."

He met with assistance in his difficulty from a quarter in which he had not thought of looking for it. Startled at the thunder clap, like her more rational companions, the miller's beast had broken from her fastening, and now finding herself at liberty, and no one laying claim to her further services, after looking wildly round her as if to recall her shaken senses, she had moved off, splashing audibly through the water which was now streaming along the bottom of the little dell. It occurred to the forester at once that her instinct would lead her straight home by the nearest track to the miller's stable, and in that case, she would probably strike the path to Willan's Hope, at or near the oak which he had named,

and which formed the centre of several converging tracks through the woodlands in which they had taken refuge. With a word of hasty explanation to his companion, he started at once in pursuit. At first the mare had moved off slowly, stopping from time to time as if bewildered, or starting aside as the lightning flashed across her path. But now she broke into a steady trot, and Picot lost his footing more than once as he strove to keep up with her in the darkness. He was right, the point which he was seeking was even nearer than he had hoped, and though he had now only the sound of hoofs to guide him, a few dozen paces brought him into a clearing in the wood, where the old tree, solitary and half blasted, threw out its distorted limbs against the sky. It had an ill repute, and the forester at another time would have shuddered at the thought of finding himself there alone at such an hour, but he had already committed himself so far that night, in his own estimation, as to have become somewhat reckless of what farther company he might fall in with; he had a vague idea that anything unwholesome that walked the woods in darkness would surely recognise him as engaged in Father Giacomo's service, at any rate, in his present difficulties, he hailed the old oak as a friend. Wasting no further thought upon Grizzel, he hastened back to inform the priest of this welcome discovery. The storm had now lulled a little, and the night was somewhat lighter. Carefully wrapping up the still speechless Isola, they carried her slowly and with some difficulty to the spot, where they found, as Picot had said, a well cleared path which soon brought them to the gate of the old Tower.

CHAPTER IX — THE REFUGE

It still wanted more than two hours to midnight but on any other evening than the present, a stranger arriving unexpectedly at Willan's Hope thus late would have found every individual of the household gone to rest, and would have had to make long and loud summons for

admittance, and to have held much formal parley with old Warenger, even if under his cautious discipline he had obtained admittance at all. On this particular night there were exceptional circumstances which favoured those who had such pressing need of its hospitable shelter

The banquet which had closed the day's sport at Ladysmede, though its mirth had been somewhat constrained, had been prolonged until comparatively late in the evening. Gladice, willing to show that she appreciated her guardian's forbearance at the hunting party, had complied with his pressing request to remain later than her wont, and she and her escort had barely reached the Tower, by brisk riding over the last mile or two, before the storm began. The liberal hospitalities of Sir Godfrey had softened the faithful Warenger's heart into a more genial mood than usual, and the many parting cups which had been drunk at Ladysmede were a very excellent reason why, after a ride of a dozen miles, it seemed to him churlish to send his followers thirsty to bed. So the strong black beer had been brought out, and fresh logs thrown on the great hall fire, and by its cheerful blaze the old seneschal discoursed with his men at-arms the points of the chase, the jovial good fellowship of their host, and the courtesy of the crusader. It was seldom that he allowed his official dignity so far to unbend itself, and they listened to him as to an oracle, though, like other oracles, he was occasionally indistinct. The rain was splashing down audibly without, and the thunder rattled in volleys round the old walls till they seemed to reel again, but these sounds, to men safe clustered round a blazing fire, with the leathern jack of stout liquor passing from hand to hand, only added a keener relish to their enjoyment, and Warenger was loud in self congratulations that his foresight had hurried the ladies homewards, and so housed them safely before the storm began. He was enlarging to his admiring listeners upon some knotty point of venerie, when, during a brief pause in the roar of the tempest, the lowing of cattle was distinctly heard without. The seneschal had still eyes and ears enough for all his duties.

"Willbald," said he, turning round to one of the serving men who lay on the floor at a little distance, half asleep, half interested in the conver-

sation of their superiors—"were the milch-kine driven in to-night?"

The man rose, and murmured some reply by no means satisfactory.

"Out upon thee, nowt-head! hast no more sense than to leave the poor brutes out in a wild night like this? It were as good a deed as ever was done to send thee out to keep them company—some two or three of ye go with him, and have them in straight."

The guilty Willbald hurried from the hall to repair his neglect, followed more leisurely by two of his companions. It was not a night for either man or beast to be abroad if they could help it.

"See ye here now," said Warenger, moralising with that earnest and slow voiced gravity with which good liquor inspires some men—"see what comes of a man being his own master, and having too little to do because I ride with my lady to the hunt this morning, that young knave does nothing else, I dare be sworn, all day, but he on the bank below there, and gibe with the washing wenches—tending the cattle, forsooth! and leaves them abroad in such weather! Ye need Sir Amyas back among ye here, to set matters straight—I am too tender hearted to deal with such a crew—he always said there was no living in comfort at Willan's Hope until he made a rule of hanging a man once a-year."

More than one of those present could have borne testimony to Sir Amyas' paternal administration, which had certainly not been sparing of the rod. Sharp as such discipline might appear, in the state of morality among the retainers of the old tower in his days, the summary sacrifice to justice of one rogue annually might not have been more than a fair per centage upon their deserts, the objectionable feature in his system was that the knight was rather sudden and capricious in his selection, and did not always hang the right man. At his death, however, the wild following of Willan's Hope had been largely reduced in number, and weeded of its more obnoxious members. Warenger's own rule, strict as it was, was reason.

able enough, though he now and then affected to refer with regret to the reckless despotism under which he had himself been disciplined. His allusion to their late lord awoke a multitude of reminiscences in the little circle.

"Ay, Sir Amyas had a strange way with him, sometimes," said one of the elder men, "I remember well, long ago, and so does Harry yonder, when I had the grooming of his horse, and carried him a bundle or two of green rye in the spring season,—as is but right, ye all know, to sweeten a beast's blood—but Sir Amyas, he never would give in to it, and had forbid it, as I suppose, well, he had me clapt up in a stall for ten days, and fed with dry oats and water, 'tis a marvel to me now how I lived through it, and he set old Grylle—you mind him, Harry?—to fix a set of horse shoes on me. 'Shoe him sound, Grylle,' saith he—I can hear him now, and though the old man had a kindness for me, and drove the nails in but lightly, I could show you the marks yet, hands and feet."

Though the story was well known, all laughed loudly except Warenger, who shook his head gravely, and looked into the empty vessel before him. "He had a merry humour," said he. "Heaven rest him!"

"Twas a humour from which I am fain to be delivered, natheless," said Orypt Harry with some energy.

"Ha!" said the seneschal, "how little gratitude there is in men! He saved thy life once, Harry—never man came so near hanging."

"Near hanging, dost call it, Master Seneschal? to be strung up by the neck for an hour, like a popinjay, for a mark for my lord's arrows? Small thanks to him that I am here to tell of it."

"He did but graze thy head once, man, and he cut the cord with the third or fourth arrow," said Warenger, apologetically, "that was in Sir Amyas' young days, when he would play a colt's prank or two, but no man could draw a bow better when he list to try."

"And how canst talk about an hour, Harry?" said one of his com-

rades, "it was scarce five minutes from first to last."

"Minutes or hours, that be as a man reckons," said Harry, turning round upon him with a wrath which he dared not vent upon the seneschal. "they go mortal slow with a rope round his weassand, as thou wilt have a chance to know when thy time comes, an I had been curmed with thy pury neck and short breath, it had been long enough to have made an end of me."

"Well," returned the other, "there has been many a better man strung up, and never a friend to shoot him down."

"Ay," said Harry, "and many a worse rides free."

Rude jest and laugh still went round, and other tales were told of Sir Amyas' mad doings, to which old Warenger listened with a feeling more like tender regret than virtuous indignation, when the conversation was interrupted by the hasty re-entrance of Willibald, shaking the wet from him, like one of his own beasts.

"There be strangers at the gate, Master Seneschal," said he, "asking shelter for the night."

"Strangers?" said Warenger, "who, and what are they?—speak, man."

"One is a woman," said Willibald, "and they say she is sick, they have lost their way in the storm, and fallen in with one of the foresters from Ladysmode, who has brought them thus far."

"And where do they come from, that they must be roaming the country with a sick woman at such hours?" said the seneschal, by no means well pleased at this demand on his hospitality.

"Nay, that I did not stay to ask," said the man, with some show of humanity—"the woman is well-nigh dead, by their account, she might be dead, poor soul, to judge by her looks, for her face is as white as—"

"Plague on thee!" said Warenger testily, as Willibald hesitated in search of a comparison, "thou art a rare one to look in a woman's face." I warrant me, dead or alive, daylight or no light—'tis the only gift thou art blest with, if I could only tell how

to put it to any useful purpose." And pushing Willibald through the door before him, and grumbling as he went, the old seneschal proceeded towards the gate to inspect the belated travellers.

He found Giacomo and the forester sheltering their helpless burden as well as they could in an angle of the outer wall—for neither Willibald nor his companions ventured to admit them without permission—and a moment's glance at the party satisfied him that their need was urgent. Stern as he was in his rule of watch and ward, the old man had a heart, and would scarcely have refused an enemy shelter in such a night, unless upon a point of strategy. To be troubled with guests of questionable character, and a sick woman among them, at such an hour, was very far from agreeable, but to refuse them admittance would have shocked him as an act of churlish inhospitality, even if he had not had regard to the feelings which his lady might be supposed to entertain on such a question. Having gone out merely to satisfy himself as to the correctness of Willibald's story, he summoned the forester to the gate, and scarcely waiting for a reply to his brief inquiries, gave orders that the party should be admitted, and brought at once into the castle hall. The men-at-arms stood back with a respectful instinct, or even tendered rude but well meant help—for Gladice's presence had some humanising influence in the old fortress—when they saw the pale form disengaged from its drenched wrappings, and laid on two or three low seats hastily arranged for her support in front of the hearth. Warenger himself forgot all further questioning as to the travellers' names and destination, in the belief that he was looking on a dying woman. Once, indeed, as he heard Giacomo's voice, it struck him that the accents were familiar, but he had seldom seen the chaplain at Ladysmade, and did not recognise him in his yeoman's dress. Some of the women of the household were at once roused from their sleep, and Isola, who had revived a little in the warmth of the fire, was carried to a chamber, with a short but emphatic charge from the seneschal that all

appliances which the place afforded should be used for her restoration.

The tale which Poot had to tell, when called upon for an explanation, was a simple and easy one, and, as far as mere words went, not a long way removed from the truth. He was out watching for Sir Godfrey—and he had an opportunity at this part of his story of enlarging upon the atrocity of Cuthwin's proceedings—when he fell in with two belated travellers, sheltering in the wood from the storm, then the lady had been taken ill—her horse had run off—and, in common charity, he had led them to Willan's Hope as the nearest available refuge. Then the stranger was called upon to give some account of himself. But if the old seneschal could have given him a lesson in arms, Father Giacomo was more than a match for him in diplomacy. He was perfectly courteous, and even deferential, and perfectly uncommunicative. He was travelling on business—important business, and of a private nature. The lady was—a lady, on whom he was in attendance. He could not possibly say more. Warenger went to his repose grumbling and discontented, promising himself that he would know more of the matter on the morrow. But when the morrow came, and the seneschal could spare time from his ordinary duties to make farther inquiry about his guests, the yeoman was gone. He had been satisfied to learn that his companion, though weak and exhausted by the fatigues of the night, had recovered sufficiently to be sensible of the Lady Gladice's anxious care and kindness, and he had not thought it necessary to take leave, at parting of any one except the forester. To him Giacomo had, in a few words, expressed his thanks, and had offered for his acceptance a piece of gold, which would have made him a wealthier man than he had ever been in his life. But Poot drew back, and, putting both his hands behind him to be out of the way of sudden surprise or temptation, shook his head, and by words and gestures declined its acceptance.

"Fool!" said Giacomo, "tis good French coin, the moneyer at Mich-

amstede will break it into groats for thee, and not cheat thee much more than thy friend the miller, and ask thee no questions whence it came."

But Ploot, though he eyed the piece lovingly, started not a finger towards it.

"I did my service for good-will, father," said he, in a faltering voice.

Giacomo looked him in the face, and broke into a silent but hearty laugh, still holding out the coin.

"Well' as you will," said he, at last, "as you will I will set the service to thy side of the reckoning."

"The saints forefend us!" said Ploot, watching Giacomo's long strides as he departed. "I trust that day of reckoning will never come, but they cannot get fast hold of a man, as I have heard, unless he either take their money or sign his name, and that I am never like to do."

CHAPTER X.—MEMORIES OF THE PAST

The vesper service was over in the church of St Mary, the echo of the last long drawn response had died away, and slowly rising from their seats on either side the choir, two by two, the long procession of Benedictine brothers filed down the nave, and drawing their cowls over their heads as they passed through the great west doors, dispersed in silence to their cells. The abbot dismissed his chaplains at the foot of the stair case leading to his chamber, and continued for some little time to pace the cloister alone. The doors of the church still stood open as he passed, and after a while he re entered. It was perhaps the place of all others where, at that hour, he would feel most secure from interruption. The twilight outside deepened into gloom within the building, but the tapers which burned continually before the several altars were now shining out amidst their rich decorations, and their rays, flashed back in many colours from gilded vessels and jewelled shrines, mingled with the last gleams of daylight, with an effect not the less beautiful because it partook of unreality.

The abbot passed slowly into the choir, and, turning through the line of low arches on his right, stood within the side chapel, where lay buried the de Burghs of Ladysmede. Some of them, it has been said, had been benefactors to the house of Ravelby, and the altar of St Mary of Egypt, to whom the chapel was dedicated, blazed with precious stones and metals, and was lighted more liberally than any other within the precincts by the pious bequest of one

of the knights who lay at its foot. The very diadem on the Egyptian brow of the image—"black, but comely"—was said to have been the royal crown of a Moorish princess, and was valued at a sum which, if it could have been realised, would have released the good abbot and his brethren from all their difficulties. The light from the tall waxen columns, for their proportions were unusual, fell full upon the figures of the warriors which, carved in stone of Caen or alabaster, reposed at full length upon the tombs below. There lay at rest at last, voyage and venture over, Sir Berart "le Boiteux," who had known but little rest in life, whose crippled foot had trod the soil of half Europe under Count Robert of Normandy, before it was planted on the Saxon rampart at Hastings. Not even the fair domain of Ladysmede, which had rewarded his good service on that day, could long content his roving spirit. Gladly he had returned with the conqueror to fight again in the fields of Maine and Anjou, and had only come home—if for him the idea of home had any existence—in time to die. There also, side by side, lay Sir Ivo and his lady. It would have been ungrateful indeed of the brotherhood of Ravelby if they had been unmindful of the short and simple appeal which the legend made to their charity—no long list of honours and virtues boldly challenging the admiration and gratitude of posterity, but the simple words *Prie; pour nous*. For some of their richest rapors had been Sir Ivo's gift, and they owed an extra portion of wine and cheese at their

daily table, besides many a costly offering at their altars, to the munificence of his lady. There, too, united to his brother Sir Rainald in death as they had never been since their childhood, with features all too faithfully rendered in the stone by the truthful sculptor—with what seemed the ghastly grin of death making the scowl which he had worn in life even more repulsive—lay “Evil Sir Hugh,” as he was called: a name which, in its day, had been a terror to many a wife and mother among his own dependents in the valley of the Onase, even more than to his lawful enemies. The hands were fast joined in perpetual prayer now, if that might atone for the omissions of a life; and over the hauberk of mail, which had proved but vain defence against the dagger of an unknown assassin, was drawn that which it was hoped might serve him in better stead against the powers of darkness—the sleeveless scapulary of the Benedictine, through which the mailed arms and hands showed with strange incongruity. In such habit he had been carried to his burial, as if under that holy disguise it might be possible for the reckless evil-doer to pass unperceived. The feet of each warrior were set fast upon the emblematic dragon, in charitable hope that here at least sin might be trampled down.

The abbot paced slowly up the chapel, and gazed on each of the figures as he passed. He seemed to read the lesson.

“Ay,” he said, as he paused in his walk, “there, if ever, earthly passions are at rest; but not till then—not till then! Even here in the cloister, what avails it to have renounced the world without, when we cannot escape from the world within us? St Mary forgive me, if the thought be sinful! But it seems to me often, as if Heaven laughs to scorn all the barriers which we try to raise for ourselves. Here lies this Sir Hugh—who, if half the tales they tell of him be true, was cut off in deadly sin.—They buried him here in holy ground, with chants and litanies; and thrice a-year, by the liberality of Sir Rainald (God grant it be reckoned to him!) do we yet sing mass for his soul; whilst gallant and honest Miles

de Burgh died in a heathen lamp-house; his body, it may be, cast forth to dogs and birds in those misbelievers’ fashion, or, in any case, far enough from any kindly office or Christian prayer; and his cousin Godfrey—niggard that he is in all things but his own pleasures—grudged us payment for one poor vesper-service! though, if the prayers of an old comrade, who was a better soldier, I fear, than a churchman, may avail him aught, he has them,” said the abbot humbly—“Heaven knows he has them, without price!” and crossing himself, he knelt down on the lowest step of the altar, and rapidly, yet not without devotion, with crossed arms and low bent head, murmured a *placeto* for the departed spirit.

He was yet on his knees, when he was startled by an “Amen,” from a low deep voice behind him. He turned, and rose hastily. Within three or four yards of him stood the figure of a monk, his head bowed in reverential obeisance.

Abbot Martin felt the blood flush into his face, from an impatient feeling of anger and annoyance. He was not ashamed of humbling himself in prayer, nor yet of being seen to pray; but he would have been loth to have it thought—as it would be perhaps by some—that he had chosen such a place for his private devotions purposely, for the chance it offered of his being seen by his brethren. He was naturally indignant also at the thought that his movements had been dogged unwarrantably.

“Brother,” said he to the intruder, in as calm a tone as he could command—“what is your will with me?”

The monk raised his head, and half throwing back his cowl, enabled the abbot to recognise the features of the Italian Giscomo.

“Pardon, my gracious lord,” said he, in his low gentle voice, “pardon me, I humbly entreat you, and believe that I have unwittingly intruded on your prayers; but do not grudge it me,” he added, as the abbot replied by a somewhat haughty gesture—“it were well for me, perhaps, if I could listen to the prayer of an honest man oftener.”

There was an earnestness in his tone, which softened the abbot at

once. "But this drow," he said, still regarding him with some surprise and displeasure—"what means this disguise?"

"It is worn by many, father, to cover worse motives than mine. But it is no disguise, in the sense in which you mean it, I, too, was once—nay, if once, I am still—a Benedictine."

The abbot started. "And an apostate?" he asked, with visible disgust.

"Some might call me so, I would trust the abbot of Ravelby to use a less bitter word, did he know all. But we will not speak of this. Again I crave your pardon for coming before you in a habit which, it is true, I claim no right to wear. But I had need to see and speak with you, and my movements may be watched, even the chatter of the good brethren here, had I been known to pass the gate in my own person, would have been dangerous—a besetting sin of the cloister, Father Abbot, is curiosity, and I would not have our communications made common talk just now."

"But you risk a worse discovery, you may be detected here at any moment," said the abbot, with a hearty and honest dislike of false pretences.

"Danger is for the coward, who hesitates, father, all is safe to those who feel it so. I salute no man, I keep my head bent upon my chest, my cowl half drawn over my face, my eyes fixed upon the ground, if brother Peter at the gate should so far rouse himself as to mark my coming and going, he can but look upon my bearing as an edifying example to your house of obedience to the rule."

There was something of the old bantering tone—something also of the chuckling consciousness of the practised and successful dissembler, which jarred unpleasantly upon his listener's ear. Perhaps he read this in the abbot's face, which his keen eyes watched as usual. The next moment he was serious again. "Can we speak safely here?" he asked.

The abbot looked round the chapel to make sure that they were alone.

"At least we are secure from sudden interruption," he replied, "and I, too, have something which I would say, since we have met again."

"First," said Giacomo, "though I feel that I need scarcely ask—how is it with the child?"

"He is well," said Abbot Martin, smiling for the first time—"well and happy. I would not say he has forgotten you, but even love and sorrow pass lightly at his years. Has Sir Godfrey any misgiving, thank you, of his being here among us?"

"I am not sure," replied the Italian thoughtfully, "after the first storm was over—for storm there was, as you may guess—we have had few words together, and he seems to avoid his name, but I hold his silence to be no good sign."

"You have heard of the demand which Sir Nicholas sent hither in the king's name?"

"Yes," replied Giacomo, with one of his unpleasant smiles, "I had some knowledge of the honour which his majesty intended your house."

The abbot took no notice of the other's manner, but proceeded to mention briefly the fact of the royal messenger's visit, and his recognition of Giulio at the window.

"Dubois!" said the Italian, "I heard it was he that did the errand, a man that sees much and says little. Whatever he learns, he will keep probably until he can turn it to some purpose of his own. But I know Sir Godfrey's temper, if he had any certain information that the boy was here, he would not lose a day in demanding him."

"If he should see fit to threaten force," said the abbot, "we are but in poor case at Ravelby to resist it, and there are few to whom I could look for aid against him, even in a cause where he had less show of right than this.—But I have something of which I must speak"—He cast another glance round them, to satisfy himself that they were out of the reach of curious ears. Then drawing close to the Italian, yet carefully turning his face aside—"When last we met," he continued, "you mentioned a name I had not heard for many a year—a name I never thought to hear again." He paused for a moment, but Giacomo did not interrupt him.

"I do not care to hide from you—(Giacomo smiled silently to himself)—"that it brought with it remem-

bronzes which moved me much, and now, answer me one question—I have surely earned the right to ask—and answer truly, standing here in the presence of the dead, and of Him who lives for ever. *She is dead*, you tell me, dead to me she has been long since, is this boy her child?"

"I will answer you truly," said the Italian—"he is I owed you a confidence, and so far I repay it. But question me no further, so much may concern you to ask, and you have the right to know, but as to matters which touch the Knight of Lady Medea, I will not speak, nay, any knowledge which you might gain from me, could only serve at present to bring more trouble upon your house than, it may be, I have brought already."

When the abbot turned his face full upon the Italian, it had lost its usual expression of frank benevolence, and the brow was very dark and stern. His voice was hoarse with some strong emotion, as he said—"I ever held Godfrey de Burgh for a godless and a selfish man, but I could not have believed—I hardly now believe—that he would take the life of a child. Surely your fears have misled you in this?"

"Whoso is guilty in one point, is guilty in all," rejoined the chaplain—"I thought it a hard word once, does your experience of men, reverend father, confirm the saying, or not?"

"I know not," said the abbot hurriedly—"I know not. His thoughts were too busy with individuals now to discuss general maxims, divine or human."

"I will not ask to see the child, said Giacomo—"it were better not—and I do but detain you, and risk the shutting of your gates upon me. I thank you, and I take my leave."

"And who are you?" said the abbot, speaking almost bitterly in his strong feeling—"who are you? monk—priest—Englishman—Italian—you whose falsehood stands almost self confessed—perjured in your monastic vow—faithless to the master whose bread you eat—one whom in my whole soul I should loath and despise—and yet whose bare word I have trusted—St Mary forgive me if I be wrong therein!—and am trusting

still, to mine own grievous peril and that of my house!"

"Lord abbot," said the Italian, "you have read that when the Hebrew had a true message to deliver, men did not ask him if he himself were immaculate or no, he gave them a sign by which to know him for a prophet. Even so judge of me—by the token I have given."

Abbot Martin searched his features with a glance almost as keen as his own. "Man!" said he, "I cannot call to mind that we ever met in earlier days—the days of which you would remind me, how came you by the knowledge of the only secret of my life?"

"By no unlawful means, nor yet from any human lips—I am neither wizard nor eavesdropper. If I said by instinct, I might seem to speak riddles, but I should say true."

"I thought," said the abbot, abruptly, "that she of whom you speak had taken the veil in the convent of the Marcellines?"

"It was so said, replied the Italian, looking down."

"Miserable man," said the abbot, again almost fiercely, and in a voice raised beyond all considerations of prudence—"what wrong have I done you, that you have thus forced your self, with these things of the past, upon one who had sought and hoped to renounce them above all, that you have embittered a memory of which the pain had passed away, and which, until now at least, had in it no dishonour?"

"Dishonour!" said the priest, in a more guarded tone, but not with less emotion than the other—"ay, churchmen that ye are, with all your penitential disciplines to mortify the flesh, there was never rule yet given that could teach men to humble the spirit—Dishonour! it is the single hell in which the men of this generation firmly believe. Abbot or soldier, what matters it—there spoke the true spirit of knighthood not that of the Nazarene! so would you thrust from you your truest and best affections, did they stand in the way of your worship of that brazen idol! I much doubt me, father, whether you are more faithful to the spirit of the vows of St Benedict than I have been to their letter. I at least," he continued

batterly, "have learned to trample my honour in the dust, for years I have been content to suffer a worse penance than any known in the cloister—to be a scorn and loathing in the eyes of others, and even in my own—to be what you called me even now, apostate to my vow, traitor to those I have professed to serve—and all this for what? not for wealth, or life, or happiness, if that could ever be mine, not for any selfish hopes in earth or heaven—but for a memory and a dream!"

"Or for revenge," said the abbot, sternly, as he met the flashing eye of the Italian.

"Revenge? say justice, if you would not do me wrong, justice for

those who cannot claim it for themselves. Let those look well to their own safety who stand between it and me! Night and day, for many a year, I have thought for it, worked for it, sinned for it—if a hundred lives stood in the way of it, I would not spare, if I saw it within my grasp, and I shall win it yet."

He might have gone on, for he was speaking, for once, out of the heart's abundance. But a step was heard in the choir—it was the subacrist approaching in the discharge of some of his duties. Drawing his cowl again over his head, and looking on the ground, Giacomo passed slowly by him, self possessed and unsuspected, and the abbot was left alone.

WAR SPECULATIONS

THE storm has been long gathering. The state of Europe has long been hot, nervous, and feverish. The gloom has been steadily increasing in thick ness, and the silence of the air becoming more weird. At last the first drops fall, the first of the thunder shower! The Austrians have declared war. The Rubicon (in this case the Ticino) has been crossed. The first shots have ere now been fired, and the first victims have fallen, but at the time we put pen to paper the telegrams are all at cross purposes, and the electric currents have gone mad, as if scared by the greatness of the crisis. Of course, all the world is now agape for news, and as we are all at present in the position of Byron's disinterested spectator,—

It is a goodly sight to see

For him who hath no friend no brother there,

we look through our mind's eye on the great arena of the basin of the Po very much with the same feelings with which a northern spectator would gaze for the first time on a Spanish bullring,—with great curiosity and excitement, and a certain degree of horror, awaiting the beginning of the sports.

The *Times* has already warned us that an appetite for news is not likely to be so punctually or satisfactorily

fed, as it was by the despatches of "our own Correspondents" from the Crimea and India, seeing that the rival armies will probably exclude from their grim lines all gentlemen of the press and other amateurs, and any bold Briton inclined to venture on taking notes, will run a good chance of being shot, according to the position in which he is found, as either a French or an Austrian spy. At the same time the telegraphs, if all communications of the kind are not rudely interrupted, will simply be made to give such information as may inspire confidence in friends, and disconcert, and as much as possible mystify, enemies, with very little regard to objective truth. No doubt, something very decisive may happen before the issue of the June number of *Maga*, but it is equally probable that it may not, and we may well take advantage of the present breathing time to indulge in conjectures which, if they turn out true, may fairly be put to our credit as true prophets, if not, will be taken for what they are worth, considering, as Thucydides long ago remarked in substance, that the most improbable events are the most probable in war. At the same time, the more we ponder and reflect on our own relative position to the contending parties,

and provide against all possible complications, the better it will be for us in the end. We will endeavour, as far as we can, then, in pursuing the train of our own reflections, to dismiss the passions of the hour, which any private political sympathies of our own might evoke, and view, as far as we can, the whole position of affairs with the calm eye of one who writes from the antipodes, and has no friends in Europe, or who will write from the middle of the next century, if that ever dawns upon this erring and perplexed world. The chief actor or protagonist of this apparently great drama, the first act of which is opening upon us, is undoubtedly the French Emperor. He is, all will allow, a man who, whether for good or evil, will stamp the century with his name, and, according to his success or failure more than according to his real merits, contest with his uncle Napoleon the First, the epithet Great. Public opinion in England, as exhibited in the press has hitherto been in a state of oscillation with regard to him. He has been alternately represented as an angel or a demon, and the latest phase which his character has arrived at here at the present moment, when the recent treaty with Russia for purposes hostile to us is taken for granted, is one of general reprobation. One of our weekly periodicals, however, plumes itself on its consistency, as having represented him throughout as an unmitigated villain. According to this view his whole political life has been one huge crime. Richard the Third of England, the stereotyped ruffian of the stage, was in comparison a person of respectability. He is strongly suspected of murdering his predecessor, Henry the Sixth, and the crime of stifling his nephews in their beds at the Tower, has almost been brought home to him, but he never turned his soldiery loose for a general massacre in the streets of London, as Louis Napoleon did turn loose his soldiery in the streets of Paris. This view would endorse the blackness of guilt set forth in most excellent French Billingsgate in Victor Hugo's "Napoleon le Petit." Louis Napoleon took a solemn oath

to observe the Constitution, and to be subject to the laws. One morning he declared himself independent of the laws, and violently closed the Constitutional Assembly, whose sworn servant he was. The outraged citizens of Paris took up arms in defence of law and order. He suffered them to complete their barricades. Then, distributing a donative of money to the officers, and of *can-de-vie* to the private soldiers, he let them loose, ordering them to fire not only at the barricades and their defenders, but into the windows of the houses, and to shoot every man, woman or child who happened to be out at the time in one of the gayest and most frequented thoroughfares of one of the most populous and lively cities of the world. When that deed of blood was over, he caused hundreds of the citizens, whose only crime was that of being found armed in defence of the laws, to be taken out in the night, and butchered in cold blood by his obedient myrmidons. He illegally arrested, in their houses and beds, his chief political enemies, who were the men of mark of the time, and in general the most virtuous of his fellow citizens. Then he completed the business by transporting to Cayenne and Lambessa a number of those whose only crime was to have been too faithful to the form of government to which he himself was faithless. One by one, after those events, all the constitutional liberties of France ceased to be. The press was gagged—the Legislative Assembly was reduced to a nullity—the tribunals were overawed. The Emperor and the army became all in all. A marriage was undertaken for the sake of perpetuating the Napoleonic dynasty, cold blooded as the second marriage of the first Napoleon. The ancient dynastic families looked shy at the "parvenu," and he was fain to content himself with a lady of noble, though not of royal descent. People who judge from appearances, judge from her melancholy cast of countenance that the *hidalgo* beauty of Spain is by no means happy. He engaged England in a war with Russia to serve the purposes of France, and for the sake of establishing the

influence of France in the East. Then he forced her into a peace against her will, at the very moment when she had gathered breath for the conflict, and was just about to eclipse France in the race of honour. Ever since that time his policy has been the depression of British interests and the humiliation of Great Britain. After the attempt of Oran, the press and army of France were allowed unchecked to insult the English nation. Cherbourg was completed as a menace to England, and the Queen of England invited to witness the excellence of the machinery which the French government had devised for the destruction of this country. As a sequel to this, the English were insulted on their own element by the high handed conduct of France in the matter of the "Charles et Georges." The next step in this development of "idees Napoleoniennes" is the present war. The romantic and chivalrous ardour of Sardinia is made a stalking horse to the aggrandisement of the Buonapartes. Revolution is suggested to Italy by the most unmitigated despot in Europe. The banner of Liberty is unfurled by the hands of the arch liberticide. The enslaver of Rome to France and the Papacy would liberate Italy from the legitimate supremacy of the Austrians. The sacrifice of a scarcely grown up girl, on the altar of political intrigue, reminds us, in the case of Sardinia, of similar sacrifices, with which the readers of the classics are familiar in the cases of Iphigenia and the daughter of the Messenian King. The hand of the Princess Clothilde was demanded as part of the price of the assistance of France in the battle for Italian emancipation. To satisfy the morbid vanity of the French army, and surround his name with a faint halo of his uncle's glory, the French Emperor does not hesitate to open Pandora's box, and let all the demons of mischief loose upon the earth. This is one view.

But the "Purple tints of Paris" are seen in light by some, as they are in shadow by others. Greatness was rather thrust upon Louis Napoleon than sought by him, at least at the particular juncture at which it fell to his lot. On the pre-

vicious occasions, when he endeavoured to disturb the tranquility of Louis Philippe's reign by the escapades of Boulogne and Strasburg, he certainly laid himself open to the charge of ambition, but his friends might say that the descendant of one intrusive dynasty had a perfect right to supplant the son of another. We have no reason to believe that he offered his services to the Republic of 1848 otherwise than in good faith. He was undoubtedly elected President by the voice of the nation, if not by its intelligence, and it does not appear that any unfair means were used to secure the majority at the presidential election. When President, he found his power co-ordinate and inconsistent with the other powers of a hastily framed constitution. The inconsistency was irreconcilable, and its Gordian tangle could only be cut by the sword. It was simply a question of anticipation. Things were at a dead lock. The victory promised itself to decision and resolution. The nature of the case excluded the question of principle or point of conscience. The military were ordered to act with decision, and the horrors of the suppression of the Parisian rebellion were only the necessary accessories of efficient military interference. It was necessary to show the people once for all that the regular army was their master, and that their previous victories were only owing to the unwillingness of the military powers to act energetically. If innocent people fell, it was the mere accident of their presence on a battle field. As shots were fired from the houses, the houses must be made the marks for shot. It was necessary, at some time or other, no matter at what sacrifice, to put a stop to the barricade nuisance. The Empire again was forced on the President by the nearly unanimous wish of the nation, trembling from the memory of the Red Republic which it had escaped. The traditions of the Empire he had no choice but to adopt. Amongst others, no limitation of his imperial power could be thought of, unless imposed by the same authority that had conferred the crown. The interests of his people demanded that he should marry, with a view of

perpetuating his dynasty. He sought alliance with some of the ancient royal houses of Europe, but was rejected. He fell back on his rights as the elected of the people, acknowledged himself a "parvenu," and finally married a lady distinguished by her beauty and accomplishments, and if not of royal at least of most noble blood. The birth of an heir placed his popularity at its acme. When his life was sought by assassins, he showed undaunted courage, and by continuing to go amongst the people as usual without extraordinary precautions, took occasion to show that his confidence in them at least was undiminished. He stood by England through the Russian War a trustworthy ally, and if he was more anxious to conclude peace than she was, it was because his policy was essentially peaceful, and the object being attained he had no more to fight for. Again, it was natural he should not wish to exhaust the resources of France. Besides this, the sequel of the Persian War and the Indian Mutiny showed that the conclusion of peace was in the end the best policy for England as well as for France. So England need not regret that peace was concluded when it was. He exchanged visits with the Court of England with the greatest cordiality, and showed every disposition to cement as closely as possible the alliance between the two countries. After the frightful attempt of Orsini, and in the excitement consequent thereupon, certain obscure colonels in the French army thought proper to show that in their hearts at least the old jealousy of England still remained. A portion of the English press thought that the procrastination of the disavowal of their sentiments showed a participation in them. Yet the Emperor did disavow them. The request to revise the law of assassination was earnestly, not dictatorially, made, as from one friendly power to another, and, that friendship assumed, ought not to have given umbrage. The Emperor was furiously attacked by the press of England, and a sudden revolution in his popularity took place among the people. One of the accessories before the fact to the attempt of Orsini was acquitted, in spite of the

evidence, in the midst of the plaudits of a London mob. After this, the completion of the fortifications of Cherbourg, in pursuance of a plan long entertained, was construed as a menace to England, but the Queen's Ministers did not see it in that light, as they allowed her Majesty to accept the invitation to be present at the ceremonies of inauguration, either not believing in the menace or not choosing to see it. That France should develop her navy in proportion to her commercial marine, and with a view of protecting her scattered possessions in various parts of the world, did not seem so very unreasonable. She might also wish to show herself strong, *vis-à-vis* of England, without entertaining any projects of aggression, in order to be able to act independently in European affairs. The "Charles et Georges" affair was certainly of a high handed nature, but scarcely more so than the demand of England on Greece for restitution to Don Pacifico. The parallel suggested itself at once, and England was not the power to cast the first stone. In the matter of the war which has now broken out, it might be urged, that the French government was actuated by a real and sincere wish to see the evils of Italy remedied. It had occupied Rome in the interest of order and religion, and it was desirous, after the re-establishment of good government, to retire from the Papal States, but its own plans of reformation were thwarted by Austria, which kept possession of the Legations with the strong hand at the same time. Its position in Rome was becoming ridiculous, and it was absolutely necessary to make some move or other. If its aims could have been accomplished by pacific means, it would have preferred such, but Austria showed no symptom of conciliation, and would not abate one jot or tittle of her haughty pretensions or tyrannical practices. And it was impossible to hope that any reform could take place in those provinces of Italy which obeyed native sovereigns, as long as they knew that they could always bring in an Austrian force to support misgovernment. France was taunted with her false position in Italy, and it was neces-

nary to be rid of this position at any rate, even at the price of war. If she had withdrawn her troops from Rome without a guarantee that the Austrians should be withdrawn from the Legations, the Austrians would simply have rushed in and occupied the vacuum, and Italy would have been Austrianised from the Alps to the Straits of Messina. That France should have taken advantage of Russia's grudge against Austria, in consequence of her conduct in the war of 1854-55, to secure the assistance of that power under certain contingencies, and, by isolating Austria, to define the limits of the war, was not unnatural, when the extraordinary fermentation of the whole German name, which the mere rumour of the war produced, is considered. If Germany knew her own interests, France might argue, the crippling of Austria would be the best thing that could happen for her, as in that case Prussia, a power civilised and progressive, and hampered by no important non-German appendage, would take the natural lead in a great Germanic confederation, and that German unity, which has so long been the dream of poets, philosophers, and patriots, would at last be realised under the presidency of the Prussian monarchy. The duality of German power—that great achievement* of Russian intrigue, managed in great measure through the nefarious participation in the spoils of Poland—might once and for ever cease to exist, and the great Fatherland, not as an incongruous and divided unit, but as a compact body, take her true place in the council of the nations. The English are so matter of fact a people that they are not sufficiently prone to suppose others guided by romantic sentiment, or in fact by any disinterested motives. Why should it seem so absurd that the French government should take up arms for the emancipation and regeneration of Italy? There is certainly a *primâ facie* inconsistency in a despotic government espousing the cause of Liberty, but may not the inconsistency be more apparent than real? There is a great difference between a progressive and

a retrogressive or simply conservative despotism. The French despotism is the centralisation of democracy and nothing more, the concentration in one strong echo of the million voices of the people. If its measures are arbitrary, it is only because they are necessary to the development of progress. The liberality of a government must be judged rather by the securities it gives for national development and national progress, than by the mere individual personal freedom it grants to its subjects. Freedom, too, is not an absolute but a relative expression. In France under Napoleon we have social and religious freedom, if not political. At all events, social equality holds good there rather than in England. In Austria social freedom alone prevails, political and religious discussions are alike forbidden. England enjoys more civil and religious liberty, but less social, therefore she is only one degree more free than France. We mean by social freedom, independence of the tyranny of clique, of which, perhaps, the strongest examples appear to be found in America. And France, though in comparison with England she may not be a free country, has a perfect right to be the champion of freedom as against Austria, bound hand and foot by her fatuous "concordat" with the See of Rome. Moreover, it is possible that Louis Napoleon, by initiating a crusade against despotism, and thus concluding the Liberal party in France, may be on the eve of inaugurating a new policy, in which he will give full play to all the energies of the State.

It is not for us to judge between these two contrasted views of Louis Napoleon's principles and conduct. His principles are not in our keeping but his own, and his conduct can probably be estimated only by its results. He has gained friends as well as enemies by one most extraordinary faculty that he possesses—that of holding his tongue, and of doing so in the midst of the most loquacious people in the world. A perfectly undemonstrative man, some Frenchmen respect him for it, others

* See *Magaz* for Aug. 1855, p. 189, 'The Imperial Policy of Russia,' Part II.

fear him, others hate him because he will not take them into his confidence; and many Englishmen, again, like him because he flatters the national vanity by being in many respects very like an Englishman. He is cold and reserved in his public demeanour, more cordial, say his friends, when seen in private. Certainly he does not "wear his heart upon his sleeve, for daws to peck at." He listens to all that is said to him, and then takes his own course. He consults everybody and follows his own advice. Again, he has a good seat on horseback. Other Englishmen dislike him either because they ride badly themselves, or because, not being able to keep their own counsel, they hate a close character. Such causes, or causes of no greater weight, are perhaps more nearly the true causes of his unpopularity in England than any commonplace notions of his being the destroyer of the liberties of France. He had equally destroyed the liberties of France when he made his triumphal entry into London. The English press, at least in some of its leading organs, has undergone many phases of opinion concerning him, and he complained in his letter to Sir Francis Head of this conduct of the English press, by that very complaint showing that he had some regard to public opinion in England. If we venture ourselves to express an opinion regarding his character, we put it forth in all modesty, and wish it to be understood in as vague and general a sense as possible, feeling ourselves incompetent to take the measure of a man who certainly is not an ordinary man. It is our impression that he is a man whose general talent has been rather overrated than otherwise. He has doubtless a great power of will, an undaunted courage both physical and moral, and by that inestimable faculty of holding his tongue he is able to bide his time, observe circumstances, and thus make the most of them, and bring to bear on them, at the right time, all the facilities he possesses. Perhaps his policy appears to be mysterious, simply because he has no policy at all, but is ready to abandon one course and adopt another, according as he stumbles against a barrier,

or drifts into an opening. Doubtless this is often the cause of success in life. Some men of unequalled strength of will and great talent get on, as it is called, by bending the world to their plans. Others do so by forming no plans at all in permanence, but fashioning and refashioning those they do form in the mould of circumstance, while the secret of ill success, even more often than in deficiency of ability, consists in not knowing whether one possesses the power to lead, or whether one must be content to follow. Louis Napoleon is said to be a fatalist, and his extraordinary elevation would tend to confirm him in his fatalism. Before he takes any step, he seems to hold up his hand and see which way the wind is blowing, and whether the air comes against it hot or cold. But that holding of the tongue is his most admirable quality. It is said to have been once said by a man who held a fellowship at Cambridge, after he had been secretly married for many years, that a man who held his tongue might hold any thing else. We are not inclined to believe in the excessive craft or astuteness of Louis Napoleon, but much more in the inherent fatuity of universal suffrage. He was carried into power by the flood of a most unreasoning popularity, by the suffrages of millions of ignorant peasants, many of whom thought that they were voting not for the nephew, but for the still existing or resuscitated uncle. The perilous crown of France was offered him on the one hand, beggary, or even a debtor's prison, it is said, on the other. It was the choice of Hercules, and he would have been above the average of mankind in virtue had he chosen otherwise than he did. Besides this, his political enemies would have shown him no mercy had he not anticipated them. In England he could not have managed it, in France he could and did, that makes all the difference. It is idle to say that no Englishman would have acted in the same manner. Many an Englishman, in much the same situation, has married an old woman for her money, an act which does not show

any distinguishing purity of principle. With regard to the present war with Austria, his motives of action do not seem so very difficult to divine. His position was becoming one of isolation, more and more so daily. From want of a clearly pronounced policy, he was losing the sympathies both of the absolutist and the liberal party, in Europe and France. In Rome he had supported ancient legitimacy against republicanism, in Naples he had snubbed tyranny, in the Russian War he had taken up the gauntlet for the balance of power in Europe and the independence of nations. To attach a party to himself, it was necessary that he should assume an intelligible consistency one way or the other. He armed himself at all points, to be ready for all emergencies. He put out feelers to see whether he could pick a quarrel with England, and rely for support on the envy of foreign nations directed against our greatness as a nation, and the unpopularity of our personal eccentricities abroad. He found, however, that England was taking alarm, and at the same time was rapidly overcoming her great Indian difficulty so he turned his thoughts another way. A crusade for Italian independence would conciliate the liberal party in France, England, and after the first excitement of the thing was over, even in Germany. Supposing this crusade successful, he will still have it in his power to secure the affections of the Liberals by moderation, while on the other hand, he may possibly feel himself so strong as to be able to throw his sword into the other scale, and by a compact alliance with Russia menace the very existence of European liberty. But we have a latent suspicion that, while he thinks he is playing a very deep game, he is really the puppet of which another power, lurking in the background, pulls the strings. We endeavoured to give in three articles in this Magazine, written during the Russian War a compendious history of the imperial policy of Russia. We might venture to refer the reader to the facts brought forward in these articles. They prove that Russia has never let pass an opportunity of

aggrandisement, that when thwarted in any plan, she is not disconcerted, but, with unwearied assiduity and patience, waits her opportunity. When she is discovered working a mine, she abandons it and begins another. If one train explodes prematurely, she has others in progress. Many of her movements are only feints, it is difficult to know in what quarter the real aggression is intended. Any one of the feints may be turned into a real attack on the rest of the world under favour of our circumstances. For she is the real Ishmaelite of nations. She is ready everywhere, wherever an opening presents itself for her arms or her diplomacy. If she wants a port for her navy, and is disappointed of Constantinople, she thinks of fleeing the Varanger Fiord from Norway, if there are eyes even at the North Cape, she goes farther off and fortifies the mouth of the Amoor. If we foil her at Sebastopol, she sows the seeds of a Persian war and an Indian mutiny. If she fails as regards us, policy and revenge incline her to try a fall with Austria, and a French alliance will enable her to do that effectively. At the same time she keeps her eye on us, and perhaps foment rebellion in the Ionian Islands. She huddled up a peace as soon as she could when she found that she had two great powers against her, she will blow up the embers of war again perchance when she finds that she has only one to deal with. By engaging France in a war with Austria, she will punish either or both—she will punish Austria if France be victorious, for her ingratitude in deserting her in her emergency—she will punish France if Austria be victorious, for her part in the Crimean business—she will punish both if there is no advantage on either side, by bringing both to the verge of bankruptcy, and rendering it impossible for either of them to prevent her aggressions in the East. A general European embroilment would be of course the best thing that could happen for her. No doubt her emissaries have been busy raising the patriotism of the Germans, and telling them that it is their duty to arm for the cause of

Austria, while she sends her troops to the frontier to be ready for all contingencies, to side with Germany or France as the case may be. Our cold and haughty neutrality she will endeavour by all her arts to dissolve, and it is of the utmost importance, no less for the sake of Europe than our own, that we should use every means in our power to preserve it. After this war has lasted some time, we may possibly single handed have to fight against Russia again, unless we make such a show of power as to prove that we vastly overmatch her. It behoves us to arm to the teeth, even more with a view to such an ultimate eventuality, than from apprehension of any possible aggression on the part of France. We must be strong enough, not only to protect our own neutrality, but that of lesser states, who may otherwise be forced into the vortex of war.

As to the course which this war may take, to hazard an unconditional prophecy would of course be idle. The combatants appear to be nearly matched in the abundance and strength of their present military preparations: the weakness of the real means of war, and the apparent mediocrity of the generalship on both sides—circumstances which would point rather to a tedious struggle, than any decisive result on either side. The superior *clan* of the French and Sardinians would probably gain a victory in the open field, supposing the means of offence equal. But the knowledge of the existence of this may incline the Austrians to act on the defensive, a part which their excellent system of fortresses seems to especially fit them for playing. If the Austrians fall back on Verona, Peschiera, Mantova, and Legnano, and can keep these places till the winter, no doubt the spirits of the Franco Sardinians will be damped, and the obstinate defence of the enemy will have nearly the same effect on their morale as an actual defeat. Should this occur, Louis Napoleon's popularity in France will run great risks. The Republican party has all its eyes open, the Orleanists are also awake, and the Count de Chambord has moved house from Austria to Holland, ostensibly

unwilling to inhabit a country at war with his own, but possibly in order to be near the French frontier, and ready if he is wanted. The financial condition of France appears to be such that she is bound to conquer or die, and anything short of speedy victory will be tantamount to at least a partial defeat. The Austrians appear to have given her the opportunity of a cheap triumph, by sending some thousand men to garrison Ancona. They may have good reason for this, but it has a most infatuated appearance, for the French will of course be masters of the sea, and their naval supremacy would have been of little use to them had Austria not given them this precious opportunity of displaying it. And unless the Austrians are at the outset victorious, it may be expected that the garrison of Ancona will have a general insurrection of Italians in their rear. It seems as if the best policy for Austria would have been to have relinquished her hold on Italy for the present, holding those fortresses under the Alps which are the keys of Italy. But this sacrifice seems to have been too much for her pride, as well as for her piety. For the only method by which the prayer of the Holy Father that his domains might not be turned into a cockpit was likely to be effectual, was the withdrawal of all Austrian garrisons and detachments into the Lombardo Venetian territory. This move of Austria seems in fact to indicate that she is not at present ready to profit by the strength of her real position, but disposed to try conclusions with France before she retires upon it, and the result may be that Sardinia and France will get sufficient glory in the first month or two of the war to live upon until the winter. When Austria has learned where her real strength lies, the real struggle will begin. Her forces will perhaps be found in mid winter snug within the lines of Verona, and the French and their allies enduring in the open field the horrors of a Crimean campaign. Then will come the real tug of war, and the victory will probably remain not with the power that possesses the strongest army, nor even with that which possesses the longest purse—for that appears to be

out of the question—but with the power which can get credit most easily. Both the belligerents, under the circumstances, would be well-advised to cultivate the friendship of the Jews, and to see whether there remain any privileges hitherto denied, which they can possibly bestow on that occasionally very useful nation. The Austrians, meanwhile, with judicial blindness, appear to be persecuting Israel.

But another train of circumstances will arise if the outbreak of war leads to a general revolt among the non-German subjects of Austria. Russian intrigue may possibly be even now at work among the Hungarians, and yet more probably the Slavonian nationalities in Croatia, Moravia, Bohemia, and Galicia. Pan Slavism we must not forget, as one of the many *chances de bataille* of Russia. An insurrection in Lombardy and Venice is probably reckoned upon on both sides as one of the most likely complications. The general spread of such an insurrection would extend itself even to the armies of Austria, and extensive desertions would take place, perhaps at most critical moments. The very fortresses, her last defensive resource, might thus be betrayed, and the Austrian monarchy find itself reduced to its German possessions, and even perhaps obliged, by insurrection at Vienna, to find a shelter for its head among the trusty Tyrolese. Then France and Sardinia will be able to dispose of Italy according to their discretion, and Louis Napoleon, having once kindled the old war feeling in France, will perhaps be unable to stem the tide of conquest, and be carried forward to new aggressions, of which it is not possible at present to divine the aim or the limit. On the other hand, he may be able to sheathe the sword at the right moment for his popularity and the advantage of France, and retire within his own dominions with a lease of glory to live upon for another ten years or so of profound peace, which will give him an opportunity of carrying out his provisional plans for developing the material resources of France, leaving Lombardy and the central states of Italy to Sardinia, and generously waiving any claim upon Savoy on

condition that France be paid the expenses of the war out of the newly-acquired revenues of her ally, an arrangement which, under the circumstances, would be only fair. But supposing that events should take this turn, the most favourable for France, we doubt whether the war would leave her in any condition to resist Russian aggression in the East, or whether some compact has not been already entered into as the price of the provisional assistance of Russia, which would leave the hands of France tied, should Russia repeat the experiment of 1854. This point certainly has been gained by Russia, the dissolution of the Western Alliance. Although she had probably laid trains in Persia and India for our confusion, it was absolutely necessary to make peace after the fall of Sebastopol, as, until peace was made, France could not be detached from the alliance, and even the hostility of Sardinia was not to be despised. It is just possible that, at the time of the conclusion of peace, the proposal of dividing the Turkish empire, rejected before was made anew to France, and then accepted, because offered on terms more advantageous. This much is quite certain, that ever since the conclusion of peace, Russia, France, and Sardinia have been acting together and in a manner independently of English interests, but we cannot easily suppose that Sardinia was a party to any secret compact. Her aim throughout appears to have been one—the exclusion of the Germans from Italy, and in this aim she may have been partly actuated by unselfish motives.

Whether we shall have ultimately to go to war with Russia, as the upshot of all this, appears to depend in great measure on how far we are able to count on the neutrality of Prussia, and the lesser members of the Germanic confederation. If France and Austria, without the intervention of other powers, exhaust themselves in war, England and Prussia together remaining neutral will be able to check any aggressive designs of Russia, unless France has already engaged actively to further those designs, which is scarcely probable, as she would not wish to have too

much on her hands at once. The apparently improbable contingency of a complete and decisive discomfiture of the forces of France and Sardinia by those of Austria, might favour the designs of Russia as well as any other the defeat of France would cripple one of the arms of Europe, and put out, as it were, one of the eyes of her vigilance. England would be left to struggle with Russia alone, and probably Russia has sufficiently counted on Anglo-Saxon unreadiness to believe that in such a case she would not immediately be prepared for war. Again, Russia might easily believe that there is a large party in this country who would not allow the Government to engage in a second war in behalf of Turkey, having found the first so fruitless in its results. Undoubtedly there are many who think that the results of the last war did not justify its expenditure and misfortunes, and the question of national honour need not have arisen had France not taken the initiative. Russia would doubtless endeavour, if possible, to avoid even a single handed encounter with this country, if she could gain the same advantages without it. We do not think that even our present or past unarmed state would provoke Russia or France to attack us immediately (for Achilles even without his armour was formidable), but it might induce these powers to commit acts in Europe which they certainly would not commit, setting as they have done already our public opinion at naught, if our preparations were what they ought to be. It is the weak side of our constitution that, because we enjoy liberty at home, our external policy cannot be secret. We are dangerous to no one when we are not ready to act at a moment's notice or on a single resolution of the Houses of Parliament, for although the Crown may declare war, the responsibility is so great, that no Minister would venture to do so unless he were certain of the support of the country, a certainty which is only to be attained by the open ventilation of the question. It is one peculiarity of democratical countries, such as England and America, and

Athens of old, that although they act with unexampled vigour when their energies are once called out, their bark is heard before their bite, and gives full warning to their adversaries of what they have to expect. A constant state of preparation would diminish this relative disadvantage to a minimum. Even the most pugnacious apostles of peace must have been convinced ere now, that permanent peace can only be secured by permanent preparation for war. The millennium of universal peace, which some supposed to have been dawning a few years since, must have been dissipated ere now in the minds even of the most sanguine, as are, sooner or later, the air castles of youth in the most romantic imaginations.

For an imperial state not only to be stronger than all others, but to appear so, if not a necessity of its existence, is at least its only guarantee for a tranquil life. Other states, by lying out of the way, may escape notice; but a city that is set on a hill cannot be hid, and the eye of the most distant observer must be able to see that she is girdled with fortifications, and full of the munitions of war. Besides, the power of an imperial state, however peaceable her policy, is sure to engender envy, and envy leads to hatred, hatred to malice, malice to attempts on her independence or even her existence. However studious we may be never to give or take offence, we cannot possibly escape without provocation, on account of that cosmopolitan character as a state which so many of our insular citizens are well content to ignore, the obscurity of their private positions blinding their eyes to the illustrious character of the nation to which they have the unconscious honour to belong. While men go about their little affairs here at home, they little think how the community of which they are units is watched by argus-eyes abroad, every act maligned or misinterpreted, and every false move taken instant advantage of, to the national detraction or detriment. Again, the peculiar aspect of our balanced constitution, while it enlists the sympathies of the moderate few, sets against us the violent many at

each extreme pole of political feeling. It behoves us to keep these things well in mind in every political complication like the present. A stubborn neutrality, such as all parties here at home seem to be agreed on, is only possible as long as it is cramped with iron—as long as we keep a force on foot capable of overawing either of the contending parties *plus* the whole of its possible alliances. Switzerland has declared herself neutral, Naples likewise, but even now an expedition over the Simplon, on the part of the French, is talked of, and it is not likely that the Austrians will be more scrupulous, and Naples, powerless as she is in a military and naval point of view in comparison of France, can only expect to have her neutrality respected during the pleasure of the power that commands her sea board. The neutrality of Prussia and the German states will probably be backed by some three hundred thousand men in a complete state of military preparation. How many will be kept on foot by our Government? We are glad to see that both the press and the people of England, and we may also presume the Government, have made up their minds about the expediency of setting on foot volunteer rifle corps. The subject was abundantly mooted in this Magazine during the Russian War, but it was manifestly of less importance then than now, when an attack on our own shores by a naval combination is not entirely out of the range of possibilities. If the country swarmed with such volunteers, which ought to cost it nothing, or next to nothing, if the name of patriotism has any substance for us, and if the Militia, and above all, the Artillery Militia, were placed on an efficient footing—either on the present system, or by favouring Mr Henry Berkeley with a modification, or rather a special application of the ballot principle—we should not stand in need of a large army of regular soldiers here at home to secure the impregnability of the British Islands, and to reduce the thought of an invasion to an absurdity. As for fixed fortifications, they appear to be superseded by a power far less expen-

sive, and much more efficient—the power of concentrating on any given point of the coast, by means of the coast-lines of railroad, an overwhelming mass of artillery on any spot where a considerable disembarkation of troops could be effected. Louis Napoleon is possibly well aware at this time that all this can be done and will be done when the necessity arises, and that the peace-at-all-price party is by this time virtually extinct, and he is probably perfectly sincere in his avowed wish that the war may be limited to its present area of Northern Italy, which, considering how the combatants are packed, closely resembles the familiar illustration of a fight in a saw-pit. Yet we must not forget the probability that certain "*idées Napoléoniennes*" are ever present to the Imperial mind. If we are right in supposing that he has no fixed policy, resembling in its immovable menace the great granite gun of the Bosphorus, he may yet have a movable kind of policy which more resembles the swivel gun on a Martello tower. Keeping his uncle's career in view, he may see from history that Napoleon I was only able to pursue his career of conquest unchecked, as long as he could enlist one or more of the European powers on his side, and that when all were once leagued against him, he fell. We have no reason to think that the Corsican feeling of the "*vendetta*," accomplishing itself by

' The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong,

does not exist in some shape or other in his breast. The confiscation of the property of the Orleans family would of itself indicate this. For a parallel case we would refer our readers to that powerful novel of Alexander Dumas's, the *Comte de Monte Christo*. The hero of that novel was, by the machinations of certain enemies, detained for the best part of his life in a dungeon. Having escaped from the Chateau d'If, and accidentally discovered a store of boundless wealth, he proceeds to dedicate the whole of his life, abilities, and resources, to the grand work

of vengeance. He does not attack his enemies all together, but one after another; and by means un-attackable by the law, he compasses their destruction. In the opinion of French military vanity, France owes a grudge to all those powers who compassed the discomfiture of the First Napoleon. France has already, by our assistance, squared accounts with Russia, and her vanity is satisfied as far as Russia is concerned; the taking of the Malakoff has atoned for the retreat from Moscow. Now she is quite willing to avail herself of the assistance of Russia to keep Germany in check, and carry out her designs against Austria. Leipzig was a later blow than Marengo. Austria crippled by war, and lulled by a peace more favourable than under the circumstances she may have a right to expect, the next victim may be Prussia. It must be borne in mind that France is not supposed to seek the destruction of every one of these adversaries, but only a military humiliation, tantamount to the share of each in the defeat of France. Supposing Russia, Austria, and Prussia sufficiently humbled, and severally attached by a magnanimous treaty, as Russia is already attached to France under obligations, England, the most criminal and formidable antagonist, would remain. To her, doubtless, the honour of

France looks for reparation for Waterloo, and probably no very pleasant feeling was superadded by the fact that England concluded the Crimean War with a better army than France. A short war, in which France, throwing us back on our own defences, and obliging us, by menace of invasion, to concentrate all our forces at home, could intercept Malta, the Ionian Islands, and Gibraltar, concluded by a peace recognising the *status quo*, would just serve her purpose of balancing accounts, and enable her, with a quiet mind, if not a clear conscience, to set to work to carry out the Emperor's dictum of "*L'Empire c'est la paix*." It is probable, as things look, that our preparations will be sufficient to ward off invasion from this country; whether they will be sufficient at the same time to secure our Mediterranean possessions, and preserve the honour of England untainted in every quarter of the globe, depends in some measure on the energy of our Government for the time being, in a greater measure on the spirit and patriotism of our people; but in the greatest measure of all, on whether we are willing to put aside for the present Reform and other political playthings, and open our eyes wide to the grave realities, and still more serious possibilities of the situation.

THE SIEGE OF PLYMOUTH

BY ELLIOT BUTT NINCOMBE, Esq.

ALL of us who have reached manhood must remember one or more epochs when an immediate French invasion was the dream and the conversational topic of Englishmen. It was during an expectation of a descent upon our coast (for many reasons I do not choose to indicate the date more closely) that my regiment chanced to be at Plymouth. I preferred the quarter to others, for the duty was moderate, and there were plenty and variety of amusements. Another great advantage, in my estimation, was that there were lovely retreats and walks where a man of pensive habits like myself might enjoy the charms of nature and his own thoughts unmolested.

It is, however, due to the reader, as I have placed my name at the head of this paper, that, before proceeding with my narrative, I should say a few words touching my family and connections. My Christian name of Elliot by which I am always addressed among my kinsfolk, was given for the sake of the great hero of Gibraltar, to whom I am nearly related by my mother's side. We are so proud of this consanguinity, that his name is borne by many members of our family, and will no doubt be continued as long as our line shall endure. The practice of perpetuating the name of a distinguished personage I believe to be something more than an indulgence of family pride. He who bears it will, if not wholly degenerate, be incited to imitate the deeds which originally rendered it famous; he will be animated by the spirit of his great namesake, and is thus in his infancy committed to an honourable career. I feel my own obligations in this respect emulous I certainly am, and I hope not incapable, of adding fresh honour to the name of Elliot, whenever occasion shall permit. Butt, the second term of my nomenclature, was given in compliment to a rich godfather, who, offended by some jokes at the christening feast, thought proper to leave me

nothing at his death. The family is not of any note, except for the circumstance of their constant connection with the Wagges. Nincome, our surname, is of course sufficiently familiar to most men who have any acquaintance with the world, as it has at least one representative in every society. The church, the bar, and the military services, are constantly recruited by members of our house, and, I say it with pride, legislators, peers, and even ministers of state, have been frequently furnished by us. In short, there is neither profession, trade, nor office, in which you do not occasionally encounter a Nincome. I am closely connected also with that branch which intermarried with the Poopees, and although they by royal license and permission bear the name of Poopes in addition to their patronymic, they are in reality pure Nincomes. It is an old remark that the *Nincomes* are generally prosperous, and as this was my case, and the name of Elliot inspired me with the desire to distinguish myself in the same line as my illustrious relative, I was at the age of eighteen gazetted to an ensigncy in the —th regiment of foot. Military life is, so far, not particularly agreeable; it abounds in incidents which either are without interest to me, or are positively distasteful. I am thus much alone, and frequently absorbed in my own reflections, but this was the case in the early career of the great Napoleon. I look, like him, not to present comfort, but to the high destinies that fate may one day lay open. Another proof of merit and prognostic of greatness is that I am envied by my comrades, at least they are constantly pestering me with petty annoyances, and saying ill-natured and disagreeable things, at which they roar with laughter. It would be unbecoming in a great mind to answer or notice their sallies. If I could give my attention to follies of the kind, what chance would there be of attaining distinction?

'The genus formed for worms and grubs
and flies
Can't understand what's doing in the
skies

From want of sympathy with their pursuits, and from feeling disgusted with their personalities, I do not much enjoy regimental society. It is clear that I am not understood, and because I am no adept at billiards—care nothing for horse racing—and can't whirl a lady round a room like the constellations in an artificial sodas, they are pleased to stigmatise me as a spiritless fellow, or *stuf*, as their term is. Ignorance of the miserable details of military movements, which I cannot stoop to acquire, is brought against me in proof of general uselessness, instead of being construed to indicate a mind occupied with higher things. "Well, dash it, Nimcome, for a fellow who affects to give up everything worth living for, for the sake of duty—you are a slow coach," one will say, and laugh as if he had given vent to something brilliant. Then, at another time, while my body is being drilled, but my soul is far away, occupied with noble dreams, I catch the rough voice of Goostep our adjutant, grinding out, "Mr Nimcome, I say! Where the devil are you going, sir? Don't you hear the word of command? and find myself in a corner of the parade, making straight for the wall, while the battalion is yards away, moving in an opposite direction. The poor soldiers will titter, unable to resist the ludicrous effect of his uncouth voice and manner, and then will follow a further ebullition—"Silence in the ranks, there! What the deuce are you about? Sergeant-Major, take the names of the men who are unsteady. I'll make em remember it when the parade is dismissed. Fall in, Mr Nimcome Sharp, sir, will you? it's all your cursed stupidity that has got the men into trouble. What, again? Silence, I say, or I'll have a dozen of you in the black-hole in two minutes." It must be admitted that such occurrences are very trying, and that a mind which can bear them with equanimity may feel certain of a high vocation. It is my custom, when

disgusted by vulgarities of the kind, to betake myself to some secluded spot where I can rapidly become insensible to the tedious present, and indulge in visions of days as yet unfulfilled, where I figure as the first instead of the last, and enact deeds that illustrate the name of Nimcome. Those who are now such tormentors may hereafter be eager to remind me and the world that I was once their comrade, and to pretend that we were on the kindest and most intimate terms. But to return to my story.

I was saying that I found Plymouth an agreeable station, and contrived to make life endurable there. When off duty, I loved to take long summer rambles into the country along the woods and streams, or over the silent moors, or I would cross to Mount Edgcumbe, whose noble proprietor has opened his park to the public, and there pass many a shady hour in prefiguring the scenes wherein I am destined to play a distinguished part. For though hitherto all real adventures have been attended with circumstances unfavourable to the development of my genius, I am able in fancy most satisfactorily to depict the scenes where I could excel. Histories of famous sieges are, of course, a favourite study. I have by heart all the incidents of the great defence of Gibraltar, and other famous resistances. It is my own opinion that in this branch of war I might acquire most renown. And when the summer no longer smiled, there were on this southern coast some sheltered spots pleasant under the winter's sun. In calm weather I loved no place better for a short winter's walk than the ramparts of the old citadel where we were quartered. There are few positions in the kingdom where so short a circuit opens such beauty and variety of scenes, and the old batteries and ditches were peculiarly in harmony with my prevailing cast of thought, whence I was frequently to be seen pacing the platforms, or seated in contemplation on a gun-carriage. Here I found myself one pleasant afternoon in the early spring. I had been slightly ruffled previously by a party of our most idle and dissi-

peaked subalterns, who, to beguile an *evening* which three successive days of bad weather had rendered intolerable, came to my room and conducted themselves much to my annoyance and to their own discredit. They were all smoking tobacco, the odour of which I detest, and although on their first entrance they sat down and were tolerably quiet, they got so near to me, and puffed such clouds in my face, as to nauseate me very unpleasantly. Soon becoming restless, they began to derange my books and papers, and one of them having extracted from the drawer a vellum emblazoned with the Nincome arms and pedigree, proceeded to surmount the shield with a large spoon, and to flank it with a goose and a griffin as supporters, observing that, as I should certainly be raised to the peerage, it was well to have the heraldry all in readiness. He may have been nearer the truth than he thought. He apologised for want of expression in his abominable scrawl by saying that heraldry insisted on a severe correctness of form, which wouldn't admit of any thing free and spicy. But the Earl Marshal, who was rather intelligent than otherwise, would no doubt twig the idea.

A second youth produced from his pocket a small pistol, and began to snap caps on it, and throw the exploded ones on the carpet. The odious practice of duelling was still recognised, and thus here, designing to make himself respected as a dead shot, lost no opportunity of perfecting his aim. While I was engaged in the endeavour to rescue the pedigree, something whistled past my head, and a great crash and clatter rattled over the mantel piece. My indignation may be imagined at seeing a proof impression of the gallant Heathfield with the glass in shivers, and one eye expunged, as if an infuriated Yankee had operated on the venerable countenance.

"Knew I couldn't miss it," exclaimed the Vandal, "aimed at the left peeper. I did, so."

"You have destroyed," said I, "a likeness infinitely valued by me, and which I may not be able to replace

Shame on you, 'tis Lord Heathfield!"

"The devil! I never heard of him. What is he, a Whig or a Tory? If he votes against coast defences, serve him right, I say, and I've a devilish good mind for a shy at the other."

"'Tis the general who made the great defence of Gibraltar. Now do you understand?"

"Did he, by Jove! then he won't vote against coast defences. I should rather think not—ha, ha, ha! Well, I'm deucedly sorry, Nincome, as he's a respectable peer, that I should have knocked his eye out. And you can't get another like it? Come, I tell you what I'll do. Wouldn't do it for everybody. I've a first-rate portrait of the Dorking Pet by an eminent master, and for which I swopped a cigar case and a portable boot-jack with Jenkin. The two faces are extremely like, except that the Pet's is perhaps slightly more intellectual. Give me five bob, and, by George, I'll cut out the Pet's mug and put it under that queer looking cocked hat. You'd never know the difference. Is it a bargain?"

It was useless to waste words on such an oaf.

The last of the party demanded to whom a nearly finished letter which lay on my desk was addressed, and, on being informed that it was for my mother, said he thought it his duty to add a few lines, as he feared that my modesty would not allow me to speak fairly of myself. He accordingly indited a postscript, which proved to be so slanderous in its account of me, and so indecent in its expressions, that I could not send the letter at all, but was subsequently obliged to put it in the fire, after having copied the part written by myself.

Again the pistol snapper demanded, "Well, I say, Nincome, will you give the five shillings?"

"Certainly not, sir," I replied.

"By Jove you don't mean to say that coin is scarce with you! Fancy the prudent Nincome being hard up!"

"For my part, I always fancied him soft down," said the blazer, putting a last execrable touch to the griffin's dorsal fin.

"There now, Nincome, my boy," said he who wrote the postscript "I hope your mamma is not given to pride and vain-glory, or the testimonial I have recorded here may shake her equilibrium. An old Greek that we used to read about expired because his three sons made hits at thimble rig, Aunt Sally, and hide the horse, all on the same day. Fine sentiment, a parent's pride! I rejoice, Nincome, that now you are your own master, you don't quite forget the pious and excellent precepts that were installed into you at home."

"Do you know," said the marksman, "I was brought up infernally strict, and, when I joined, was almost a blue light,—used to drink tea, play shilling points, keep my word to a tailor, and that sort of thing. 'Bliged to abandon it, though,' he added with a deep sigh. "You can't be a saint and a gentleman both, can't, by —," confirming the doctrine by a most gentlemanlike and unsaintly ratification.

I was inexpressibly relieved when, after demanding brandy and water, and being indignantly refused, they prepared to adjourn to the mess.

"Bad habits and a sordid disposition are constantly found together," said one of them, "Nincome gives no tittle because he don't smoke."

"I am proud to say that I do not," replied I, with spirit.

"Assume a virtue if you have it not," said the wretch. "after such a sentiment you ought to shut your brazen face."

Saying which he took down my hat, and crushed it over my countenance, almost stunning me in the act. When I recovered sight and hearing, the trio had disappeared, the coals were in my washing basin, and a roll of butter was arranged upon a toasting fork close to the grate, while my epaulette-case did duty as a dripping pan.

The plan which I have thought it most becoming to adopt is to treat such fooleries as these with silent contempt, and bide my time. Besides, although some very dignified reproofs often came into my mind afterwards, they did not occur at the time. On this occasion, I gulped down my chagrin until the weather

brightened a little, and then repaired to the ramparts. After a few turns, my mind began to soar to its usual height, and I reflected how paltry these things would appear, and how ashamed the actors of them would feel, if circumstances should ever call forth my energies, and place me in a high position. What man would ever dare to boast of having treated slightly an Elliot or a Wellington! Would not the fact of having so acted condemn his own discernment, and consign him, along with Sir Thomas Lucy, and other unfortunate, to the contempt of posterity! I soon regained my equanimity. The sight of the old fortress, bristling with guns and howitzers, drew my thoughts to a higher level, and solicitude for my country, mingled with another softer emotion, held me, as it were, entranced. I say mingled with another emotion, because I had of late admitted to my breast an affection which is far from derogatory to greatness. I had (why should I hesitate to confess it?) allowed myself to love. The passion by which Caesar and Nelson had been subjugated, and which the lights of chivalry had acknowledged as their guiding star, could not debase a Nincome. I had yielded my devotion to the fairest and most fascinating of her sex. Sweet Mary Passingham was a Plymouth belle. How lovely, how queen like was her form! She moved among the inferior beauties as the moon among the milder fires of heaven. I, who treated so alightingly what the world calls attractive, could have passed my days and nights in gazing on her. I recall yet her soft voice, her winning smile, her graceful motion in the dance. Enchanting Mary, wherever you may now breathe, or whatever change may have overcome your beauteous form, that form, as it shone and conquered in the days I write of, is stamped indelibly on Butt Nincome's heart!

Mary, whether conscious or not of my preference, appeared to be engrossed by the attentions of Captain Sefton, one of our officers, who was first on a race ground or a hunting-field, and could make many runs off his own bat at cricket, but was evidently not much troubled with brains.

I was aware that I had occasionally engaged her attention, for I have often caught her glance, and then seen her turn away with a conscious look, and a smile which she tried to suppress. Congenial spirits require no mummeries of courtship to draw them together. The hour arrives for the unveiling of their sympathies, and they recognise and accept their destiny. Therefore I took no pains about commonplace attentions, and even when opportunities occurred, which was not often, was the reverse of brilliant in her society. Once or twice she rallied me upon this, but she did so with an arch look as if she discerned my thoughts, but felt, as I did, that the time for revealing them had not come. Occasionally I asked her to dance a quadrille, but since the first time I had not found her disengaged. A simpleton in my place would probably have studied the *valse à deux temps*, got up small prattle, and contended with his fashionable antagonist on the latter's own ground. I knew better than this. If Miss Passingham was the girl I took her for, I felt sure that, sooner or later, she would come to appreciate my character and, in the mean time, she could not fail to approve my entire freedom from the vices and follies which usually attract young men. There was to be a ball that evening, and I purposed attending, that I might see Mary and enjoy the sensation which her beautiful face and figure always created, for already I regarded her as a being whose fate was linked with mine. Much as her image occupied me this afternoon, it did not exclude, although it often was contained in, those military conceptions which duty as well as inclination suggested. I looked around me, and saw with much complacency the complete armament of our fortress. It had only very lately been effected. A while ago there were a few worn out cannon reposing here and there on rickety carriages, the batteries generally were unarmed now, every embrasure had its gun or howitzer in perfect order, defects in the walls and ramparts had been carefully repaired, and the place seemed to be capable, under good management, of enduring a great deal of knocking about before it

would let a foe within its venerable precincts. Seaward lay the breakwater, against and over which the Atlantic waves were frothing high and fierce, from the late rough weather. Overlooking its eastern end, and the passage round it, were the towers and battery of Staddon, now standing out sharp against the brightening sky, over the Bay of Bovisand, Cawsand and Kingsand, with the works of Maker and Picklecombe protecting the western passage, were shut in by the projecting land of Mount Edgcombe. Park Drake's Island, in the middle of the Sound, now smiling with the sun beams showed batteries to the south and west, that must have made the progress of an enemy within their range right hazardous. Opposite, on the Haut or Hoe, were our time honoured bastions of the citadel, while to the northward, and commanding the nearer approaches through Hamoaze to the dockyard and arsenal, were the Prince of Wales and Stonehouse Redoubts, Western King Battery, and Mount Wise. These works, though at length armed and in good order, mounted altogether scarcely more artillery than a three decked ship-of-war, and what could be expected of them against a hostile fleet? However, I thought, because our country is niggardly and infatuated, and our means are few, we must not abate in determination, but must endeavour to make up by skill and valour what we want in ordnance and the appliances of war. If the artillery do their duty, as I could show them how, many a French ship must be crippled, and many a one lie a wreck on the rocks below, before any can profane the waters of Hamoaze. Yonder single line of battle ship, all that Great Britain chooses to afford for the guard of Plymouth Sound, would gloriously lend her aid, and—let the Frenchmen try it! As I spoke, I grasped and half drew my sword, and was overcome by a generous emotion. A brig with foreign colours coming round the breakwater, across Cawsand Bay, seemed to represent the enemy as she stood on in the fading evening light, and at length dropped her anchor near

Mount Batten "Come one, come all!" I exclaimed with enthusiasm, "you shall not find your arrival unexpected. Our guns are few, but our hearts beat with the resolution of Britons. Some of us are thinking of pleasure and repose, but there are others whose chief pleasure it is to be watchful for their country. Let who will condemn the danger, there is a Nincome awake and ready!"

Night had fallen before I left the ramparts. It was past the mess hour, and, if it had been earlier, I preferred remaining in my quarters and pursuing my reflections to joining in the empty conversation of the dinner table. It was my intention to get some refreshment later in the evening, and, having been a little chilled by my late stay on the walls, I now settled myself in an easy chair by the fireside, and shortly after fell asleep. I woke only in time to get dressed, and reach the ball room by eleven o'clock. A waltz was going on when I entered: half our regiment among the dancers were spinning like teetotums. Maule, Gore, and Charterton, my three visitors of the morning had respectively in their embraces an ugly reputed heiress, a notorious flirt, and an alabaster beauty. Miss Passingham's fair form I soon espied locked fast to that of Witherspoon of the Artillery, an impudent fellow, whom I detested. There was a great crowd of them, and, until the waltz was over it was impossible to make my way into the room. They stopped at last. I took the first opportunity of approaching Mary, and requested the honour of leading her through a quadrille. She produced her tablets, and ascertained that she was engaged for so many dances that there was no chance for me. "You should have come earlier," Mr Nincome, she said "fashionable folks can hardly expect ladies to keep themselves disengaged for them."

I stammered something, and bowed as I retreated, when, unfortunately my foot came upon the dress of a lady, who proved to be Maule's heiress, attired in rich brocade. I felt the garment give way, for she was in motion, and a considerable weight, and, in turning quickly round to

apologise, I came somewhat forcibly against Gore's flirt, who was following, and made her stagger against her partner. The two accidents made me feel disconcerted.

"Bless me, you are not hurt! Nincome, you infernal ass, what the devil are you about?"

"Dear me, the awkward idiot has torn your dress! What on earth brought you here, you nuisance!" were the exclamations launched at me by the two heroes. I did not at the moment think of anything to answer, so they passed on growling. Presently after, a little man, with an exceedingly plain young lady on his arm, came up to me, and said, "I see, sir, you are looking for a partner for this quadrille, permit me to introduce you to Miss Congdon." Before I knew where I was, Miss Congdon was on my arm, asking if I had engaged a *vis à-vis*, and where we should stand. She was a most unattractive young person, being disfigured by a hideous squint, and very fiery hair. To add to my ill luck, she managed, somehow, to place me opposite to Mary and Sefton. I did not at first look at our *vis à-vis* when I did, they were both laughing very much. Miss Congdon, however, gave me no time to reflect on anything that occurred, for she talked perseveringly. It seemed as if her whole stock of conversation had been bottled up for some time, and she was discharging it at the first opportunity—such were her volubility and endurance. I thought of the awful volume of smoke which the poor fisherman saw issue from a tiny casket, and wished that the seal of Solymon were on the lips of Miss Congdon. When the dance was over, and I had paraded her round the room, till everybody else sat down, fresh fountains of discourse appeared to open up at every turn. At length we remained the only couple on our legs, and I thought I might propose to lead her to a seat. On my doing so, she remarked that there was a very quiet corner at the bottom of the room and if I would go thither, she would finish an anecdote she was then relating. I went, and found myself obliged to remain a considerable time, nobody asked

Miss Congdon to dance, no chaperon or guardian came to claim her, and, if ever I attempted to make my escape, she had an excuse to detain me. At length I got free, I know not how, and walked once or twice up and down the room, in the hope of seeing Mary disengaged. While doing so I was accosted by an old lady, who said, "Pray, sir, can you tell me how soon the 57th will be at home?"

I bowed, and disclaimed all knowledge of the movements of that corps.

"Because," said the old lady, "my nephew is with their headquarters, and I am anxious to see him. Perhaps you have heard of him, Mr Henry Button?"

I protested that Mr Henry Button was a name totally unknown to me.

"Indeed," said the old lady, "the Buttons of Durnford Street, you know, Burgundy Button they call his father. I forget whether he is an *Ensign* or a *Major*, but that is not the point I am interested about. If they have not already ordered him home, don't you think he will be here by July? His birthday is in July, and he has not been at home for, let me see, one, two, three, four, five birthdays. Is not that a long time? Perhaps you think he may be wanted if there is a war. Ah, tell me! Do you think the French will really come? I should go distracted. I should indeed. Whatever could we do. Where could we run to? Would they let us have shelter in the citadel? There, with our gallant troops around us, I should feel safe from all accidents of war. Oh, in mercy, sir, if they do come, let your martial walls interpose between a weak woman and the ruthless foe!"

Thus did the old lady run on. If I moved away, she followed me. At last I was completely tired out, and, giving her the slip, I got into the card room and sat down on a sofa. It was getting late, and the company had, for some time, been departing. Maule and Chatterton entered, and crossed the card room, they did not at first see me.

"Dash it," said one, "none of them will stay. They say to-morrow's early parade obliges them to go to bed."

"I would not give an improper expression to stay," said the other, "unless we can have a jolly sheever. If no good fellows will stay, ask anybody, no matter whom. Any idiotical muff will do to make up a party."

I lost their voices as they neared the room's end, but they turned, and, in doing so, perceived me. Maule nudged Chatterton, and they passed again, still talking.

"Well, go and blarney him a bit stick it in strong," I heard Maule say.

Soon after this, while I was thinking of getting home, Chatterton came back alone and approached me, saying,—*"Hollo, Nincome, old fellow, not off yet? I'm glad there's somebody left with a little spirit in him. Let's stay and have some supper."*

"Thank you, Chatterton," I answered, "I wish for a little sleep before the early parade, and propose to go home immediately. I am no supper eater."

"Nincome," said Chatterton, seating himself beside me on the sofa, "I fear that you refuse us the pleasure of your society in consequence of the thoughtless conduct of Maule, Gore, and myself this morning. I assure you we are heartily sorry if the thing annoyed you. The fact is, your steady and creditable habits are a sort of reproach to us, and make us ashamed of ourselves. In revenge, we are sometimes irritated into a mild practical joke. If you didn't do the dignified dodge so infernally strong, we should soon give over."

I bowed and requested that he would not let the recollection of that morning trouble him again, as it had already ceased to give me any concern.

"I know," said he, "you won't condescend to bestow a thought on our folly. You make no allowance for a fellow's depression. You know, if I wasn't always in a state of excitement, I should go melancholy mad."

"You," said I, fairly astonished, "what on earth is to sadden you?"

"Why, you know, poor Jenkin was my chum. Well, the doctor says his sick leave and his life will terminate together. Dreadful thing, isn't it?" said he, sobbing.

"I never knew that you and Jenkin were so intimate."

"Didn't you! Oh, every man in the regiment knew that we couldn't live apart. Intimate, most intimate we were. Why, my dear boy," he added, laying his hand on my arm, "we made wills in each other's favour."

"Then, if Jenkin should die—"

"I am his residuary legatee."

"How does that affect your prospects?"

"I come into a clear property of a racing saddle, two pairs of boxing gloves, and some odd numbers of the 'Sporting Magazine.' This is devilish well, when you consider that Israel Hyman holds about a ream of his paper, and Schlesinger the 'bacey man' has ticked him eighteen months. Besides, there are some unjust claims by tailors and bootmakers, which it may be impossible to resist or evade. Had I been the first to terminate my mortal career, I question whether he would have realised anything to speak of, so, perhaps, 'tis best as it is," he said, resignedly.

It was the first time the cub had ever spoken to me as he did to his associates. I thought I perceived some little grace in his apology for the rudeness of the morning, and that I had no right, if there was a chance of his profiting by my conversation, to persist in repelling him. Therefore when, after some further prattle, he said, "Come now, Nincome, don't refuse to have a broiled bone with us," I no longer objected. The loss of my dinner perhaps made the broiled bones attractive.

Another half hour saw the assembly rooms cleared, and our party collected in a snug room in the hotel. Sefton and Witherspoon, with three or four subs besides myself, constituted the company.

"Soup, Witherspoon?" said Maule. "You require some support after your exertions."

"So do you, I should think. Didn't you go through two waltzes with the enormous Bumpus?"

"Ha, ha!" by Jove, she is a wopper, I once did a polka round her, and, I assure you, wore my right arm in a sling for ten days afterwards."

"That Miss Green's a pretty little girl, by the way."

"Any tin?"

"Devil a rap."

"That won't do. The Bumpus is all right in that respect. Is it true that her father's a brewer?"

"You seem pretty well in for it, Sefton. I wouldn't swear, notwithstanding your escapes at Weedon and Portsmouth, but Miss Passingham will hook you yet."

"I beg to observe," said I, "that I consider that remark in excessive bad taste."

"You do, do you, spooney! I shan't break my heart about that."

"And, I must say, I think so too," said Sefton. "And, what is more, I recommend you not to repeat it, unless you want a very disagreeable rejoinder."

"Oh, I assure you. Upon my honour—"

"That'll do, my boy, let's talk of somebody else."

I perceived with pleasure that my rebuke, though it had no immediate effect, had thus scared the cubs from meddling with Mary's name.

"By the by, Nincome," said Witherspoon, "I am exceedingly glad to see you in a fair way of forming an eligible connection."

"Oh, bad word it! yes. I saw Nincome flirting furiously with a squinting woman with red hair."

"Gore, my dear fellow," said Witherspoon, "have a little decency. Our friend Nincome has placed his affections on a prepossessing young lady, who, I doubt not, is calculated to make him happy. You may object to a coquettish cast of the eye, but you are by no means a standard of taste. Let's drink her health, Miss —, how is it called, by the by, Nincome?"

"I assure you," I said, "you have quite the advantage of me. What you are pleased to call a flirtation—"

"Yes, yes, we understand. Nothing in it, of course. Well, I hope you'll be happy. Pity there's no money, but you'll of course immediately turn your parchment into coin, and seek some retirement where you may enjoy unrestricted each other's society."

"Really, Witherspoon, I have not the least intention—"

"What do you think, now, of a turnpike? There you would be shut

up with her in a room six or seven feet square, and your occupation would scarcely require you to leave her for a moment. Such a retirement is highly favourable, too, to philosophical studies, which I know you have a liking for; and you might go through all the campaigns of Marlborough and Wellington without moving from her side, except to take an occasional fourpence from a beggar, or to reach the *eau-de-Cologne*."

"You are very facetious, but allow me to say—"

"Then if by accident your gate should afford a passage to Royalty, there is little doubt your superior air would attract attention, and set you on the high road to fortune. The end could be nothing short of a peerage. Think, then, of the proud delight of raising that sweet creature, by your own merit, to a rank which she is so well calculated to adorn."

"What title do you intend to take, Ninooome?"

"Lord Muffe of Mudpark, it's all settled, I drew his shield and supporters this morning."

"Talking of arms, what the devil was the device on that brig's flag that came in this evening?"

"Don't you know the stars and stripes?" said Witherspoon. "'Twas a Yankee that came in after the flag was hauled down for the night, consequently she won't salute till day-break to-morrow, when, I grieve to say, I shall have to return her greeting. I don't think it's worth while to go to bed at all."

"Pretty much the case with all of us, we have a parade at eight o'clock, just three now, devilish little rest, cursed, infernal shame it is," said Gore, "that such things should be allowed. Never used to be so in old times. The service is going to the devil."

"Capital judge you are of the customs of the service," said Sefton, with much dignity, "you got your enmity, if I mistake not, thirteen months ago."

"And you yours about four years and a half since, so there isn't such a great difference!"

"I was very glad to hear them set this way at each other, instead of making allusions to my adventure

with the little squinting girl, which, of course, was all nonsense. I began now to feel comfortable, and to enjoy the evening, having had a good supper and two tumblers of brandy-and-water. I did not recollect to have been for a long time so complacent, so I ordered more grog, and began to laugh with the rest. There was lobster and Welsh-rabbit for part of the supper, and my hungry state caused me to eat heartily of both, so, for fear they should disagree with me so late at night, I thought it prudent to take a little more spirit-and-water. By degrees I felt much more in a humour to converse, and gave them my opinions on the probability of the French invasion, and the manner in which it ought to be resisted. Maule damned the *Orapeuda*, Gore offered six to one in five-pound notes they didn't come, and Sefton said if they would knock down our infernal old barracks, and oblige Government to build new ones, it would be a glorious thing. "Poor creatures," thought I, "what views to take of such an occurrence. I fancied the grog must be affecting them, and on looking about, thought they were certainly very unsteady in their seats. To guard against any such effects upon myself, I begged Witherspoon to hand me some water, which he did, and, curiously enough, out of a black bottle. My tippie did not taste weaker, but it must of course have been so. Thinking their hearts were now all open, and a word of advice might possibly have more effect than at a less genial season, I took occasion to speak of my high ideas of military achievements, and of the way in which they were to be performed, also of the great rewards awaiting successful valour, and my own determination to distinguish myself or die in the attempt. I spoke for a considerable time, and being now on a theme of which my mind was full, had no difficulty in securing attention in my audience, who gave no interruption except by occasionally rapping applause on the table. I did not half exhaust my subject, but was obliged to leave off in consequence of a weak feeling about the jaws and tongue—members which I had never exercised sufficiently to

give them much endurance. I, however, now determined to use them a little more after this successful evening.

On my ceasing, Wither-
spoon made a good many remarks on the sentiments which I had delivered, and, for a frivolous fellow like him, they were rather pertinent. He congratulated the service on fostering a youth of such promise as myself, said my attainment of distinction was simply a matter of time, and that he hoped he should live to witness the honour which an approving sovereign and grateful country would bestow on me. This brought him, he continued, to the more immediate object of his remarks. For a man destined to the vicissitudes of a military career, it had always been esteemed an act of prudence to enrol himself as brother of a masonic lodge. He believed that I had not yet taken that desirable step, and he had been reminded of the omission this evening, as, being all but one mason, the presence of an uninitiated person acted in some degree as a drag on that free exchange of sentiment which was necessary to complete social enjoyment. He then called upon me in a most urgent manner to join at once the fraternity, observing that there were enough present to form a lodge, and admit me forthwith. I had not an idea of any of them being masons, but as inviolable secrecy is enforced throughout the brotherhood, I quite understood how the circumstance might have remained unmentioned. My intention, for long, had been to be made a mason. Consequently, though I should have preferred a longer notice of so important an event, I did not feel justified in neglecting an opportunity thus strangely, or, as Wither-
spoon expressed it, *providentially* afforded.

They all urgently seconded Wither-
spoon's proposal, and began to speak in high praise of the order, and of its usefulness to military men. The sign of recognition, and the infinitely curious variety of methods by which it could be made, were dwelt upon with much earnestness. Half closing the eye, placing the tongue in the cheek, or applying the fingers to the nose's point, might, by a peculiar trick in

the doing, be vouchsafed for this mysterious communication. Maule related an anecdote of his having been in danger of imprisonment at Havre. A tradesman, backed by some government official, endeavoured, under pretence of claiming a debt, to prevent his embarkation for England. He had been robbed of his money, and could not therefore comply with the demand of the extortioner, as, for the sake of peace, he wished to do. In this dilemma he bethought himself of the mason's sign as a last resource, but, being ignorant of the language, and the rogues embarrassing him, and preventing free motion, it was a problem how it was to be made. Catching the whistle of the steamer, he, in his extremity, conveyed the sign in two stunning blows on the official's countenance. The fellow proved to be a mason, and, falling prostrate, refrained from motion till Maule had scrambled on board.

"A still more curious case," said Chatterton, "happened recently to myself. Some despairing swain had taken to prowling under the window of old Quince's daughter in Union Street, and, they say, had at length so far softened the fair one that she opened the lattice and allowed a parley. As it afterwards appeared, the fellow was much of my height and figure. Fancy, therefore, my amazement, on returning one evening from a meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, at being chased by a policeman whom the crafty old Quince had held in ambush. The Peeler gained upon me, and I soon felt his hand on my collar. Of course, anything like quiet exposition was impossible, for old Quince was blowing along behind. The darkness precluded any visible signal, but, never forgetting the chance of the officer being a mason, I, with great presence of mind, got a half crown from my pocket, and applied it to his palm as we masons know how. The effect was instantaneous. Old Quince found the Peeler leaning against a wall, dead lame, while I was half way to the barracks.

"But," said I, "as it was a mistake, what need had you to care?

"Is it nothing," replied Chatterton,

"to be locked up all night, and have one's delicacy shocked by appearing before a magistrate as connected with such a case! Besides, I should have felt bound to prosecute for the false imprisonment, and should probably have retained the Attorney-General to make the thing sure. There would have been an expense!"

Much other argument and illustration were used, the result of which was that I consented to become a mason.

The reader will understand how I am precluded from revealing any part of those awful mysteries in which I then participated. Thus much, however, I may be permitted to remark. The ceremonies, which were approved—nay, insisted on—by medieval sages, lose much of their impressive character by the lapse of time and change of manners. Were it not that their antiquity sanctifies them, I should feel disposed to pronounce some of the rites of initiation as childish, and even disgusting. Some, too, are accompanied with what I consider unnecessary bodily torture. But while we annually see men in brass at the Lord Mayor's show, and hear of boys being whipped on Rogation Monday to fasten on their memories the bounds of a parish, we must not marvel that a society so little exposed to innovation should be somewhat antiquated in its forms. Far be it from me to wish, however such change might tend to bodily ease, that so time honoured an institution should truckle to modern fastidiousness. I will say no more, save that, after the ordeal was completed, the lodge was declared at an end, and, to use a parliamentary phrase, the house resumed. More hot water was ordered, and as I was now free to hear and discuss any matter which might be introduced, the conversation took a very open turn. I heard of adventures which astonished me, and of deeds which made my hair stand on end. Would that I were not bound by my oath to withhold from the reader these interesting anecdotes. He would hardly enjoy them in the language in which they were related by my rude companions, but I might, by softening and suppressing, render many of them highly entertaining.

Four of our party went home in a cab, while, as I felt a little faint and sick after the excitement of the evening, Maule and Gore offered to walk back with me, saying they should esteem it a privilege to be my escort. It must have rained heavily during the night, as I never recollect to have seen so many puddles as we went through. My companions, in the buoyancy of their hearts, sang merrily along the deserted streets, but interrupted our progress very much by impulses to knock at the doors they passed. I also recollect an animated discussion between them and a person in a shiny hat and oil-skin cape, and whom I suppose to have been some abandoned night-walker, as they denounced him in very strong language, which he took quite calmly, as if he deserved it, merely replying,

"Very well, gentlemen, very well. You'd better go quietly home."

We at length reached the draw-bridge, and if I felt enthusiastic in the afternoon, depressed as I was by the bad weather and sense of unappreciated merit, it may be conceived how now, returning in a sort of triumph the sight of the old ramparts brought back my great and engrossing contemplations. I do not recollect parting with Maule and Gore, but suppose that ceremony to have taken place during a reverie which they had now too much respect for me to think of disturbing.

On finding myself alone, my first impulse was to wander in the early grey of the morning along the seaward ramparts of the citadel. The prospect of the parade which would be formed in half an hour deterred me from the supererogatory process of going to bed, and I felt glad that any cause had brought me to that spot, and prevented my sleeping away so delicious a dawn. How refreshing, after the excitements of last night—the lights, the music, the squinting girl, the lobster, the de-centers, and the masonic rites—was the calm scene that opened with the crescent light! Night's curtain was being slowly and unwillingly withdrawn. It shrouded yet the outlines of the hills and headlands, save where an ambitious clump or rock pushed into daylight, like some pretenders I

could name, who know their only chance of notice lies in getting early possession of the field. Not a pinnacle nor a flagstaff sparkled yet with the glancing sun, though the red east proclaimed that the day would not be gloomy. Masts and cordage indicated the positions of the ships, whose hulls, some faintly looming, some totally shrouded, reminded me of the diagram by which I had been made to comprehend the earth's rotundity, when a schoolboy. The glumpes of foam tumbling over the western end of the breakwater enticed one's imagination to conceive an Icy Cape or a Niagara behind the mist, and informed the judgment that it was near high water, and that a heavy Atlantic swell was rolling into the Sound. This was further confirmed by the roaring and lashing which the waves, though I could not see them, kept up against the time washed rocks beneath our walls. Again I referred to my school experiences, and reflected how the great Achilles walked, as I was now doing, in a somewhat melancholy mood by the shore of the much resounding sea, and how the savage Whacker had impressed on my memory, with reference to the word *πολυφλοισβον*, that it is the Ionics, and not the Attics, who delight in a concourse of vowels. The soreness of that infliction has quite passed away now, and I can laugh at it. No doubt the great Heathfield may have been horsed as a tyro, and perhaps Achilles himself did not always find his centaur agreeable. Who knows? Thus did I amuse myself, giving free rein to fancy. The light grew broader, and the hour of the early parade was approaching. I was preparing to descend the ramp to get my sword and sash, when an object caught my eye which dissipated all thought of the day's routine, and made every pulse in my system double its pace.

Dark amid the haze was to be seen the form of a three decked ship of war, standing for the west passage round the breakwater. Common as such a sight is at Plymouth, there was something about this vessel which inexplicably riveted my attention, and caused a mingling which

the event fully justified. An Admiral's flag was flying at the main, and I strained my eyes to distinguish her ensign, when, the mist slightly lifting, I was astonished by the sight of a large fleet in the offing, some from one to two miles eastern of the flag ship, but the majority hull down. I could hardly doubt longer that the great occasion which I had so often in thought anticipated had now arrived and presently I was relieved from all uncertainty by recognising the impudent tricolor of the leading ship. Yes, it was true! and my heart fluttered, and I felt my cheeks burn. Our ancient enemy had dared to beard the lion in his den, and the time was come when Britain was to test the value of those sons to whom she had intrusted the defence of her dockyard, arsenal, and reserve navy, if not indeed of her liberty and her honour. One moment I wasted in exultation over the miserable sceptics who had all ways ridiculed the fear of invasion, but, that emotion past, my soul devoted herself to the work which the great emergency required, and I felt within me the energy and confidence of a patriot warrior. The interest with which I watched the enemy had not allowed me to think of giving an alarm, and I soon saw that it was unnecessary to do so, for others were alert as well as myself. The English three decker in the Sound was getting under way, and, as the Frenchman rounded the west end of the breakwater, a wreath of smoke curling above the trees on Redding Point, followed by the booming of a heavy gun, showed that either Maker Redoubt, or Picklecome Battery, had opened the concert and hurled the first bullet at our presumptuous invader. The roar of the whole battery succeeded, and I longed to pierce with my eyes the intervening point of land, and behold the brave fellows at their guns. The effect of their fire on the leading ship was beyond my observation. It did not elicit from her any reply, for she held silently on her course, and seemed to reserve her strength for the enemy who awaited her in the Sound. The second and third ships, as they came within range, received the fire of the

battery, but like their leader they passed in silence on, intent, no doubt, on objects far greater than driving a company of artillery from the guns of an outwork. They must have been fearfully harassed by the heavy shot, but no lucky ball had arrested the progress of any, up to the moment when, with nerves strained to their utmost, I witnessed the encounter of our solitary man-of-war with the enemy's flag ship. Either of these vessels sought the other, so that but little time elapsed ere they were side by side, in the position which I believe sailors call yard arm and yard arm, and their stems pointing to me. Suddenly innumerable curls of smoke ascended from the ports of the S——, and I saw the Frenchman stagger and reel. Then came the report of the tremendous broadside, and both ships were enveloped in a cloud of smoke. Long I looked but could clearly see nothing more, only the roar of the artillery told what was passing behind the sulphury screen. Meanwhile the hostile fleet stood across the Sound with a fair wind, a few long shots from Staddon towers and Staddon heights fell about them, apparently doing little injury, and they approached the narrow passage between Drake's Island and the mainland. In ten minutes their leader would be under fire of our citadel guns, and those of the island.

"Now then, Messieurs les Cra-pauds, look to yourselves," said I, "you shall find no child's play here."

I saw the gunners at their guns on the island, and it occurred to me to leave my present position, on the higher ramparts, and see whether our batteries were all ready. I was not myself aware how much my moral superiority was developed by the emergency, until I saw its effect upon Witherspoon. He had just marched his men into Lagonier batteries, and was standing on the higher platform as I came up. The men were scrambling their side arms* from the shed, unlocking the maga-

zine, and forming round their guns with anything but the precision and silent order which appeared to me to be necessary. I therefore said—

"Captain Witherspoon, you will please to recollect the immense responsibility which at this moment rests on you, and let that reflection suggest the proper arrangement of your battery at this crisis."

"You be ——" Witherspoon answered thus far, in his usual contemptuous tone, but I presume that my voice and aspect at once overawed him, for he instantly altered his key and manner. This was no supper party, but an encounter of a different kind, where I flatter myself we somewhat changed places. "Where were his gibes now! his gambols, his songs, his flashes of merriment!" With what a chap-fallen look did he now succumb to my dictation! Deprecatingly he made the mason's sign, and I had the satisfaction to see that he immediately addressed himself to regulate his men's proceedings, but it seemed as if he wished to avoid further encounter with my eye, for he busied himself in laying the left hand gun of the lower battery. In a very short time the enemy's foremost ship was within range, the island gave her half a dozen shots, all of which appeared to take effect, but without retarding her advance.

"Now, then," exclaimed Witherspoon, "be ready to fire the moment I give the word."

"Aim a little in advance of her, Captain Witherspoon," said I, "this the best method for striking."

This time Witherspoon appeared to be so awed that he did not answer, nor even look at me.

"No 1, fire!" and bang went a 56 pound shot against her bows.

"That told at any rate," said I.

One after another the heavy guns discharged their bullets, the upper battery firing red hot shot. Suddenly the ship let go a broadside, which ploughed up the earth all along our batteries, and sent the stones and bricks flying in a cloud, struck down

* *Side arms*—sponges, rammers, handspikes, &c. used in the service of great guns, and usually kept in a shed close to the battery.

seven gunners, and dismounted an 8-inch gun. Then without slackening her speed, she held on along the channel.

"Western King is our best chance now," I thought, "if they cannot cripple her from thence, she will burn the dockyard."

The gunners had left Lagoner batteries, and were hurrying to King Charles's bastion, in hopes to get another round at her before she was out of range, and I also was hastening thither to witness the further fate of the audacious intruders, when I perceived the interior of the fortress to be in a state of strange commotion. Orderlies were running hither and thither, the old master gunner, attended by a couple of men, bearing huge bunches of keys, was busy locking and unlocking stores and magazines, fatigue parties were carrying straw and other combustible matter worth saving to the casemates, while the refuse was being burnt on the grass. Our colonel, who chanced to be the senior officer in the citadel, stood in front of his quarters conversing earnestly with the commanding engineer of the district, who lived within the walls, and with the colonel of the other regiment—for two corps lay in the citadel. There was not the least appearance of a parade forming, although it was nearly the appointed hour. Instead of pursuing my way along the ramparts, I descended to the interior, to ascertain if possible what these things might mean. A sergeant whom I met below informed me that he knew nothing with certainty, but the rumour was that an overwhelming enemy's land force was approaching from the north, and that advices had been sent out in all directions whence assistance might be furnished to apprise others of our danger. Devonport, he supposed, was fully occupied with its own assailants, and not likely to contribute much to our aid; wherefore the colonel was understood to be meditating the best possible defence, sure that by a vigorous resistance he would gain time enough to let succours come up. The colonel, he said, was "as cool as a cucumber," and had ordered the men to get their breakfasts before the

drums beat to arms, seeing that the enemy was yet some miles distant, and our scouts would give due notice of his approach. "Truly," thought I, "misfortunes never come single. The naval attack was enough for one day, and now here we are about to experience a siege. We shall have fearful work on our own hands, and be entirely shut out from knowledge of how the dockyard, the magazines, arsenal, or garrison of Devonport may fare. Where can the fellow have thrown his troops ashore so suddenly? No convenient place nearer than Falmouth or Helford river, and he cannot have effected his march from either of those points without our getting earlier notice. Epwey! Padstow! Torquay! Heaven knows! but here, it seems, he is, as unexpected as he could possibly wish! Like a true Elhot, I immediately bethought me of how I best might render service at this anxious time. Our supply of water was, I knew, excellent, and unless the enemy should detect and cut our pipes, its flow would be continual. As to provisions, I soon ascertained from our quartermaster, that he and his brethren were hard at it clearing every pork and biscuit and beef store in the town. The engineers, too, were unscrupulously laying hands on all kinds of materials likely to be serviceable to the defence. Timber, nails, artificers' tools, intrenching implements, and a quantity of crates, hampers, and empty barrels, were seized upon and stored in the fortress. They were, moreover, abstracting the sod and soils from fields and gardens, and carting them into the citadel, to be used in repairing the earthworks. Presently, the drums beat the *général*—the whole garrison stood on parade, and heard from the colonel an impressive and encouraging address, which was responded to by three cheers. Not the least pleasant part of his speech to my ears was the concluding sentence—"Mr Nincome, as you have studied your profession, and may therefore be of much service to me in various ways, I dispense with your company duties. Fall out!" How my heart swelled at these words, and how I felt that I could condemn my tormentors of yea-

terday! Released thus from regimental drudgery, I busied myself in seeing that due preparation was made, and found that orders had been given to treat my suggestions with every possible respect. About noon we were desired to raise the bridge—a sign that the enemy was not far off. How it had fared with the unfortunate townfolk during that alarming morn, I know not, but on my going into the ravelin to see the order regarding the bridge carried into effect, there I beheld assembled on the glacis* troops of the unfortunate people endeavouring to effect an entrance for shelter, but refused admittance by the guard. The reception of such a crowd into the fort was, of course, incompatible with its proper defence, and I advanced to do sternly my unpleasant duty of informing them that their present position was the most dangerous they could possibly occupy, as being the field on which the whole force, both of the attack and the defence, would be exerted. What was my consternation, as well as delight, to behold among the foremost crowd the sweet face of Mary Passingham, and the face of her aged father. My intended stern denial died on my lips, and I thought only how I could except from the general exclusion those whom I so ardently desired to serve and protect. Mary's glance already rested on my face, no longer furtive or sarcastic, but soft, confiding and irresistibly appealing, as she hung on the old man's arm. 'One moment,' said I, to the commander of the guard, 'the bridge must be lowered again for a particular object.' He hesitated an instant, but seemed to feel compelled to comply. As the ponderous mass swung creakingly to its horizontal position, a sign from me summoned my dear friends to the edge of the ditch, and they were speedily within the walls, but, alas, not without a number of others, whom it had been impossible to keep from rushing over. Among those to whom I had thus unintentionally afforded an entrance, I was mortified to see my

squinting partner, Miss Congdon, whom her fright did not render a whit more captivating, and the tiresome old lady who had annoyed me so last night, looking more grotesque than ever. The former, with her usual effrontery, seized on my arm, and began to repeat her disgusting blandishments, but I was in no humour now for foolery, and in a manner as summary as politeness admitted of, I disengaged myself from her. Then devoting myself to the gentle Mary, who, amid all her alarm, blushed with conscious satisfaction at the course things were taking, I escorted her and her aged companion to the securest bomb-proof in the citadel. Shall I say how, in that short walk, our emancipated spirits perfectly comprehended each other, and what low accents of affection and sweet confidence my ears drank rapturously in? Nay, those sounds are too cherished, too holy, to be ever submitted to the public eye. The refuge which I chose for my sweet fugitive was but lowly—a soldier's casemated room, very dark and damp, but there was a grate in it, and a fire was speedily kindled. Seeing that at present I could do no more for my Mary's security, I began to address to her a few parting words of tender encouragement, when the odious Congdon interrupted me with—

"*La* now, Nincome, dear! you are not going to leave us helpless females in this horrid den. You are going to stay and take care of us!"

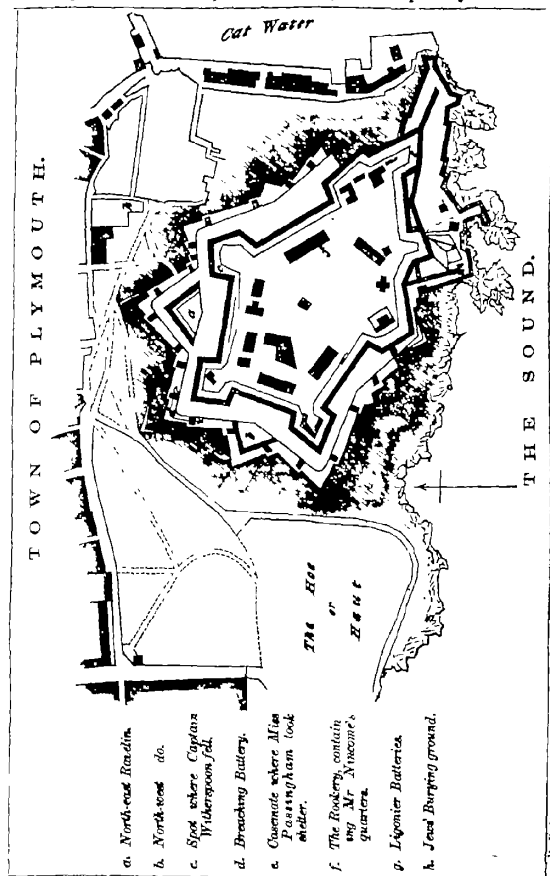
And the creature came and hung upon my shoulder, attempting a sob. The queer old lady, too, began again to belabour me with questions touching the 57th and Mr Henry Button, whose appearance at that moment, from whatever part of the world they might be serving in, she thought particularly desirable. Longer delay was impossible, therefore, looking towards Mary the devoted feelings which I could not express, I once more sought the parade ground. A very storm of firing was by this time in progress. Muskets, rifles, and artillery, each contributed to the

* *Glacis*—A smooth surface of ground sloping gently from the uttermost defensible line of a fortress towards the surrounding country.

dm. They were bringing down wounded men from the ramparts and taking them to hospital. Missiles flew around me and over my head, tearing up the grass and battering the opposite buildings. Up I ran to the gun terreplein to examine into the state of matters, and jumping on to the *banquette*, or step, on which musketeers stand to fire over the parapet, looked on an astonishing scene. The bullets flew about so thickly that I was compelled to make with the utmost rapidity my observation of what was passing. It was clear that the enemy had determined to save time in his operations at any other expense, he had therefore selected for his principal attack the north side of the fortress, where the town approaches so closely to the works as to leave but an inconsiderable space to pass over. As he was evidently in immense force, he had not neglected other points, but along the whole exterior line of buildings, where gardens, stores, and dwellings afforded him a place of arms almost ready made, he had availed himself to the utmost of his opportunity. From hundreds of house tops and windows which were within easy range was rattling a deadly fire of musketry. He had hoisted in some way a gun to the top of the church tower, and, having knocked away the pinnacles, was using it with serious effect. The same expedient was resorted to wherever a high strong house afforded the chance. The Jews' burial ground had been converted into a mortar battery. In short, every sort of missile was being hurled in profusion against our devoted ramparts. Direct fire was tearing our parapets, disabling our gunners and marksmen, and spreading havoc along the interior. Ricochet batteries plunged hopping balls along our lines, dismounting ordnance and causing all manner of casualties, while bombs of every size were falling about, spreading death and confusion. Our gunners and small arm men behaved like heroes, and opposed this overwhelming attack with the utmost devotion. Bullets flew thick through every embrasure, and made the service of the guns truly difficult. Be-

sides, the enemy among the buildings was better screened almost than we were, and all our shots, whether or not they annoyed him, certainly took effect upon the good town of Plymouth. Even amid the roar of this dreadful struggle, the shrieks and groans of the miserable inhabitants were audible. Impatient of the least delay, our besieger was already beginning to push two saps across our glacis, *malgré* the vigorous fire we were able to maintain. Seeing this, and having noted other matters which appeared of moment, I was about to seek the Colonel, when, as I was passing a battery, there fell a live shell a few paces in front. The fuze appeared to have burnt very low, but Witherspoon, who, to do him justice, was a gallant fellow enough, ran like lightning from among his guns, and, lifting the deadly globe, had essayed to hurl it into the ditch. Another instant, a hair-breadth more fuze, and his purpose would have been effected. The shell was leaving his hands when it exploded, and not a recognisable portion remained of what had been the elegant Witherspoon. Many others suffered by the accident, but I, fortunately, was not one of them. There was no time for emotion, and I hurried to tell Colonel S of the incipient saps. At my suggestion, he ordered Captain Sefton to select some of the best shots in the garrison, and endeavour to stop the progress of these approaches. While arranging the matter, I happened to encounter my facetious friends, Gore and Chatterton, who were told off to the elevating duty of superintending the filling of sandbags, or sacks of earth used to stop holes and repair damages generally on the works. They were in a sheltered corner, looking utterly bewildered, but, on seeing me, they raised a shout of recognition very unlike their ancient derisive salutation. In most deferential accents one requested me to tell them "what it was all about?" and the other, "when we should have a shy at 'em?" I gave some evasive answer to quiet the poor mudlarks, and passed on. How the enemy achieved the celerity of his processes I can hardly explain according to

natural means. Certainly some of in an hour or less, would, in ordinary the operations which he performed cases, have occupied days—but so it



was. Having observed how eager anticipated a movement of his which our foe was to advance quickly, I I flattered myself that I might be

able to impede, if not wholly to frustrate. A sergeant of my company, whom I knew to be an intelligent fellow, was crossing the parade to another point of the defence. I stopped him, and began to give some instructions concerning the design which I had then in hand. Before I had said many words, a round-shot, just grazing the crest of the parapet, took the sergeant's head clean from his shoulders; the frightful trunk stood a moment erect in the attitude of attention, and then fell heavily on the gravel. Another non-commissioned officer, who had witnessed the casualty, ran down from the ramparts to examine the extent of it, and to assist, if assistance could be of avail, the wounded man. While standing over the body, he, too, was struck by a grape-shot in the thigh. The wound made him frantic with pain, and though a brave, phlegmatic man, he cried aloud in his agony. How could I doubt after this that I bore a charmed life, and was reserved for some great purpose! I got him removed, and then lost no time in repairing to a more sheltered spot, where I speedily mustered a handful of trusty men, with whom I passed through a sally-port, and into the north-east ravelin. The short afternoon had passed during the events which I have briefly related, and it was now pitch dark. The fuses and rockets which shot across the winter sky, the flashes of the frequent artillery, and the lurid light from burning buildings, made night sublimely hideous.

In the ravelin, as I expected, the defence was languishing. The casualties were many, the parapets were sadly broken, and the little band remaining were losing heart under the impression that they were forgotten. Our arrival refreshed their spirits. The covertway* of the outwork was already untenable; all the traverses were beaten down, and a constant fire of muskets and rifles streamed along its branches. This confirmed me in the opinion I had formed, viz.

that the enemy would attempt the ravelin by a *coup-de-main*. Having placed some picked shots behind palisades at the gorge, so that their fire could sweep the ditch, the rest of our party ascended to the interior, where strict silence was commanded, and we awaited the event. But a few moments had elapsed before we distinguished rows of dark figures on the edge of the counterscarp, each of whom threw a bundle (no doubt a bag of hay) into the ditch, and the whole party descended on the soft bed. My steady fellows at the palisades then gave them two telling volleys, every shot of which was well accounted for. Had the attack and defence been in any moderate proportion one to the other, this sudden flanking fire would have determined the failure of the attempt. But, alas! our foe had, it was clear, come prepared to effect his purpose at any expense of men. For every one shot down, three poured into the ditch, and ere long I heard the horns of their scaling-ladders scratching against the wall. I gave the signal to my party. The ladders touched the top of the masonry, and were immediately mounted by French soldiers five or six deep. We leaned in silence over the berm,† seized the ladder-heads, and, amid every species of Gallic malediction, precipitated our assailants into the ditch. Twice did we thus thwart their aim, and hurl their foremost to destruction; but again their fatal numbers overbore us. Ladders more numerous than we could at once engage were at length planted, and a dozen of the enemy, the precursors of more than two hundred, scrambled on to the exterior slope of the parapet, and began to ascend it. Prominent even in the obscurity, strode a huge form of more almost than human dimensions. The dusky shade of his sabre loomed monstrous in the air, and I saw or felt the truculent rolling of two horrid eyes. Him I singled out as my antagonist in this hand-to-hand encounter. "Hah!" he roared,

* *Covertway*—a sunken passage all round the works, between the ditch and glacis. It is crossed at intervals by *traverses*, or mounds of earth, to prevent the enemy's projectiles from skimming from end to end of its long branches.

† *Berm*—a narrow ledge between the top of the masonry and the foot of the earth-slopes.

seeing me advance, "loetel Anglesch goddam, I shall feed you for my soap!" The blow he thereupon aimed was enough to have mowed down a regiment, but I was on the watch, and eluded it, then rushing within his guard, I thrust at him with the point, and inflicted the first wound. Throughout the combat I observed that conduct which, in the best accounts, is pursued by lithe and energetic warriors, matched against unwieldy strength and fierceness, and which always wins. I got one rather severe shave on the side of the head, and in return inflicted a second body-wound, which brought to his knee this hero who would have supped upon me. Then, springing vehemently against him, so as to destroy his balance, I set my foot upon the huge trunk, while, with my sword's point admonishing his jugular, I required him to beg his life. Thus he did in the most piteous terms, first making the mason's signal, and, yielding up his sword, he limped after me like another Orson. Our struggle had brought us close to the gorge of the ravelin, where all that remained of my little party were also collected, for, while I was engaged in this death conflict, others had not been left idle, and, in truth, our glorious little band, overborne, but not dismayed, had inch by inch been forced to yield their ground. It was but too true that the ravelins were lost (for the north-west one was untenable after the fall of the other and loss of the covertway), and the next thing to be attended to was a quiet retreat into the body of the place, without disclosing the position of the sally port, and bringing in the enemy *pile-mûle* with us through the gate. The brave fellows recognised my signal, and we descended in silence to the main ditch, where the few who had been posted at the palisades were all alive and fresh. To them we delivered our two or three prisoners, including my gigantic adversary, and then, all stealing to the port, we regained the interior of the fortress. The change in its condition, even during our short absence, was heart breaking. More than half our guns were silenced, our torn and

scorched parapets miserably patched with sandbags, or by any means that could make them at all efficient. Frequently a merion* was battered entirely down, so that the two guns had to be fought without cover. Blindage—that is to say, temporary bomb-proof cover, formed of balks of thick timber, faggots, and earth—had been resorted to in the most important places, but the paucity of our artificers, and of our garrison generally, prevented an extensive application of this useful but laborious auxiliary. Three or four buildings flaming to the sky showed others beaten open, unroofed, or in utter ruins. Groans and shrieks smote the ear, for the few who could be spared to look to the wounded could not bear away the victims as fast as the casualties occurred. Two howitzers and a rattling fire of musketry were opening upon the ravelin from which we had just been driven, to prevent the enemy from establishing himself there. Attempts were being made to quell the various fires. The garrison performed prodigies. Their energy might succeed in making the place good until succour should arrive, but that we could, without assistance, beat off such a powerful enemy was impossible. I was ascending the ramp towards the terreplein of the battery whose guns had been turned on the ravelin, with the intention of addressing two persons whose figures showed dark against the sky as they stood either observing or directing, when I felt a sudden pang in the neck. This did not prostrate nor disable me, but it seemed to stir up the wound in my head which I had received from the sabre of the gigantic Gaul. A feeling, as if twenty devils within my brain were rending the skull asunder, accompanied by a crushing feeling at the chest, and a deadly sickness, overcame me. But rousing all my energies I shook off the infirmity after a few seconds, and approached the two figures. They proved to be the commanding engineer and my colonel, directing and encouraging the defence, and speaking words of hope and comfort which they could hardly feel.

* A merion is the portion of parapet between two gun embrasures or openings.

"Hah, Nincome," said the colonel, "I am thankful to see you safe. I know well where you have been. 'Twas cleverly thought of, and well and bravely fought. We have lost our outworks. What then! our attention being directed to fewer points, and our force more concentrated, our fire may now recover the ascendant. Let us not be wanting to ourselves, and ere long fortune may veer to our side."

"Are you aware Mr Nincome," asked the engineer, "that the enemy was no sooner in possession of the ravelins than he traced and began to work at a breaching battery on the edge of the counterscarp? We have plied him with all the fire we can muster, and his men fall fast, but still he perseveres. An hour, nay perhaps ten minutes, in delaying his work may affect the event, for relief *must* be approaching, and not far distant."

I caught his meaning in an instant. "A sortie," I said, "as strong as we can afford to make it, must be hazarded. I respectfully beg the command of it, I added, turning to our colonel."

"Generous youth," he exclaimed, "who so fit or so deserving! I will give orders forthwith for the assembly of a select force. In ten minutes they shall be ready to sally."

"Thanks," I replied. "In ten minutes, sir, expect to see me at their head."

Now then, the time was come when the safety not only of her whom I adored, but of the little garrison, nay, possibly of our renowned island, might depend upon my single arm! Desperate as was the service, I determined that, whether I lived or died, it should be nobly executed. One word to the beloved of my soul, one last embrace, and then I would be all my country's! Rapidly I sped towards the casemates, and entered one where I thought that I had hoarded my treasure. Not Mary's face, but a different sight was there. A woman, whose shrieks and gestures told that sudden grief had overmastered her reason, was by turns rushing desperate about the casemate, and flinging herself upon a mattress, along which lay extended a dusky form—I

doubted not what I was in the presence of either the dying or the dead. The light of the solitary lamp glanced on many little curly heads, some of which were bowed in childish sorrow, some gazing in the astonished innocence of infancy. One urchin, scarcely able to totter, was dragging about in sport a soldier's coat, saturated with blood, the contact with which had smeared its little limbs crimson. I advanced a step towards the body on the mattress, and recognised the features, placid and almost smiling, of Corporal Jackson, of our light company. The dark stain on his breast told where a musket ball had wrought his death. Feeling that my presence here was useless, even if there had been no claim on me elsewhere, I left the dismal scene—far from the only one of its kind it was to be feared—and without farther mistake reached the side of my Mary. Pale she was, and astounded, but still noble, still confiding. When I spoke words of comfort and of confidence that relief was at hand, she caught my fervour, and her eye and cheek kindled again with enthusiasm. The wretched old lady could speak no more of Mr Button. She had first become hysterical with terror, had then taken every person near her for a French soldier and besought that the purity of her life and the respectability of her connections, among whom was Burgundy Button, might obtain for her honourable treatment, and finally, had sunk into an unconscious condition. The Congdon rushed at me after her manner, but, with a sternness that only the occasion and the flying minutes warranted, I bade her not to molest us. Hurriedly, and in the hearing of her father, I told Mary all that had befallen, and the service on which I was bound. Through her tears she smiled fondly, and bade me go and win glory. I too smiled, and promised Orson for her slave. Then, while her parent looked approvingly, we each uttered words which cannot be recorded here, but which are written on my heart. *Mary was mine for ever!!*

I hurried from the casemate. The excitement of the interview once more roused my wound, and again a

making pain in the head, and a dizzy sickness assailed me, but again they were mastered. As I sped along, exulting in my successful love, I yet found a moment to pity poor Sefton's disappointment. What would have been my despair if he had been the favoured sutor!

"Mr Nincome," said Colonel S, as I came up, "it has appeared to the commanding engineer and myself, that we are not justified in sending on this desperate sortie an officer whose superior abilities are likely to be so much required elsewhere. Nay, no remonstrance there is work enough for you here. Meanwhile, Captain Sefton is preparing to march off the sortie!"

How I started at the name! The colonel's words seemed an answer to the thought so recently in my mind. I saw how fate had ordered all. Poor Sefton would go out, fight heroically, and—fall—yes, fall in ignorance that Mary was another's. Poor fellow! Yet, knowing what I did, I could scarcely pity him!

"Now then, Mr Nincome," said the engineer, "to relieve your disappointment, let me tell you in few words what is expected of you. The utmost result of the sortie, however bravely the party may fight and fall, will be to slightly retard the enemy's work. Beat him off we cannot, and he is determined to persist in his attack, and is already establishing a powerful battery to breach the salient of King George's Bastion. We must baffle this design as far as we may, and looking, as I fear we must, to the possibility of his soon establishing a practicable breach, we must be prepared with every expedient to make his assault fail. I am already pushing countermine under the ditch, to be sprung at the feet of the assaulting columns: two carronades have been kept carefully masked, to be brought into play at the moment of their approach, tools and materials abound in the engineers' stores, and orders have been given to issue and use them according to your directions. I know not in how many ways, or at how many points, we may be simultaneously assailed, and I must be prepared for all chances. My officers are nearly all killed or

wounded, and to you I intrust the arrangements for retrenching and defending the breach. Adieu for the present, and success attend your efforts." I raised my hand, but words would not come from my swelling breast, where a resolution not to let him repent his confidence was being graven as with a pen of adamant in the rock. My first care was to set a party to work to retrench the bastion, which the enemy was about to breach—i.e., to dig an interior ditch and throw up a rampart, from behind which the fight might still be maintained, after the outer line should be broken through. Then I busied myself in preparing every manner of obstacle by which it would be in our power to destroy or drive back the storming party. Barrels of powder, with *sauvages* or trains attached, were made ready to lodge in the ruins. Cases of combustibles, with percussion or friction matches, were also to be placed there, so that the enemy in ascending might, with his own feet, destroy himself. Loose planks were stuck full of nails and spikes, to be laid on the rugged ascent, so that they might first entangle and then slide down with the men of the ascending column. More formidable still, heavy beams, dragged from the ruined buildings, were stuck full of sword blades and bayonets, to be fixed across the summit of the breach. Live shells and heavy weights were placed at hand, to roll down on the heads of the assailants. And I arranged that three muskets for each of the defenders should be forthcoming, so that no time should be expended in loading. It was at the very commencement of my proceedings that the attack of the sortie without was heard. Sefton had set on like a hero, of that there was no doubt. The clamour was furious. Very little firing on either side. The bayonet principally did the work. Thus, having no flashes to guide us, we could only conjecture from the time the struggle lasted, that some advantage had been gained. A party with tools had immediately followed the armed sortie, to level and destroy the breaching battery. The tumult of the *melee* was dying away, when a

report more sudden and stunning than thunder first astounded us, and then drew every eye towards its source. Shooting upward, high it seemed as heaven, went a spout of fire. Up and up it shot, illuminating the scene within and without the walls, showing distinctly the buildings of the town and suburbs, and even the distant hills. Up with it flew ruins and fragments—earth, stones, tools, and timber—and, oh horror! thick within the blaze were the blasted limbs and trunks of human beings. One moment, and the dreadful apparition diverged toward the four winds, the light was quenched, and a silence more terrible than the fiercest roar of battle oppressed the ears and senses—a silence not comparative, but absolute; for the dreadful incident, arresting for a moment all power and passion, hushed the fury of the war as by enchantment. One of the enemy's magazines had blown up. It ~~must~~ damage and retard him; and, therefore, was a fortunate accident to us. In two minutes, however, he was again at work, and the noise of battle relieved that oppressive stillness. It were long to tell how, while I plied my workmen at their various tasks within, the indefatigable foe again wrought at his breaching battery, and advanced it with incredible celerity. I have before remarked how his operations proceeded with a rapidity that seemed the result of magic. The light balls thrown up by us, and even the flashes of our artillery, showed from time to time that the destructive work was in course of completion. Presently the besiegers' fire ceased suddenly from all points, and the clear clang of a trumpet on the crest of the glacis summoned all of us who could yet move to the walls. A voice, which spoke in English, probably that of some unfortunate burgoes of Plymouth, compelled, with the dagger at his throat, to be our enemy's exponent, desired that it might be explained to the commandant that the breaching batteries were finished and armed; that our walls must crumble before a few strokes from this formidable artillery, after which nothing could save the fortress; that Monsieur the general of

the French army, penetrated with respect for the bravery of the defence, and wishing to spare the horrors of an assault, was willing to receive, on terms the most flattering to us, the surrender of the place, which surrender we might now make consistently with every demand of honour and patriotism. The garrison to march out with the honours of war, drums beating and colours flying; every life and all private property to be respected; but the citadel to be evacuated before daylight. Hearing no answer to the summons, and not knowing whether it was heard by any officer of higher rank than myself, I replied that it should be communicated at once to the commandant, and his answer returned. I was turning away to seek the colonel when a hand was placed on my arm, and I heard his voice in a whisper close to my ear.

"Nincome, I have heard the summons. It is clear that relief is at hand, and that the enemy knows such to be the case. Hence his great haste for the capitulation. Were there no such hope, you know what my answer would be. Reply then, for I cannot do so in person. I do not prescribe the words you are to use, for your own brave and judicious heart will prompt the right expressions."

"Tell the French general," I shouted in reply, "that the English commander acknowledges the honourable character of the message brought by your trumpet of truce; but that the entrance he demands into Plymouth citadel can be made only over the ruins of its walls and the bodies of its defenders."

Again, the deadly storm raged more fiercely than ever. Vertical fire—that is to say, missiles of all sorts and sizes pitched over the walls, so as to fall on the heads of the defenders—was resorted to by the enemy with sad effect. Our little garrison suffered severely, and every moment I looked to hear the commencement of the potent cannonade which was to shiver our wall, fill the ditch with its ruins, and form a practicable path for the ascent of the stormers. In expectation of this crash, I formed a party of our most

valiente men to stand ready with tools, and clear away the ruins as they fell, in order that the filling of the ditch might be retarded as long as possible. And having now done all that could be thought of to resist the attack, I deemed it the proper time to retire for a few moments to my own quarter, to prepare for the great and mortal struggle that was approaching. My wound was very painful, my head aching to distraction, and I had several times had returns of the sick faintness. The part of the barrack where I lived being a house known as the Rookery, somewhat remote from the front attacked, was as yet uninjured by the enemy's fire. I entered my room, and, throwing myself into a chair, essayed to take off my neck cloth, for I was hot and languid. After untying the bow, it refused to leave my neck, being stuck fast to the side. It was no time for tender treatment, and some force was necessary before I could separate the silk from my skin. When I at length detached the handkerchief, a bullet rolled from it on to the floor. A spent ball had struck me at the time when I felt the twinge in my neck, and had oar ried in among the muscles, without tearing it, the silken tie. How very remarkable! 'twas only a few days since I had been reading of a precisely similar accident happening to Sir William Red, when a lieutenant of engineers, at one of the Peninsular sieges! My next endeavour was to slake the burning thirst which was oppressing me, and for this purpose I poured out a tumbler of wine and water, and eagerly raised it to my lips. The taste was as if Epsom salts, assafetida, and all the most nauseous discoveries of chemistry, had combined to make the draught disgusting. My sickness returned more oppressively than ever, my head racked intolerably. And I was fain, before attempting to wash the wound on my scalp, to recline my throbbing and dizzy temples one moment upon the bed. While lying thus almost without the power of motion, I heard the first fell stroke of the bullet on our wall. Regular and steady were the shots. I counted them in my indignation. One, two, three, the

discharges followed in exact time, till they amounted to twenty one—then stopped. They were jeering us, surely, and arranging their attacking guns to the number and measure of a royal salute. Insolent French! Again the cannon's boom, and again twenty-one guns. I could endure no more. I was collecting my strength to rush to the rampart, when a voice near me shouted,

"Hollo, Nincome! why the devil were you not at parade?"

"Adjutant Goostep," I said, "is it possible that you can at such a moment as this be guilty of levity? Have you heard the shots levelled at our walls by an insulting foe?"

"Faith, replied Goostep, 'I heard the Yankee salute, and a precious noise she made. Witherspoon seems determined not to be overcrowded, and got up a considerable row in reply, but I have no time now to talk. The colonel has desired me to bring a satisfactory excuse for your absence from parade, or to place you under arrest. As the case seems a pretty clear one, I'll take your sword to him without more ado. Where the deuce is the renowned weapon! Your room is in terrible confusion this morning.'

"Witherspoon!" said I, struggling with my faintness, which was again upon me, "did I not see him blown into '—

I could articulate no longer, but stretched my hand towards the wash-stand.

"Lie quiet, you donkey, and I'll give it you," said Goostep. After a few minutes I was again able to speak, and was about again to rebuke him, when the fellow broke in in his rough way with,

"Dash it! you're not sober yet, and I don't envy your sensations when you are! I'll send the doctor, and report that you were too ill to attend parade, which is undoubtedly true, you poor devil!"

He was off without another word, and I began to think again of the desperate work before me, but was somewhat puzzled at my condition, which I could not exactly account for. I was lying outside the bed, with my full dress coat on, and buttoned to the throat. I wore no trousers, and only one boot, which was

very wet. One of the epaulettes on which I was lying had burst its clasp, and pressed sharply into the very part of my neck from which I had withdrawn the bullet. My belt was over my shoulder, and I found the sword, for which Goosestep had vainly sought, under my side, most uncomfortably chafing my ribs and hip. On raising my hand to my bewildered temples, it appeared that the shako, with the fore part behind, was being pressed down against my ear by the bed's head, exactly over the sabre-cut which I had received from the enormous Frenchman. Daylight was making its way into the dingy old barrack, but before I could avail myself of it to examine these phenomena, Eppscome, the assistant-surgeon, came in.

"Feel ill, eh, Nincome?" said he.

"I cannot conceal," said I, "that I am very, very ill, probably death struck, but at a time like this, with the foe thundering at our very gates, it is useless to talk of leechcraft."

"*Del tre ** by Jove!" exclaimed Eppscome. He then approached me gently, and felt my pulse, &c., after which he added, "No, no—not so bad as that."

The fortress, he soothingly assured me, was quite safe, in evidence of which he bade me listen to our band, which was playing the "British Grenadiers" in the most independent manner. Having administered some brandy and soda water, which didn't taste a bit more pleasantly than the drink I had before taken, though it quenched my thirst better, he entered into conversation while he got my clothes off, and placed me in bed. He professed, whether truly or not, entire ignorance of the events of the night, and drew from me an account of the marvellous scenes which I have just narrated.

"Do you still believe this, Nincome?" he asked.

"Believe!" I said, "why, if it isn't fact, it is the most life-like illusion on record!"

"Life-like, eh?"

"Yes, sir, life-like, why do you grin?"

"Well," he said, "it is certainly like life, according to one of Shakespeare's illustrations of that condition, that is to say,

'Tis a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."

I remained three days on the sick report, and at the end of that time began to think that I might possibly recover. It was a beautiful spring morning, and I opened the window. Fresh air steadied my nerves, and gave me an appetite. The idea presented itself of some grilled fowl for breakfast, when from the old tower of Saint Andrew's Church the joy-bells struck out a delightful and exhilarating peal.

"There they go," exclaimed a voice close to the window. "He's been and done it. God bless 'em both, I say."

Looking out, I saw Corporal Jackson, with one of his curly headed off spring in the left hand, and a pipe in the right, just withdrawn from his lips to make way for the benediction above written. His jacket was open, and the great broad chest showed no trace of the French bullet. He had spoken to the very sergeant whose head had been taken off before my eyes.

"What has happened, Jackson?—whom are you blessing?" I asked.

"Not heard it, sir? Thought your honour knew it," he replied, saluting. "Captain Selson married to Miss Passingham this morning, sir, and there an't a man in the regiment but wishes 'em joy."

The abbreviation by which *delirium tremens* figures in a military sick report

THE NEW PARLIAMENT AND ITS WORK.

THE Elections are over, and both sides have already counted up their gains and losses. The result is satisfactory to the Conservatives, who have won from their opponents fully twenty five seats more than they have lost. On a division, this will count at least fifty in favour of the Government, and, in the divided state of the Opposition, this accession of force is sufficient to consolidate the position of the Ministerialists. A gain of twenty five cannot be regarded as a great triumph, if we merely count numbers, but it is significant and important if we consider how trying were the circumstances under which the appeal to the country was made. There is a great attraction for the British public in the very name of "Reform"—an attraction assiduously kept up, through unwearied humbug, by the Whigs. Progress is all the fashion. So that we "go ahead, people never ask themselves "where to?" Put even the most ignorant of those *Progressivists* into a railway train, and if he is going to London or Southampton, he will take good care to stop at one or other of these places, and will see no sense in progressing indefinitely until he be tumbled over Dover cliff or into Southampton harbour. But in politics the masses don't see any folly at all in such an absurdity, and we are sorry to say that many who know better profess to think so too. Sometimes it is a want of moral courage, oftener it is downright political knavery, which actuates our political men in making such professions. But of the abundance of these professions there is no doubt—the late Elections have produced them *ad nauseam* and in quantity unparalleled, and the downright honesty and plain speaking of Judge Haliburton ("Sam Slick") at Launceston was as refreshing as it was rare. People let themselves easily be caught by a name, and of all names "Reform" is the best bait in this country. In the late Elections the Government had to encounter the full force of this unreasoning passion, and their op-

ponents were most ceaseless and unscrupulous in their efforts to blow that passion into a flame. They looked at Reform simply as a means of turning out the Ministry. Many of them, like Sir James Graham at Carlisle, though they hate the ballot, profess themselves ready to have it rather than Lord Derby. In this contest the Liberal candidates have promised everything, and the ignorant passion for innovation has been most vigorously called into play, and since, in spite of these things, Lord Derby's appeal to the country has been answered in his favour, every vote thus gained carries with it a more than ordinary weight. It must be a good cause which can win a contest where the battle cry of "Reform" is on the other side. And though the gain be not numerically very great, we rejoice to think that it will be sufficient. All that the most artfully framed motion, supported by the whole strength of the Opposition, could do, was to place the Government in a minority of thirty-nine. If the same motion were put now, it would be negatived. Indeed the majority for the Ministry would, on such a question, be now very considerable for the public gets disgusted with "dodges, however clever, and Lord John's clever trick would pall greatly if he were to attempt to repeat it. Knavery appears peculiarly obnoxious when it is likely to prove unsuccessful.

We presume much allowance must be made for Lord John Russell. What could he do but intrigue, and declaim, and vote against a Reform Bill brought forward by the present Government? Was it not the Reform Bill of 1832 that first brought him into notice? and is it not to a new Reform Bill that he has been looking for the last seven years to revive his popularity? How then could human nature, especially Russellite human nature, bear to see the question taken up by others? Was he to allow himself to be trumped by a card—and his very last one—

flicked out of his own hand! So felt his lordship—at least it is charitable to think so, considering the unwarrantable lengths to which he has carried his opposition. And however inexcusable may be his lordship's conceit that he has a monopoly in the manufacture of Reform Bills, we do not think that his alarm was at all exaggerated as to the ruinous effect to himself of Ministerial success in the question of Parliamentary Reform. Such success would have extinguished him. The light of his renown has paled long ago, but the success of the Government Reform Bill would have come down upon him like an actual extinguisher, and thrust him out of sight amidst stench and darkness. He has succeeded in evading such a fate for the present, but unless he be blest with a greater measure of success than we have any desire to see, his desperate struggles will only sink him deeper in the abyss from which he seeks to escape. We heard a great deal last summer about Lord John's patriotism and "nobility of nature" when he lent an indirect support to the Government on the India Bill. His sole motive then was, to prevent the defeat of the Ministry on a question which would have replaced his rival Lord Palmerston in office. At that time it was Lord Palmerston, and not he, who had a rival Bill to the Ministerial one, and Lord John had no desire to help out the Conservatives merely to help in Lord Palmerston. He wished to keep them for his own sport. He knew that they must take up the Reform question in spring, and that on that question the lead would devolve upon him, and not upon the ex-Premier. Hence the Opposition battue against the Ministry which he marred last summer he has been foremost in getting up now. And he arranged matters so astutely that his rival could not avoid acting along with him. He showed Lord Palmerston beforehand the terms of his motion, in order to leave him no excuse, and Lord Palmerston found himself forced either to forfeit the support of the Liberal party and his own prospects of office, or else join in an attack which, if successful, might be expected to place the pre-

iership in the hands of Lord John. So circumstanced, Lord Palmerston joined in the attack. But in his speech he maintained with extraordinary elaboration that this was not a vote of censure, that the Ministry ought not to resign, and that they should just take back their Bill and mend it. Although advanced under cover of banter, we believe the noble viscount was quite in earnest in expressing these sentiments. While Lord John Russell pointedly treated the motion as a vote of censure, in order to compel the resignation of the Ministry, Lord Palmerston showed as plainly as he dared his desire that the Ministry should not be driven from office on a question which would give the lead to his rival. The Ministry, however, were strong enough to take a course of their own. They would not stoop to the humiliating course proposed by Lord Palmerston, but even with the Reform "cry" against them, they were ready to appeal to the country against the reckless factiousness of Lord John and the Opposition. There can be no doubt that they tendered to her Majesty their resignations, and that these were not accepted, for the obvious reason that there was no other section of the House strong enough to take their place. But without making any use of the royal name, the Ministry took the whole responsibility of the dissolution upon themselves, and boldly made the appeal which has now been answered in their favour.

Doubtless, when Parliament reassembles, the Opposition chiefs will make it a ground of complaint against the Ministry that Parliament was dissolved when such a crisis was approaching in foreign politics. Any ground of complaint, however ill founded, is eagerly caught at by Opposition chiefs, to be tricked out in solemn words, and then hurled at the heads of the Ministry. And as the Opposition chiefs have suffered from the dissolution—as the dissolution, in fact, has rendered bootless their successful machination—they will not fail to resent it, by charging it as a grave fault against the Ministry. For our own part, we rather think it fortunate than other-

wise that Parliament was not sitting when the present imbroglio on the Continent first began to be transferred from the cabinet to the field. By the month of June the real character of the contest will have, to a considerable extent, revealed itself, and to that extent we shall have escaped the grave evil of members of Parliament prematurely committing themselves to a side in the contest, and talking with greater vehemence than discretion about matters which as yet they do not comprehend. But even if this argument were as palatable to the House as it is consonant with reason, the Ministry have no need to have recourse to it. If the Opposition chiefs were so averse to a dissolution, why did they provoke one? If they were desirous that the Government should address foreign Powers with the whole weight of Parliament at its back, why did they choose that time for inflicting upon it a Parliamentary defeat?—a defeat, too, most uncalled for, and almost without a precedent. Or if it be said that the Ministry would have best met the crisis in foreign affairs by simply submitting to the defeat and recasting their bill, we would ask—whether would the British Government have shown itself strongest in the eyes of other Powers by stooping quietly to degradation at home, or by manfully and hopefully appealing to the country for approval and support? So far as regards foreign politics, we believe the country has actually been a gainer by the dissolution. Certainly, in no respect has it been a loser. Immediately on the meeting of Parliament, we believe the Ministry are prepared to lay on the table of both Houses documents connected with the recent negotiations with France, Austria, and Sardinia, which will prove to demonstration how able and indefatigable have been their efforts to maintain the peace of Europe, and that, if war has actually broken out, it was only because some of the Powers were secretly resolved to force matters to that issue.

The new strength which the Ministerial ranks have received from the elections, the fact also that certain thoroughgoing partisans on the Lib-

eral side have been replaced by men of independent opinions, and also, let us say, the increased gravity of the Continental crisis, will doubtless prove to the Opposition chiefs that they must conduct their attacks upon the Ministry with less undisguised factiousness. But that their attacks will be renewed, there need be no manner of doubt. It is a scramble for office. *Punch* hit the truth very well in his cartoon of the "real ugly rush," in which burly Bright, jaunty Palmerston, and little Lord John are all seen crushing might and main to get in at the door of Downing Street. The country is sufficiently acquainted with the antecedents of each of these candidates and competitors for office. Mr Bright we may put aside for the present. A gentleman of his peculiar notions on the subject of the national defences is not likely to suit the taste of the country at such a juncture as the present, and moreover it is not long since we did him the honour to bestow upon his absurdities a very special dissection.

Lord John Russell, of course, has a better chance than the Radical Quaker—although, if Lord John be Premier, it will be part of the bargain that Mr Bright be included in his Cabinet. We need not now enlarge upon the restless ambition which has always characterised his lordship, and the utter want of scruple which he displays when engaged in the pleasant task of upsetting a rival. But let us simply consider his qualifications for the premiership at a time when foreign affairs are so troubled, and when the ambition of certain Continental Powers threatens to tear in pieces all existing treaties, so as by and by to draw this country also into the vortex of war. Now, of all statesmen of eminence in this country, there is not one less suited than Lord John Russell to encounter such a storm. In foreign politics he has all along either confessed himself incapable or proved himself a blunderer. It transpired in the dispute between him and Lord Palmerston in the beginning of 1852, that during the five preceding years, when his lordship was Premier, his Foreign

Secretary treated him with such profound contempt, held him in such utter disregard, that he was in the habit of conducting the important correspondence of his department without submitting it in any way to the revision of his superior. Palmerston acted just as if there was no chief of the Cabinet, and Lord John, acknowledging his own incompetence, acquiesced in being snubbed, until a letter from her Majesty summoned him to a discharge of his duty as Premier. His profound blundering, and mingled meanness and bluster during the Crimean War, are too recent to be forgotten. The grand feature of the Coalition Cabinet was the ingenuity with which the talent of its members was neutralised by each being put in the wrong place. Accordingly, while Palmerston was made Home Secretary, and had to content himself with suggesting to schoolmasters that boys should be taught a plainer style of handwriting,—with lecturing the Presbytery of Edinburgh on the uselessness of fasts to stop the cholera,—and startling the orthodoxy and paternity of England by the assertion that “all children are born good,”—Lord John was with equal grotesqueness made Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and, as such, conducted the famous ‘secret correspondence’ with the Russian Government, by which the Czar was tempted to make his onslaught upon Turkey. After war was declared, and the spirit of the country had waxed warm, Lord John also grew very bold, and, for the mere sake of a moment’s popularity, shamefully and disastrously revealed the secrets of the Government in regard to the campaign, by announcing in Parliament that Sebastopol was to be attacked, nearly three months before it was possible for the Allied armies to set foot in the Crimea. Equally characteristic was the close of his connection with that Cabinet, deserting his colleagues in the hour of danger—a desertion which drew from the uncompromising Roebuck the memorable denunciation, in which he likened the noble lord to a “timid fisherman, who, foreseeing the coming storm, ran his boat ashore, and then fled howling inland.” A few

months after, however, saw him again as confident as ever—*en route* to Vienna, there to bring Russia diplomatically to her knees, and the wily Austrians to plain speaking. We have no wish to revive in detail his lordship’s blundering on that important mission. Suffice it to say, that the British statesman who, not a year before, had foolishly and vaingloriously revealed the secrets of Government by declaring that no peace would be made until the “standing menace” (Sebastopol) was destroyed, was so confounded and cajoled by the foreign diplomatists that he agreed to terms of peace which left the “standing menace” untouched, and which had to be peremptorily repudiated by the Government of which he was the accredited agent. This is not the man for the times. Alternately boastful and timid, and blundering always, in foreign politics, Lord John Russell would prove the very worst of possible premiers in a crisis like the present. Even as regards the defence of our own shores, can it be forgotten that when the aspect of France was deemed menacing in the spring of 1852, Lord John showed his capacity by proposing the formation of a militia, no regiment of which was to be movable beyond the limits of its own county! No wonder that the House of Commons, under such provocation, thereupon threw out his Bill and kicked out his Ministry.

Lord Palmerston is a statesman of a very different order. He has always proved as true and useful to his colleagues as Lord John has been unsafe and mischievous. He has none of the braggart boastfulness, and little of that restless overweening ambition of office which characterises his rival. And he is also as much in his element in foreign and military politics as Lord John is the reverse. His advanced age must now deprive him of much of that energy which was his by nature, and is a great drawback to his value, seeing that the crisis upon which Europe has entered is evidently only the beginning of the end—not the cataract itself, but only the rapids leading to it. The Radicals so cor-

dially hate Lord Palmerston that he has little chance of again being Premier, but were he in any way intrusted at present with the direction of our foreign policy, the country could not fail to regard his administration with extreme suspicion. It suits the French Emperor to profess great friendliness for this country, in order that he may induce us to do as he wants, while he is carrying on the war in Italy. While "reviving the traditional policy of France," Napoleon has sought most anxiously to disarm the suspicions of this country, and to enlist the sympathy of our general public, by pretending that the sole object of his war with Austria is to obtain liberty for the Italians. This is the grand object of the first half of his pamphlet entitled "Napoleon III and Italy," as well as of his public addresses, and doubtless his diplomatic communications with our Government contain still more fervent protestations to the same effect. He appeals, too, very daringly, to the somewhat over active interference of the British Government in Italian affairs, not only as a justification of his own ambitious policy in that peninsula, but even as a reason why our Government should now openly lend its support to him in the contest. This imperial hypocrisy and presumption are certainly very daring, but there is one British statesman to whom it comes home with something like the force of an *argumentum ad hominem*. It is upon Lord Palmerston's meddling policy in Italy in 1847 that the Imperial pamphleteer rests his demand for the sympathy of this country in his present schemes, and it was Lord Palmerston likewise who was cajoled by the Mephistophiles of the Tuderies into sending the British fleet in company with the French to make a blundering and bootless demonstration against the Government of Naples. We know the lengths to which Lord Palmerston carried his deference to the French Emperor on the Conspiracy Bill, in December 1857, and we know that his lordship has since then been in close relationship with Napoleon III. Towards the end of last year—long after Cavour had paid

his memorable visit at Plombières, Lord Palmerston was invited to Compiègne, and was for some time a guest of the Emperor's. Several of the Paris correspondents of the London journals, with their usual taste for gossip and speculation, expressed surmises as to some plot being on foot—some constitutional *coup d'état*—by which Lord Derby was to be displaced and Lord Palmerston restored to the head of the British Government. Naturally enough, such gossip received little attention on this side the Channel. No one grudged the noble Viscount a visit to the Court of the ruler whom he had so much befriended. But subsequent events have invested the incident in a new light. We now know, with most perfect assurance, that at the very time Lord Palmerston visited the French Court, the Emperor of the French was busy with his plans for this intervention in Italy, which he is now carrying out by force of arms. Several months before, Napoleon had come to an understanding with Count Cavour, he had also been visited by the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia (who has been touring throughout the Mediterranean, visiting the courts of Sardinia and Greece, and inspecting Malta and other fortified posts of ours in that sea), and, seeing his plans so rapidly maturing, it was but natural that the French Emperor should desire to have a friendly opportunity of "talking over" a leading British statesman to his views. Doubtless he had already experienced that Lords Derby and Malmesbury were not at all disposed to smile upon so very suspicious a project. Of course we do not believe that Napoleon really made Lord Palmerston aware of all that was to follow. That was not the Emperor's game, and his power of reticence and dissimulation is too perfect to let him reveal a single thought more than suited his project. His object in procuring the visit of Lord Palmerston was to imbue him with the notion that the policy he was about to inaugurate was entirely in the interests of peace—that he (the Emperor) had no desire for war, and that he had no intention of doing anything to pro-

voke it. He had no desire to infringe treaties or wrest Lombardy from Austria,—all he wanted was to get Austria's consent to certain reforms, especially in the Papal States, after which all would be well and Italy content. Such, probably, was the plausible way in which Napoleon III first represented his project to British statesmen. As Lord Palmerston has always been a famous meddler in Italian affairs, he was the most likely man (the Emperor would think) to fall into his trap. And if we are to judge from the tone of Lord Palmerston's recent speeches and his addresses to his constituents, it looks very much as if the imperial conversations at Compiègne had not been without effect. The noble Viscount talks of the "good cause" as if the war were one wholly inspired by the sentiment of liberty, and as if it were a spontaneous movement on the part of the Italians themselves. Not a word about France and its Emperor, with his announced revival of the "traditional policy." And a relative of the ex-Premier, Lord Shaftesbury, is so blind to the true tendencies of French politics, that he takes no more notice of them than if Napoleon III were some pious, disinterested, and ingenious champion of the rights of humanity, and writes a letter in the *Times* calling upon Great Britain to give its entire sympathy and support to the good cause in Italy! Pious men are often great dupes. Just a year ago, Lord Shaftesbury was fervently and solemnly denouncing Lord Ellenborough for having censured the Oude proclamation—a more tyrannous and atrocious edict than ever proceeded from any despotic government in Europe, and now when the French Emperor has put on the *redingote* of his uncle, and has contracted alliances evidently adverse alike to this country and to the peace of the world, Lord Shaftesbury in religious accents hallooed him on, and invokes for his projects the sympathy of the British public!

The present Ministry have deserved well of their country, and it is saying little if we affirm that it is much

better that the management of foreign affairs in this crisis should be in their hands than in those of the author of the Conspiracy Bill, or of him who made British diplomacy ridiculous at Vienna. Lord Palmerston is said to be a great war-minister—and in not a few respects we grant him the credit of being so, but in what condition did he leave our greatest bulwark, the veritable palladium of British freedom and independence, the Channel Fleet? When the Conservatives acceded to office sixteen months ago, and Sir John Pakington succeeded Sir C. Wood as head of the Admiralty Board, it was the first duty of the new Minister of our marine to make the startling announcement that we had no Channel Fleet. "It was his duty to state (he said) that we had no Channel squadron whatever,—that we had no naval defence of our own coast!" Never before, at any time in our history, could such a statement have been made by a British Minister. The public would not credit the statement. Not until March last, when Sir John Pakington wisely and resolutely laid the whole statistics before Parliament, did either the Legislature or the country come to perceive that his words a year before had been the simple truth. Nor had the Conservative Ministry been idle in the interval. Our fleet is now twice as strong as it was a year ago, and at the present moment every dockyard is ringing with an unparalleled din of work. Assuredly the aspect of the times calls for such exertions.

Three months have elapsed since we called attention to the magnitude of the crisis that is approaching in the affairs of Europe. We had no difficulty in perceiving even then that war was resolved on by certain powers, and that accordingly all attempts at mediation would prove fruitless. "Napoleon III is waiting for the melting of the snows on Mont Cenis,—he may be waiting also for the melting of the ice in the Baltic." In those words, with which we closed our article,* is contained the substance of the news which, ten

* See the article on "Napoleon III and Europe," in the March Number, p. 392

weeks after these words were written, spread unparalleled consternation upon every Exchange in Europe, and even in our own staid firm-hearted country, drove down consols 6 per cent, and caused no less than fifty bankruptcies in the London Exchange. Looking forward to the coming war, we said—"Napoleon III will aim at making it a short one, and it will also be one of the first requisites in his eyes that it be not allowed to overpass the limits of Italy, and assume a European character, giving rise to unforeseeable conjunctures. He must wish it to be an Italian war confined to Italy. And he will seek to insure this by a previous understanding with Russia, the influence of which great Power, if exerted in unison with the objects of France, will wholly neutralise the influence of Great Britain and Prussia on the other side. And probably it is on the threat of a naval alliance between France and Russia against us, if we venture to interfere, that he most confidently reckons to secure our neutrality." As to the objects of the French Emperor in engaging in this war, and of the real character of the policy which he will henceforth seek to carry out, we expressed ourselves fully and explicitly in the same article, and in the opinions which we then expressed, we have nothing to alter now. The events of the last three months have only tended to verify our anticipations,—even down to the fact of Napoleon taking the field in person, and seeking to establish a military reputation on the same fields which witnessed the first victories of his uncle, and against the same foe.

Let us now see how matters stand. About a fortnight after we last wrote on the subject, the differences between France and Austria suddenly assumed the gravest character. Lord Cowley came from Paris to consult with our Government, and, to the surprise of the general public, it became rumoured that matters had come to such a point that, unless something were done to prevent it, war might be declared within a few hours. In such a juncture of affairs,—when the

peace of Europe was about to be broken upon most arbitrary and unjustifiable grounds, it was to be expected that the other Powers would interfere, and insist upon a pacific solution of the matters at issue. It is quite evident that if the other great Powers had been all desirous of maintaining the peace, the peace would never have been broken. Had Russia made common cause with Great Britain, Prussia, and the German States in upholding the interests of peace, and jointly declared that, as the differences between France and Austria were quite susceptible of a pacific solution (as they certainly were, if the demands of Napoleon for reforms in Italy were made *bond fide*, and were not designed to mask ulterior objects), they would hold that Power an enemy to Europe who should raise obstacles to such a solution of the question,—peace would have been secured. But Russia, as the event now shows, took an opposite view of the matter, and had already come to an understanding with the French Emperor, and as the mass of material power which could have compelled peace was thus broken up, moral influence on the part of Great Britain and Prussia alone remained available to check the outburst of war. That influence was exerted to the utmost by the British Government. It enforced moderation upon Austria, and demanded explicitness from France. Having brought the French Government to make a precise statement of the reforms in Italy which that Government insisted upon, and with the concession of which by Austria it would be satisfied, Lord Cowley was despatched to Vienna to obtain the concession of these points from the Austrian Government. He succeeded in his mission. Pressed most urgently by the British Government to make those concessions, and thereby obviate all cause or pretext for war, the Austrian Cabinet gave its assent to them. What followed? The instant that the telegraph flashed to Paris the intelligence that the British ambassador was succeeding in his mission, the Russian ambassador at the Tuileries proposed that

the question should be submitted to a congress,—and the proposal was instantly adopted by the French Emperor. Thus Lord Cowley's mission was at once nullified, and the whole work of mediation had to be begun afresh, and under conditions which could not fail to give rise to many embarrassing preliminaries. The ordinary version of this incident is, as we have said, that the proposal for a congress came from Russia—Lord Palmerston says that it came either from Russia or from the Emperor of the French. We entertain no doubt that it was made by the Russian ambassador at the instigation of the French Government—or at least with a knowledge that that

Government would eagerly accept it. The French Emperor did so accept it. Although he had given his assent to Lord Cowley's mission, and although the demands he had made upon Austria with respect to Italy had been formally conceded, he now said that all that must go for nothing, inasmuch as, now that a congress had been proposed by Russia, it would not be respectful to the European Powers not to decide the question in that more august fashion. Very naturally, the British Government was not pleased, and was much disappointed at seeing the peaceful settlement which they had brought about thus thrown to the winds.* But Napoleon persisted,—and so to a

* The following account of the circumstances in which Lord Cowley's mission was resolved upon by the British Government, and of the cause of the ultimate failure of that masterly attempt to avert hostilities has been given by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in terms which we believe make not the slightest reservation of facts, although it would have been contrary to usage and etiquette if he had expressed any inferences and suspicions:—

The Emperor of the French said 'Although I will make no proposition I will tell you what I think ought to be done for Italy—what will satisfy my wishes—and if you think it reasonable you may go to Austria and submit it to her, though I do not think that Austria will ever accede to it. By this means we were made perfectly acquainted with the views of the Emperor of the French. We did go to Austria, and Austria behaved in what I styled—and think justly styled—in the House of Commons a spirit of dignified conciliation' (Hear! hear). For though the Emperor of the French believed that Austria would never agree to the proposals which he made with regard to Austria though we expected to meet with great difficulties, and though we did meet with great difficulties yet the Ambassador of the Queen entirely succeeded and the Emperor of Austria did make all the concessions we desired. The mission of Lord Cowley was eminently successful—no not eminently, but entirely successful. He returned to London and gave us every conviction that we should obtain our object but before he could reach Paris the Minister of the Emperor of Russia, in consequence of the state of Europe, had proposed that the affairs of Italy should be submitted to a congress, and therefore, instead of a mediation by England between France and Austria a congress of the five great Powers was proposed for the settlement of the question. The Government without hesitation and without loss of time—though not without long and due deliberation—felt that if their scheme of mediation was played against the scheme of congress the probable end would be that nothing would be done (Hear! hear). The only objection to the scheme was, that if a congress of the five great Powers—Russia being one—met other subjects than the condition of Italy might be brought before it. The recent treaties which resulted from the Russian war might have been introduced, and so instead of effecting the settlement which we desired, instead of preventing war between France and Austria, we might have been involved in negotiations and discussions which would have been either fruitless or prejudicial. Therefore, it was only on four conditions that we accepted the congress. It was to be directed only to the consideration of the condition of Italy, it was to obtain the evacuation by foreign troops of the petty States of Italy, it was to deliberate on the reform of Italian institutions, and on the amelioration of the condition of the Italian people, it was to secure means by which war between Sardinia and Austria would be rendered less likely to occur, and to put an end to those treaties between Austria and the quasi-independent States of Italy, which were the excuse for Austria always entering into their territories when any attempt was made by the people to ameliorate their condition"—*Extract from Mr Disraeli's Speech, at his Re-election for Buckinghamshire, May 2, 1859*

congress the dispute had to go. Then at once arose a host of embarrassing preliminaries. Where was the Congress to be held?—what powers were to take part in it?—under what conditions was it to meet?—and to what points was the discussion to be restricted? Was Sardinia to be represented in it?—and, if so, why not also the other Italian States? France desired that her ally, Sardinia, should be represented, but had no inclination to extend the same privilege to the other Italian Governments, which were known to be friendly to Austria. And then as to the armaments. From the beginning of the year, France and Sardinia on the one side, and Austria on the other, had been making the most extensive military preparations. After the warlike announcement of the King of Sardinia to his troops, that they might be needed for the field in spring, and the ominous words of the French Emperor to the Austrian Ambassador on New Year's Day, Austria had been hurrying large bodies of troops into her menaced Italian provinces. France at the same time had recalled all her spare troops from Algeria,—had assembled troops, a war-flotilla, and immense stores of material at Marseilles and Toulon—and had concentrated an army of the Alps at Lyons, all ready to be transported by railway to Mont Cenis. Sardinia, on her part, had been equally active in her warlike preparations, and had moreover taken the extraordinary step of enrolling "free corps," composed of volunteers and deserters from the Austrian and other extra-Sardinian territories of Italy. A congress is at all times a slow and embarrassing affair, and the question must have naturally suggested itself to every Power desirous of peace,—can anything but mischief ensue if those immense armaments are allowed to go on in the interval? Austria therefore suggested that there should be a general disarmament on the part of herself, France, and Sardinia; and the proposal was strongly supported, as alike just and expedient, by Great Britain. At first both France and Sardinia refused to accede to any such dis-

armament; but, strongly pressed by the British Government, the French Emperor at length gave way upon this point, and at a later period Sardinia also gave a grudging and not very explicit assent to the proposal. Before being apprised of Sardinia's tardy assent, and fully believing (apparently upon good grounds) that her adversaries were resolved to force on a war, and were merely waiting their own time to begin it, the Austrian Government despatched an ultimatum to Sardinia, requiring her to agree to a disarmament and to disband her "free corps." Now, let it be observed, that the enrolment of these free corps was itself an indisputable *casus belli*. The mere enlistment of two or three Germans on American soil by British agents, although entirely repudiated by the British Government, was held by the American Government to be sufficient ground for dismissing our ambassador. But for two months before this ultimatum was presented, natives of Lombardy (Austrian subjects), of Parma, Modena, and other States had been eagerly enlisted and publicly formed into regiments by the Sardinian Government; and amongst these were many deserters from the Austrian and other ranks, who, as the Sardinian journals delighted to proclaim, had "marched across the frontier with their arms on their shoulders." The very existence of such "free corps," according to every rule of international law, was a cause of war. The Sardinian Government positively and explicitly refused to disband these corps,—and so the war began.

But let us look a little closely into the dates of these events. The French Government, with that homage of hypocrisy which discreet vice pays to virtue, in all its manifestoes has studiously claimed for the Emperor the credit of being actuated by the purest and most disinterested motives, and of having displayed to the very last moment a most marvellous amount of moderation. These are simply fine phrases, designed to beguile the more ignorant portion of the European public. The French legions entered Sardinia *more than three days before the Austrians crossed*

the Ticino. It was on the evening of the 23d April that the Austrian ultimatum was presented at Turin. No answer to it was required until the expiry of three days—i. e., till the evening of the 26th. Meanwhile the British Government made another strenuous attempt to preserve peace, and made proposals with this object both to the Austrian and French governments. These proposals were assented to by Austria, who gave an unmistakable proof of her sincerity by telegraphing to Count Giulay, who was ready to cross the Ticino, to remain inactive, and by promising the British Government not to begin hostilities until the reply of France to the proposal should have been received. How did that model of moderation, the French Emperor, act in the same circumstances? While affecting to consider the proposal, he hurried forward his troops both by sea and land into the Sardinian territories! And upon what plea did the Emperor reject the proposal? Upon a plea which, we make bold to say, was never yet advanced by any power really desirous of peace. He rejected it, forsooth, because he thought it disrespectful to the other Powers if he were to accept the mediation of Great Britain! Meanwhile he had stolen a march upon Austria. Instead of Austria having stolen a march upon France, as is generally imagined in this country, the case is entirely the other way. By pretending to consider this last proposal while actually commencing the war, the French Emperor gained a start which under no other circumstances was possible. Duly informed that Austria had engaged not to cross the Ticino until his answer was known, he delayed his answer for several days, and meanwhile pushed forward his own armies to commence the war. On the forenoon of the 26th the telegraph informed the Court of Turin that the vanguard of one French army had landed at Genoa, and that the van of another had already traversed Savoy and was crossing the Mont Cenis. In effect, on the morn-

ing of that day, the French ships of the line "Albatros" and "Redoutable" steamed into the port of Genoa, landing General Bataine and his troops on the quarantine quay; and that night 9000 of the Chasseurs of Vincennes and infantry of the line slept at Susa (within an hour's ride of Turin by the railway), while other battalions were fast following them across Mont Cenis. On the forenoon of that same day General Canrobert arrived at Turin, and in the evening the Austrian envoy was dismissed with a reply in the negative to the Austrian ultimatum. While the French Emperor was thus pouring his troops into Italy, the Austrian Government, true to its pledge, would not commence hostilities until the reply of France to the British proposals was known; and in this way it was not until late on the 29th that the Austrian army was put in motion and crossed the frontier stream of the Ticino. It was at mid-day on the 28th that the telegraph brought the order to advance to Count Giulay at Milan; and it was about thirty hours afterwards that the Austrian army crossed the frontier. By that time 70,000 French troops were in Sardinia; and Tuscany, Parma, and Modena were in revolution, and openly hostile to Austria. It was in the forenoon of the 28th April, as we have said, that the vanguard of the French landed at Genoa; and no sooner was this known in Tuscany (on the 27th) than the Tuscan troops "demanded the tricolor flag, and orders to join the Sardinian army." Parma and Modena took the same course. And thus, as the French troops were supreme at Rome, Austria, before her army had crossed the Ticino, beheld the entire left flank of her position in Lombardy uncovered to the enemy,—the whole country lying between the Po and the Neapolitan States (with the exception of her fortified posts in the Legations) leagued against her, and an army of 150,000 French and Sardinians assembling in her front.* "Not to overstate numbers," says the Turin correspondent of the *Times*

* In this estimate we reckon only the regular army of Sardinia, 80,000 strong; but besides that, there are 27,000 militia and volunteers.

on April 30, "I will estimate at 70,000 the French troops which are this morning in the Sardinian States, divided between Genoa, Susa, and Turin." And if we turn to the official bulletins of the Sardinian Government, we find this statement amply corroborated. The *Turin Gazette* of the same day (April 30), while announcing that the Austrians had crossed the Ticino on the previous evening, adds that "the whole (French) Division Bouat has arrived in Turin,"—that "the first column of French troops that came by Monte Ginevra have reached Susa,"—and that the French troops "commence their march from Genoa to-day." With an army equal in numbers, and probably superior in quality to her own, thus in possession of all the strong places in Sardinia, before she ever crossed the Ticino, and with the whole south bank of the Po in arms against her, we need not wonder that Austria should have hesitated to advance upon Turin. She resigned that opportunity (greatly against the wishes of her generals) in order to accept once more the proposals for peace made by the British Government; whereas our "faithful ally," the French Emperor, simply toyed with these proposals until he had time to push forward an army into Italy, and then rejected them most peremptorily, if not with actual scorn. The French army commenced the war by entering Italy more than three days before the Austrians crossed the Ticino; and yet the French Government in all its manifestoes justifies its going to war on the plea that Austria had first invaded the Sardinian territories. For example, in the imperial communication to the French Legislature on the 3d of May, it is said—"Austria, in causing her army to enter the territory of the King of Sardinia, our ally, declares war against us. She thus violates treaties and justice, and menaces our frontiers." This is downright falsehood. And if the justification of either Power is to depend upon which of them first commenced the war by crossing their frontiers, then assuredly it was France, not Austria, that first "violated treaties and justice, and menaced the frontiers"

of her rival. Austria may have been rash in sending the ultimatum to Sardinia, but, as she now experiences to her cost, it was certainly not she that made the first move in the war.

England has never yet failed in sympathy for Italy. She has ever been foremost in promoting the internal amelioration of the Italian States. When France was crushing freedom and playing the despot at Rome, and when all the other great powers looked on with approving indifference, England has never ceased to avail herself of every legitimate opportunity to urge upon Italian governments the work of domestic reform. But not on this account have we the slightest sympathy for the course now taken by France. The Emperor of the French, indeed, in his celebrated pamphlet, and in all his subsequent manifestoes, has most assiduously endeavoured to persuade us that his policy towards Italy is fundamentally the same as that which England has long pursued, and that therefore we owe him our sympathy, if not actual support. He says he is interfering entirely for freedom's sake, and in the interests of humanity. Such an hypocrisy will delude very few in this country. No great State ever makes war save from motives of self-interest; and Napoleon III. is the last man in the world to overlook his own ends in a fit of enthusiasm. Neither is it very natural that a monarch who is the sternest of despots at home should become the champion of liberty abroad. The French Emperor ruptures the peace of Europe solely for his own ends. He was resolved upon making war, and he has got war. Any one who has a sound head upon his shoulders must have perceived that Austria had nothing at all to gain by war, and a very great deal to lose. Her interest was to do everything she could to avoid war—and she did so. She assented to everything that Napoleon, through Lord Cowley, demanded; and again, at the last moment, and to her own great detriment in a military point of view, she readily accepted the renewed mediation of the British Government, which France arrogantly rejected.

France and Sardinia were resolved upon war, each for very obvious objects of its own, and Austria had to accept the combat. The immediate objects of the French Emperor in forcing on this war it is not difficult to discern. As we pointed out three months ago, of all possible wars, one like the present is best calculated to enlist the suffrages of Frenchmen. To extend French influence over Italy has always been part of the "traditional policy" of France, and to wage a war for the "liberation of Italy is a more captivating way of doing the thing than any other that could be devised. Such an enterprise will persuade France that she is still the champion of freedom, although she gets a little of it for herself, and Red Republicanism, the Emperor anticipates, will thereby become extinguished at home—especially as the more ardent spirits of the sect will hurry off to make themselves "food for powder" on the plains of Italy. Moreover—as we then also pointed out—a great Necessity impels Napoleon into this war. He dreads to be surprised by another 1848. It would have been the ruin of Napoleon III if an outburst of revolution had surprised him in his recent position. It was French troops which destroyed the Roman Republic, it is French troops which have kept down "Italian liberty" in Rome ever since. If a revolution like that of 1848 had again extended itself over the peninsula, Napoleon III and his troops at Rome would have had no alternative but to act against it, and as such a revolution would have excited similar movements in other countries—probably in France itself—Napoleon III, the "elect of the people," would have been ruined by having to play the despot *par et simple*. Hence his resolute desire to escape from so embarrassing a position. He goes to war in order to avert revolution. As he "discounted" the projected Socialist revolt in France in 1852 by the *coup-d'état* of the December preceding, so he now sets himself to discount the Italian revolution by an immediate Italian war in both cases acting on the principle of averting peril by bringing on the disease which he dreads, at his own time and

It seems possible that the imperial calculator may succeed in his plans. He desires to restrict the war to Italy, and the aspect of affairs promises him success. He laid his plans with consummate subtlety and ability, he forecast everything—saw where danger was likely to arise, and what means were the best to prevent it. Germany instinctively feels that this is the first step to a revival of Napoleonic ambition, and is vehemently inclined not to let herself be destroyed piecemeal, but, gathering together her whole strength, at once to make common cause against the disturber of the peace. To meet this danger, Napoleon has obtained the support of Russia, which (we doubt not), if necessary, would be equally effective against both Germany and England. If Germany join Austria against France, the Russian armies will cross the Vistula and Carpathians to attack Germany from the east, if England threaten to take up arms, the French and Russian fleets will unite against us. The plan is masterly, and promises to be successful. Germany has applied to our Government to know whether, in the event of her going to war with France, England will protect German commerce at sea—in plain English, whether we will aid her with our fleet. To this application an official reply has been made in the negative. Great Britain and Prussia, although disapproving of the war, have resolved, as the best course open to them, to remain neutral. Thus, unless in the case of some unforeseen contingency, or of Germany resolving at all hazards to protect her unity, the war will be confined to Italy, and Austria will have to fight it out single handed against France and Sardinia, backed by the efforts of the Italian population. The odds against her in such a struggle are very great. A short war is the thing desired by the French Emperor. He will hurry every spare regiment and battery with headlong celerity into Italy, and, along with the Sardinians and Italians, will seek to encircle the Austrian positions in Lombardy with a girdle of fire. France, of herself, can pour into Italy as many troops as Austria can—or more, and these,

Italian forces, will outnumber the Austrians, and allow of the attack being made from many quarters at once. The only hope of Austria is in her fortresses, and the tide of war will probably linger long around the fortifications of Mantua and Verona. But, routed in the field, and alarmed at the menacing attitude of Russia in her rear, and at the spread of Russian intrigue through her Slavonic provinces, Austria (unless Germany come to her aid) may be expected not to prolong the contest to extremities. This is precisely what the French Emperor wants and calculates upon, and he will be quite willing to listen to terms in his hour of triumph. Not unlikely, he will even be the first to propose them. Let him once achieve a decisive success, and appear as the triumphant champion of Italian liberty, and he will make little difficulty as to the terms of peace. And Sardinia, and the Italians generally, will be very little consulted in the matter. Their great champion, while affecting the greatest consideration for them, will take his own way, and close the war as quickly as possible. But should the war spread, and, overleaping the Alps, become one of races convulsing Europe, the consequences will be terrible; and upon Napoleon III. will the chief responsibility fall. The Austrian Government, through Lord Cowley, agreed in March to all that the French Emperor demanded, and to much more than he expected; and again, in the last week of April, it halted its armies and readily accepted the final proposal of England, which the French Emperor, while pushing forward his troops, took into consideration only that he might reject it.

The British public can have no sympathy with the French Government in this contest. And we would look with jealousy at any great triumph of that Power over Austria,—especially under the peculiar and ominous circumstances of the present case. Austria is a power which, of itself, can never be dangerous to Europe. She never fights from choice, and peace is more needful to her than to any other of the great powers. Only when overshadowed

and led by a greater power, such as Russia, can she venture to imperil herself by provoking war, or commencing a course of military aggression. And it is by weakening her that she will most surely be thrown under the tutelage of her colossal neighbour. This war has a direct tendency to produce such a result: and hence the interest with which Russia regards the present operations of Napoleon. Austria is a great check upon the Muscovite designs upon Turkey, and hence one of the reasons why Russia countenances the present attempt to weaken her. It may appear to some a matter of small consequence to Europe, or to this country, that Austria should be brought to the brink of destruction, and that French power should be extended all over the Italian peninsula. But the significance of this war extends far beyond the present hour. It is as a warning as regards the future that it most imperatively demands the attention of our statesmen and people. It indicates the commencement of a new phase in the Napoleonic policy. As long as the circumstances of his own position counselled peace, Louis Napoleon was the apostle of peace. But the traditions of French imperialism are not of a pacific character. When the nephew of Napoleon the Great re-established the Empire, he assumed in the eyes of the French nation a position which invited, as well as necessitated, a constant comparison between himself and his great predecessor. As long as he had to struggle with the factions at home, and was regarded as a *parvenu* and pariah among the potentates of the Continent, peace was the grand theme of his policy and speeches. But now that he has consolidated his power, and acquired a marked influence with other Powers—now that he has quietly but assiduously developed his navy to a point almost equal to ours, and such as enables him in conjunction with Russia to acquire a decided preponderance at sea,—when, too, in his camps at Boulogne and Châlons, he has at once habituated his vast army to the fatigues and operations of actual war, and has given himself opportunities for practising the art of

generalship, the case is changed. We no longer hear from him that the Empire is peace. His celebrated address at Bordeaux appears entirely out of date. It reads like the contents of some old almanac. The following is an extract from that speech, pronounced on the 9th October 1852, and which rallied so many to the imperial throne:—

"There is one apprehension which I must notice. From a spirit of mistrust, certain persons say, 'The Empire is war,' but I declare 'the Empire is peace.' Yes! it is peace, for France desires peace; and when France is satisfied, the world is tranquil. Glory may be bequeathed as a heritage, but not war. Did the princes who were justly proud of being the descendants of Louis XIV. recommence his struggles? War is not made for pleasure, it is made by necessity; and at these periods of transition, when on all sides, and with so many elements of prosperity, are so many causes of death, we may with truth say,—*Woe to the man who shall be the first in Europe to give the signal of a collision, of which the consequences would be incalculable!* I admit, however, that, like the Emperor, I, too, have many conquests to make. I wish, like him, to reconcile dissentient parties, and to lead back into the bed of the great river of the people the hostile streams which are lost without profit to any one. I desire to obtain for religion, for morality, and for comfort, that portion, still numerous, of the population who, in a country of faith and religion, scarcely know the precepts of Christ, who, in the most fertile soil of the world, can scarcely enjoy its products of primary necessity. We have vast uncultivated tracts to clear, roads to open, ports to construct, rivers to make navigable, canals to finish, and our network of railroads to complete. We have opposite to Marseilles a vast kingdom to assimilate to France. We have all our great ports of the west to bring nearer to the American continent by the rapidity of the communications which we are still in want of. We have everywhere ruins to be raised, false gods to pull down, and truths to make triumphant. Such is my manner of understanding the Empire, if the Empire is to be established. Such are the conquests I contemplate, and all you who surround me, and who desire, as I do, the good of our country, you are my soldiers!"

Again, in accepting the imperial crown, Louis Napoleon proclaimed

"that he did not make his reign date from 1816, but that he accepted all which history for the last fifty years transmits to us with its inflexible authority." This was an explicit promise to religiously observe and maintain the great treaties which form the basis of all the existing territorial arrangements of Europe. Six years, however, have changed all that. Now we are told by him that "French policy has traditions which it can never abandon,"—that it is the Emperor's mission "to restore France to her true rank among nations,"—that it is part of the high duty of France and its Emperor to take up arms "for the defence of great national interests—religion, philosophy, and civilization,"—and that the imperial policy "is ready to manifest itself wherever the cause of justice and civilization is to be assisted." The authority of treaties is given to the winds; and Napoleon III., now finding himself very powerful, proclaims himself the champion of whatever principle he may choose to represent as the right one, and against whatever country it may comport with his interest to attack.

So much for the new phase of French policy. The Russian Government has never, like the French Emperor, been very loud in its praises of peace, or very marked in its professions of regard for the sanctity of treaties. Napoleon III. is now acting on precisely the same principles as the late Czar did in his attack upon Turkey; and as the Court of St Petersburg has never abandoned, and never will abandon, its designs upon the Ottoman Empire, it is not unnatural that it should be pleased to see France pledging herself to an adoption of kindred principles of action for the future. Accordingly, while Lord Cowley was at Vienna endeavouring to maintain peace and the observation of treaties, there appeared in the *Gazette* of St Petersburg an article which plainly indicated that the Russian Cabinet approved of the policy of the French Emperor, and thought as lightly as he did of the Treaties of 1816. Here is the manner in which those treaties and the present crisis were treated by the

official journal of Russia five weeks before the outburst of the war :—

"If those documents, which ought to secure tranquillity in Europe, on the contrary place her in a false and perilous position, is it not an evident proof that they have ceased to answer the purpose for which they were concluded? . . . If, therefore, a war is necessary in order to impart new life to those treaties, which have become powerless because the principles which served as their basis no longer exist, we regard it as a measure indispensable to secure the tranquillity of Europe. . . . Whatever may become the fate of the Treaties of 1815, it is not the less certain that Italy cannot remain in the state in which she now is. If Europe does not decide to make some inevitable changes, there will be an armed collision, and on the day after a decisive battle these treaties must be revised and remodelled. We most sincerely wish that Europe may escape those terrible trials, but we regret that, in our opinion, the present situation of Europe is scarcely preferable to a war. It is time that the nations of Europe should form only one body. And if it be so, how can we say, when one member suffers, 'What is that to us?' But that does concern us very much, because all our organisation suffers with that member. We shall quietly await events, and if the Cabinet succeed in preventing the struggle which seems imminent, we shall thank Providence; but if it breaks out, we at least hope that it will remove once for all the causes which gave birth to it."

The drift of this is very plain. The French Emperor, himself afraid lest another revolution overtake Europe, has imbued the Czar with the same apprehension—an apprehension especially formidable at a time when the partial emancipation of the serfs is exciting the popular mind in Russia; and Napoleon has also impressed the Russian Government with an idea that the best way to obviate the revolutionary storm is for the French Government to discount it by a timely intervention on the popular side in Italy. Hence one reason for the present good understanding between the Courts of St Petersburg and the Tuileries. Another, and probably still more potent reason for the countenance and support which Russia is lending

to France, is—that, not only will the weakening of Austria be the gain of Russia, but also that, in return for Russia's services in the present war, France must hold herself ready to support Russia in similar fashion in her designs upon Turkey. "Nothing for nothing" is the principle which rules in Courts as well as in markets. If Russia now put her armies, and doubtless her fleets also, on a war footing to support French intervention in Italy, there need be no doubt that the profound plotter of the Tuileries has agreed to do the same for Russia as soon as the Czar is ready to carry out his "traditional policy" in regard to Turkey. It is more than possible that Austria will be so weakened by this war, and find herself so dependent upon the policy of Russia and France, that, instead of opposing, she will thereafter join with these Powers, and seek to compensate her losses in Italy by an accession of territory at the expense of Turkey. Very probably indeed—if triumphant in this war—Napoleon III. will repeat the rôle which he played so astutely at the close of the war with Russia; and, assuming the position of mediator between Austria and the Italians, and compelling the latter to accept less than they demand, will show himself so conciliatory to the Court of Vienna as to induce it the more readily to fall in with his plans and Russia's in regard to ulterior operations. Such a scheme will have a great chance of success, if (as is most likely) Germany and the other Powers leave Austria unaided in this contest; and the prospect of acquiring some of the north-western provinces of Turkey would be a very powerful bait. Great Britain, of course, cannot be expected ever to acquiesce in the partition of Turkey and the establishment of Russian power on the Bosphorus and Dardanelles; but doubtless, France and Russia calculate that a union of their fleets will be sufficient to enforce our neutrality. We shall then see the full use of Cherbourg. France will do as Russia does now—will put her armies on a war-footing, and engage to support Russia with her fleet if the proud Islanders do not quietly submit to

be excluded from the affairs of Europe. And as a close intimacy subsists between Napoleon and Marshal O'Donnell and the Spanish Court, it is not improbable that Spain also might be got to join in that confederacy. The promise of Gibraltar is a bait for Spain; and it is hard to see why that power should have at present made an extraordinary levy of 100,000 men, and been busily providing herself with gunboats, if she had not been led to believe that, in certain contingencies, she might employ those forces advantageously for her own interests. The newly announced principle of Napoleon's policy, by which he takes upon himself the "defence of great national interests," and of "the cause of justice and civilisation everywhere," is one admittedly of the very widest application, and would certainly embrace, if he see fit, the restitution of Gibraltar to Spain, and the giving of the Ionian Islands to Greece. He gives the frankest pledges to our Government that he means nothing of the kind in the present war,—and we believe him. His true game is to carry out his ideas bit by bit—making the execution of one project form a platform from which to advance to the execution of the next. The breaking-down of one scheme—the rupture of one link in his chain of policy, may mar and cut short the whole. No one can tell what the actual result will be. But it is well for this country to note beforehand the possible, we would say highly probable, contingencies. The grand danger to Britain would be the formation of a maritime confederacy against her. Unless some extraordinary development be given to our maritime power, we cannot make head against the united fleets of Russia and France. For too long we have been content to compare ourselves with our neighbour France alone—although France is rather a military than a naval power; and we have been overmuch disposed to be content if our fleet be equal to hers, while our army is confessedly so much smaller than hers. This would hardly be prudent even though France and England were the only two powers in the world; but it becomes a most perilous absurdity

when we consider that France has only to ally herself with another State in order to bring against us a fleet nearly double that of England. Napoleon knew what he was about when he proposed and carried, at the Congress of Paris, the abolition of privateering during war. By that stroke the ascendancy of the seas was reduced to a simple question as to which side could muster the larger State fleet,—a mode of deciding the contest more favourable to despotic than to free Governments—to France and Russia rather than to us. The financial strength of this country, as Mr Disraeli well said, is inexhaustible, compared to the resources of the Continental powers; but then our strength depends upon our commerce; and if that were interrupted by hostile fleets, our financial superiority would soon vanish.

A great deal has been said about the British Government having been deceived, during the recent negotiations, as to the real objects of France and Russia. It has been imagined, and charged against the Ministry as a grave fault, that they accepted as true the professions of those Governments, which the subsequent events have shown to be insincere. It is a shallow brain that has bred such a conceit. Suppose our Government had known four months ago all that is known now, could their conduct have been other than it has been? Suppose that they knew that France was bent on war, and that there was an understanding between her and Russia, what would their critics have had them do? Ought they to have gone to war?—or, with the French and Russian fleets against us, could they have done so? Or would it have been allowable or consonant with discretion that they should have proclaimed their disbelief in the honesty of the Powers with which they were negotiating, without having that tangible proof which alone could justify so extraordinary a course? The British Government did none of these things; but they did what was far better. They negotiated with the other Powers as if their professions in favour of peace were genuine. They said, "Well, as you are desirous of peace, if you can get it upon rea-

sonable terms : here are terms which meet your requirements ; let us try to get these terms conceded, so that the question may be settled without a recourse to war." In this way they brought the French Emperor to be explicit as to what he wanted ; and then, as a mediator, they got the Austrian Government to concede what was required : so that—but for the intervention of Russia's proposal for a Congress—Napoleon III. would have been bound by his own words to have concluded the quarrel peacefully. The British Government could not prevent the proposal for a Congress being made, nor yet its acceptance by France ; but they saw the thoroughly unsatisfactory character of the proposal, and the many real and factitious difficulties that would obstruct such a mode of settling the question. The British Government, as Mr Disraeli informs us, frankly stated their views on the subject to the French Government ; and when the proposal for a Congress had (as they had feared would be the case) proved a failure, they made one more resolute attempt to avert hostilities,—and that that attempt failed appears to have been the fault neither of our Government nor of Austria. In so negotiating, they took the right way of meeting the danger. So far from being deceived as to the true character of the crisis, they appear from the outset to have discerned the grave and suspicious aspect of the quarrel,—as any one may see who remembers, or reverts to, the speeches of the Premier and the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the opening of Parliament (February 3). Of Mr Disraeli's speech Lord John Russell observed—"The right honourable gentleman wished to give the House as much satisfaction as possible, and has felt that he cannot give that satisfaction in any complete form. He has told us, that with regard to the breaking out of war between two great powers of Europe, he should hesitate to say that war was probable, or that peace was absolutely hopeless. Those are expres-

sions which I have no doubt convey a right impression of the present state of affairs, and they are not a little alarming." It was with a view to meet the dangers which the Ministry apprehended that the Royal Speech contained that exhortation to Parliament, which so startled the general public, as to "the reconstruction of the British fleet ;" and it was with the same object in view that Sir John Pakington submitted to Parliament that masterly statement of the present condition and requirements of our navy, which first roused the country to a perception of our deficiencies in that all-important department of the national defence. Ever since then, the Government has assiduously laboured in the same work. Their policy is "an armed neutrality." It is the only right policy for the country. And we shall be curious to see how, by any ingenuity, the Opposition chiefs will venture to cavil at it. A Royal Manifesto has announced this policy to the world. At peace with all Sovereigns and States, her Britannic Majesty "is firmly determined to abstain from taking part, directly or indirectly, in the war between Austria, Sardinia, and France." How long it will be possible for Great Britain to keep aloof, depends upon contingencies which no one can foresee. "We must remember (said Sir John Pakington, at Droitwich,) how the commercial, imperial, and colonial interests of England are mixed up with every part of Europe. We must remember the importance of the British possessions in the Mediterranean, and the importance of maintaining our communications with India. These interests, and the interests of our trade in the Mediterranean and the Baltic, being borne in mind, the people of this country must consider that, while the policy of the Government is neutrality, the day may come when it will be difficult to persevere in the maintenance of that neutrality."* We may keep free from the vortex for the present, but no one

* Another side of the same difficulty is thus set forth by the *Law Times* :—"The laws that regulate the conduct of neutrals are extremely complicated, especially in relation to the carriage of war-material. It is more than likely that some day, in

who reads the signs of the times will predict peace for this country for other four years. Even as regards this present war, any extension of the area of hostilities might at once compel Great Britain to depart from the neutrality which she so much desires to maintain. In these circumstances, every means is being adopted by the Government expeditiously to strengthen the national defences. Not only is an extraordinary levy being made of sailors to man the fleet, but a circular has been issued from the War Office authorising, for the first time within the memory of the present generation, the formation of corps of volunteers—rifle and artillery. The menacing aspect of the times has awakened the muse of the Laureate; and by the following stirring strains he has struck a chord which will vibrate through the heart of the nation:—

"There is a sound of thunder a-far,
Storm in the South that darkens the day,
Storm of battle and thunder of war,
Well, if it do not roll our way.

Storm! storm! Riflemen form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen form!

Be not deaf to the sound that warns!
Be not gulled by a despot's plea!
Are signs of thistles, or grapes of thorns?
How should a despot make men free!
Form! form! Riflemen form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen form!

Let your Reformers for a moment go,
Look to your butts and take good aims.
Better a rotten borough or so,
Than a rotten fleet or a city in flames!
Form! form! Riflemen form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen form!

Form, be ready to do or die!
Form in Freedom's name and the Queen's!
True, that we have a faithful ally,
But only the Devil knows what he means!
Form! form! Riflemen form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen form!"

When the Government, in a most difficult time, is most nobly and vig-

orously doing its duty, the Opposition chiefs will find it a very difficult matter to make the New Parliament an arena of faction. That some of these chiefs will make the attempt, we do not doubt. The triumph of their sect or party is nearer their hearts than the grander principles of national policy. It was the boast of Mr Bright a few months ago that the Radicals had broken up four Ministries, and that they would break up as many more if necessary to the success of their schemes of innovation. They are confessedly Obstructives—acting upon the principle of rendering it impossible to carry on the Government, so as to force on a revolutionary extension of the suffrage which will place their party in the ascendancy. This new Parliament will witness the last critical stage in the history of the Whigs. Until recently, the Radical sect constituted so insignificant a portion of the Liberal party that the Whigs were, except on emergencies, always able to take their own way, and the Radicals had no choice but to support their more prudent and aristocratic co-Liberals, or else see the reins of office given up to the Conservatives. But the Radicals are now becoming a pretty strong party of themselves. Without them, the Whigs cannot command an ascendancy in the House. The Conservative party has also become stronger than it has been since 1847, and now comprises fully three hundred members of the House. In these circumstances it is easy to perceive that the strength of the Whigs is not only already diminished, but that it will continue to diminish. The struggle is becoming more and more one between Conservatives and Radicals. And the intermediate party will gradually, in course of time, melt out of sight. As the Peelites have disappeared, so in time will the Whigs. Every future year will find some of them merging on the one hand into

the Mediterranean, one of our ships will be boarded by a ship of one of the belligerents, on a charge of having arms, ammunition, or war-stores for the use of the enemy. The suspicion may prove to be unfounded, but it will suffice to set us in flame. Forthwith the Ministry of the hour will be charged by the Opposition with neglecting the honour of the country, if they do not resent the insult. Oppositions never care for consequences: they would plunge into war or anything else, if thereby they could eject the party holding office and put themselves in their places."

Conservatives, or on the other into Radicals. It remains to be seen how they will act in the present Parliament. If the Whigs were true to their old principles, now that Radical innovation has become formidable, they would side with the Conservative party. But by far the greater part of them—as is clear from their electoral speeches and addresses—are ready to bid high for Radical support. A reduction of the franchise such as they scorned when their side was in office, they now profess to think wise and beneficial. But not a few, we hope, warned and instructed by the aspect of the times, will adopt the wise and patriotic course taken by Earl Grey and Lord Elcho. The question of Reform has been degraded into a mere engine of Party—a convenient machinery by means of which Lord John Russell and other ejected place-hunters hope to reinstate themselves in office. Some of the more patriotic and independent members of the Whig party see this, and, with all their natural love of office, are unwilling to sacrifice the permanent interests of the country for a fleeting gain of party. The masterly argument and brilliant eloquence of Sir E. B. Lytton, which told so much upon the House, was not lost upon reflecting men of all parties throughout the country. Let us hope that a spirit of wise moderation will prevail in the New Parliament. There need be no fear of reactionary measures. The current of the popular mind runs too strongly in favour of innovation; the only danger—and it is a momentous one—is, that this love of innovation may carry us too far. “Finality,” as Mr Disraeli observed, in contradistinction to the shallow imagination of Lord John Russell, “is not a word known in politics.” Onwards we must go. Every new reduction of the franchise lends fresh power to the downward impetus. Unless some unexpected reaction take place, he is a bold man who would say that we shall not ere long reach the very bottom of the descent, and find ourselves under a thoroughly democratic

constitution, based upon universal suffrage and the tyranny of the masses. The longer before this last scene in the drama of national liberty is reached the better. Even were it granted that one day this country is to be ruled by mere numbers, surely it must at the same time be conceded that the more gradually this is done, and the longer the training and education which the new rulers of the country receive, the safer and happier will be the result for all. We fear Universal Suffrage at any time—for it is the death of true liberty: it is the death of Law, and the exaltation of popular caprice: it is the parent of a lawlessness approaching to anarchy: and from Anarchy, as all history shows, a nation can only retrace its steps to Order under the iron guidance of a military despot.

In spite of all the resolved factionness of the Opposition chiefs, we repeat our hope and expectation that a wise moderation will rule in the councils of the new Parliament. Moderation, of course, not to the extent which we desire, or which we think best for the interests of the country, but sufficient to maintain the Executive in its full efficiency, and to strengthen the hands of the Ministry in the important work which they have to do, and which hitherto they have discharged so ably, courageously, and well. This is not a time for convulsing and distracting the country by playing a game of ninepins with our established institutions. It is not a time for weakening the body-politic of the country by internal dissensions, when a war is raging on the Continent of which no man can see the end, and when no one knows how soon the storm of war may break against our own shores. In the ensuing session, Parliamentary Reform may be uppermost in the thoughts of those who desire to make of it an engine of party,—but assuredly it is the maintenance of the independence, honour, and rights of the empire in this crisis of peril that will be uppermost in the hearts of the nation.

REVIEW OF A REVIEW

WE waste a great deal of virtuous pity on the uncomfortable position of our ancestors at almost any period of history in which their habits are known. As to our remote connections in the Druid time, there is certainly not much ground for envy, if they were not altogether so much to be commiserated as we complacently suppose. It must have been unpleasant to have had the chance of being burned in a wicker basket—a contrivance evidently, from its shape and destination, the forerunner of the crinolines of the present day, nor does it suggest any agreeable ideas to have been a resident of Salisbury Plain, with only such nominal protection from winter snow as the imitation tartan produced by tattooing could supply—but to make up for these drawbacks, there must have been great excitement at the assemblages within the mystic circle, the processions up those swelling downs must have been gorgeous and delightful, and as to the dance under the mistletoe, with all its rites and incantations, it must have rejoiced the hearts of the ancient Britons to an extent unknown to the liveliest of their descendants at a ball at Almack's.

The Saxons had not much to boast of in the way of domestic comfort. It would have been impossible for Sir Charles Grandison to have retained any of his refinement if he had lived in a pigsty, and fed out of a trough. But the Saxons did not care about refinement, and would have thought Sir Charles Grandison the most ridiculous of men. They were great, strong, healthy, happy hearted fellows—gluttons of the most amazing powers, and drunkards beyond the reach of headache. They thought their houses palaces as long as their casks overflowed with beer, they devoured a bullock at their simple family meal, and fought tremendous battles with the thigh bones. They were always in the open air—ploughing, fishing, hunting, fighting—a very merry existence, where every

day seemed a fresh Donnybrook fair, and for a broad shouldered, strong-stomached youth—say from eighteen to twenty seven—by no means to be classed with the miseries of human life.

Normans were very happy too, they had their feuds and tournaments, their forays and festivals. Our great progenitor Ralpho de Frangetete—you will observe we are all descended from the flower of the nobility, the lower orders probably not being allowed to marry—Ralpho de Frangetete, we repeat, seems the perfect image of a favourite of the gods. He is as strong as a horse, and his horse is fit for a brewer's dray, he is a man of action, and never gets into low spirits, he orders his table to be spread, and the district is ransacked for flesh and fish and fowl, he has no bills at Christmas, and thrashes every human being in the house, from madam his wife to the poor Saxon priest who resides in the kennel, to be near at hand if absolution is required. He has hunting meetings with the other lords, and, in absence of the deer, encases a shepherd in a perfumed skin and runs him to earth, to the great delectation of horse and hound. And thus we hold to have been a life of intense animal enjoyment to our distinguished ancestor, Earl Ralpho, whatever it may have been to the humbler members of his establishment. It is evident that pity for the denizens of those vanished times can only apply to the feeble in frame and timorous in disposition. But at what period of the earth's career is there any happiness for the feeble and timid? Are fashionless beings with deficient back bone happy from November to May at the foot of Schehallion? are cowards altogether jolly in the Crimea or Hindostan? Talk of a period, or a place, or a family by the people who represent it, not by the wretches who could not comprehend it. The feudal time is represented by our lineal ancestor, as we have already said, Earl Ralpho

de Frangetete, and a pleasanter, happier, more contented earl is not to be found in the House of Lords. If he could have foreseen a time when a set of scribbling fellows would criticise their superiors every morning in leading articles, when a ridiculous antic, called the law, would interfere with his settlement of a dispute with a neighbour by means of a long lance and sharp sword, when ladies would be able to read books—he never could have believed in their writing them, and when he himself was expected to preside at quarter sessions, or lecture at a mechanics' institute—on which side would the pity have been then? Let us always take this reverse view through the telescope, and as we shudder at the thought of being suddenly sent backward into the days of John, think of the agonies of mind, the hopelessness of disgust with which the Odoes and Ranulphs of King John would have been afflicted if they had been pushed forward into the days of Victoria. 'Ilka blade o grass keeps its ain drap o dew,' and every period of time contains its own peculiar people.

As to breakfasting with the maids of honour of Queen Elizabeth, it has been the greatest source of regret to us from our earliest years, that the fact of being of this nineteenth century of time puts it out of our power to share their festal board. Oh the jolly conversations, seasoned with court scandals about her majesty's cosmetics, we should have heard, while beauteous Isobel de Vere handed the frothing pewter across the table to bright eyed Adeline de Courcy! None of your cups of coffee or deleterious tea, but Meux or Hanbury to the brim, to wash down the pound of steaks which formed the solid portion of the *déjeuner à la fourchette*. "What could they do? how could they possibly exist without their pekoe and small slice of toast, their little lump of sugar and driblet of cream? Poor girls! up so early in the morning too, dressing by candle-light, and feeding on such viands, they could have had no feelings of delicacy or romance. I pity them with all my heart." But they decline your pity, dearest Miss Pog-

gina, and retort with the most unmistakable compassion on the condition of their fair sisters of the present day. Had they any dyspeptic symptoms about them? any nerves? any headaches? any faints? Were they perpetually coddling themselves by the side of warm fires, and terrified at a draught of air? Fine, well-grown, buoyant girls, with muscles like an Arab racer, and a power of walking like Captain Barclay, and of dancing like a stronger Taghoni, troubling their happy thoughts neither about winter snow nor summer heat, reading no novels, writing no letters, but busy in all the duties of the house—working nightcaps for their noble fathers, making gooseberry wine and pickles with their noble mothers, galloping over the open downs with their brothers, singing Herrick's songs to the lute, going to see a new play of Shakespeare, and a new masque of Ben Jonson. And as to refinement and romance, what is there inconsistent with romance and refinement in cheeks wherein discoursed with exquisite sweetness the pure and eloquent blood, in teeth whiter than mayflower, and breath like mignonette? The antithesis to romance is not the play of youthful strength filling the gracious shape with unobserved and inexpressible delight, but the feeble frame constantly requiring the aid of some empty-headed noodle, dispensing physic and recommending blisters, till the wretched inhabitant of that frail tenement has her whole thoughts centred in pills and boluses, and leaves Amadis de Gaul unwept for, and William Wallace unadmired. For their delectation and sympathy, prithee, was *Romeo and Juliet* devised? For the delight of a sick room—for the admiration of an invalid? No, verily, but those Italian souls made of fire, and children of the sun, found their counterparts and appreciators in the pale veined, blue eyed, rosy faced, white shouldered, rich figured children of our English earls—our companions at the breakfast-table at six, and dinner board at twelve. And these move your pity, dearest Miss Poggina, because you think they could not enter into the refinements and romance of a young lady in Baker

Street, who has fed on circulating libraries till her life has become a third volume, with the hero constantly at her feet. Is this refinement? Is this romance? Let us go back, for purer air, to Windsor in the olden time; let us get Philip Sidney to read us a book of the *Fairy Queen*; let us get the Lord Chamberlain to order the players to come down with the "Tempest," or the "Midsummer Night's Dream," and after a supper of substantial proportions, let us retire to our healthy slumbers over which will hover all night, evoked by the enchanter's wand, the purity of the white-robed Miranda—the airy gracefulness of the queen-hearted Titania.

We come down another step in these archæological contributions of pity and contempt, and we hear a lamentation both loud and deep of the misery of our ancestral squires in the times of the Charles's and James's, because, forsooth, those broad-acred, broad-backed men had no review or magazine to enlighten them on the literature of the day. It is indeed difficult to imagine an era of enduring and civilised existence—since the extinction of the Megatherium—without the monthly illumination of the gracious *Maga*; and in some respects we enter into the feeling of commiseration excited by the statement, that hall and manor had no periodic visitant to spread knowledge and delight, as it has now for so very long a period been a privilege to do. Yet it is historically proved that without a *Weekly Intelligencer*—without a *Monthly Indicator*—without a *Quarterly Argus*, our gallant and robust ancestor, Sir Tankard Holdfast of Sirloin Grange, in the County of Suffolk, did manfully fight for his king, and understood the questions in dispute; and respected Oliver, when all was over, as a bluff, stout, warfaced incarnation of a courageous though rebellious resister of tyranny, and overthrower of shame, whether long-haired like the Cavaliers, or snuff-colored like the Puritans; and in the fulness of time was gathered to his fathers, in the constitutional reign of William, without ever having heard of an editor or

contributor, printer's devil or corrector of the press. It is also an indubitable fact that, in spite of this total obscuration of literary stars, he knew a hawk not only from a hand-saw, in which we have never seen any sign of perspicuity, but from a heron-shaw, which is a point in natural history to which very few ordinary observers attain. He found his way to the hut of his sick or wounded villagers without the aid of the *Cottager's Visitor*, price sixpence a number. He never missed church, however rainy the Sunday, without the help of *Guardian* or *Churchman*; and when he was slightly bemused in beer—which sometimes happened in those days—he could scold and curse and threaten, and conduct himself in a most unseemly and unchristian manner, without the example of the *Tablet* or *Record*. But he repented, which those infallible guides never do; and the object of Sir Tankard's wrath on the Friday, found a good fat capon on his table next day, with some sweetmeats for his wife and children, to make up for the vigorous denunciations into which he had been betrayed. It was not an unprofitable speculation to be unjustly blown up by the squire—always provided you never unearthed his foxes or poached in his pond; whereas if he had followed the burning and shining lights above named, the more unjustifiable was the first attack, the more basely and bitterly would it have been persevered in.

But let us not bestow any more compassion on the condition of our predecessors, before the periodic literature of the land became so universally diffused. Even in those days they had monthly illuminators, and would have had publications at shorter intervals if the state of the roads had allowed of a more rapid circulation; the roads, we mean, not only between town and town in the same realm, but between kingdom and kingdom; for the ambition of critics and authors was not limited to their own respective countrymen, but endeavoured to embrace all nations and kindreds and tongues. A far nobler ambition, surely, than to be the sole authority in history,

politics, and poetry, to Stoke Pogis—content to remain utterly unknown in the distant regions of Slough. A dip here and there into these international repertoires of wit and wisdom, will give us the means of judging whether the readers at that date were left entirely without wholesome food for the solacement of their intellectual hunger, and will perhaps throw some light on the condition of taste and education among the reading public years and years before the *Tattlers* and *Spectators* began their triumphant career. Here is the historic genealogy of the *Edinburghs* and *Quarterlies* in the preface to the first number of *The News from the Republic of Letters*, in the year 1684.

The plan of informing the public by a sort of journal of everything curious in the Republic of Letters had been found so commodious and agreeable, that immediately after Monsieur Sallo, Counsellor of the Parliament of Paris, had made the first attempt of this kind in the beginning of 1665, several nations proved their gratification either by translating the journal, which he published every eight days, or by producing something original of the same kind. That emulation has increased every day since then, so that it has extended not only from nation to nation, but from science to science. The naturalists and chemists have published "Transactions" of their own; jurisprudence and medicine have their "Journal;" music has the same; the news of gallantry—diversified with those of religion, war, and politics—have their "Mercury;" and, in short, the first design of Monsieur Sallo has been carried out almost everywhere in an infinite variety of manners.

The Journal of the Learned (*Journal des Savants*), as founded by Monsieur Sallo, is therefore the undoubted ancestor of the periodical press, and no more honoured descendant or more useful successor has it found than *The News from the Republic of Letters*, collected and edited by the famous Peter Bayle, which we are now about to notice. Literature, unless when it dressed in court livery and waited at table,

does not seem to have flourished in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth. Sallo conducted his paper with the greatest circumspection—talked of the learned with reverence, and of the high-born with respect; but in the unavoidable exercise of his office as judge he sometimes put on the critical robe with too dignified an air—sometimes offended the author with the faintness of his praise, and sometimes the patron with the freedom of his remarks. Before a month elapsed he was in controversy with half-a-dozen thin-skinned persons who thought themselves the victims of his severity: he replied to such adversaries as Menage and Patin; but having expressed dissatisfaction with a decree of the Inquisition, he aroused a more dangerous enemy; the nuncio of the pope rushed into the field, and succeeded in getting the privilege withdrawn; the press was stopped; and the learned were deprived of their journal. Officers, indeed, were made to restore its circulation if it would accept of a censorship, but Sallo considered literature a free ground, whereon nuncios and kings had no right to display their authority, and refused the concession. The work was renewed under feebler management after a considerable interval, and Sallo died the usual death of the benefactors of mankind—unappreciated by the public, and deep in debt. Colbert, the great administrator, indeed, came forward and promised him a lucrative office in the Treasury, but the friendship came too late. The well-known course was run, which has been so tersely summed up by a brother editor (who almost experienced the truth of it in his own person): "Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail;" and Sallo left a name to future critics to point a moral if he did not adorn a tale.

The moral was laid seriously to heart by the sagacious editor of the *News from the Republic of Letters*. In the first place, he withdrew from the territories of the Grand Monarque, and intrusted himself to the laws and toleration of the Seven United Provinces. The word republic had such an unpleasant sound in despotic ears, that the very

name of his miscellany could not have been allowed within the dominions of France. It was, therefore, a kind of enigmatical protest against the fate of his Parisian predecessor, when the title-page appeared—*The Republic of Letters*. There, at least, no self-willed Nero in a wig will interfere with the government of the paper—no red-stockinged, red-hatted cardinal will threaten excommunication to the writers and printers; and in addition to all these securities against oppression, the cautious Peter adopted so conciliatory a tone in his literary notices, that the most sensitive poets could not possibly take offence. We can fancy the shrugs of self-satisfaction with which the editor contemplated a work of his hands which contained no bitterness, no personalities, no presumptuous claim to superior wisdom, or contemptuous discovery of faults. This surely will please them—he thought—for I have not uttered a word of condemnation on the stupidest of scribblers. But Peter was not so well acquainted with the literary mind as we of this later generation. Absence of blame is not enough. The criticism of a book, like the Promised Land, must be flowing with milk and honey. Not to praise is to condemn; and in the course of a short time Peter discovered his mistake. Yet imperturbable in good-nature, and convinced of the policy of his conduct, he persisted to the end—respectful to his opponents, judicious towards his friends, impartial to all. Far from thinking that “if a single literary culprit escaped, the judge incurred condemnation,” he declined to constitute himself a judge at all. “For we declare in the first place,” he says in the preface, “that we do not pretend to pass any sentence for or against the authors. It would require to have a ridiculous amount of vanity to pretend to so sublime an authority; and we declare in the second place, that we submit or rather abandon our sentiments to the judgment of all the world. Appeal who likes against our notice, we say with one of the greatest spirits of antiquity, that not being the slaves of our opinions, we shall see them attacked without

being offended. Tastes are so different even among the cleverest people, and those who pass for the best informed, that nobody need be astonished at not gaining the approval of all the best judges. This ought never to disturb an author’s satisfaction either with himself or his works.”

No; but it had a wonderful effect on the enemies of the said author, whatever it may have had upon himself. For in the same way as the absence of praise offended the vanity of the writer, the absence of vituperation disgusted his foes. In the Preface for 1685, we find the benevolent Peter apologising for having been too complimentary, and also for having been too severe,—whereas in the volumes themselves we find neither compliment nor severity. The pages of the rival *Mercury* were opened to the discontented, and the principal accusation brought against the editor of a review—hear this, Paternoster Row, and Albemarle Street, and Edinburgh!—was, that he ventured to give an opinion on the faults and demerits of a book. “The reader finds in this work,” says the *Mercury*, with a finger of scorn pointed at the *Nouvelles*, “not only the subject and the beauties of new publications, but also the defects which the critic presumes to find in them!” This was very intolerable to the modest mind of Monsieur Bayle, “and not to be endured.” The accusation was too severe, and he indignantly replies: “One would think from this that I censure every book brought before me, the moment I believe it has any faults; but this is not my habit. I don’t deny that sometimes I remark that such or such a thing is not altogether correct, either relying on our judgment, or on what I know to be the opinion of persons qualified to decide; but that does not happen often enough to justify the accusation of the *Mercury*. It is impossible I can be habitually guilty of this, since I am reproached every day with being too laudatory, and with not pronouncing decidedly enough on whether a book is good or bad. But this last reproach will not make me alter my conduct. It is not for an individual to assume so authoritative a tone.”

From this it will be seen that the duty of a reviewer, except upon rare occasions, was limited to a mere epitomising of the contents. He was to heap "infinite riches in little room," giving a minute catalogue of the jewels, but not a word about their setting or shape. Yet even with this cautious reservation there were perils environing the man who meddled with periodical criticism, about equal to those which environ a man who meddles with cold iron. At this time there resided in Rome a pervert to the Romish faith, though removed as far as it is possible to conceive from the Christian religion—who brought discredit on the blood of her great father, Gustavus Adolphus, under the name of Christina, who had abdicated the throne of Sweden many years before. This personage carried the absurd contradictions of her character into the smallest as well as the greatest actions. She had reigned the royal dignity, and yet retained so far the power of life and death over her countrymen who formed her suite, that she had put her secretary to death in the palace of Fontainebleau, and in the same way she had denied the principles of her early belief, and yet, when Louis XIV. published his Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, she published a declaration against it, as interfering with the rights of conscience! Bayle ventured on a word of praise of this regal and Catholic manifesto, but unluckily added that he recognised in its liberality a relic of Protestantism. The lioness of the north considered this an insult worthy of strangulation, and wrote a furious remonstrance against it to the terrified editor of the *Republic*. With his accustomed gentleness he threw himself on the benignity of his assailant. He protested he had meant no offence, and finally soothed the angry lady, till she vouchsafed him her forgiveness and friendship, yet not without a parting threat, which recalled the frightful end of one of her foes. "You would have been the only man in the world who insulted Christina unpunished if you had not apologised," she wrote, and Peter shrank into his shell, and blessed his

stars there were no vagabond queens in Rotterdam.

But there were angry burgomasters, and dissenting ministers, and disappointed authors, and on the whole we come to the conclusion that, even in these pristine times, on which we bestow our supercilious compassion, as if they were very different from our own, the editor's chair was not stuffed with eider-down. We have no occasion to lament his unvaried existence, his placid dulness, and, finally, his death by apoplexy, brought on by too easy a life, surrounded by nothing but "flowers of all hues, and without thorn the rose." Think of the wrath of a Peter Jurieu, which exhaled itself in forty pamphlets a-year, and burned with the greatest fury when there was apparently the least fuel to supply the flame. This kind-hearted divine was the best hater of his time, he hated his enemies, he hated the friends of his enemies, he hated anybody who did not hate his enemies, and, accordingly, hated Bayle, who never hated anybody in his life. And when, in addition to this absence of sympathy in dislike there arose a positive cause of dissatisfaction in the fact that in treating of the same subject, the History of Calvinism, Bayle wrote a very popular book, and Jurieu a totally neglected one, there was no farther limit to his rage, he watched the *Republic of Letters* like a ferret watching a rabbit-hole. Red-eyed, white toothed, strong clawed, the professor of divinity was ready at a moment's notice to fix on the victim's weak point, and yet even to him the victim was polite, just, and sometimes complimentary. And whether from this continued command of temper, or because Jurieu had lost status as an adversary, by his ferocious assaults on the most honoured names of all sects and parties—scattering flowers of Billingsgate over Bossuet and Fénelon, as he had long done over Jaquelot and Arnould—moderation in the long-run won the day, and greater weight than ever was attached to the judicious examinations, as they were modestly called, contained in the *Nouvelles*.

Some time in 1668 a slab of marble

was found in the territory of Ferentino, near the ruins of a palace of the Emperor Claudius. It contained in high relief a beautifully executed scene, in which eleven figures, all female, paid obeisance to a man seated at the top of the marble, with a crown on his head and a sceptre in his hand, there was also an eagle by his side. In the second stage (for the figures stand in three rows) there is the figure of another male, and to ordinary apprehension it would have appeared a representation of the sun, attended by the months, but this is too humble and commonplace a translation of a hieroglyphic, and in Article Eight of the Number for March of 1684, being the first appearance of the *News*, there is a notice of a learned work on this subject, to which we call attention, as it may show that the idolatry of Homer is not a mere fantasia of the present time, but filled the heads of scholars, poets, and politicians long ago. The opening might almost be taken for a description of a Homerist Extraordinary of our own acquaintance.

Monsieur Cuper, formerly professor of history in the academy of Deventer, and at present member for Over Iessel in the Assembly of the States General, is so well known in the Republic of Letters by the beautiful productions of his genius, that the highest expectations must be entertained of this work when it is known by whom it is composed. He calls it *Apotheosis vel Consecratio Homeri*, and it will easily be understood that a man so filled with erudition, pours it out abundantly when he takes so illustrious a subject as Homer in hand—the man of all antiquity to whom the greatest honours have been paid. People have not been contented with erecting statues and striking medals to represent him, but they have pushed their veneration so far as to build temples and altars, and offer sacrifices to his name. Not only did this great abuse exist among the Pagans, but there was even a sect among the Christians, called the Carpoocrasians, who adored and burnt incense to his image, as well as to that of the Saviour, and of St Paul,—as St Augustin, St John Damascenus, and the book

attributed to Charlemagne, inform us. There are several monuments remaining of the divine honours that were paid to the greatest of poets, and Monsieur Cuper explains in this volume, divided into six parts, one of the most considerable of these memorials. He believes that Archelaus of Priene, the sculptor of this work, as appears by the inscription, meant to represent the apotheosis or deification of Homer. He, therefore, takes for Homer the man at the top of the composition, the eleven females for the nine muses, with personifications of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and the man in the second row for some person unknown. In speaking of the marks by which the sculptor has distinguished the *Iliad* from the *Odyssey*, identifying one with a description of battles, and the other with an account of a voyage, Monsieur Cuper states, first, that the Rhapsodists—that is, the men who anciently sang the poems of Homer—put on a red cloak when they chanted the *Iliad* and a blue one when they chanted the *Odyssey*. Second, that some folded up the *Iliad* in a parchment of the colour of blood, and the *Odyssey* in a blue wrapper. Third, that a certain Onomaneus invented the distinction of colours for the different sides of combatants in the games of the circus—the green for those who represented the earth, and the blue for the representatives of the sea on which the author adds, that when the green party won, everybody expected an abundant harvest and when the blue carried the day, a prosperous voyage was anticipated so that the country people always supported the green, and the maritime class the blue. He tells us also that when news came to Rome of a disturbance in Gaul, the commander of the army hoisted a blue standard for his cavalry, and of rose colour for his foot. The reason of this was that Neptune created the horse, and we are left to guess that the rose represented old mother Tellus, to whose bosom the infantry were confined. The article, after a few more evocations of the erudite Monsieur Cuper, is concluded by the editor, who, without venturing on a formal sentence either on the annotator or

on Homer, gives us to understand his sentiments in the following passage —

"I will only remark that there are quoted in this book an infinite number of fine passages, where Homer is so excessively praised that one knows not what to think of the very different taste of this century. I do not speak of critics, for they are nearly all of the opinion of antiquity on the subject, but of those who, without being very strong in Latin or Greek, have nevertheless a perfect judgment in 'good things,' and a sure and admirable penetration. They are within an ace of swearing that venerable antiquity had no common sense, when they read Homer's poems, however excellent the translation may be. They maintain that there is neither force nor sublimity in his ideas, and that there are poorneesses which could not be pardoned nowadays in the feeblest versifier. He has been translated lately, indeed, into French, and many coarsenesses are omitted which are altogether foreign to our manners, but even this has not saved the prince of poets from the contempt of our connoisseurs. I will take good care not to commit myself by saying which of these I consider to be guilty of bad taste, for I do not wish to undergo the dreadful sentence which, with the approbation of nearly all learned men, the younger Casaubon has pronounced on those who do not admire Homer. 'Qui Homerum contemnunt, vix illis optari quidquam peius potest, quam ut fatuitate sua fruantur —' 'Scarcely can anything worse be wished to those who despise Homer than the enjoyment of their own stupidity'"

In spite of this careful wrapping up of his opinion, it is quite evident that the editor is not one of the unreasoning worshippers of the blind Mæonides. What Monsieur Cuper, member of Parliament for Over-Isseel, would have said if he had lived to hear the great Wolf of Halle actually deny that such an individual as Homer ever existed, it is not for us to say. We only wish the idea had occurred to the editor of the *News*, and we should have seen what view he would have taken of the

crowned man, attended by nine muses and the Homeric poems. But independent of the final judgment which modern criticism accustoms us to expect from the writer of a notice, we think our predecessors had a goodly amount of solid information presented to them in the review. In vain, indeed, do we look for the lively and spirited articles of the present time, which show how ineffably superior the critic is to the author, which so far follow the example of M. Bayle as to take a minute survey of all the subjects treated of in a book, and of all the opinions, judgments, and discoveries, which twenty years' inquiry has enabled a laborious student to condense into one octavo volume, but in which they transcend their great original by announcing the said opinions, judgments, and discoveries as their own, leaving the world to wonder what vanity or fatuity it was which tempted the author to put into print a quantity of information which his critic evidently considers not more recondite than the death of Queen Anne.

Yet the intelligent editor of the *News* does not stuff his reading public with nothing but lumps of classical dough, like the apothecaries of Homer, he sometimes essays a livelier strain, and must have convulsed many an owl's nest in the German universities with the vainglory of a certain Frenchman whom he reviews in the number for the month of August 1684. The mere statement of the argument in that age of long-winded ciceronianism must have been enough to make the wig of the least narrow minded professor stand on end, for it contained the astonishing fact that Monsieur Charpentier, a member of the Academy, and therefore not likely to be carried away by much original genius, had written a book in depreciation of the Latin language, and in favour of his native tongue. As founder and perpetual secretary of the "Academy of Inscription and Belles Lettres," the learned Charpentier found it within his domain to pronounce judgment on the great question which agitated the dunkeydom of France, on the completion of the triumphal arch to the glory of Louis

the Fourteenth—the question in what language the servility of the basest of peoples to the most worthless of masters, should be transmitted to a contemptuous posterity. “In Latin,” cried all scholars and pedants, “it is the tongue in which submission to a despot is almost concealed by the grand sound of the words used to designate the grossest meanness, it was the speech of the patricians who resisted Hannibal, of Tacitus, who rebuked the tyrants, and of Justinian, who consecrated justice by law. It is the language which has shone like a torch among the nations for two thousand years. And we will immortalise our Titus and our Antonine in the language which his great prototypes would have understood, and which will continue to be understood when French, German, and English are as unintelligible as Cherokee.”

Charpentier to the rescue! There appeared in 1676 a work in two volumes by this illustrious champion, defending the fitness of his native tongue to be the language of inscription, and, after the example of Scipio, diverting the attention of the enemy by carrying the war into his own country. This was, indeed, the origin of the battle of the ancients and moderns, which gave rise to so much bad writing, or at least bad language, on both sides, that an impartial critic, if judging from the specimen brought before him in the contest, must have decided that it was of little consequence which won the victory—they were both so execrably dull. It appears that the French Academy found itself compelled, by its very name, to adopt the modern cause, but certain of its members were of a very different opinion, and among these the Abbé de Bourreys had the audacity to address the other Associates on the shortcomings, deficiencies, and absurdities of the tongue which they had taken particularly under their protection, whose powers and graces they were doomed, in the course of time, to consign to everlasting fame in a dictionary of their own composition. While the Abbé was labouring with his utmost eloquence, and probably by his personal example,

to demonstrate how very inferior a French oration was to the attack on Cataline, a set of Parisian parquets, who had caught the tone of Ovid and Tibullus, and persuaded themselves they were singing-bards of the most original note, bewailed, in the most excruciating hexameters, the approaching extinction of the Roman tongue, in spite of all their efforts to keep it in the condition of purity and force in which it had been left by Horace and Virgil. It was not difficult for Charpentier to silence those imitative bards, and he was rejoicing in the success of his book when intelligence was brought to him that a nobler adversary had appeared, and that his triumphant volumes had been attacked, criticised, yea, ridiculed and sneered at, by one of the cleverest and most eloquent men in France. Father Lucas was a Jesuit of great erudition, and Professor of Rhetoric in the university of Clermont. He delivered a harangue—“*De monumentis publicis Latine inscribendis*”—in which, with the subtlety of the Jesuit and the sophistry of the rhetorician, he managed to surrender, as of little value, the arguments which Charpentier had demolished, but, by giving a new turn to the affair, completely changed the state of the case. “His action was grand and noble. He was applauded by all the audience, composed of ten or twelve bishops, several counsellors of state, and all that is most exquisite in the intellectual world.” These are the words of Charpentier himself, and he found that here at last was a foeman worthy of his steel. Matters, however, became worse when a very inefficient champion took up the Jesuit’s gage, and never got near enough to inflict the slightest dint on the armour of the son of Loyola. He did nothing more, says the editor, with his usual equanimity, than utter a few general remarks and a few figures of rhetoric. The honour of the Academy was now engaged in the dispute, and a second work of Charpentier appeared. It was no longer a defence, but a positive assault. We have long enough taken for granted that Latin is in itself an almost perfect tongue. We have long enough limited our objec-

tions to its use in inscriptions, to the anachronism implied in commemorating a living fact in a dead language—to the impossibility of giving fitting equivalents in the tongue of the officers of the legions and commanders of the galleys, to operations on land and sea with which they were totally unacquainted, and to the amazing and illogical proof, advanced by the Abbé Lucas, of the superiority of a language derived from the extent of dominion possessed by the nation which speaks it. This latter conclusion founds itself on two premises, the first being that the people speaking the finest language have the greatest genius, the next, that the greatest geniuses have the widest empire. Was Gengis Khan a greater general than Cæsar or Alexander? exclaims Monsieur Charpentier, or were his countrymen more brilliant than Greeks and Romans, though his dominion at one time stretched from the Chinese Sea to Germany? But, granting that the beauty of a language is proof of a superior civilization, do you maintain that the Romans, with their blood stained gladiator shows—their cruelty to their slaves—the harshness of their laws—are to be compared in refinement, in taste, in humanity, to the nation which listens to Racine, and receives its laws from Louis? Besides—and here was a hit under the fifth rib to the Abbé, and a premonitory word of encouragement to Niebuhr and Lewis—our knowledge of ancient Rome is seldom anything but the creation of our own imagination, founded on the boastful lies which it has pleased the most mendacious of chroniclers to tell us of their history.

The Abbé Lucas had gained the applause of his audience, particularly the bishops and counsellors of state, by another extraordinary piece of logic. The eloquence of Rome was greater because Cicero made a larger fortune than any man at the modern bar! "Eloquence!" cries the champion of the moderns—"what were the subjects on which the orator of the forum and the senate-house had to display his powers? The fall of nations, the fate of kings, the liberties of his country, the oppression of a pro-

vince, the preservation of life and law from the conspiracy of the enemies of gods and men. A different thing this, he says, from pleadings about a right of way, or the repair of water-pipes, or the roof of a house. Give us a subject equal to Cicero's, and see if we shall yield the palm. Was there any pulpit oratory equal to ours?—were death and life, heaven and hell, ever dwelt on in such periods as fill the hearts of thousands with awe or hope, gathered in breathless expectation in the great cathedral aisles, where Bossuet by a phrase, a word, scatters immortality upon the grave of kings? You prove Cicero's superiority in genius, and the pre-eminence of the language in which he spoke, by the amount of the wealth he gained. But it is the glory and the privilege of genius in our purer time to continue poor. Compared to the joys of literature, money has no attraction. When a man makes up his mind to devote himself to poetry, to history, to philosophy, he bids adieu to mammon, dearer to him the humble home, the simple table, the unpretending life, that they leave him free to pursue the career he has chosen. "These are indeed excellent thoughts," says the editor, "but to most people they are Greek and Hebrew. They don't understand a man that can prefer fame to gold. I don't know if they will comprehend more of what another author has said. 'The business of a poet is not one for making money, for rather than not finish a sonnet he has begun to his satisfaction, the poet would let his friend leave him without saying adieu, would fail to make interest with the judges in a law-suit, and would neglect his bodily health, as happened to the Chevalier Marini when he burned his leg while writing one of the stanzas of his *Adonis*.'"

But the battle between the Jesuit and the Academician still goes on. A foolish language, says the former, and totally unfitted for music, in which the Romans excelled. When a French musician at a concert sings a French song, he flourishes through the tune, and appears to take a deep

interest in the sense of what he is saying, but when the piece is over, he is forced to read the words in his ordinary voice, and says to the audience, "There, that's what I've been singing." A very sensible plan, which might be adopted in many drawing rooms at the present day. But Charpentier meets this with a simple denial, and we must say the probabilities are in his favour. He is a little too bold, however, in his next move, which is to send his antagonist to the opera. There you will understand every syllable, as if it were spoken in the natural voice. "Alas!" interposes the editor, who was perhaps not musical, or might even be a little deaf,—“this is not the case, for it is certain that those who do not read the verses while the song is going on on the stage, don't catch many of the words, unless, indeed, they happen to know them by heart.” Cautious Peter Bayle! But Monsieur Charpentier, as if a little uncertain about his last statement, dashes at once into the centre of his enemy's position, and asks him what he knows about the pronunciation of the Romans? How does he know how any of their tones were sounded? and unless we have that knowledge to guide us, we can tell nothing about its superiority as regards the ear. Touching its syntax, it is involved, perplexed, and puzzling to the highest degree. The nouns wait so long for the verb that they get forgotten, the verb is so slow of coming up that the sense hangs for a long time uncertain, and you are never perfectly sure of it after all. A sentence appeared in the Austrian despatches, written in the choicest Latin, which no man could make head or tail of, or rather which any man could make either head or tail of exactly as he liked. It can be correctly translated in four different ways—“Sub idem tempus nunciatum fuit Turcas captivos Polonos trucidasse.” Did the Turks kill the Polish prisoners? did the Polish prisoners kill the Turks? were the Turkish prisoners the murderers? were the Turkish prisoners the murdered?—or what was it? Were there any Turks? were there any prisoners? or did

they all take each other prisoners, and then put themselves to death? A noble tongue this for the benefit of lawyers, where anything or nothing can be proved according to the strictest rules of grammar! But it is an excellent language no-less for poetry than for wills and contracts, for if the grammar is accommodating, and the words range themselves to any meaning that may be desired, the syllables also, by a natural instinct, which in our days would be called the soul of namby-pamby, marshal themselves into verse of every order and quantity, in places where the muses have the least business to be. In the first page of Cicero's "Oration against Vatinius," there are seventy good hexameters. There is a whole distich at the beginning of the third book "De Oratore," and Quintilian confesses that it is almost impossible to write anything in Latin which does not form itself into one or other of the measures used by the poets. It seems, by Charpentier's account, a kind of kaleidoscopic language, where, however promiscuously you insert the beads, they twist and turn till they take regular shape. Are we in this English tongue (the strength and embodiment of prose) talking all this time in little fragments of verse? When we say, "How are you, Smith, to-day?" is it only a small splinter struck off in the heat of genius from some entire and perfect chrysolite, of which Tennyson might be proud? We shall henceforth have a greater respect for the conversation of our silliest friends. His observations, we will think, may be dull, but at any rate the language is made up of minute specimens from Shakespeare and Scott, Byron and Wordsworth. Monsieur Jourdain must not be so sure that he has been speaking prose all his life, for the acute ear of Monsieur Charpentier, if applied to his sentences with the same zeal as to those of Cicero, would have found rag ends of Corneille and little bits of Boileau in the very middle of his boast. It would, indeed, be easier, according to ordinary experience, to find lumps of prose inserted in the body of a poem, but on

this Monsieur Charpentier does not touch, and proceeds to a triumphant close by dwelling again on the lost pronunciation of the Roman tongue. He actually goes so far as to say that, to modern appreciation, the dignity and music of Latin are produced by the fact that it is spoken by each people with its national accent. This looks paradoxical at first, but there is the root of truth in it. For if you will listen, on the next opportunity, to a foreigner speaking our language, —or even to a foreigner, say a Dutchman, speaking his own—you will find that something ludicrous mingles with that unaccustomed accent, and in the same way very probably the addresses of Cæsar Julius Kæsar to his army, or of Marcus Tullius Kikero to the senate, would not have had so grand an effect in French or English ears, if pronounced with the true inflection of the forum, as when we hear them spouted with the sound of familiar tones.

We have perhaps dwelt long enough on this one article to give a view of one of the phases of periodical literature a hundred and seventy-five years ago, but before we go in search of another specimen, we will conclude the subject of Latin pronunciation with an anecdote quoted elsewhere by the editor from Erasmus, which we commend to our public orators at Oxford and Cambridge, and also to the sages in the German universities, who still lecture in the tongue that Maro loved. "The Emperor Maximilian being harangued by several ambassadors in Latin, every body thought they had spoken each in his native tongue. Erasmus, who was present, assures us, particularly with regard to the French envoy's speech, that though it was very tolerable Latin, the Italians considered that he was speaking French. The reply, however, was not a bit liker the original, for it began in frightfully guttural pronunciation—*Cæsarea Maghestas pene caudet fidere fos et horationem festram lipenter autid*."—His Imperial Majesty well rejoices to see you, and has heard your oration with pleasure. If Erasmus had introduced this in a play, Master Caius's of Windsor would

not have been the first specimen of broken language as an element of comedy on the stage.

What did the great discussion come to after all? Charpentier was declared the victor, the Jesuit was put to silence, and the champion of the French tongue was commissioned, while the arch was building, to prepare an inscription in French, for the series of pictures by Le Brun, commemorative of Louis the Fourteenth's victories. When his compositions were produced, they were found so dull, so magniloquent, so diffuse and unintelligible, that the partiality of the Academy could defend him no more, and the task was committed to Boileau and Racine. The arch of triumph at the Porte St Martin, the subject of the discussion, still attests the scholarship of the city of Paris, and the taste of the sculptor, for there is a Latin inscription, recording the exploits of the Grand Monarque over nations so disguised in Roman names, that it is impossible to recognise them as existing peoples, and the hero himself is represented in the character of Hercules leaning on a club, while his head is decorated with a wig of the most imposing size.

It may perhaps be objected to the *News*, that its notices are all rather of a scholarly and philosophical turn, for, on searching through the volumes for several years, we do not find a review of a single novel. We see nothing but abstracts of deep and perhaps stupid performances, on such subjects as "The difference between attrition and contrition, as entitling to absolution," the advantages of "a library arranged according to the matters treated of," as in the Bibliotheca of Mr Martin Lipenius, but we are to remember that the reading public at that time did not consist altogether of young ladies of romantic dispositions, who reclined on sofas and shed tears over the fate of insane baronets or broken-hearted lords. Nor was theology a science which could be taught in a three volume romance, where a High Church clergyman convicts a Dissenter of the unpardonable sin of refusing his ministrations as father confessor. But men were men in those days, and theo-

logy was a subject on which different sides were taken, with life or death, poverty or wealth, depending on the decision. No amount of interest displayed on the result of a parliamentary debate, when peace or war, contentment or revolution, hung on the final vote, was ever more deep or entrancing than the breathless eagerness with which the discussion of religious systems was listened to in the days of the *Republic of Letters*. The refugees in Holland and Geneva, the still tolerated Protestants in England during the reign of the second James, and the threatened Lutherans in Germany, caught the first whisper of a controversy, not as a mere matter of taste or historical inquiry, but as a guide to show them how their opinions were likely to be received. Will Louis the Fourteenth send and demand the expulsion of the opponents of Bossuet from the territories of the United Provinces? Will the civil courts accept the subordinate office vouchsafed to them by the Pope in the Bohemian States, and condemn the recalcitrant Calvinists to death at the dictation of Jesuits and bishops? The Palatinate fires were not yet extinguished, with which Turenne and his master had done God good service in destroying house and home, granary and farm, church and manse, belonging to the Reformed throughout that fairest of the territories on the Rhine, and therefore, if there was a pamphlet against the great king, an argument against papal authority, a denial of the doctrines of the Church, all men who could read, or hate, or hope, or fear, or lose their position, or gain a better, were on the look out, and, sitting quietly in his mud fortress of Rotterdam, the sedate and calm-tongued Bayle watched the four quarters of the wind, and reported what they brought by every post. A disquisition on grace or predestination, which to us appears not quite fitted for the pages of a review, however soberly treated by the reviewer, stirred the inflamed heart of civilised Europe like a trumpet of reinforcement or defiance. Jansenist and Jesuit, Romanist and Protestant, were not like Whig and Tory, they were like Cavalier and Roundhead on the eve of Edgehill. Each man

yearned for his adversary's blood, and with Louis and Mazarin in the Tuileries guided by Falher or Père la Chaise, and Austria threatening in the south, and England ruled over by the turbulent and priest-ridden James, we cannot help wondering at the moderation of the notices we meet with in these volumes, of treatises breathing death and destruction on the opponents of those immaculate powers. A certain Father Heliodore published a book in 1686, with the modest title of "The Duty of returning to Union with the Church, and a Refutation of the Foundations of the pretended Religion." Malice and Vanity have seldom been so visibly displayed, and we may imagine the feelings with which the thousand exiles from France, who had been driven the year before from their native land, and hurried across the boundaries with sword and pistol at their heads, must have listened to the complacent boasts of this hard-hearted Capuchin, when he says "The infinite goodness of God has never acted with such power and sweetness, in order to deliver the Protestants from those impostors, their ministers, as when the king was inspired by the Holy Spirit to demolish the temples of the devil, where the guilty servants of that bad master had enchained them with their charms." He even assures them that the ardent charity of the king, who saved them from their spiritual danger, "though they perhaps suffered a little when he dragged them from it as it were by force, and almost in spite of themselves, deserves their utmost gratitude." And all that the reviewer says on the subject is, that the reverend author must have been somewhat puzzled when he had to insert these last phrases about force and spite. Had he forgotten the beginning of his statement about the infinite goodness of God, which acted with so much power and sweetness? In another place the Capuchin gives five infallible marks of heresy, and maintains that any Protestant who reads those marks, and does not instantly get reconciled to the Church, will be infallibly punished, both in this world and the next. The marks are these "Novelty, variation, non-

acceptance of Scripture (denial of the canoncity of the Apocrypha), the habit of calumniating the Church, and, lastly, separation from it." To this formidable catalogue of iniquities the placid critic merely makes a reply, that these are rather superficial distinctions, and that the Romanists have surely forgotten to give notice of them to the Jews, who might raise a criminal process upon these five marks against the Christian religion itself.

But the placidity and the calmness were limited to the writer. The reader was foaming at the mouth, — the Romanist to carry conviction to the dullest minds, by farther pains and penalties, the Protestant to get vengeance for the past, and security for the future. We need not, therefore, condole with the literary world on the tastelessness or ill selection of its food, and if we can enter into the feelings of the time, we will venture to say that the table of contents of any month or any year will vie in interest and attraction with that of any of our modern Reviews.

Yet one very remarkable omission occurs. In the whole of these volumes, extending from March 1684 to December 1688, written, printed, and published in Rotterdam, there is not one word about the Prince of Orange or the prospects of the Protestant party of which he was the head. With the exception that, in one short paragraph, it is stated that the French king would not have ventured to revoke the Edict of Nantes if it had not been for the death of Charles the Second, there is not a syllable or suggestion which can be twisted in any way to the part likely to be played by the Dutch Stadtholder, nor even after his landing in England on the 5th of November, is there the slightest allusion to the expedition of which all Holland must have seen the departure and heard the result before the publication of the December number. The fact is, the editor was only a Dutchman inasmuch as he was a successful competitor with the fish for a residence in Rotterdam. In heart, and language, and quickness of apprehension, he was as much a Frenchman as if he had never left his native

county of Fox. The deliverance of England was a threat to the supremacy, or, as many thought, to the existence of France. Was the student of Marseilles, the professor of Sedan, to see the elevation of the cold mannered, Calvinistic minded, unliterary William, on the ruin of France and the discomfiture of the tyrant who, though he was a tyrant, professed himself the friend of letters, and surrounded his throne as thickly with poets, painters, and scholars, as with generals and lords? Besides, Bayle seems to have been one of that class of men who must always be in opposition. His parents were so strict in their religious faith according to the Reformed model, that he turned a Roman Catholic, and joined the society of the Jesuits. When storms came, and the church he had joined was triumphant, he retook his old creed with all its losses and disadvantages. When England, and, through her, the Reformation, in the same way, was threatened by the combined infamy of her own kings and the power of the Grand Monarque, he sided against the schemes of his native sovereign, and wrote with spirit and effect in support of liberty and toleration. There is no saying what part he might have taken if he had lived to see the final close of Marlborough's great campaigns — of the humiliation of the miserable old Louis, and prostration of France. Somewhat of the spirit of opposition to success had already shown itself before the series of English victories was begun. While William was making his preparations, and summoning round him all the free hearts in Europe, all the caution of the cautious Bayle could not conceal that he did not enter warmly into the hopes and revenges of his fellow exiles. Jurieu accused him of being secretly an emissary of France — evil whisperers got to the ear of the Protestant hero at Whitehall, and if it had not been for the protection of Lord Shaftesbury, the editor of the *News for the Republic of Letters* would have been expelled from the republic of Holland. What, therefore, with flights and changes, triumphs and persecutions, we cannot help thinking that the life of a liter-

any man was more interesting in the days of early journalism than at the present time, and taking into consideration the subjects treated, and the earnestness of the public mind

at that period, we conclude, as we began, that the readers in 1859 have no right to bestow their pity and contempt on the readers, any more than the doers, of 1688.

Lines to a Political Friend

SAY, Friend—for you have clearer sight than I—
When our new Senate meets in conclave high,
How will its vote decide the grand debate
That most affects the welfare of the State?
The distant thunder of the war we hear,
And none can tell how soon it may be near
Shall we, amidst the roaring of the storm,
Discuss this anxious question of Reform?
And if we do, shall those who hold the field,
Their rights and safeties to the unworthy yield?
Reverse all rules and let the suffrage sink,
Till those who toil shall govern those who think—
Till order, light, and liberty give way,
And ancient Chaos reasserts his sway?

We know, indeed, what fate Reform would find,
If all men, Whig and Tory, spoke their mind
Most who desire a change would wish it small,
And many a voice would vote for none at all.
Some who were loudest heard not long ago
Have learned of late some better truths to know
But here's the danger Men of note and name,
Deaf to the dictates of an honest fame,
For paltry ends, affect a popular zeal,
And act convictions which they do not feel
"He who can one thing think, another tell,
My soul abhors him as the gates of hell"
So said the Grecian hero, and shall we
Have less of truth and probity than he?
When England almost seems alone to stand—
When freedom droops in every other land—
Shame on the man who swells a party-cry,
And place and power would purchase with a lie!
Let each for once, however hirelings chafe,
Say what he truly thinks,—and all is safe

OUR RELATIONS WITH THE CONTINENT.

It is, we think, a belief very generally entertained even by men who are ready to acknowledge the working of God's providence upon earth, that war is a calamity which can be prevented or averted by the exercise of human will and prudence. Famine and pestilence are allowed to be direct visitations of the Almighty. When some fearful blight falls upon the fields of Europe, making no distinction between north and south, smiting alike the hill and the valley, the continent and the islands, drying up the springs, withering the corn in the blade, rendering the fruit-trees barren, and nipping the buds of the vine—or when the cholera or other grievous plague sweeps over sea and land, resistless as the breath of the autumn, filling the ships with dead, and the cities with the cry of lamentation such as was heard in Egypt when the angel of the Lord passed over with the destroying sword—we acknowledge the visitation from on high, and humble ourselves in penitence and in prayer. Hardened indeed must be the heart of the man who at such a time could assert that these were no other than phenomena, manifested through some occult but unerring law of nature, and as certain to occur periodically in the revolution of ages, as the night is to succeed the day, or the winter follow after the autumn. Such doctrines have indeed been broached by men who have acquired a philosophic reputation mainly from the extent and stubbornness of their scepticism, but in times of terror, distress, and prostration of spirit, these receive no acceptance among the people—nay, are regarded as impious, if not blasphemous suggestions, whilst almost every page of Holy Writ contains an express declaration that such are the visitations of the Almighty, the supreme Ruler of the nations. But although we unequivocally repudiate as monstrous and atheistical such doctrines when applied to events which are obviously beyond human prevention and cure, we are slow to admit that the other calamities of

which men are visibly the authors and agents are to be attributed to the will and purpose of a higher power. We have, all of us, become too much accustomed to rely upon human wisdom, prescience, and dexterity. We think it possible by treaty, by negotiation, by the extension of commerce, by the unrestricted freedom of trade, by the formation of railways, by international communication, to make war impossible. For that end our diplomatists rack their brains, our parliaments debate, our merchants speculate, our capitalists project, and our legions of workmen labour. We worship Mammon as a god, but under the guise of a peacemaker. And when, after all our efforts, and all our confident predictions that war will never trouble us more, we are startled by the clash of steel, or stunned by the roar of the cannon, we look round with astonishment and wrath to detect the mere human offender, but forget that the issues of peace and war, as well as those of life and death, are alone in the hands of the Almighty.

Viewed simply as the consequence of man's folly or ambition, war presents itself to us in an aspect so hideous and abhorrent that we can hardly bear to contemplate it in detail. It is of all crimes the greatest, of all enterprises the most worthless and unprofitable. In that brief monosyllable are included all the disasters, woes, griefs, wrongs, scourges that can afflict humanity. Wholesale destruction of human life, annihilation of property, rapine, oppression, cruelty, murder, and lust—these are the concomitants of war. Wherever it is carried, it leaves misery and desolation behind. It is worse than famine or pestilence, for it does the work of both, and is more ruthless and unsparing than either. It afflicts not only the existing generation, but entails misery on those which are yet to come. It is an abandonment of God's fair earth to the tyranny of a malignant demon. In vain do we try, under cover of idle names borrowed from the Pagan records, to

conceal or palliate its enormities. Fame and glory—the laurel and the wreath—the pean of victory—the soldier's bed of honour—what are these in comparison with the horrors of a single field? for how much would they weigh in the eternal balance? Take the greatest victory that ever was achieved, with all its consequent advantages—set against it the cost in blood and treasure, and what would be the victor's gain? What nation ever, on concluding peace, was richer, or more powerful, or greater than when it commenced hostilities? Take, for example, France. Under the first Napoleon as general, consul, or emperor, she invaded Italy, Egypt, Germany, and Russia, took possession of the Netherlands and Spain, and aspired to be the empress of the world. What was the result? After incessant war waged for nearly a quarter of a century, in the course of which the flower of her population perished on the battle field, she was driven back to her own circumscribed territory, to hatch revolutions at home, instead of waging war against her neighbours. Yet, strange to say, notwithstanding this terrible warning, we behold France again assuming that aggressive attitude which she put on when Napoleon crossed the Alps. What has been the fruit of the long wars waged by Spain and Austria? What has Russia gained by her attempt at the dismemberment of Turkey? We see the results of these things in the encumbered finances and increased taxation of the different European countries, in the frequent proposals for loans, not responded to with alacrity even by Jewish capitalists, in the restlessness of the people, their impatience of taxation, and their longings for organic change. Such being the inevitable results of war to the conquerors as well as the conquered, we might fairly wonder at the madness of those who are desperate enough to set in motion such an awful engine of destruction, which, like the car of Juggernaut, crushes those who draw it beneath the wheels, were it not that we believe, as indeed the voice of Revelation has proclaimed, that war, equally with famine and pestilence, is a visitation of God, who

sways the heart of the nations, and makes them the instruments of His will. "The right hand of the Lord hath the pre-eminence the right hand of the Lord bringeth mighty things to pass."

Acknowledging this as a high and sacred truth, never to be lost sight of while perusing the annals of the world, history assumes a grander character than it would possess did we regard it merely as a record of events within the power of mortals to control. It then becomes, not inferentially, but directly, an exposition of the ways of Providence. We see how the pride and ambition of some have been rebuked, how the humility and steadfastness of others have been rewarded, how all the force and combinations of tyranny and oppression have proved unavailing to defeat and permanently subdue those who had a righteous cause to maintain, how power, wickedly exerted, is at length baffled and overborne, and how truth, though it may be depressed for a time, is certain at last to triumph.

Notwithstanding our innate tendency to be fascinated by the glitter of military glory—despite that in born and sometimes exorbitant respect which we entertain for valour, and that homage which we yield to the genius either of the general or the statesman—we do not omit, and we never should omit, consideration of the cause which men have supported, or of the principles which they have professed. If cause and principles were alike bad, hostile to rational freedom, cruel towards humanity, or opposed to the word of God, then by no possible exertion can such men be raised to the heroic level. The noble qualities which they have displayed, make their wicked actions appear yet darker by the force of contrast. Like the faded glories of a fallen angel, they but mark the extent of their degradation. Intellect, valour, genius—these are no doubt great gifts, but they may be employed and exerted for the furtherance of an evil cause. Nay, they become more conspicuous when so enlisted than when engaged in the better service, for restlessness is a satanic attribute, and where no con-

scrupulous scruples exist, there is no restraint to their abuse. Most conspicuous among modern names—most famous, if reiterated utterance be fame—most memorable for the influence which he exerted upon the framework of society, and the destinies of the civilized world—is that of the first Napoleon, a name which once was never uttered but with awe and consternation, and which even now, though the lid of the sarcophagus has long closed upon his dust, has the echo of a spell word of fear. With his mighty deeds we are all familiar. They are recorded in a thousand histories. They are written in the national archives of every country. Everywhere over the Continent, from extreme Portugal to remotest Muscovy, from the rude shores of the Baltic to the tideless waters of the Mediterranean, you may track his footsteps and those of his lieutenants over battle fields which, in one day became graveyards for the population of a province, and by monuments boasting of the carnage. His worshippers and apologists say that he was not cruel, which at best is but a negative assertion, and very apt to be challenged, but that he was utterly reckless in his expenditure of life, and a prodigal in the blood of others, no man will venture to deny. Yet what did he for humanity? What cause dear to those who worship freedom did he advance? What nations did he emancipate? What oppressors did he depose? Was he, in truth, God's soldier of the cross, or was he simply a partisan of the devil? These are questions which are well worth consideration at the present time, and which indeed do imperatively demand it, inasmuch as we have been told distinctly that the Napoleonic traditions are to be a future gospel for France, and that the Napoleonic policy is still in force, and remains to be more fully developed. Julius is dead, but Octavius sits in his place. He has already vanquished the Republican party, for the voices of Brutus and of Cassius are heard no more. The human sacrifices of Perugia have been renewed, and there is no Antony to wrestle with for the empire. The nephew is now greater far than was the uncle when

the latter began his career. He is master of his situation at home, lord of a sullen despotism, uncontrolled by parliaments, municipalities, or the press, sole director of an immense military force, well trained and well equipped, inflamed with the desire of conquest, and eager to display its prowess in any field against any antagonist whomsoever. He has sent that army across the Alps into Italy against the Austrians, with whom he has no direct ground of quarrel, and thus, in 1859, we find the French under the nephew in the same aggressive attitude and occupying the same position which they did under the uncle in 1796. We find the same tactics pursued with regard to Germany the same alarm and the same movements indicative of a hostile demonstration on the Rhine. If, then, the Napoleonic policy, which was one of conquest and aggrandisement, is still to be carried out how can Europe hope to escape the visitation of a long and exhaustive conflict?

What was the pretended mission of the first Napoleon when he crossed the Alps? Precisely that which the nephew has now proclaimed, to wit, the emancipation of Italy. We need not pause to demonstrate the utter shamelessness of such a pretext. If the King of Dahomey were suddenly to appear in the character of a denouncer of the slave-trade, the contrast between practice and profession would hardly be more glaringly marked than in the case of the present Emperor of the French. There are other despotisms than his in Europe, but none more iron and rigid, none in which the popular voice has been more systematically stifled, none in which free expression of opinion has been so relentlessly punished as a crime. Other despots have been held up to public reprobation by the advocates of progress, because they have refused to confer free institutions upon their subjects. The charge may possibly be in some instances well founded, though in others the fitness of the people to receive free institutions has not been satisfactorily established. But where, except in France, do we find a despot who has absolutely destroyed a constitution, deprived a highly civil-

ised and most ingenious people, renowned in arts and letters, of the last rag of freedom, and substituted the rattle of the fusilade for the sober judgments of the tribunal! Can the same fountain give forth bitter waters and sweet? Can he who has crushed liberty at home be accepted as its champion abroad? How dares he object to the rule of the Austrian in Lombardy, or the domination of the Italian princes by aid of foreign bayonets, when his own first public act, or almost the first, was to send a French army to Rome to overawe the people, then struggling for their liberty, to perpetuate corruption of the grossest kind, and to support spiritual despotism, then visibly tottering to its fall? For ten long years the pavement of Rome has resounded with the tramp of the soldiery of France. For ten long years the Pope has placed more reliance on the efficacy of the musket of the Parman grenadier than on the virtue of the crosier of St Peter.

Mark the audacity of the man, as exhibited in the address which he issued to the Army of Italy, immediately after landing at Genoa. "Soldiers! I come to place myself at your head, and to conduct you to the combat. We are about to second the struggles of a people now vindicating its independence, and to rescue it from foreign oppression. This is a sacred cause, which has the sympathies of the civilised world. I need not stimulate your ardour. Every step will remind you of a victory." How are we to construe this? To what people does he refer? If to the Lombards, then indeed he has taken broad ground as the despiser and violator of treaties, and has breathed open defiance in the face of assembled Europe. If to the people of Tuscany, which, after all, can hardly be his meaning, then the answer is clear and decisive—how dare you, the uninvited and armed occupier of one independent Italian state, challenge the Austrian for having interfered in the domestic affairs of another?

Napoleon I., being then the servant of the tyrannical republican Directory, announced himself as the liberator of Italy, and exhorted the people to insurrection. Successful

in the field, he showed his love for that country, of which, as a Corsican, he might be deemed a native, by levying exorbitant contributions from the towns, by seizing and carrying away the finest works of art, and by massacring the inhabitants whenever they presumed to offer a show of resistance. Those were not times in which it was needful or even politic to manifest respect for Christianity in any form. France had publicly denied the Redeemer, and deliberately trampled on the Cross. Worse than the Jews of old, who set up molten idols, and bowed before the images of beasts, the French took a common harlot from the streets, and did homage to her as the Goddess of Reason. So then the first Napoleon was under no kind of obligation to show even civility to the Pope. As a priest he was to be mocked, as a temporal sovereign to be deposed, and so, in very deed, the head of the Catholic Church became a captive in the hands of the infidel. Finally, the liberation of Italy was worked out in this guise. Part of it was incorporated with France, and made portion of the Empire, part was divided into sovereignties and fiefs for members of the family of Buonaparte. To this day the house of Murat claims a hereditary title to Naples, and doubtless Prince Napoleon, in virtue of his Sardinian bride and Buonaparte blood, will be a formidable competitor for such portion of Italian soil as is not allotted to his father in law, or included within the revised and extended boundary of the Empire. In all probability the maps have been carefully prepared, and the family arrangements concluded, but the Austrians are still in Lombardy.

Such was the Napoleonic policy with regard to Italy, which policy, we are expressly told, is to be carried out by the present inheritor of the name. The shameless pretext that France was engaged in a universal mission of liberation, and had taken arms solely to rescue the people of Europe from temporal and spiritual thralldom, was soon abandoned. In fact, it could not be maintained after France had ceased to be a republic, and had become an empire. We dare not say that the first Napoleon was

ever honest—that would be a frightful perversion of the term—but he cared not to make himself ridiculous by assuming the garb of virtue, when that guise could be no longer useful. Had he been thoroughly candid, he would have admitted then, what is now apparent to the whole world, that his primary object and the grand aim of his life was the aggrandisement of himself and his family, as also that, his ambition being as limitless as that of Macedonian Alexander, he meditated universal conquest. As the man in a private station who is afflicted with that territorial craving which in Scotland is denominated the earth hunger, lays his plans for adding acre to acre and field to field without ever contemplating a boundary, and becomes almost mad with vexation and rage should a competitor appear in the market—so did Napoleon in the plenitude of his power, and at one time it was enormously great, aspire to add kingdom to kingdom, until the accumulated mass could bear the weight of a throne roomy enough for another Charlemagne, an undisputed emperor of the West. That, however, was an object too purely selfish to be avowed. The people of France required a stronger stimulus. He knew them to be a vainglorious race, so he conjured them in the name of glory. It was for the glory of France that Joseph Buonaparte was sent to wear the crown of Spain. It was for the glory of France that Louis Napoleon was sent to reign over Holland and for her glory also he was deposed, because, unfaithful to the family policy, he presumed to consult the maternal interests of the people committed to his care. It was for the glory of France that Murat, husband of his sister Caroline, should first have Berg and Cleves, and then be established at Naples. It was for the glory of France that Jerome Buonaparte should be crowned King of Westphalia. It was for the glory of France that Napoleon himself repudiated his first wife, the unfortunate Josephine, and contracted a matrimonial alliance with a daughter of detested Austria. It was for the glory of France that he carried her eagles to Moscow, and left the bones

of her children to whiten in a howling wilderness. Such were the deeds of the first Napoleon—such were the results of his policy. It is impossible not to marvel at the great genius of the man, not to admire (if we ever can be said to admire that which we do not approve) his audacity, his intrepidity, his fixity of purpose, and the remarkable versatility which he displayed in all his schemes and combinations, changing and adapting each to suit the exigencies of the hour, and the sudden requirements of circumstance. But is there aught in his character that entitles him to our esteem? Surely not. If ever a malefactor walked the face of the earth, Napoleon I was one. False and fickle, treacherous and unprincipled, cold, calculating, and vindictive, he exhibited no real token of high heroism, not even equanimity in his fall. His insatiable ambition wearied out his people, his counselors, his army. The very marshals whom he had raised from the ranks, and endowed with honours and wealth, fell away from his side. Having gained all that they could hope to attain (for thrones were beyond the reach of all who were not of the race of Buonaparte—Bernadotte, whose elevation Napoleon vehemently opposed, being the sole exception), they refused to wade further in blood, and sighed for the enjoyments of that peace which they had helped so ruthlessly to violate. It is always thus with the master-spirits of ambition the grand disturbers of the world. Long before their exorbitant appetites can be sated, their followers and accomplices, the men by whose aid they have accomplished so much, have become lethargic. The old energy has left them, for they have nothing to wish for but repose. Still they exercise a controlling power, but not favourably for their chief. He cannot dismiss, discard, or supplant them by the creation of new lieutenants, whose younger energies might be stimulated by the hopes of future reward for in a State from which the spirit of loyalty has departed, the old soldier, when slighted, becomes a conspirator, and there is no jealousy so fierce and unappeasable as that of

the irritated veteran. In this way former friends are changed to virulent enemies. Generals, whose rapacity has passed into a byword, and who have enriched themselves by shameless plunder, become, all of a sudden, patriotic, peaceful, and advocates of tranquillity and order. They will not march themselves to battle, nor will they allow others to lead the host. They murmur against their chief, enter into cabals, open secret negotiations with foreign powers, and finally assist in dethroning the obnoxious founder of their fortunes. Such was the course which the old marshals of France, with the honourable exception of Macdonald, pursued in regard to Napoleon I., and if Napoleon III. shall attempt to carry out the like policy, it requires no prophetic vision to see that the like fate must ultimately be his. It was the fate of Romulus, it is the inevitable destiny of all imperial robbers. But ere the day of retribution comes terrible may be the amount of evil which such men can inflict upon the world. Never should we allow ourselves to fall into the gross error of confounding real greatness with its counterfeit, and of estimating actions according to their magnitude, and not according to their worth. If those who compile histories were always impartial in their judgments—if they could avoid that fascination which, strangely enough, seems to beset almost every biographer, warping his better judgment, and tempting him, in defiance of truth and ethics, to extenuate and defend, when he ought to reprobate and condemn—we might hope that men to whom great opportunities are presented, and who are so situated as to be able to influence the destinies of millions, would pause before they took a step which must consign their memories to undying shame. Some there are, we know, who have no fear of the judgments of God, who are willing, like Macbeth, "to jump the life to come," and who, either through rank atheism or brutish insensibility, believe not or reck not that they shall hereafter have to render an account of the things done in the body, whether they be good or evil.

But such men are by no means different to the judgments of posterity. They would not wish their names to be hanged down with loathing and abhorrence from generation to generation. Virtue may have no charms for them, but shame has its terrors, and they would recoil from the thought of being ranked with the Neros, Caligulas, and Domitians. It is their hope that the glory of which they talk so much, and which really is to some extent their incentive, may endure beyond the boundary of their actual existence, and cause their names to be remembered after their bodies have mouldered in the grave. That is a feeling natural to all mankind, and in the ambitious it is developed with peculiar strength. Those, therefore, who are the dispensers of glory, the poets and historians, to whom a mighty trust is committed, and who have a high function to discharge, ought most assuredly, for the common interest of mankind, to be rigidly impartial in their judgments, to abstain from giving even a modified approval to actions which cannot be traced either to a regard for the ordinances of God, or a sincere desire for the welfare of the human race, and above all, to denounce unsparringly, as the worst and greatest of crimes, that insatiable selfish ambition which, under the form of lust for empire, has caused so much desolation, and inflicted so much misery upon the nations.

That wars would become less frequent as the several nations of Europe became more civilised, was a most natural and reasonable expectation, and the arrangements of the Treaty of Vienna, ratified and approved of by the contracting powers, might have been deemed sufficient to secure the permanent peace of Europe. It has been the fashion of late years for men who profess ultra-liberal opinions to sneer at this great European compact, and to represent it rather as a gathering of powerful robbers assembled for the purpose of sharing their booty, than as a deliberative congress for putting an end to all disputed territorial questions. We cannot subscribe to that opinion. We think that the provisions of that Treaty

were conceived in a spirit of wise moderation, with due regard to vested interests; and that it afforded a guarantee as effectual as could have been devised against future aggression. For a considerable period it did prove effective, and commanded respect; but alas! there can be no security in treaties if any of the contracting parties resolve to adhere to them only so long as adherence is positively advantageous to themselves.

The first important breach of the European settlement was made by Liberal Governments. It consisted in the severance of Belgium from Holland, and the erection of the former territory into an independent kingdom. To that severance France and Britain were consenting parties, indeed they took up arms to enforce it—a fact which must be specially noted in justice to other governments arraigned for violation of the compact. For although all the five great powers of Europe recognised the necessity of a separate government for Belgium, neither Prussia, Austria, nor Russia were willing to see it wrested from the House of Orange; and they were vehemently opposed to the surrender of Antwerp, that great frontier fortress which was considered of so much importance as a material check to the future aggrandisement of France, should she again meditate an extension of her frontier in that direction. That combination of France and Britain was very ominous. It loosened the security of the whole Continental arrangements, by establishing a precedent for making alterations in the internal arrangements of the smaller States of Europe, even without the unanimous concurrence of the five great powers, who were held jointly to constitute the European protectorate. It gave liberty of action to a minority, and inspired with new life and vigour the revolutionary party, then assuming a dangerous prominence. Indeed, it is our firm conviction that the disturbances of 1848 may be clearly traced to the encouragement given by France and Britain in 1838 to the revolutionists, by their conduct in regard to Belgium.

It has indeed been said that they

interfered solely with the view of maintaining tranquillity, and that they had no interest to serve by siding with the Belgian insurgents. But that assertion is clearly liable to challenge. Obviously it was for the interest of France to have upon its frontier a small Catholic state, with a population largely imbued with the French element, rather than a consolidated state in which Protestantism was predominant. The selection of Leopold, so nearly connected with the reigning family of Britain, to be King of Belgium, was cited by politicians on the Continent as a proof that the Court of St James's was not altogether disinterested in this movement; which, however it may be defended on grounds of expediency or political necessity, was certainly an unhappy example to other powers, inasmuch as it furnished them with a precedent for disregarding the text of the Treaty. And accordingly in 1844, Cracow, the independence of which had been expressly guaranteed at Vienna, was absorbed by Austria with consent of the northern powers, in spite of the protest of Lord Palmerston.

From that time the Treaty of Vienna has remained rather as a tradition than a statute—not actually in force, but not so destroyed as to be entirely obsolete. But by degrees a great change had taken place, both in the political relations and in the state doctrines of Europe. Britain, under Whig Ministers, gradually withdrew from her connection, formerly very intimate, with the despotic powers, and cultivated more friendly relations with France, then under the rule of the King of the Barricades, and boasting of a constitutional government. This naturally led to a combination of the three other great powers, for the sake of preserving the balance; so that at one time, in matters of European policy, England and France stood opposed to Prussia, Austria, and Russia. Presently, however, Prussia became so far liberalised as to assume a kind of independent position, possibly induced to do so from the consideration that she might obtain additional respect and influence by qualifying herself for arbitration. And so matters stood at

the advent of the revolutionary year, 1848, when the stability of all the governments of Europe were tested. England stood fast as a rock, without even the menace of insurrection. So did Russia, confiding in her colossal strength; her danger lay in Poland, but Poland was as silent as the grave. Prussia had a difficult game to play; for, independent of the clamour for internal constitutional reforms, she had to act the part of a keeper to Germany, then undeniably insane, and possessed with the wildest notions as to unity and Teutonic empire. She did so successfully until the paroxysm went by; and although her King could hardly claim to rank as a wise, temperate, or sagacious ruler, she passed through the ordeal unscathed. France was the furnace of revolution. Who can forget the days when Ledru Rollin, Armand Marrast, Louis Blanc, Ferdinand Flocon, and the like, were the actual paladins of France? Who can forget the strange combination of events with daring policy, which elevated Louis Napoleon to the Imperial throne? Austria was in great peril. Hungary rose in insurrection. Hot-headed German enthusiasts effected a revolution in Vienna; whilst at the same moment, Charles Albert, King of Sardinia, made an attempt upon Lombardy. That outrage was condignly punished at Novara; and by Russian aid the insurrection in the Austrian provinces was suppressed. Practically, therefore, revolution was triumphant nowhere but in France; and its triumph there, so far from giving freedom to the people, or realising the dreams of its votaries, led to the concentration of all political power in the person of a single man, and the establishment of a despotism more uncontrolled than elsewhere exists in Europe.

Having traced so far the political relations of the great European powers, let us advert for a moment to what we may call doctrinal state opinions.

When the affairs of Europe were settled, or supposed to be settled, by the conferences, treaties, and contracts which commenced about the year 1814, nations were regarded as represented by governments, and gov-

vernments were identified with certain ruling families. The question of who was to rule a people, was much more prominent than the other, which had regard to the nature of the rule. The *jus divinum* was not absolutely asserted, but hereditary right to rule was regarded as something very nearly, if not quite as sacred. So, in the first instance, the boundaries of each state, as it was hereafter to exist without disturbance, were accurately settled and defined; in the next it was decided who should reign over that state with all its population. Some changes, but not many, were made both in territorial boundaries and in dynastical rule. Russia acquired Finland, Sweden received a new dynasty, and the territories of Saxony were cut down. But the changes, when planned and agreed to, were regarded as final, and so the map of Europe was arranged. Future internal revolution, implying as a consequence the overthrow of thrones, was not then contemplated as an accident likely to occur; for the great powers had just then combined against Napoleon, and had restored the Bourbons; and they believed—for men have always faith in their own devices—that the settlement which then they were effecting would be permanent and complete in every part. Absolutists they certainly were in their opinions and confidence, much more so than they were warranted in being; for history could even then show some instances of successful revolutions. England had twice changed her rulers, in her struggle for constitutional freedom. Holland, after one of the noblest and most heroic contests on record, shook off the yoke of Spain, and adopted William Prince of Orange as her hereditary chief. But in 1814, recent events of surpassing magnitude had obliterated the recollections of older history. Crowns being hereditary, the devisers of the new partition probably considered it as unlikely that subjects would rebel against their kings, as that tenants should rise against the acknowledged proprietors of the soil. States therefore, as we have already said, were regarded as being entirely represented by the rulers. Public opinion was a thing of which

diplomats took no notice, and honoured with no regard. In forming family alliances, or in cultivating political relations, the liking and convenience of the sovereigns were alone consulted. The aggrandisement of the state simply meant the aggrandisement of a particular family.

These doctrines are still in full force in the despotic Continental states, and even in some which are regarded as constitutional; indeed, they can nowhere be said to be entirely exploded. The country which is most free from their influence is undoubtedly our own. It is now an avowed and proclaimed part of our public policy, from which we never can recede, that we will in no way interfere with the domestic concerns of a foreign people, or interpose between them and their monarch; that we are willing to negotiate with any *de facto* government, without examining closely into its title; that we will neither force nor join in forcing any people to accept a particular dynasty, or send armies to aid a potentate who may have been ejected from his dominions;—in short, we now recognise states without regard to families. This is obviously a wise policy, and it is that which the Conservative party has proclaimed its determination to pursue. But the practice must be carried even farther than this;—for if it be unjust and impolitic to assist potentates against their subjects, so is it equally, to say the least, unjust and impolitic to give any kind of countenance or assistance to the cause of insurgency. And therein, we think, lay the fault of the Whigs. They were ready enough to adopt the principle of non-intervention in certain cases, but in others they did actively interfere; and to their inconsistency we must in part attribute that lessened degree of respect with which Britain is regarded both by Continental potentates and people. The Whigs interfered in the Belgian matter; they interfered in the Spanish quarrel; they interfered also, through diplomacy, in the Italian complications, without any fortunate result, as we may note at the present day. Happily we are in that condition that we stand in no way committed, and are not called upon, for the present at

least, to take any part in the conflict. Whether we may be able to remain in an attitude strictly neutral must depend upon the shape which that conflict may assume, and the lengths to which it may be carried; and over these we have no control. But it may also depend in some measure upon the temperance and prudent caution of the people of Britain, who are at all times greatly too apt to show themselves as partisans and sympathisers. We object not to that generous feeling which extends hospitality and aid to exiles, but we must frankly say that the political ovations with which certain prominent insurgents have of late years been favoured in our large towns and by members of municipalities, were as unwise as they were useless, and, even for the sake of the exiles themselves, had much better have been omitted.

When two mighty armies are ranged and drawn out for battle, it matters little on which side the first shot is fired. The party really to blame is the one which provokes the contest. It is now evident to demonstration, that France has been preparing most actively for an Italian campaign, and that all her dispositions for months past have been made with a view to that event. We cannot therefore believe that the Emperor was in earnest when he professed himself desirous that the difficulty should be solved and peace maintained; nor can we regard his semi-acceptance of the mediatorial offers of England, otherwise than as a device to gain time in order that his preparations might be completed. As for Sardinia, her attitude was clearly offensive. The language of the King and his ministers was unequivocally warlike; so much so, that no reasonable man can doubt that it was the consequence of a distinct assurance of strenuous aid from France. By herself and unassisted, Sardinia could not cope with the forces of Austria in the field. Unless powerfully supported, she would not even have dared to utter a menace, much less proclaim a formal challenge.

It would be tedious to enumerate the many circumstances which, when combined, form, in our opinion, a clear proof of the mutual understanding

and unity of purpose between France and Sardinia. The discourteous reception of Baron Hubner, the Austrian minister, by the Emperor at the beginning of the year—the family alliance concluded by the somewhat hasty marriage of Prince Napoleon with the Princess Clothilde—the visit of Count Cavour to Paris, and his subsequent tone of defiance—all these, coupled with the unusual amount of military preparation, and other symptoms, show very clearly that the contracting parties had determined that the present year should be made memorable by an Italian campaign. Whether the confederacy is as yet confined to these two powers, or includes another whose appearance in the field would make confusion worse confounded, is as yet unknown.

Assuming, then, the fact of concert and preparation, what possibly could be the motive of France and Sardinia except the hope of territorial aggrandisement by means of conquest? Nations are usually selfish in their undertakings, and unwilling to go to war when their personal interests are not directly involved. That has always been the case; but in modern times the aversion to anything resembling Quixotic enterprise is much stronger than it was before. All men know that a nation involved in war must sustain great injury as regards its commerce and industrial products. Taxation is increased, loans are contracted which become a perpetual burden, and the strength of the population is impaired by the constant demand for soldiery to fill up the losses occasioned by battle and disease. In proportion to the prosperity of a nation is its real aversion to war. Substantial interests are identified with the maintenance of peace; and governments are popular or otherwise according as they exert themselves to preserve it. There are instances, no doubt, of interference by a great nation on behalf of an oppressed people struggling for their liberties; but these are few in number, and remote in point of time. The States of Holland were left almost without aid to fight their own battle against the ruling Spaniard and the Inquisition; and what assistance was

vouchsafed them from France, was granted only on the condition that the crown of the Netherlands should be settled on the Duke of Anjou. The dismemberment of Poland was permitted without any interference on the part either of England or France; and though much sympathy was excited throughout Europe by the heroic efforts of the Poles, in 1831, to emancipate themselves from the yoke of Russia, not a finger was raised in their behalf. Moreover, it must be remembered that in no case can active interference be justified, unless the quarrel between rulers and the ruled has taken the decided form of an appeal to arms. There may be discontent and dissatisfaction in a country without an actual revolt. There may be revolts so ill-planned and poorly supported that they are at once suppressed with very little exertion. But these do not call for foreign interference or interposition—indeed, interference in such cases would be a gross violation of the law of nations. Were it otherwise, peace could not be maintained in Europe for a single year, because, unfortunately, there is no lack of malcontents in every country. If the voice of the discontented is to be taken as a sufficient voucher for the tyranny of a government, even Britain might be made liable to admonitory remarks or threatened interference from abroad. Not many years have elapsed since the Chartist in England clamorously demanded a new constitution; and a numerous section of the Irish people declared that nothing would content them save emancipation from the Saxon rule, and, so late as 1848, sent deputies to the revolutionary government of France to request the favour of an invasion! So stringent is the rule which limits foreign interference, and which is founded on wise considerations both of right and expediency, that even the tyrannical proceedings of the King of Naples with regard to his subjects, which were universally felt as an outrage on humanity, did not provoke us to an armed demonstration.

Such being the law of nations, what justification, we ask, can France and Sardinia plead for appearing against Austria in arms? There is no revolt

in Lombardy; and no one knows better than the King of Sardinia that the Lombards do not crave his assistance. The events of 1849 have not left a favourable impression on their minds as regards either the probity or the disinterestedness of Sardinia. Charles Albert does not rank in the Italian estimate as a martyr, nor is more confidence reposed in the son than was extended to the father. This may be a foolish prejudice on the part of the Lombards, or it may arise from that provincial jealousy which is the characteristic of all Italians, and which is the real obstacle to their union. We state it simply as a fact of some significance with respect to future operations; and we may add that this cordial understanding with France has by no means improved his position. Beyond this we shall not venture an assertion; for it is at all times difficult to ascertain and gauge the feelings of a foreign people, and the man who attempts it is very apt to fall into error. That there is a strong aversion among the Lombards, especially the urban population, to the Austrian rule, we readily and really believe; but it does not therefore follow that the Lombards are willing to become annexed to Sardinia. That, however, is a point beyond the present discussion.

In like manner, although the Duchies may not be well governed according to Sardinian ideas, they are yet independent and sovereign states, which should have been left to their own discretion. In attempting to revolutionise them, Sardinia has been a disturber of the general peace; for it is one thing to act upon a *fait accompli*, and another to precipitate a crisis. We admit to the fullest extent the right of a people to demand reforms from their rulers, and if need be to extort them; but the rearing up of new kingdoms, or the absorption of old ones, is quite another thing. Change of rulers is a matter in which all the states of Europe have a direct interest, in order that no one power, by repeated acquisitions of territory, may acquire an undue predominance. We would not have been justified in aiding the Sultan against an insurrection in

Turkey, but we were clearly justified in preventing Russia from appropriating that country. It was made an article of dittay against Russia that she was continually, through her agents, fomenting discord in Turkey, in order that she might have a pretext for stepping in; and to those efforts we no doubt are indebted for the parable of the sick man, which the late Czar so ingeniously propounded. We have more than a suspicion that Sardinia is liable to a similar charge. We believe that she has an eye upon the Duchies, either for herself, or for a French prince, if with the aid of France she can gain possession of Lombardy. We cannot otherwise interpret her designs, nor indeed does she affect much disguise. The independence of Italy, which is her war-cry, means the expulsion of the Austrians. That effected, there may be a new partition, in the course of which the Duchies may be absorbed, the Neapolitan dynasty altered, and a sweeping secular change made in the destination of the patrimony of Saint Peter.

Now what is all this but deliberate aggression, and disturbance of the equilibrium of Europe? If the scheme succeeds, France, we may be sure, will claim the lion's share of the booty, which cannot be a matter of indifference to any independent state. At present we are and we will remain strictly neutral, though anything but uninterested spectators of the conflict in the north of Italy. Our ministers have tried to prevent the collision, but have failed, because the aggressive movement had been deliberately planned and prepared, and no persuasion of man could divert the Emperor of the French from his purpose. Up to the present time there are but three belligerents, nor do we believe that any other will appear in the field until the campaign is much further advanced; but the interests of Britain require that a wary watch should be kept, and that we should be prepared for every emergency.

Over-much suspicion is not the tendency of the British people. On the contrary, they are rather credulous, and prone to accept as evidence of sincerity all manner of

vehement protestations. It is a generous fault, if it be one, and certainly is preferable to the Machiavellian method of considering every man a rogue until he has proved himself to be otherwise. But we must not suffer ourselves to be hoodwinked, or allow our confidence to be abused. We have seen enough of Louis Napoleon to be aware that he cannot be trusted. His career has been tortuous and crooked, he is a practised and profound dissembler, and he has, in the *Idées Napoléoniennes*, written in 1839, long before he had a chance of empire, developed an aggressive policy for the guidance of France which ought surely to put us upon our guard. We have also had ample experience of the machinations of Russia, of her secrecy in forming plans, her obstinacy in adhering to them, and her ingenuity in carrying them out. A separate alliance therefore between France and Russia, the two great intriguing powers of Europe, of whatever nature it may be, must necessarily cause anxiety both in Britain and in Germany. France and Russia combined would be in a position to assert, though they might not be able to achieve, both maritime and military supremacy, and we must not forget that such a combination is not a new thing. It has happened more than once already.

It is, however, by no means certain that Russia has engaged herself to France so deeply, for it is questionable whether her doing so would be a wise political step. We believe that she was deeply offended by the conduct of Austria, in not giving her active assistance during the Turkish war, an assistance which she considered herself well entitled to expect, in return for the services rendered in 1849. But great states are rarely revengeful, at least as individuals are. Accommodation is better than rupture, and there is that community of interest, of sentiment, and of political theory between the governments of Russia and Austria, which must render a permanent misunderstanding a serious calamity to both. An alliance of Russia with France, so intimate that the military force of the former should be stationed on

the frontiers of Austria for the evident purpose of favouring the designs of the latter, could not be otherwise interpreted, both here and in Germany, than as the token of a deep-laid conspiracy, and from that hour we might abandon all hope of escaping from a general conflict. For we cannot imagine such an active alliance except for aggressive purposes, neither can we suppose that Russia would interfere without being tempted by the prospect of some special advantage to herself. We should then be forced to conclude that Russia was about to recommence her attempt on Turkey under cover of the war in Italy, and that her military demonstration on the Austrian frontier was intended to prolong that war, and indirectly to aid the French arms by distracting the attention of their antagonists. It is quite possible that some such game may be played, or at least be in contemplation, and we must keep that contingency in view. In the councils of Europe at this moment there is so much moral obliquity, that we do not know in whom we can repose confidence, to whose honesty we may trust. The greed of empire, so long restrained, is now manifested and almost openly avowed by states of magnitude and power. Nation is arrayed against nation, and kingdom against kingdom, not, as of yore, for the sake of vindicating religious freedom, or of asserting claims of hereditary succession, but for a trial of brute strength, robbery being the object of one party, and dogged resistance the determination of the other.

It is of great consequence that we should not allow ourselves, through vague sympathies for what are called oppressed nationalities, or aspirations after freedom which are too often utopian in their character, to take a false view of the real position of affairs on the Continent, and the *animus* of the different parties. Let it be conceded that the rule of Austria is despotic—so, it may be said, is that of almost every other country. Our own tree of liberty was of slow growth. It did not start up suddenly in full luxuriance, like the gourd of Jonah—had it done so, we may fairly conclude that it soon

would have withered away. Constitutions conjured up for the moment, like those of the Abbé Sieyès, have no real vitality. They are raised in the morning, and ere sundown they have wholly perished. So has it been with the many constitutions which distracted France has known. None of them have proved permanent, none of them have been destined to endure. Like trees which have been hastily cut down, transported to another place, and stuck into the earth without roots, to serve as a temporary avenue for some pageant or procession, they have drooped and died, and become firewood, and now, in their place, we behold indeed a tree, but it is the rooted upas of absolutism. Some of us in this country are far too apt to take for granted that constitutional freedom is a necessary consequence of successful revolt. Alas! experience has shown us but too plainly that in the majority of cases the actual result is anarchy, and the establishment of a mob despotism infinitely more dangerous and destructive than that of a single man. These are things, however, which our enthusiasts are slow to perceive, or perceiving will not allow. They sympathise with every revolt, without inquiring whether or not the revolt has been justified by oppression on the part of the Government, and they express their abstract detestation of despotism, without reflecting that despotism is the stock best adapted to receive the graft of constitutional liberty. And never yet did the nation fit for freedom fail to attain to it, not by violent spasmodic efforts, but by that gradual spread of intelligence and irresistible power of opinion which even sceptres cannot control, and which, while it renders the freeman capable of using rightly his great privilege, inculcates that respect for law and order without which liberty is nothing but a name.

Some of us may think it a hard thing and unjust that Austria should have rule over any part of Italy, and may find fault with the political arrangements which gave her the command of Lombardy. That point, were we to take it up, would open to us a very wide field for discussion.

In the first place, we should have to consider whether by natural law or the ordinances of God it is permissible that two or more nations of distinct origin and with different languages should be subject to the sway of one ruler. Surely it is too late to agitate such a question as that, more especially as the British empire affords us many instances of a similar union. In the second place, we should have to enter thoroughly into the examination of title, which might require the production of a treatise as lengthy and intricate as Mr Carlyle's dissertation on the rise of the House of Brandenburg. We venture to think that there is no necessity whatever for going beyond the fact that Austria is in prescriptive possession of Lombardy. She received it, with the consent of all the European powers, more than forty years ago, and has since held it undisturbed, save by the treacherous attempt of the King of Sardinia subsequent to 1848. No better title could be given, and if this be admitted, and we do not see how it can be denied, surely it is great folly in any of us to call in question her rights. If a general congress cannot settle boundaries, and give a valid title to the possession of provinces, what can it effect? What is the purport of its meeting, or the use of its deliberations? Without such a solemn settlement, bearing the character of a general European compact, there would be a perpetual contest for dominion, and the sword would never be sheathed. Do not let us undervalue or condemn these treaties, for they have been productive of vast benefits to us. They have preserved us from wholesale war for more than forty years, within which space of time more progress has been made in the arts and sciences, and more social improvements planned and executed, than men of the last generation could have imagined in their wildest dreams. They have served, at all events, to curb ambition, if they have not wholly restrained it, and even now they furnish us with a clear means of ascertaining who are the aggressors in this fresh international quarrel.

There is, we observe, a tone of poco-

circumstances assumed of late by some influential journals of the Liberal sort, upon which, as it is calculated to mislead, we must necessarily offer a remark. They maintain that, under no conceivable circumstances, will it be necessary for Britain to take part in the conflict—that this is merely a struggle between tyrants, which they must be left to fight out by themselves—that while they exhaust themselves by war, we shall rapidly become more prosperous by peace—and that we have no interest whatever in opposing any kind of change in the balance of power on the continent of Europe.

That is, no doubt, a comfortable creed; but, like most creeds composed entirely on the soothing principle of embodying our hopes and wishes only, we apprehend that it is fallacious. Nations cannot be indifferent to what is going on around them. War, like the flames on an Indian prairie, or a conflagration in a crowded city, has a tendency to spread—

“Et tua res agitur, paries cum proximus ardet.”

Therefore we must take good heed lest the fire should extend beyond certain limits. So long as it is confined to one locality which is strongly fenced without, there is hope that it may exhaust its fury there without injury to the neighbouring tenements; and so long as Italy remains the sole seat of war, and no other belligerents declare themselves, this country is under no obligation to declare itself on either side. Our Ministers discharged one part of their duty, and a most important one, though it was not crowned with success, by making every effort to prevent the outbreak: another part yet remains, and that is, to use every means of persuasion and remonstrance with the undeclared powers, in order to restrain them from rushing into the fray. Blind indeed must the man be who has no perception of the danger which threatens the whole of Europe, and which can only be averted, under God's grace, by extreme caution and forbearance. There is danger in more quarters than one. The appearance of Russia acting in concert with

France, even though her operations were confined merely to marching troops to the Gallician frontier, would add greatly to the ferment in Germany, and possibly compel Prussia, who has hitherto done good service by restraining the more fiery and impatient section of the Germanic Confederation, to assume an offensive attitude, or at least to give her consent, hitherto withheld, to the stationing of a federal army of observation on the Rhine, which certainly would be followed by a similar movement on the part of France. The policy announced by Prussia is shortly this:—She declines to interfere on behalf of the Austrian non-federal dominions. She will not take the initiative, by making a demonstration on the Rhenish frontier; but at the same time, she declares, without hesitation or restraint, that she will take the field in case the territory of the Confederation should be menaced on any side whatever. It is impossible to over-estimate the value of this cautious though resolute policy on the part of Prussia at the present crisis; for the war party in Germany is very strong, and several of the states seem inclined to arm in Austria's quarrel, independent of federal considerations. The representatives of Bavaria, Hanover, Saxony, Baden, Hesse-Cassel, and Hesse-Darmstadt, have been urging the Diet to order the immediate movement of three *corps-d'armée* towards the Rhine; a proposition which, if agreed to, would, in our opinion, be construed by the French nation into a challenge. Besides this, there is another danger very likely to arise contingently on the success of the French and Sardinian arms. The latter could hardly effect their object of driving the Austrians out of Lombardy, without entering some part of recognised German territory. It may, indeed, be said, that as such territory will presumably be Austrian, no new complication can arise, because the belligerents continue the same; but those who argue thus know little of the spirit which animates the German Bund; for as certainly as the roll of thunder follows the flash of lightning, will Germany rise in arms so

soon as the foot of a French soldier has been planted upon any portion of her soil.

If Russia should abstain from all interference (which is not impossible, for the recent change in the Austrian ministry, by the substitution of Rechberg for Buol seems to point towards a reconciliation), we are hopeful that Germany may escape being implicated in the quarrel, at all events for the present. Whatever may be the future designs of Louis Napoleon for the extension of the French Empire, he cannot be desirous that the forces of Germany should be arrayed against him until the Italian campaign is concluded. For, despite French courage and confidence, which are always tinged with a little of the gasconading spirit, the task which he has undertaken may not prove an easy one, nor are his chances of success, when weighed against the probability of failure, so very great as to give any thing like an assurance of victory. Notwithstanding all his preparations and undoubted military force, it may yet be some time before he takes up his quarters at Milan, and even were he there, he has still to break through the strongest line of fortresses in Europe before he can call Lombardy his own. Austria has a magnificent army, well disciplined and officered, and her soldiers, in point of endurance, are second to none in Europe, though they may be deficient in the dash and rapidity of movement which is the peculiar characteristic of the French. Throughout the last great war the French found the Austrians to be most formidable opponents, and for their victories they were more indebted to the consummate military genius and quick tactics of the first Napoleon, than to the superiority of their men. What the military talents of the nephew may be, we cannot tell. He is said to have diligently studied the strategic art, and to have made himself a thorough master of its principles. But theory is one thing, and practice another, and we have yet to find out whether a man who has attained the age of fifty without having seen a shot fired on the field of battle, is

competent to direct extensive military operations. It is a daring attempt, which some might call presumptuous, and which, if unsuccessful, may be attended with disastrous consequences to himself. But we cannot wish that it were otherwise. It is fitting that the main disturber of the peace of Europe should go forth at the head of his armies.

So long, therefore, as Italy is the sole field of military operations, and no other states enter the arena as combatants, Britain may be able to remain a passive spectator of the strife. If France and Sardinia should be baffled in their attempt to wrest Lombardy from Austria, there is, so far as human foresight can reach, even a fair prospect that the war may not become general, and could we reckon on a cordial reconciliation between Russia and Austria, and an abandonment of her aggressive schemes in the direction of Turkey by the former power, such hopes would be materially strengthened. On the other hand, should the Austrians be driven out of Lombardy, a very serious question will be forced upon the consideration of the neutral states. Are the provinces so redeemed, or rescued, or emancipated—it is difficult in this case to find a term perfectly appropriate and descriptive of their situation—to be regarded as conquest, and as such to be appropriated or divided solely at the will of the captors? It is not likely that France and her coadjutor would broadly assert so much, for a war of liberation is something very different from a war of conquest and implies a due regard to the wishes of the rescued people. But it is quite easy to manage things so, that an expression of opinion by a coerced or purchased junta may be made to pass for the deliberate resolution of a people, and, under bayonet rule, it is highly improbable that any would be found daring enough to gainsay the will of the liberators. Are we then prepared to allow Lombardy and Venice, as also the Duchies—for their fate is inseparable from that of the Austro-Italian provinces—to be partitioned by France and Sardinia? We do not press for an immediate answer to that ques-

tion—we do not think that the time for discussing it has yet arrived—but we wish that the gravity of the situation, and the extent of the interests involved, should be made apparent to all. Also it must be remembered that the scheme of liberation includes the southern as well as the northern part of Italy. The Pontifical States and Naples must also be revolutionised and over-run. We have no sympathy to expend upon either the Pope or the Neapolitan tyrant, but their expulsion would leave a further tract of splendid territory to be divided. The question, when fully propounded, will be this—Shall Italy, from the Alps to Calabria, along with fair and blooming Sicily, become the appanage of the Gaul?

Firmly as we entertain the belief that the hearts of kings, as well as the destinies of nations, are in the Divine rule and governance, and are disposed and turned as seemeth best to the godly wisdom, and that mere human sagacity is unavailing to aid us in the time of perplexity, we must nevertheless remember that we are instruments in the hand of God, who has given us a rule of duty, and that we must endeavour to shape our conduct in accordance with that rule, under circumstances however trying, leaving the issue with confidence to His determination. We cannot hope to remain inactive spectators of a general war in Europe. Rashly to provoke war, or to rush into it head

long, without due cause and deliberation, would be a deep national crime, but to defend the rights of ourselves and others, when these are clearly ascertained, against unprincipled ambition and daring outrage, is a duty so manifest that none but fanatics would venture to deny it. In the midst of the general doubt and dismay which pervade Europe, arising mainly from the tortuous policy of Russia, the grasping ambition of France, and the selfish obduracy of Austria, it is cheering to know that we can reckon upon the co-operation of one great power, against whom no charge of having violated treaties, since the last general settlement, has been made. The interests of Prussia seem to be in all respects the same as ours. Liberal in her tendencies and Protestant in her faith, Prussia is our natural ally, and her influence in the councils of the Germanic Diet has been wisely and salutarily exerted. We are next to certainly assured that nothing whatever can occur to weaken this fortunate alliance, which is founded upon reciprocity of sentiment, family union, and the mutual respect of the people. And so, not confiding in our own strength, but in divine blessing, let us endeavour to fulfil our duty, and patiently expect a gracious answer to the daily prayer of the Church of England—'Give peace in our time, O Lord, because there is none other that fighteth for us, but only thou, O God.'

INDEX TO VOL. LXXXV.

- Achmet Pasha, reconnaissance under, at Kalafat, 456.
- ADAM BIDS, 490
- Adams' Shadow of the Cross, 175.
- Adams, William, the career of, in Japan, &c., 66 *et seq*, 536 *et seq*
- Adoption, the right of, in India, 117
- Agassiz on the Hydra, 590—on the Infusoria, 596
- Alexander, Mr, the Tracts of, 516
- Alfred, mission from, to India, 464
- Alphabet, effects of invention of an, 97.
- Amarapoora, sketches of, 42 *et seq*
- American press, characteristics of the, 184, 186
- Amoeba or Proteus, the, 588 *et seq*
- Amusements, modern popular, 111
- Ananda, temple of, Burmah, 40
- ANGLING SAUNTER IN SUTHERLAND, AN, 81.
- Anonymous, defence of the, in the newspaper press, 180
- Anti rod and gun crusade, the, 519
- APPEAL TO THE COUNTRY, THE, 626
- Architecture, Burmese, 41
- Armada, parallel between the defeat of the, and Salamis, 200
- Army, importance of the in France, 251—the Turkish, character of, 450
- Aracan, district of 34—its cohesion 35
- Artillery, the French, at Chalons, 259
- Aryan races, the, in India, 311, 314
- Association, the power of 519 *et seq*
- Assynt, loch, angling in, 86
- Assyrian art, Rawlinson on, 206
- Auerbach, views of on the Amoeba, 588
- Aungier, Gerald, 468
- Australia, the gold fields of, wages in, &c., 482—their extent, &c., 487
- Austria the government of in Lombardy, 354—alarm and preparations of, in Italy, 377—policy of Louis Napoleon toward, 385—animosity of Russia to, 387—views of, on Italy at Congress of Paris, 613—her encroachments, &c there, 614
- Authorship, universality of, 104—universal passion for, 189
- Baptist missionaries, the, in India, 478
- Bashi-Bazouks, the, in Kalafat, 301, 305, 306
- Baxter, a believer in witchcraft, 567
- Bayle, Peter, his News from the Republic of Letters, 753 *et seq*
- Beauregard on the Italian crisis, 386
- Bheela, the, in India, 310
- Bickersteth, Mr, the Tracts of, 516.
- Black Sea, a voyage on the, 291
- Blakeley, Mr, his edition of Herodotus, 202
- Bombay, constituted a bishopric, 477
- Bonar, Mr, the Kelso Tracts of, 516
- Book stores, parochial, 168
- Borgie, salmon fishing in the, 92.
- Bragge, Mr F, account of the witch of Walkerno, 588 *et seq*
- Brahm, early doctrine regarding, 370.
- Brahmanical race, the, their conquest of India, 311
- Brahmanism, modern, rise of, 328
- Brahmana, caste of the, 313, 322
- Brest expedition, Macaulay's charges against Marlborough in connection with, 668 *et seq*
- Buceus isles, Japan, 243
- Bright, Mr, his attack on the newspaper press, 180—his reform agitation, 375—his proposed reform bill, 510
- British League of Juvenile Abstemists, the, 523
- Brougham, lord, on the Italian question, 579—and the Social Science Association, 524
- Brown, Rev David, in India, 471.
- Browne, Sir Thomas, his belief in witchcraft, 567
- Bryce, Rev Dr, in India, 474, 475
- Buchanan, Claudius, 472, 473
- Buckingham, J S, on the liquor traffic, 525
- Buddhism, prevalence of, in Burmah, &c., 33, 47—rise of, in India, 325
- Buddhist temple, a Japanese, 411—various forms of, in Burmah, 39.
- Budding, reproduction by, 591
- Bulgarian peasantry, sketches of, 298
- Bulgarian village, sketch of a 292, 298
- Buol, count, at Congress of Paris, 613
- Burgundy, the vineyards of 433
- BURMAH AND THE BURMESE, 31.
- Catholics, contrast between, and Sutherland, 92 *et seq*
- California wages in, &c., 482
- Callianee, early Christian church at, 463.
- Canarese race the, in India 311
- Carey Rev Mr, in India, 473
- CARLYLE, Mirage philosophy, 127—His story of Frederick, 142
- Carlyle's Sartor Resartus, remarks on, 128, 129—his French Revolution, 128—his Hero worship, 133—his Past and Present, 15—his Latter day Pamphlets, 186—on Associations, 520
- Carr, bishop, 477
- Caste origin of, in India, 313, *et seq*
- CASTS AND CREEDS OF INDIA, THE, 308
- Cat on the Doverfell, the, 374
- Cavalry, the French, 259—the Turkish, 450
- Cavour, count, policy and views of, 385, 386—proceedings of, at Congress of Paris, 612 *et seq*—communications between, and Napoleon III, 618—proposals of regarding the Papal States, 616—alliance with France, 618.
- Caxton, Præstratus, What will he do with it! Part the last, 1.

- Ceylon, early Christian church in, 468.
 Chadwick, Mr, as the leader of the sectarian movement, 232—his report on the sanitary condition of the labouring population, 235
 CHALONS, THE CAMP, 251.
 Chaucery, Sir Henry, and the witch of Walkerne, 570 *et seq*
 Chevalier, M., on the probable fall in the value of gold, 481
 Choles, the, in the Nilgherry hills, 310
 Christians, the expulsion of the, from Japan, 50, 65
 CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA, 462
 Christianity, declarations of the Indian proclamation regarding, 120 *et seq*
 Church, present position of the, 169
 Churchill, Arabella, and James II., 665
 Civil Service Commissioners, errors of the, 605.
 Clarendon, lord, on the Italian question, 612
 Clarke, Jane, the trial of, for witchcraft, 572 note
 Classics, importance of study of the, 198
 Claverhouse, Macaulay's animosity to, 662
 Cleveland, the duchess of, and Marlborough, 603
 CLOTHES AND SCARFOWS, 274
 Clothilde, the princess marriage of Prince Napoleon to, 377—political objects of the marriage of, 619
 Cobden, Mr, his translation of Chevalier on the fall in the value of gold, 481
 Coke, chief justice, on witchcraft, 567
 Colquhoun's Salmon Casts, &c., notice of 81
 Combination, the power of, 521
 COMPETITIVE SYSTEM, THE, AND THE PUBLIC SERVICE, 598
 Conjuror, a Japanese, 538
 Conquest, passion for, in France, 251
 CONTINENT, OUR RELATIONS WITH THE, 765
 Conversations Lexicon, the, on the French and English navies, 646, 647, 651
 Conybeare, Mr, on the press, 191.
 Copper, abundance, &c of, in Japan, 535
 Cornwallis, lord, views of, as to Christianising India, 471
 Corne, bishop, 477
 Cottagers religious meditations, the, 173
 County franchise, the proposed lowering of the, 513
 Courtesans, class of, in Japan, 408
 Cranmer, charge of, on witchcraft, 567
 Credulity, ancient and modern, 567.
 CRY FOR REFORM, THE, 505
 Curtate, the battlefield of, 300
 Cutchullin hills, the, 82, 83
 Dai-see, temple of, Japan, 552, 554.
 Danube river, the, 296
 DAKOTA'S TALES FROM THE NORTH, 366
 Deatry, bishop, 477
 Decans (Japan), sketches at, 49
 Derby, lord, his speech on the Italian question, 376—defence of his dissolution of parliament, &c., 626
 Derby ministry, the, their proposed reform bill, 569—review of their career, 625
 De Tocqueville on the press, 183, 193
 Diana frigate, loss of the, at Sumoda, 245
 Dickens, Mr, his picture of the public servant, 598, 600
 Digestion, what, in the Hydra, 588
 Diligence, a French, 418
 DISSOLVING VIEW OF MONEY AND THE FRANCHISE, A, 481
 Drama, the alleged decline of the, 110.
 Dramatic performances, Burmese, 37.
 Dress, the prevalent style of, 377
 Drill, system of, in the Chalons camp, 264.
 Duff, Dr, on caste in India, 314 note
 Dutch, first arrival of the, in Japan, 65—dress among the, 285
 Dutch bazaar, the, at Decima, 49, 52
 Earthquakes, frequency of, in Ni pon, 545
 East India Company, the, close of the rule of, 113 *et seq*—history of, in connection with Christianity in India, 467
 Edinburgh, employment of sewage water at, 224—history of the Whig domination in 631
 Educated classes, measures for extending the franchise to, 512
 Education first opposition to the general spread of, 164—its ultimate diffusion, 165—as a qualification for the suffrage, 638
 Ehrenberg, the observations of, 595
 Elgin Lord the embassy of, to Japan, his landing &c., 400 *et seq*—the treaty negotiated with Japan by, 537
 Enchanted Pot, the, a Norse legend, 177
 Engineers, the French, 259
 England, the war between Burmah and, 35—early treaty between and Japan, 68—treaty negotiated between, and Japan, 537—literary state of, 1712 568—divergence of view between, and Sardinia, 617
 English and French navies, comparison of the, 643 *et seq*—at the opening and close of the Revolutionary war, 646
 Englishman, dress of the, 286
 Examination system for the public service, remarks on the, 598 *et seq*
 Fairless, parish of a sketch 170
 Fairy tales, hostility of the utilitarians to, 366
 FALSELY ACCUSED, 208
 Fancy ball, picture of a, 282, 283
 Faraday, professor, report on the Thames by, 237
 Financial Reform Association of Liverpool, the, 523—address of, to the working classes, 634
 Firando, English factory at, 69—abandonment of it, 537
 Fire, early worship of, in India, 317
 FLEETS AND NAVIES, FRANCE, Part I., 642.

- Forty shilling freeholds, proposed change regarding, 511.
- France, military spirit and passion for glory in, 261—warlike preparations of, 376—the alliance between Sardina and, 377—feeling in, regarding the war, 388—substitution of gold for silver in, 483, 484—growing cordiality between, and Sardina, 517—her navy compared with that of England, 643 *et seq*—its recent progress, 645—her present steam navy, 651—organisation of her seamen under the maritime conscription, 657.
- Franchise, anticipated effects of the increased supplies of gold on the, 488.
- Francis Joseph, the emperor, conduct of, toward Italy, 615.
- Franciscans, propagandist efforts of the, in India, 464.
- Frederick the Great, Carlyle's History of, 142.
- French and English navies, comparison of the, 643.
- French passport system, the, 77.
- French soldiers, sketches of, 258.
- Frenchman, dress of the, 283.
- Frigates, steam, France and England, 658.
- Fusi hama, peak of Japan, 244, 545.
- Gemination, reproduction by, 591.
- Generation of the polype, the, 593.
- Genoa, sketches in, 444 *et seq*.
- Germany, dress in, 285.
- Gladstone's Homer, remarks on, 195.
- Godolphin, disclosure of the Brest expedition by, 671.
- Gold, alleged effects of the increased supplies of, 481.
- Gouda, the, in India, 310.
- Gotama, introduction of Buddhism into India by, 325.
- Granville, lord, on the Italian question, 877.
- Great Britain, unanimity in, on the Italian question, 380—position of, regarding Italy 390 *et seq*—her navy compared with that of France, 643 *et seq*.
- Grey, earl, on the Italian question, 379.
- Grote Mr, democratic tendencies of, 198.
- Guicowar, the, fidelity of, during the mutiny, 119.
- Hale, Sir M., trial of witches before, 567.
- Handa, the rock-scenery of, 87.
- Harris, Mr, American consul at Simoda, 248 *et seq*.
- Heber, bishop, in India, 476.
- Hebrides, scenery of the, 81, 82.
- Henley, Mr, the resignation of, 510.
- Herbert, Mr Sidney, his attack on the newspaper press, 180.
- HARODOTUS, RAWLINSON'S, 195.
- Hewakin, Mr, American interpreter at Japan, 248—notes of, 394, 396.
- Hicks, Mrs, trial and execution of, 580.
- Holker, fidelity of, during the mutiny, 118.
- Holland, dress in, 285.
- Holyoake, Mr, the secularist, 336.
- Hopkins, Mathew, the witnessfinder, 567.
- Horseman, various styles of, 455.
- HOW TO BOIL EGGS, 70.
- HOW WE WENT TO SKYE, 135.
- Hydra, observations on the, 535 *et seq*.
- INDIA, THE ROYAL PROCLAMATION to, 113.
- INDIA, THE CASTES AND CREEDS OF, 303.
- INDIA, CHRISTIANITY IN, 462.
- India, successive races which have overrun, 309—ancient mystery connected with, 463.
- Indian civil service, the competitive system for the, 602.
- Indian mutiny, fidelity of the native states during the, 118.
- Indo Chinese race, seat of the, 33.
- Infantry, the French, 260.
- Infusoria, importance of the, 595.
- Irawadi river, the, 34, 86.
- Ireland, difficulties connected with education in, 166.
- Italian question, discussions on the, at Congress of Paris, 613—dangers to Europe, &c from the 639 *et seq*.
- ITALY, HER NATIONALITY OR DEFENCE, 350.
- Janism, rise of, in India, 527.
- James II, Macaulay on, 661.
- Japan, the houses of, 61—sketch of the history of 62 *et seq*—general well being of the population of, 532—treaty negotiated with, 537.
- JAPANESE VAPERS, A CRUISE IN, Part II, 49—Part III, 239—Part IV, 398—Part V, 532.
- Jats, the arrival of, in India, 312.
- Jesso, island of, 62.
- Jesuit missions to India, the, 466 *et seq*.
- Jheend, rajah of, during the mutiny, 118.
- Joblings, a sketch, 523.
- Jones, Mr R., on a drop of water, 595.
- KALAFAT THE TURKS IN, 1854, Part I, 291—Part II, 449.
- Kamimaki, cape, Japan, 394.
- Kanagawa, bay of, Japan, 394.
- Karna, the, in Burmah, 34.
- KATE'S CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA, review of, 462.
- Khonda, the, in India, 310.
- Kiernander, missionary in India, 470, 471.
- Koles, the, in India, 310.
- Kooles, race of the, in India, 310.
- Kashatnyas, the, in India, 312—caste of, 313, 321.
- Kublai Khan, invasion of Japan by, 62.
- Kurumbas, the, an Indian tribe, 310.
- Kyena, the, in Burmah, 34.
- Latin classics and the Greek, 199.
- Leeds, the queen's visit to, 531.
- Liberals, disunited state of the, 637, 667.
- Libraries, school and parochial, 166.
- Literature, modern character and importance of, 86—causes which have promoted its growth, 96.

- Life insurance, proposed extension of franchise to, 512
 Light, early worship of, in India, 316
 Lodgers, proposed extension of franchise to, 512
 Lombardy, the Austrian system in, 354
 London, scheme for the drainage of, 328
 Louis Philippe, French navy under, 649
 LUCK OF LADYMEKE, THE, Part I, 333
 —Part II, 418—Part III, 546—Part IV, 677
 Lucknow, impression made by the defence of, 462
 Lyons, sketches at, 433 *et seq*
 MACAULAY, LORD, AND MARLBOROUGH, 661
 Macaulay, the defeat of, in Edinburgh, 632
 M'Kay, general, the grave of, 88
 Mackenzie, Sir G., on witchcraft, 575
 Madras, the first English church at, 468
 — constituted a bishopric, 477
 Mahratta race, the, in India, 311
 Malabar, early Christian church in, 463
 Mandelalo, John, account of early life in India by, 468
 Manhood suffrage, probable results of, 682
 Manu, the code of, 313, 323 *et seq*
 Marco Polo, account of Japan by, 62
 Maritime conscription, the decree for the, in France, 357
 Marlborough, examination of Lord Macaulay's attack on, 661 *et seq*—and on the duchess, 664 note
 Marseilles, sketches at, 437
 Marshman, labours of, in India, 473
 Martyr, the Rev Henry, 473
 Master, Streynham, the first English church built in India by, 463
 Maximilian, the archduke, 618
 MFFETUS AND THE ANTIPODS, 222
 Metcalfe lord, views of, as to the right of adoption in India, 117
 Misao, city of, Japan, 242
 Middleton, bishop, on India, 474 475
 Military equipage, the French, 259.
 Monasteries, Burmese, 40
 Mons, the, in Pegu, 34
 Montalembert on the press, 183
 Murad Bey, a Turkish officer, 451
 Nabha, the rajah of, during the mutiny, 118
 Nais, the, and the Hydra, 336
 Nangauki, a visit to, 49, 51
 Naples, present state of, 350
 NAPOLEON III AND EUROPE, 373
 Napoleon III, his policy toward Italy, 350, 352—his address to the Austrian ambassador, 376—early direction of his views to Italy, 614—views of, in the Italian question, 618—naval progress of France under, 644
 Napoleon, prince, his marriage to the princess Clothilde, 376—political objects of his marriage, 619
 National literature, effects of a, 96
 Naval war, position occupied by science regarding, 644.
 Navies, the French and English, compared, 643 *et seq*—at the opening and close of the revolutionary war, 646 *et seq*
 Navy estimates, extracts from report of committee on, 649 *et seq passim*.
 NEW REFORM BILL, THE, 506.
 Newspaper press, advantages of its being anonymous, 180—the charge of venality against it, 180
 Nice, sketches at, 440—expected session of, to France, 619
 Ni pon, island of, 62, 244
 Nizam, the, during the mutiny, 119
 Noel, B. on Christianity in India, 121
 NURNBERG, A CRIMINAL TRIAL IN, 1790, 208
 OBJECTIONABLE BOOKS, 164
 Officers, the Turkish, character of, 451—foreign, in the Turkish service, 46
 ONLY A POND, 531
 Orderly family, sketch of an, 78
 Orani, influence of the conspiracy of, and of his letter to the emperor, 614, 615
 OUR RELATIONS WITH THE CONTINENT, 765
 Owen, professor, on reproduction by gemination, 592—on the discoveries of the microscope, 595
 Oxendon, Sir George, 468
 Pacific ocean, gulf stream of the, 242
 Pagan, ruins of city of 39
 Palmerston, lord, on the Italian question, 380—declaration of, in favour of reform, 507—the party of, 627, 628
 Papal government, evils of the, 356 *et seq*
 Papal States, present state of, 350, 616
 Paper, variety of uses of in Japan, 533
 Paris, a first sight of 430—Congress of, proceedings on Italian question at the, 612
 PARLIAMENT, THE NEW, AND ITS WORK, 731—present state of oratory in, 103—influence of the press on, 109—opening of session of, 375—proceedings in, on the threatened war, 377—the dissolution of, defence, &c of it, 626
 Parochial libraries, on, 168
 PEAS, HOW TO BOIL, 70
 Pegu, the empire of, 34, 35—cession of province to England 35
 Penn, Macaulay's animosity to, 662
 PERIODICAL PRESS, THE, 96, 180
 Periodicals, characteristics of, 101
 Persian invasion, importance of its defeat by the Greeks, 199, 200
 Physicians, style of dress of, 280
 Pilgrimage, comparison of life to a, 71
 Pindar, Peter, his pilgrim and peas, 70
 Plutarch, missionary to India, 469
 PLYMOUTH, THE SIEGE OF, 707
 POLITICAL FRIENDS, LETTERS TO A, 764.
 Polype, observations on the, 536 *et seq*.
 Pond, interest of a, 531.

- Popery, difficulties from, regarding education in Ireland, 166.
- POPULAR LITERATURE—THE PERIODICAL PRESS, 56, 180—*Tracts*, 515.
- Portuguese, the, in Japan, 50, 63—propagandist efforts of, in India, 464.
- Powell, judge, character of, and trial of the witch of Walkerne before, 577.
- Precious metals, increased supplies of, and its effects, 482.
- Press, influence of the, on parliament, &c., 108.
- Public servants, the popular idea of, 898.
- Pulpit, decreasing influence of the, 109.
- Puppet shows, *Barnose*, 37, 38.
- Puranas, origin, &c. of the, in India, 331.
- Puseyism, reaction against, 167.
- Putcalah, Maharajah of, his conduct during the mutiny, 118.
- Rajpoots, the, in India, 312.
- Rajpoot States, fidelity of the, during the mutiny, 119.
- RAWLINSON'S HERODOTUS, 195.
- Reed, Mr., on the French and English steam navies, 662.
- REFORM, THE ONLY FOR, 505.
- Reform, character of Lord John Russell's resolutions on, 627.
- REFORM BILL, THE NEW, 506.
- Reform agitation, the, 375.
- Religion, early forms of, in India, 316.
- Religious tracts, character &c. of, 515.
- Religious Tract Society, the, and its publications, 518.
- Reproduction by the polype, 591.
- REVIEW OF A REVIEW, 750.
- Revolutionary war, the English and French navies at the opening and close of the, 646.
- Riding, different styles of, 455.
- Rivers, conducting of sewage into, 226.
- Romish Church, evils from the, in Italy, 557 *et seq.*
- Routine, importance of, 601.
- ROYAL PROCLAMATION TO INDIA, THE, 113.
- Rukhinga, race of the, 84.
- Russell, Lord John, on the Italian question, 380—his proposed resolutions on the reform bill, 506—his former bill, &c.—factions character of his resolutions, 627.
- Russia, policy of Louis Napoleon toward, 384—her views regarding Austria, 387.
- Russian bazaar, the, at Nangasaki, 82.
- Ryle, Mr., the tracts of, 516.
- Sailors, numbers, organisation, &c. of, in France, 657 *et seq.*
- S^t Francis Xavier, conversions under, in Japan, 68, 64—the missionary efforts of, in India, 464.
- S^t Thomas, traditional introduction of Christianity into India by, 463.
- Salar Jung during the mutiny, 119.
- Salmon-fishing, sketches of, in Sutherland, 84.
- Sanitary reformers, the first operations of the, 724.
- Sardinia, present state of, 580—the warlike policy and threats of, 579—treaty between, and France, 377—views, &c. of, at Congress of Paris, 612 *et seq.*—growing coalition of, with France, 617—the warlike tendencies of, 659.
- Satanomi-saki, cape, 240.
- Savings bank clause in the new reform bill, the, 512.
- Savoy, expected cession of, to France, 619.
- Scandinavia, picture of, 368.
- Scarecrow, proposed history of a, 274.
- School libraries, on, 168.
- Schoumla, sketches at, 293 *et seq.*
- Schwartz, the missionary labours of, 470.
- Science, position of, in the art of war, 648.
- Scindiah during the mutiny, 119.
- Scourie, angling at, 88.
- Serampore, the Baptist missionaries at, 478.
- Serfs, the, in Japan, 407.
- Sewage water, employment of, at Edinburgh, 224.
- Shakespeare, the witch-scene in *Macbeth* from, 567.
- Shanara, the, an Indian race, 310.
- Shans, the, in Burmah, 34.
- Shepherd, Rev. Mr., in India, 472.
- Shipbuilding, former superiority of the French in, 648—and present of the English, 651.
- Shore, Sir John, in India, 471.
- Shrewsbury, lord, treachery of, to William III., 671.
- Siberia, the gold-fields of, 486.
- Siddoti, the, Abbt, 241.
- SIEGE OF PLYMOUTH, THE, 707.
- Sikok, island of, 62, 242.
- Silver, exports of, to the East, 488—substitution of gold for it in France, 484.
- Simbarra, city of, and its history, 61.
- Simoda, Japan, arrival at, 244—loss of the *Diana* frigate in earthquake at, 245—sketches in, 246.
- Sinagawa, a suburb of Yedo, 397.
- SKYE, HOW WE WANT TO, 165.
- Slovens, various classes of, 277 *et seq.*
- Social Science Association, the, 524.
- Soma festival, the, in India, 319.
- Souraha, the, an Indian race, 310.
- Spain, annihilation of the navy of, 647.
- Spanish galleon, destruction of a, at Nangasaki, 88.
- Spencer, bishop, 477.
- Spirit-rapping, modern belief in, 567.
- Steam, change in naval war introduced by, 659.
- Steam-ships, war, comparative numbers of, France and England, 650.
- Stuart papers, the, 671.
- Sudra caste, the, 318.
- Suffrage, proposed extension of the, 512.

- Sun, Indian hymn to the, 312.
 Sun worship, early, in India, 316
 SUMMERLAND, AN ANGELIC SAUNTER IN, 81.
 Swift, the career of, 569—character of, Judge Powell by, 577
 Table-telling, belief in, 567.
 Taleine, the, in Burmah, 84.
 Talmeah, Macaulay's charge against Marlborough regarding, 668
 Tamul race, the, in India, 311
 Teegumouth, lord, in India, 471.
 Telinga race, the, in India, 311
 Tenasserim, district of, 84—its cession to England, 35
 Tetstas, temple of, excursion to, 407
 Thames, sanitary state of the, 222—causes of this, 223.
 Theatre, a Burmese, 87—influence of the press on the, 110
 Thomas Cana, an Armenian missionary in India, 464
 Thomason, Rev. Mr, 477
 Thorne, Anne, and the witch of Walkerne, 588 *et seq*
 Thucydides, characteristics of 195
 Timnevelly, native Christians in, 470
 Total abstinence, the tracts in favour of, 526 *et seq*
 TOWTON MOOR, THE FIELD OF, 84
 Tracts as a phase of popular literature, 515—the religious, *ib*—their various kinds, purpose, &c., 516 *et seq*—their influence, 517
 Travel, various inducements to, 81—characteristics of modern, *ib*
 Treachery, her work on the Hydra, 685 *et seq passim*
 Tudahs, the, in the Nilgherry hills, 310
 TURIN, TIDINGS FROM, 612.
 TURKS IN KALAFAT, the, 1854, Part I., 291—Part II., 449
 Turks, military degeneracy of the, 307
 Turkish army, characteristics of the, 450
 Tynemouth, effect of sanitary regulations as shown at, 238
 United States, treaty between the, and Japan, 69 *et seq*—the newspaper press of the, 184, 186—treaty between, and Japan, 249
 Vanyas, caste of the, in India, 313
 Varna, a journey from, 292.
 Vedas, account of the Aryans from the, 314
 Vellore, the mutiny of, 472, 478
 Venality, the charge of, against the newspaper press, 190 *et seq*
 Victor Emmanuel, policy and views of, 386
 Wages, rates of, in Australia &c., 482
 Walkerne, account of the witch of, 548 *et seq*
 Walpole, Mr, the resignation of, 510
 WAR SPECULATIONS, 695
 War, successive developments of art of, 643—the English and French navies at its opening and close, 646
 Ward, missionary labours of, 478
 Wellensley, lord, religious state of India under, 473
 Wenham, Jane, the witch of Walkerne, 588 *et seq*
 Wesley a believer in witchcraft, 567
 WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT! Part last, 1
 White Elephant of Burmah, the, 46
 Widdin and its fortifications, account of, 299, 300—sketches in, 449
 William III., Macaulay on, 661
 Wilson, bishop his principles and duties of Christianity, 173
 Wilson, Daniel, the episcopate of, in India, 477 *et seq*
 WINTER JOURNEY A, 429
 WITCH OF WALKERNE, THE, 567
 Witchcraft, former belief in, 567
 Woman, position of, in Japan, 57
 Women, the dress of, in Japan, 413
 Working classes, want of houses for the, 236—indifference of the, to reform, 597
 Yandabo, treaty of, with Burmah, 35
 Yedo, the gulf of, 393—its scenery, 394
 Yedo, city of, 395—description of it, 397—landing of the British ambassador, 400—sketches of it, *ib et seq*—departure from, 544
 Young's Angler's Guide, notice of, 31
 YULE'S NARRATIVE OF MISSION TO BURMAH, review of, 31
 Ziegenbalg, Danish missionary to India, 469, 470.

